

switching paces

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77737061) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77737061>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Hayden Pike , J. J. Boiziau , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 1,205 Chapters: 1/1

switching paces

by [sweatysofa](#)

Summary

During the finalist game, Shane changes up his jersey.

-

"You're not actually going to wear that, right?" Hayden asked, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"It's my last name," Shane responded, brows furrowed. "I can wear the fucking jersey."

Ilya noticed. He wasn't fucking dumb, and he was married to him, to Shane. Of course, he was going to notice if something was up with him. He'd be dumb, and a fucking asshole at that if he didn't know something was freaking out Shane, his husband of three years.

He saw the fidgeting, the way he was walking around the house, going in and out of rooms, pacing. And in the way he looked at Ilya, before shifting his gaze, tearing his eyes away. Something was wrong.

When Shane stepped into the room again, Ilya didn't hesitate. He reached for him, his hand sliding easily around his waist, pulling him in. He buried his face in his hair and leaned into him like it was second nature. He smelled like her shampoo, soft, familiar, and like home.

"My love, what is wrong?" he asked, his voice muffled against his head.

"Nothing," he said quickly, too quickly. Ilya pulled back just enough to look at him. Shane's jaw was tight, his eyes flicking off to the side instead of meeting his. He frowned, brows knitting together in that way he knew all too well.

"You are lying," he said—not accusing, just certain.

Shane caught his bottom lip between his teeth, "Just.. you're certain you'll be coming to the game tonight, right?"

Ilya smiled. So that was it. "Yes, любовь, god, I told you million times that I am going with your mom and dad. It is the finalist game, Shane. I will watch you win."

He blushed a little at that, "We don't know if Montreal will win, since they—"

"Shhh." Ilya pressed a finger to his lips, lifting another hand toward his chin, lifting it till their eyes met. He spoke in Russian, slowly, enunciating each word so Shane could understand. "I will watch and you will win. Then we celebrate at home with your mom and dad. Then they will leave, and I will reward you, okay?"

Shane blushed harder, pink decorating his face. "Okay."



The locker room was long and narrow, lined with rows of dented metal lockers that rattled softly every time one was opened or shut. The air carried a mix of faint soap, sweat, and deodorant. Benches ran down the center, their wooden slats smoothed from years of use, creaking when someone sat down too quickly. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, casting a pale glow that made everything look a little washed out. Somewhere in the background, a shower dripped steadily, echoing against the tiled walls, while voices bounced around the

room, laughing, complaining, calling out names, filling the space with an easy, familiar chaos.

Shane stood at his own locker, staring at his own jersey. Heat rushed to his face before he could stop it, a slow, creeping warmth that settled in his cheeks and refused to leave. He wondered how Ilya was going to react, what he was going to say when he walked out onto the ice.

Someone clapped a hand on his shoulder, "Captain, we go on in five. Get dressed already!" Shane and Hayden looked at each other before both of their eyes trailed down to the jersey clasped in his hand.

"Oh my fucking god.."

Shane tensed up, "What?"

"You're not actually going to wear *that*, right?" He asked, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"It's my last name," Shane responded, brows furrowed. "I can wear the fucking jersey."

He smiled before continuing, "I'll actually only be responding to the team when they call me by my *actual* last name."

JJ appeared next, laying both arms on Shane and Hayden's shoulders. "Coach will kill if you guys do not come in three mi—*fucking*!" He yelled, before pointing, jabbing his finger onto the jersey, over the white lettering, "What the—what the fuck!?"

Hayden looked back at JJ, pulling at his hair, "And we have to call him that for the whole fucking game!"

Shane just laughed, "Yeah, you do."



The hockey arena was cold in a way that seeped through clothes and settled into the bones, the sharp scent of ice and metal hanging in the air. The rink stretched wide and bright under the harsh overhead lights, the surface smooth and freshly cut, marked by bold red and blue lines that stood out against the white. The boards were scuffed and scarred from years of impact, plexiglass rising above them, smudged with fingerprints and streaks from flying pucks. The sound of skates slicing into the ice echoed sharply, every stop and turn ringing out like a snap of thunder.

The audience filled the stands in thick, restless rows, bundled in jerseys, scarves, and winter coats. Some leaned forward eagerly, elbows on their knees, while others stood to shout, clap, or pound on the glass. Cheers rolled through the arena in waves, faces blurred together in a sea of excitement and anticipation, eyes glued to the ice.

Ilya thought it was a little weird, a little strange to be in the stands and not on the ice. They were close to the ice, yes, since they were family members to someone on the team, but still not on the ice. Then he thought of Shane, of watching him beat everyone on the ice, angelic and godly. He thought of his long hair, freckles, smile.

And yeah, he was excited, and maybe a little horny, but mostly excited.

Someone nudged him, and it knocked him out of his thoughts. Yuna smiled back at him. "The team's out."

Ilya looked back at the sea of dark blue, and the crowd erupted, cheers crashing down in waves, names shouted, hands pounding against the glass. Breath fogged in the cold air, visible even from the stands.

Ilya looked. His eyes went wide, and he felt like the air was knocked out of his lungs.

In big, bold, white lettering on the back of the fucking Montreal jersey it spelled out, *'ROZANOV.'*

Ilya looked up, and his eyes found Shane's across the ice. For a split second, everything else fell away: the noise of the crowd, the flashing lights, the scrape of skates against ice. It was just them. The look lingered, steady and familiar, charged with a thousand unspoken things.

They moved at the same time. Ilya was on his feet before he even realized he'd stood, heart thudding as he leaned forward over the edge of his seat. On the ice, Shane angled his skates and pushed off, gliding toward the boards with easy confidence, slowing only when he reached the glass. The cold barrier separated them, but it didn't feel like distance, not really.

They stared at each other through the glass, close enough to see every detail. Ilya caught the curve of Shane's smile beneath his visor, small and private, meant only for him. Their eyes stayed locked, warm and steady, full of reassurance.

"Do you like it?" Shane asked, lips tugged up into a smirk.

Ilya was close to crying. He felt the tears form in his eyes, about to fall, "Yes, любовь, I like it."

It felt like Shane's smile grew even bigger, "Make sure you watch me win."

Ilya laughed. Love. He was in love with this man. "Of course."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!