

achilles, jump now

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78872026) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78872026>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Soulmates , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Injury Sharing , Pain Sharing , Shane Hollander and Scott Hunter's Fight in Episode: s01e03 Hunter , Blood and Injury , Idiots in Love , Angst with a Bittersweet Ending , POV Ilya Rozanov , Episode: s01e02 Olympians (Heated Rivalry) , Bad Parent Grigori Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of the most dangerous thing
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-04 Words: 3,922 Chapters: 1/1

achilles, jump now

by [voidvapor](#)

Summary

His entire brain feels like it's been scrambled like an egg, and by the time the pain recedes, Hollander and Hunter are being hauled off the ice by their boys. When Hollander spits a pink-tinged glob onto the ice, Ilya tastes blood that isn't there on his tongue.

or: scott hunter and shane hollander get into a fight on the ice, but somehow *ilya rozanov* is the one who ends up getting his shit rocked.

a prequel to [achilles, come down](#): a hollanov injury/pain-sharing soulmates fic.

Notes

by popular demand (and by this i mean one person requested it, sorry it took a bit i got. violently sick lmao): more hollanov soulmate au.

title is once again from Achilles, Come Down by Gang of Youths.

CWs for brief mention of vomiting, ilya's dad being a canon-typical POS haunting the narrative

a few small notes:

- english is not my first language, so any phrasing oddities can be chalked up to the fact that i essentially am translating the story in my head as i go.
- i HAVE read the books, now. consider this a frankenstein mishmash of show and book timeline (but i'll keep it tagged as just the show for now, since what i'm pulling from the book is only hollanov not having that 2 year dry spell early on with the snowstorm + marleau being a good bit older than ilya). anything i get wrong for both gets shoved under the Canon-Divergent tag <3
- i ENJOY hockey. i do not understand it. i am trying my best.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

LATE 2013

Ilya Rozanov doesn't have a soulmate.

Well, perhaps he *had* one once, but he doesn't now, of that he is certain.

It's not unheard of. Some people simply do not have a match waiting for them in the ether, or their match died young, or was born in the wrong century. Whatever the reason, Ilya is one of them. It's the sort of thing Ilya rarely thinks about, because it's not like any questions he would come up with could actually have answers. It wouldn't be worth the misery. You could even say he's at peace with it.

Most of the time.

Ilya's father has always insisted it makes Ilya stronger, that he won't bear the wounds of another on his skin. It's what lifts Ilya above the rank and file of players who lose control of the puck when they flinch from an ill-timed, invisible jab in their side, according to him. That's what Ilya repeats to himself on the rare nights where the clubs and the drinks and the girls don't do for him what they should, the nights where he's left staring at himself in the mirror wondering what exactly is fundamentally wrong with him. It's so much easier to cling to his father's words, no matter how sour the sound of his disembodied voice in the back of Ilya's skull has become. Ilya Rozanov is *fine*. He doesn't need a soulmate.

(Ilya's mother had pointed out a scuff on his jaw, once, one that he could not remember getting but that had started making itself painfully known early that morning. She'd had a soft smile on her face, tracing the scabbed patch with a fingertip. It hadn't gone over well with his father. They'd all swiftly agreed that he must have simply overlooked it, the topic dead and buried.

That Ilya's mother sometimes carried little injuries that had no twins on his father was not something they were allowed to discuss, either.)

There are no pains that do not belong to him, none that he cannot explain. Hockey is a physical sport, after all; any surprise aches and bruises are chalked up to a hit landing worse than he thought, quickly forgotten with a few strained breaths through gritted teeth. Ilya is good at biting down on pain, good at keeping the mask of impertinence on his face so no one sees him falter. He has to be.

The lack of a match leaves him free to play hard and brutal and even downright *dirty*, because there's no one to carry mirrored marks on their skin for his sake. He's not hurting anyone but himself if he pisses off the wrong person. His presence on the ice is a threat, terrifying with how quickly his gloves drop and the knife-slant of the bloody-toothed grin he sports after a good fight. He is dangerous, foreign to his opponents in more ways than one; his personal brand of carelessness is a notch above the rest, *wrong*.

It thrills him far more than it unsettles him.

Most of the time.

Shane Hollander, however, doesn't fight. Not *can't*, doesn't. (There's no such thing as a good hockey player who *can't* fight, Ilya's not stupid enough to think there suddenly is just because Hollander is *nice*.)

It's one of the certainties of life: Lady Byng Hollander doesn't drop his gloves, ever. Chirping is one thing (though Hollander is *terrible* at it, gets flustered far too easily), but Shane Hollander has never spilled blood on the ice.

Tonight's Metros versus Admirals game will have broken that streak, though. Ilya has no idea what the words exchanged between Hollander and Hunter were as the final buzzer cut out, but for the first time he gets to watch Hollander launch himself forward, hands curled into gloriously bare fists as he grabs hold of Hunter's jersey. The commentators cover up any chance of hearing what Hollander is yelling back, too, but he's bright and *alive* with a fury Ilya's never seen before. Almost as bright as when Ilya touches him.

A strange, quiet sort of jealousy simmers low in Ilya's belly at the sight, because there are days where he wants nothing more than for Hollander to fight *him*, with the full knowledge that the bruises Ilya presses into his skin with his knuckles will bloom a tender violet on someone else's skin.

Perfect golden boy Hollander has a soulmate, Ilya does not doubt that; Ilya *cannot* be unaware of his 'rival' on the ice, and spies the leftover signs of a bond in the tense line of Hollander's jaw from time to time. He always barrels through the pain, and Ilya wonders what it would be like, to feel that sort of bone-deep devotion for someone, because Hollander never even so much as looks annoyed about the distraction.

Whoever that person is, Hollander has never mentioned them to Ilya.

Which is fine, because it's not like they're friends. Just men who fuck when the timing is right. Ilya's spending his evening off watching this game as *research*. That's all.

Right?

Ilya doesn't *care* about Hollander's feelings. They're nothing but idle curiosity, these musings of his. He does not even try to picture the sort of person who might be on the other end of Hollander's tether, because they're probably just as boring as him anyway.

Ilya does *not* care.

On the screen, quick as a flash, Hollander's fist catches the exposed edge of Scott Hunter's chin. Ilya's knuckles twinge in sympathy, and no one on the ice is fast enough to separate the two men before thousand-year old Hunter lands a surprisingly solid punch in return, sending Hollander's helmet flying half off his head.

And this is precisely where things start to go very, very wrong for Ilya.

The blow sends Hollander reeling, and Ilya goes flying backwards onto the couch cushions at the same time, caught off guard by the sharp crack of agony that erupts across the left side of his face. He's hit with sudden, bright starbursts of pain in his ear and down the line of his jaw, and his vision blurs, like the punch landed on him instead. His entire brain feels like it's been scrambled like an egg, and by the time the pain recedes, Hollander and Hunter are being hauled off the ice by their boys. When Hollander spits a pink-tinged glob onto the ice, Ilya tastes blood that isn't there on his tongue.

Ilya's not stupid. His entire world may have just shattered because of a thirty second altercation on TV, but he is *not* stupid.

He knows what the dizzy sort of nausea churning in his stomach means. Knows what it means when he looks down and spots the reddened flush of a forming bruise on his knuckles. The same knuckles that Hollander just used to make a valiant attempt at knocking Hunter out for some inaudible slight.

His heart *aches*, and he wonders if Hollander feels that too. Doesn't quite know how these things work, after all, considering *he didn't know he had a soulmate*. And now all those flinches he'd noticed from Hollander are flashing through his mind, making him do the math to match them up with his own injuries.

Ilya sort of wishes Hunter and Hollander had been allowed to see their scrap through to the end, because the secondhand blows felt better than this.

Ilya only just barely makes it to the bathroom to puke, breaking into a run. The sudden truth staring him in the face on screen is too much, and Ilya can't stand it a second longer. It explains things too well, puts a name to the strange fish hook tug in his gut whenever Hollander is around, gives a reason for why Ilya always finds himself going back. Why he answers every stupid, *boring* text like a dog begging for scraps.

Fuck, okay. So maybe Ilya *does* care, has cared this entire time. And this certainly feels like the sort of weakness his father spoke of, when he lauded Ilya for being unbonded. It's a terrible thing.

It's terrible because Hollander has to know. Hollander *knows* they're bonded and didn't tell him. Has been taking the hits right alongside Ilya *his entire life*. Took them on the same ice, sometimes, from his own teammates.

It's terrible because it changes nothing. Ilya is still a Russian citizen in America on a work visa, and the fucking anti-homosexual propaganda amendment from June is carved into his memory like a scar. There are only *more* reasons now to keep what he and Hollander have been doing a secret; whatever harm would be done to Ilya for his 'crimes' would brand itself onto Hollander's skin, too. Ilya's father is police, his brother is police. The idea of their harsh fingerprints tattooing themselves black and blue on Hollander cracks his heart clean down the middle.

Ilya's eyes burn from the pathetic tears that have begun to stream from of them, his throat burns as he retches again into the porcelain bowl. His stomach keeps spasming long after it's empty, like the organ is clenched in someone's squeezing fist.

Hollander fucking knows. Did he know when he threw that punch, that Ilya would feel it too? That the ache of it would sprawl across Ilya's bones where his hands sat peacefully in his lap? That it would tear apart Ilya's life as he knows it? Or had he been too incensed by whatever the fuck that ancient motherfucker Scott Hunter had said to even consider the consequences of his actions? That would be another first for Hollander.

Maybe Ilya *is* stupid, after all, for not putting it together. For going along with what he now realizes were his father's delusions, for never questioning them or the sad look in his mother's eyes when she cleaned another scraped knee Ilya *swore* he must've gotten at home somehow. He presses a thumb against the skin of his wrist, digging hard and deep until his nerves are pinched and screaming, and hopes Hollander's do the same.

Ilya *wants* to hate Hollander for this.

But he knows, now, that he'll never find it in himself to. Not that he'd ever been able to before, either. But he hadn't *really* wanted to then. It's not the same.

The salt of his tears and the rotten taste of vomit wash out his mouth easily with a quick scrub of toothpaste, but the phantom of Hollander's blood does not. It sticks around until the next morning, like dirty pennies lodged at the back of his throat, impossible to swallow all the way down.

Ilya doesn't play any more carefully.

It's a pragmatic choice, because any sudden differences would be noticed. Marleau would ask questions, would hook an arm around his shoulders and say '*You know you can talk to me, right?*' like talking wouldn't mean the end of the world as he knows it to Ilya. He loves Marly, like the big brother Ilya *wishes* he'd had instead of fucking Alexei, but that's not enough to get him to admit to this, to unlock the cage of his ribs and let the secret fly free. He doesn't think anything would be.

It's also a bit of a spiteful choice, if he's being honest with himself. Ilya is in his element when the blood in his veins sizzles and pops from the heat of his anger. But the anger here is personal, not that thing he twists and shapes into a weapon sharper than the blades of his skates. Ilya wonders if it's a symptom, something from the bond, that he's so fucking pissed at the idea that Hollander knew. That he feels so betrayed. Hollander's been holding the nuclear launch codes for Ilya's entire life, maybe since the day they met.

(And maybe somewhere in the back of his mind he spares a thought for the sheer terror on Hollander's face any time they come too close to anything other than fucking. They both have baggage, Ilya *knows* this. But the gnarled coil of fury in his chest is the only thing keeping him going right now, so he latches on to it.)

He takes a forearm to the throat when he's slammed against the boards by Pittsburgh's enforcer, and wonders viciously if Hollander chokes with him. Nets himself an elbow to the right eye after his helmet is knocked loose by Detroit's center when Ilya croons something about how pretty the man's wife is during the face-off.

Hollander's eye is still framed by the lingering kiss of a faded, purple bruise when they're finally in front of each other again the next week, Ilya's mirror. It's not stark enough on his slightly darker skin for people to notice, to connect the dots. But Ilya notices, because he knows Shane Hollander's skin like he knows the map of Moscow's back alleys.

Hollander's gaze darts away, impassive expression flickering for just a second too long. Long enough for Ilya to recognize that same trademark mixture of guilt and longing Hollander doesn't know how to keep off his face when he's sneaking out of a hotel room. Ilya's never seen it on the ice before. Maybe it's been happening this whole fucking time and Ilya was just glossing over it to protect himself.

Hollander really *does* know, and that lights the fire in Ilya's veins all over again. He breathes through his nose slowly, splits his lips into that hungry shark grin he's known for, and plays both like he is and isn't aware of every inch of Hollander's body. It's a balancing act, one that leaves Ilya feeling more like a gymnast than a hockey player.

Marly rams Hollander up against the glass late in the second and Ilya feels the jolt of it crackle across his own ribs, feels the vibration in his teeth. He swallows down the swear that almost rips its way out of his throat with too much difficulty. Something sick and ugly whispers '*Papa would be proud*' in the shell of his ear.

Montreal wins. Of course they fucking do, as if Ilya's life wasn't fucked enough already. And a text from *Jane* flashes across the screen of Ilya's phone as soon as he's out of his too-long, miserable shower.

Jane: should i wait up for you?

It feels like an olive branch, one that Ilya definitely should refuse.

Hollander doesn't usually initiate; he waits for Ilya to crack a filthy joke, for Ilya to lean in and whisper a room number to him on the ice. This is odd for him.

They haven't texted since Hollander went for Scott Hunter's stupid face. Just above this latest message, there's a ridiculous string of eggplant and droplet emojis Ilya sent nearly two weeks ago. He'd still been able to tell himself the lie that this was casual and that made it okay, then; there's no chance of that now if he accepts Hollander's awkward invitation. The line is drawn in the sand, and Ilya really should stop toeing at it like this.

He *should* say no. Should keep Hollander as far away from himself as possible, put an end to *them* for both of their sakes. He's lived this far pretending that the stupid boring Canadian with his stupid pretty freckles means nothing to him; what's one more round? He's good at that, pretending.

But there's too much vulnerability in that one little sentence on his phone's screen. More than Hollander's ever given him while they're not in bed. He's not trying (and failing, Hollander is a *terrible* liar) to front that he doesn't want Ilya there. So, like a fucking idiot moth drawn to a flame, Ilya punches 'where?' into the text box and hits send before he can talk proper sense into himself.

The reply comes in immediately.

Jane: my place

And then Hollander rattles off an address that Ilya doesn't recognize, not the show unit in Griffintown they usually meet at. When he looks it up on Maps, it's outside the city, a condo tower tucked a few miles away from the Metros' practice arena. Because *of course* Hollander would be practical like that, would pick easy access to the rink over nightlife.

The staccato thump-jump of Ilya's heart at the thought of Hollander's middle-aged family man behavior makes the final decision for him; before Ilya's even really aware of what he's doing, he's sitting in the backseat of an Uber with his sunglasses high up his nose, watching the neon city center melt into a thick emerald treeline framing the snowy highway on both sides.

"Hey."

Hollander stands in the doorway, cheeks still reddened by the chill outside, one hand twitching at his side like he wants to reach out and jerk Ilya inside.

But they're not at a hotel surrounded by teammates on all sides. They're in the middle of Brossard, and no one else *important* except Shane seems to live here yet. The building itself is a new development that hasn't caught on yet, Ilya guesses, based off the eerily empty private lot he'd stepped out into.

Still, relative safety has never stopped Hollander before, has never unspooled the tension that winds up in his muscles when Ilya's near. But tonight, it does. The little crease between his brows makes an appearance as Ilya lets the silence drag, and his jittery hand clenches and releases like a nervous habit.

For Hollander's sake, he breaks it eventually. "Hollander. You let me in?"

The crease gets more pronounced, and Ilya sort of wants to smooth it out with a flick of his tongue. Hollander steps aside, shoves his hands into the pockets of his well-worn gray hoodie and just stares at Ilya, a puppet with his strings cut.

The door shuts behind Ilya with a click, and he toes his snowy, half-frozen sneakers off onto the mat carefully because Hollander would hate salt tracks on the floor. Ilya's never been in a space that Hollander *cared* about, but he knows this like he knows a startling amount of things. And really, that only reminds him why he's here, and why he shouldn't be.

Most of the anger has ebbed away by now. Ilya has no talent for being angry at Hollander, especially not when he looks like *this*, all hesitant and uncomfortable. They're soft for each other like that, off the ice; Ilya thinks of Hollander covering for him when the english language slips through his fingers like sand, and there's a pang in his chest. All he's got left right now is the usual heady mixture of irritation and *want* that Hollander inspires in him.

“There’s, uh. There’s food in the kitchen.” Hollander gestures, before quickly shoving his hand back where it was. He looks one wrong move away from freaking out, and unfortunately, Ilya doesn’t think there are any *right* moves here.

The smell of pure Canadian *grease* hits him as soon as he sidles up to the kitchen island and finds the slightly-leaking styrofoam container sitting there. Thanks are spilling clumsily past the massive bite of poutine he shovels into his mouth before it clicks that this is also abnormal for Hollander. He doesn’t eat like this; fries drowned in brown sauce, melted cheese strings stretching until they snap. This is just for Ilya.

Ilya’s concerned, but he’s also selfish and *hungry*, so he allows himself a few more gloriously bad-for-him bites before saying anything. Hollander makes an admirable effort to keep a straight face, only his nostrils crinkling a bit, folding some of his freckles into the wrinkles.

“Apology accepted.” Ilya cocks his head playfully, lets the plastic fork dangle from his fingers.

Hollander scoffs, and this time the pretty red hue that spreads across the bridge of his nose isn’t from the cold. “I didn’t say I was sorry, Rozanov.”

“You try to.” Ilya pointedly brings another fry to his mouth, licks the lingering gravy off his lips after. Hollander’s dark eyes track his tongue with interest. “You knew for how long?”

The room is quiet for a very long time, so Ilya just keeps eating. Hollander fidgets with the hem of his hoodie, picks at it with freshly bitten nails. “Last season.”

He offers no further clarity, so Ilya has to sift through all the little things he’s collected about Hollander. It takes him a second, but eventually he gets it. Remembers a time where his knee had hurt like a *bitch*, remembers thinking he must’ve landed on it wrong. Not long after, Hollander had mentioned getting slashed by someone from Toronto in a text, how he was hoping it was just sore and not a real injury. Ilya had texted back that they matched, thinking nothing of it, only flirting.

Fuck. Ilya feels stupid again. “Aucoin?”

Hollander nods, looking anywhere but at Ilya. They’ve seen each other, since then. Have fucked since then. But things are so intense when Hollander’s got Ilya’s dick in his mouth that it would’ve been easy to miss if Ilya’s own hair tingled at the root when he pulled Hollander’s. Stupid.

“You should have said.”

“Yeah, I should’ve.”

Ilya goes back to his dinner. He doesn’t know the right words to make this better. Not in english *or* in russian. Eventually, Hollander crosses the distance between them, presses himself up against Ilya’s back. His chin ends up resting on top of Ilya’s curls, and it feels nice.

Too nice. Right.

“We’re so fucked,” Hollander groans. When he sighs, it messes up Ilya’s hair. Ilya finds that he doesn’t mind, and that’s the most annoying thing about it.

“No, *you* are fucked. Or will be.”

“Asshole,” Hollander says, but his arms tell a different story. Wrap themselves around Ilya’s shoulders, pull him in close for a hug that is far too tender for what this should’ve been.

“Don’t we have to like,” Hollander hesitates, “tell people? Get it registered?”

“Why the fuck would we do that?” It’s Ilya’s turn to contradict himself, he supposes. The words come out sharp, but he works his head out from under Hollander’s, catches him on the jaw with a kiss.

Hollander makes a small sound of annoyance in the back of his throat, fists a hand in Ilya’s shirt. “Conflict of interest?”

Ilya nearly laughs. Chokes on the bubbles of it for a beat.

“What conflict? Only means best to play against each other. Does not have to mean more.” Ilya says, then moves down the line of Hollander’s neck to mouth over his pulse.

“So nothing changes?”

“*Da*. Just like before.”

But it’s a lie, and Ilya thinks they both know it. Everything has changed. When Hollander kisses him, Ilya bites down harder on his lip than he’s ever tried before, feels the jagged porcelain-slice of it cut across his own tender flesh.

The shadow of Sochi looms over Ilya still, only a scant few weeks left before he’s back in the motherland. The lie *must* hold. But it’s too easy to forget when Hollander whimpers for him like this.

He wonders if Hollander forgets too, when Ilya sucks love bites into the skin of his collarbone, all the things that could go wrong for them, for him. The tender bruise-bloom of his own mouth traces an identical path across Ilya’s skin.

Mine is a very dangerous thought to have, when your names are Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander.

Hollander whispers it into Ilya’s hair like he’s plucked the word straight from Ilya’s skull.

End Notes

... and then Sochi happens. Fuck.

I do plan on writing a third part to this, dealing with the aftermath of the outing in Shane's POV, it might just take me a while because i have very many WIPs and very few spoons.

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