

the hollander rule

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/84723361) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/84723361>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Kip Grady , Harris Drover , Luca Haas , Troy Barrett , Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Best Friends to Lovers , Mutual Pining , Idiots in Love , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Alternate Universe - College/University , Dumb Hockey Boys , Codependency as a Love Language , Shane Hollander Is a Menace , Ilya Rozanov Has One Brain Cell and It Belongs to Shane Hollander , French as foreplay , Touch-starved idiots , Getting Together , Crack Treated Seriously , Humor , Fluff , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Rich Ilya Rozanov , Rich Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov's Terrible Communication Skills
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of college hollanov
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-13 Completed: 2026-05-14 Words: 5,880 Chapters: 2/2

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by [shaneverse](#)

Summary

Everyone at McGill knows three things: their hockey team is the best in the country, the Rozanov family could buy half of Montreal, and Shane Hollander is completely off limits.

So when new students start asking Shane out after winter break, Ilya Rozanov decides he needs to put a stop to it.

Or: the horrifying realization that Ilya Rozanov might be in love with his best friend.

Notes

we need more jealous ilya content!!

this fic only exists because berey came up with the idea and i immediately lost my mind over it 😭 all credit to her for enabling jealous ilya brainrot and for genuinely having one of the funniest hollanov dynamics ever.

love you babe!!

[twitter](#)

Chapter 1

There was a natural order to the universe at McGill University.

First, hockey ruled the campus with the kind of devotion usually reserved for religion. Game nights packed entire bars, professors mysteriously canceled Friday quizzes during playoffs, and half the student body treated the hockey players like minor deities walking among them.

Second, the Rozanov family possessed the kind of generational wealth that made normal rich people look humble.

And third, perhaps the most important rule of all:

Shane Hollander was completely, irrevocably *off-limits*.

Shane was the captain of the hockey team, a political science major with a *GPA* that bordered on clinically concerning, and arguably the most unintentionally *gorgeous* person to ever lace up a pair of skates.

Yet, nobody ever asked him out.

This was entirely due to Ilya Rozanov.

Best friends since their mothers shared a hospital room, Shane and Ilya had always come as a set.

They shared hoodies, drank from the same water bottles without wiping the rim, and spent more nights asleep on each other's couches than in their own beds.

Eventually, the campus took one look at the way Ilya glared at anyone who stood too close to Shane and collectively decided that asking him out was probably a death wish.

And *honestly*, the system worked.

Everything was perfectly *fine*.

Until Tuesday afternoon.

They were sprawled across a booth at a campus café, Ilya nursing a hangover and a black coffee while Shane meticulously color-coded a sociology study guide in a vintage gray hoodie that swallowed him whole.

"If I die before practice," Ilya groaned, pressing his forehead against the cool laminate of the table, "tell Coach it was a targeted assassination by the Russian mafia. Sounds cooler than tequila."

Shane didn't look up from his notes. His knee rested flush against Ilya's beneath the table, warm and steady.

“You drank half a bottle of *Patrón* on a Monday,” he said. “That’s a targeted assassination by your own stupidity.”

Before Ilya could come up with a response worthy of his suffering, a shadow fell over their table.

He peeled one eye open.

Standing there was a guy in a McGill hoodie holding a tray of empty mugs, looking entirely too awake for a Tuesday afternoon.

Ilya recognized him vaguely. Kip Grady. Mid-year transfer. Worked approximately seven campus jobs instead of relying on generational wealth like god intended.

Usually, Ilya respected the hustle.

Right now, he deeply disliked the way Kip was looking at Shane.

“Hey,” Kip said. “Shane, right? We have *PoliSci* together.”

Shane looked up from his notes, blinking once. “Oh. Yeah, hi.”

Kip shifted awkwardly where he stood, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I was just wondering,” he said, “if maybe you’d want to grab dinner sometime? Or coffee. When I’m not serving it, I mean.”

Ilya waited for the rejection.

He waited for Shane’s usual polite smile and some excuse about practice schedules or studying. He even closed his eyes for a second, already preparing to go back to sleep.

“*Sure*,” Shane said.

Ilya’s eyes snapped open.

His entire body went rigid. “What?”

“Yeah,” Shane continued easily, smiling up at Kip in a way that immediately made Ilya feel sick, “that sounds really nice. I’m free Thursday night.”

Kip looked like he had just won the lottery.

He fumbled with the tray in his hands, face going bright red. “Awesome. Thursday works. I get off my shift at the library at seven. I’ll text you? Um, *mercithank* you.”

Shane leaned forward slightly, resting his chin against his hand.

“*Avec plaisir*, My pleasure.” he said softly, the French smooth as honey. “*À jeudi*, Kip. See you Thursday, Kip.”

Kip looked seconds away from passing out.

Ilya, meanwhile, was experiencing what could only medically be described as a catastrophic event.

When Kip floated away from the table, the entire café felt tilted off its axis.

Ilya stared at Shane in disbelief.

“What,” he said slowly, voice dangerously low, “was that?”

Shane calmly capped his highlighter before looking up with an expression so carefully neutral it immediately made Ilya suspicious.

“What was what?”

Ilya gestured wildly toward the café.

“You just agreed to a date. With a stranger.” He dropped his hand onto the table with a sharp slap. “And why were you speaking French to him? You never speak French to strangers.”

“He spoke French first,” Shane said reasonably, reaching for another pen. “It would’ve been rude not to answer.”

“No, actually, it would’ve been perfect.”

Shane ignored him.

“And I decided over winter break that maybe I should start putting myself out there a little.”

Ilya blinked at him.

Shane shrugged one shoulder, still refusing to look embarrassed.

“I’ve never been on a date before, Ilya. At some point that stops sounding mysterious and starts sounding concerning.”

“It’s not concerning, it’s efficient,” Ilya argued immediately. “You don’t have time to date. We have regionals coming up, you have a thesis, and you have an extremely delicate routine, Shane. You can’t just throw some random guy into the mix.”

Shane’s mouth twitched.

“It’s just dinner,” he said, rolling his eyes.

Under the table, his foot shifted against Ilya’s calf, warm and deliberate enough to completely derail Ilya’s train of thought.

“Calm down.”

Ilya did not calm down.



By Thursday, Ilya had successfully convinced himself that his reaction to the entire situation was completely reasonable.

He was Shane's co-captain and best friend, and Shane was a deeply alarming creature of habit who ate the same pre-game meal every Friday and got stressed if someone else sharpened his skates.

Dating was chaotic and unpredictable.

Ilya was simply protecting the fragile ecosystem that was Shane Hollander's daily routine.

Which was why he found himself sitting in a booth at a pub three blocks off campus on Thursday night, baseball cap pulled low over his eyes as he glared at Shane and Kip from across the room.

He wasn't stalking.

He was *supervising*.

Shane looked unfairly good.

He was wearing a dark green sweater with the sleeves pushed up to his forearms, leaning forward slightly while Kip talked with that quiet, attentive expression that made people feel like the center of the universe.

Kip looked exhausted from his library shift and completely enchanted by it.

Then he leaned closer to show Shane something on his phone, his shoulder brushing Shane's.

That was it.

That was the *line*.

Ilya stood so abruptly his untouched drink sloshed over the rim of the glass.

He crossed the pub in long strides before sliding directly into the booth beside Shane, using his hip to shove him farther against the wall as he wedged himself firmly between Shane and the rest of the world.

Shane startled hard enough that his knee knocked against the table.

"*Fuck*," he breathed, turning sharply. "Ilya?"

"Shane," Ilya said loudly, already reaching across the table to steal a fry off Kip's plate like a man possessed. "Wow, crazy *coincidence*. I was just in the neighborhood."

Shane stared at him.

“Ilya,” he said carefully, setting his drink down, “you live in a penthouse twenty minutes in the opposite direction.”

“I was going for a walk,” Ilya lied smoothly.

Shane blinked once. “In *Saint-Laurent*.”

“Beautiful neighborhood.”

Across the table, Kip looked completely lost.

Ilya turned toward him with his brightest, most deeply threatening smile.

“Hey, man. Kip, right? You don’t mind if I crash for a second, do you? Shane and I have to discuss some highly classified penalty kill strategies.”

Kip glanced uncertainly at Shane. “*Uh*. We were kind of having dinner.”

“Great,” Ilya said immediately. “I’m starving.”

Shane made a small choking sound into his water glass.

Ilya ignored him completely and flagged down a waiter.

“We’ll take a basket of fries, extra salt, and a pitcher of the local blonde,” he said, not even looking at the menu.

Shane stared at him. “You don’t even like beer.”

“I support local businesses.”

The waiter walked away looking deeply overwhelmed.

Only then did Ilya settle back against the booth, resting his chin against his hand like he had been invited there all along.

“So,” he said smoothly, “what were *we* talking about?”

Across the table, Kip cleared his throat, visibly attempting to reclaim control of the date.

“I was actually telling Shane about that indie theater downtown,” Kip said, looking back toward him with a tentative smile. “They’re doing the *A24* retrospective you mentioned in our seminar.”

Shane’s face brightened immediately.

“Wait, seriously?” He leaned forward slightly. “I thought that ended last week. Did you get to see *Moonlight* there?”

“Yeah, last Friday,” Kip said, smiling now that he finally had Shane’s attention again. “The theater itself is kind of terrible, but they still project film for some of the older screenings.”

Shane looked genuinely delighted by that information.

Ilya hated it instantly.

“He falls asleep in movie theaters,” he interrupted flatly.

Kip blinked. “What?”

Shane turned slowly. “*Ilya.*”

“It’s true,” Ilya continued, stealing another fry off Kip’s plate. “We went to see some three-hour French arthouse nightmare last month and he was unconscious by minute forty.”

Shane kicked him hard under the table.

Ilya barely flinched.

“I had a five AM practice the next morning,” Shane argued. “And I wasn’t unconscious.”

“You drooled on my shoulder.”

Shane looked deeply offended.

“It was *my* leather jacket.”

Kip laughed awkwardly, although his eyes kept darting between them like he was trying to solve a very stressful equation.

“Well,” he tried carefully, turning back toward Shane, “maybe we could just rent something sometime instead? Watch it at my place. No early practice to worry about.”

Ilya went very still.

Watch something at his place?

Absolutely the fuck not.

“He doesn’t have time for that,” Ilya cut in with a dismissive wave. “Between practice and his thesis, he’s basically one inconvenience away from collapse.”

Shane glanced up from his drink. “I’m sitting right here.”

“Exactly. This is an *intervention.*”

Kip laughed softly before looking back at Shane.

“What’s your thesis about?”

Shane immediately leaned forward a little. “The socioeconomic impact of regional sports infrastructure, specifically-”

Ilya groaned loudly.

“See?” he cut in, pointing a fry at him. “This is how it starts. One innocent question and suddenly he’s explaining the NHL lockout to my uncle while the eggnog gets warm.”

Shane kicked him under the table again.

“He asked,” he argued, trying and failing to hide a smile.

“He was being polite.”

Kip ducked his head, laughing again.

Ilya instantly disliked how easy Shane laughed with him afterward.

He stretched an arm across the back of the booth, fingers automatically brushing the hair at the nape of Shane’s neck.

Shane barely reacted. He just sighed through his nose and leaned back against Ilya’s arm.

Across the table, Kip went strangely quiet.

“You have to watch him carefully,” Ilya continued, lightly twisting a strand of Shane’s hair around his finger. “He looks sweet, but underneath all this is a deeply ruthless academic.”

Shane snorted into his drink. “I’m not ruthless.”

“You made a TA cry last semester.”

“He was wrong.”

“And you sent him a twelve-page email explaining why.”

Kip stared at Shane like he was being introduced to a completely different person.

“I didn’t know that.”

“Nobody does,” Ilya said solemnly. “It’s highly classified. Anyway, as I was saying to Coach about regionals-”

Shane laughed quietly under his breath, shaking his head.

Then, under the table and completely out of Kip’s sight, his knee slowly fell open until his thigh pressed firmly against Ilya’s.

Ilya’s brain immediately short-circuited.

“-we, *uh*.” He stumbled mid-sentence, fingers freezing against the nape of Shane’s neck. “We have to run the neutral zone trap differently this year because...”

Shane shifted even closer beneath the table. Heat pressed solid and deliberate along the length of his thigh.

“...the forecheck,” Ilya finished weakly.

He shot a frantic glance sideways.

Shane was calmly sipping his iced water, dark eyes wide and devastatingly innocent over the rim of the glass.

He didn’t even look at Ilya.

He just smiled politely at Kip like he wasn’t actively dismantling Ilya’s ability to function.

By eight-thirty, Kip had checked his watch at least three different times and looked thoroughly defeated by the entire evening.

“I should probably go,” he admitted, pushing a tired hand through his hair. “I open the campus bookstore at six tomorrow morning.”

“Tragic,” Ilya said immediately.

Kip laughed tiredly as he slid out of the booth and reached for his coat.

“It was nice seeing you, Shane.” Then, after the briefest hesitation, his gaze flicked toward Ilya. “Both of you.”

“Drive safe,” Shane said warmly, already smiling up at him.

Ilya gave a single regal nod.

The second Kip disappeared through the door, he leaned back against the booth with deep satisfaction settling warm in his chest.

Which immediately started unraveling when he looked over at Shane.

Shane was resting his chin against his hand beneath the dim amber pub lights, dark eyes unreadable as he watched Ilya from across the booth.

“Did you enjoy your fries?” he asked mildly.

Ilya scoffed, crossing his arms.

“They were under-seasoned. And so was he,” he added before Shane could say anything. “You’re welcome, by the way. I *saved* you.”

That pulled a quiet laugh out of Shane, warm and disbelieving as he leaned farther into his hand.

“Saved me from a perfectly nice guy who likes the same indie movies I do?”

“He’s too busy for you,” Ilya insisted immediately. “You need someone who can actually give you their full attention, not someone who’s going to fall asleep in his soup because he just worked a double shift.”

Shane tilted his head slightly, studying him in a way that immediately made Ilya uneasy.

“Interesting.”

Ilya narrowed his eyes. “What is.”

“You’ve apparently thought a lot about what kind of boyfriend I need.”

Heat crawled violently up the back of Ilya’s neck.

“I have not.”

Shane’s mouth twitched like he didn’t believe him for a second. Under the table, his knee shifted lazily against Ilya’s thigh again, warm and deliberate enough to make Ilya briefly forget his own name.

Then Shane leaned in just slightly. “And who would you suggest, Rozanov?”

Ilya’s brain stalled out completely, his eyes dropping to Shane’s mouth for one disastrous second before snapping back upward.

“Nobody,” Ilya blurted out.

Shane raised an eyebrow.

“You shouldn’t date,” Ilya finished weakly. “Hockey is your boyfriend.”

Shane barked out a laugh at that, shaking his head as he slid out of the booth and reached for his coat.

“You’re a menace, Rozanov,” he said, still smiling as he tugged his coat back on. “Come on. Walk me back to my dorm.”



By Friday morning, the campus gossip network was in complete chaos.

It started in group chats and spread through the dining halls like a virus.

Did you hear about Hollander?

Someone saw him at the pub.

He was on a date. A real date. With someone who wasn't Rozanov.

Suddenly, the unspoken rule felt obsolete. Shane Hollander was apparently on the market, and the McGill student body reacted accordingly.

It was a *nightmare*.

The first incident happened in the library, when a biology major named Harris Drover approached their usual study table looking visibly terrified but deeply committed to the bit.

“Hey, Shane,” he said, pointedly ignoring the lethal glare Ilya was directing at the side of his head. “I’m in your biochem seminar. I was wondering if maybe you wanted to study together tonight? Maybe grab coffee after?”

Shane looked up from his notes as he capped his pen, not even glancing toward Ilya before smiling at Harris with quiet, devastating warmth.

“That sounds great, Harris,” he said easily. “I’m free at seven.”

Something dark flickered behind Ilya’s left eye.

Seven o’clock on Fridays was their night to order terrible takeout, argue about NHL standings like it was a moral issue, and eventually fall asleep halfway through whatever game was playing in the background.

Harris was *disrupting* the ecosystem.

Which was why, at exactly seven thirteen that evening, Ilya accidentally leaned his full body weight against the emergency pull station in the science building corridor.

Minutes later, the entire building was flooding out into the freezing Montreal night while Harris stood miserably in the snow beside a deeply amused Shane.

Across the street, Ilya sipped calmly from a hot chocolate and felt absolutely no remorse whatsoever.

Three days later, the threat evolved.

An arts transfer student with a septum piercing and an offensively expensive scarf cornered Shane outside the student union, handing him a sleek black envelope with the kind of confidence only art majors seemed capable of possessing.

“My gallery opening is today,” he said, leaning slightly too close to Shane for Ilya’s comfort. “I’d love it if you came. As my plus one.”

Shane glanced down at the invitation before smiling softly and sliding it into his jacket pocket.

“I’d love to.”

Curiously, by Monday afternoon, the gallery owner was forced to apologetically inform the arts student that an anonymous donor had bought out the entire venue for a private event.

Which was how Shane ended up spending his night trapped inside the world’s first *McGill Men’s Hockey Art Appreciation Night* alongside twenty-five deeply confused hockey players aggressively consuming complimentary hors d’oeuvres.

“This one speaks to me emotionally,” Hayden announced at one point.

Shane glanced over.

“That’s a *fire extinguisher*.”

Hayden placed a hand over his heart. “Art is subjective.”

Across the gallery, Ilya watched Shane laugh so hard he had to duck his face into his scarf and felt completely justified.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

By Friday, Hayden Pike had reached one very specific conclusion:

Ilya Rozanov was losing his fucking mind.

The locker room before practice was loud and chaotic, half the team yelling across the benches while someone fought a losing battle with the Bluetooth speaker in the corner.

Shane sat beside Hayden, calmly retaping the blade of his stick while Hayden laced one skate.

Across the room, Ilya slammed a roll of hockey tape onto the metal shelf of his locker hard enough to make two freshmen glance over nervously.

Hayden leaned closer to Shane, lowering his voice beneath the noise of the room.

"Bon ok, sérieusement. Okay, seriously. What the hell is going on with him lately?"

Shane didn't look up from the tape around his fingers. *"J'en sais rien.* I have no idea. He's been weird for like two weeks."

Hayden glanced toward Ilya, watching him destroy a protein bar. "That's not exactly new."

"Non, mais là c'est ridicule. No, but now it's ridiculous." Shane muttered. "Yesterday, Luca sat next to me on the bus and Ilya stared at him the entire ride."

Hayden blinked. "Luca? The freshman?"

Shane looked up, expression completely flat.

"Il m'a passé son chargeur. He handed me his charger."

Hayden nearly choked on his water bottle.

"Oh, mon dieu. Oh my God."

Shane shoved his goalie's shoulder lightly. "I'm serious."

"That's exactly the problem," Hayden wheezed.

Ilya slammed his locker door shut.

Hayden glanced at Shane, who looked completely unbothered.

"You're enjoying this," he realized.

Shane blinked up at him innocently. "I have no idea what you mean."

Before Hayden could argue, Evan called out from somewhere down the row of lockers while digging through his gear bag.

"Quelqu'un a du tape transparent? Anybody got clear tape?"

Shane reached blindly into his stall and grabbed a roll of clear tape.

"Tiens. Tu m'en dois une. Here. You owe me one."

He tossed it perfectly into Evan's waiting hands without even looking at him.

Instead, Shane's gaze lifted toward the mirror running above the lockers and locked directly onto Ilya's reflection.

Ilya froze.

Hayden watched the whole thing happen in real time: the deliberate eye contact, the tiny twitch at the corner of Shane's mouth, and the way Ilya's grip tightened around his hockey stick until his knuckles went white.

Then the carbon fiber cracked sharply through the locker room.

The stick splintered cleanly in half.

Silence fell almost instantly as half the team turned to stare.

Ilya looked down at the broken stick in his hands like he genuinely didn't understand how it had happened.

Beside Hayden, Shane calmly went back to taping his stick.

Hayden stared between them.

"Holy shit," he whispered.

Shane finished wrapping the tape around the blade before standing up and slinging his bag over his shoulder.

"Let's go," he said easily. Then he walked out of the locker room.

The room slowly came back to life around them, conversations starting up again in cautious bursts while Ilya sat there staring at the shattered remains of his hockey stick.

Hayden dropped onto the bench beside him with a long sigh.

"Okay," he said. "We need to talk."

Ilya stared down at the shattered stick at his feet. "About what?"

Hayden looked at him for a long moment.

“Rozanov,” he said carefully, “everyone on this team has known you’re in love with him for years.”

Ilya’s head snapped up immediately. “I am not in love with Hollander.”

Hayden gave him a flat look.

“I didn’t even say his name.”

Around them, a couple teammates suddenly looked very interested in tying their skates.

Hayden ignored them.

“You wear his hoodies more than your own clothes. You know his schedule better than he does. You look homicidal whenever someone stands too close to him.”

Ilya opened his mouth weakly.

Hayden didn’t let him speak.

“And he breaks your brain so badly you just snapped a hockey stick in half because he made eye contact with you.” He sighed, giving his shoulder one last pat. “You’re so far gone it’s honestly embarrassing.”

Then he stood up and walked away, leaving Ilya alone on the bench with the shattered stick at his feet and absolutely no air left in his lungs.



Ilya went back to his penthouse and turned off every light except the one above the kitchen stove before dropping onto his leather sofa, staring out at the glittering Montreal skyline through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

You’re hopelessly in love with him.

The words looped through his head like a curse.

Ilya scoffed to the empty apartment, tossing his keys onto the glass coffee table hard enough for them to clatter across the surface.

Ridiculous.

Hayden Pike had taken far too many pucks to the head over the years, and Ilya Rozanov did not do love. He did casual. Uncomplicated. *Fun.*

What he felt for Shane wasn’t love.

It was basic quality control.

None of those guys actually knew Shane. They saw the broad shoulders, the polite smile, the whole impossibly handsome captain thing, but they didn't know the real Shane.

They didn't know he got headaches when he skipped meals. Or quiet when he was stressed, or that someone occasionally had to physically drag him away from his textbooks before he accidentally destroyed his own sleep schedule.

Ilya knew those things.

That was *different*.

He was just protecting his best friend from objectively terrible romantic prospects.

If someone genuinely good enough for Shane ever showed up, someone who understood the hockey schedule and all those strange little routines, Ilya would step aside.

The thought hit him like a punch to the chest.

Ilya winced, pressing a hand against his sternum in the dark. *Protein bar*, he'd eaten it too fast earlier.

Pike was wrong and to prove it, Ilya made a decision.

He would stop interfering. He would let Shane go on his stupid dates and smile through all of it like a normal person.

Supportive, even.

No more sabotaging biology majors.
No more psychological warfare.

He would not interfere anymore.

Problem solved.



Ilya's vow to be supportive lasted exactly forty-eight hours.

Shane had been invited to a winter formal by a guy named Scott Hunter, a pre-law senior with perfect teeth, a jawline carved from marble, and a family estate in Aspen.

Objectively, Scott was the most *threatening* candidate so far.

Which was probably why Shane had decided to get ready in Ilya's apartment because the mirror in his dorm was, apparently, "*weird*."

Ilya had spent the last hour sitting on the edge of his bed pretending not to stare while Shane adjusted his tie in front of the mirror.

It wasn't going well.

Shane looked devastating in a tailored black suit that fit him far too well, all dark fabric and quiet elegance.

Every time he moved, cedar and cold winter air drifted through the room and made Ilya feel vaguely unwell.

"Ilya," Shane said softly, still struggling with the tie, "help me with this?"

Ilya swallowed hard and forced himself to stand.

Shane turned toward him immediately, one side of his collar folded beneath the jacket, and Ilya stepped into his space without thinking, fingers automatically moving to fix it.

The proximity hit him all at once.

Faint freckles beneath the warm apartment lighting. Heat beneath the suit jacket. Shane's steady breathing.

And when Ilya finally looked up, Shane was watching him instead of the mirror.

If anything, he leaned in slightly, gaze dropping to Ilya's mouth before lifting again with slow, deliberate intent that made something tighten dangerously in Ilya's chest.

Ilya's fingers stilled against the collar.

Shane leaned in slightly.

"Est-ce que ça te dérange, Ilya?" Does it bother you, Ilya?"

The French curled warm through the space between them.

Ilya forgot how to breathe.

"I don't know what you're saying," he managed weakly, stepping back before he did something genuinely catastrophic. "You look fine. Have fun with... *Scooter*."

Shane's mouth twitched immediately.

"Scott," he corrected softly.

Then his eyes moved slowly across Ilya's face, something knowing lingering at the corner of his mouth.

"Are you okay?" Shane asked quietly. "You've been weird all day."

"I'm fine," Ilya lied.

His grip tightened against the edge of the dresser.

Shane watched him for another second like he didn't believe him at all.

"Okay," he said at last. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The second the apartment door clicked shut behind him, Ilya fell backward onto the bed and groaned into the ceiling.

He lasted exactly one hour.

In that time, he paced the apartment, drank three glasses of water, and turned hockey highlights on and off six different times while thinking about absolutely nothing except Shane.

More specifically, Shane dancing with Scott beneath soft ballroom lights, laughing quietly at something Scott said while Scott's hand rested against his waist like it belonged there.

And *worse-*

Scott leaning in close enough to hear Shane speak in French.

The thought hit Ilya so violently he had to stand up again, dragging both hands through his hair as panic climbed its way up his throat.

He couldn't do this.

He physically could not sit in this apartment while some perfect pre-law asshole from Aspen touched Shane like that.

The realization crashed into him with horrifying clarity.

Hayden was right.

Oh, God.

Hayden was fucking right.

Ilya stared at the opposite wall for half a second before shooting upright off the bed and grabbing his coat without even bothering to zip it.

Ten minutes later, he was pushing through the doors of the winter formal looking completely unhinged.

His hair was damp with snow, his coat hung open over a wrinkled t-shirt, and he was breathing hard enough to concern the girl checking invitations at the entrance.

"Sir, you can't just--"

"Do you know who my father is?" Ilya interrupted breathlessly.

She blinked. "No?"

“Neither do I,” Ilya muttered, already pushing past her into the ballroom.

Soft jazz drifted through the ballroom while students moved beneath warm golden light, champagne glasses clinking softly against polished marble floors.

Ilya barely noticed any of it.

His gaze swept across the room until it landed on Shane.

Shane stood beside one of the ice sculptures with a champagne flute in his hand, black suit still devastating beneath the amber lights.

And Scott Hunter was standing much too close to him.

Ilya watched Scott laugh at something Shane said before brushing a loose strand of hair away from his forehead with easy familiarity. His hand lingered for a second too long before settling against Shane’s waist.

Something inside Ilya’s chest snapped cleanly in half.

He crossed the ballroom in ten furious strides, barely noticing people moving out of his way.

Shane noticed him first.

His expression changed instantly.

“Ilya-“

Too late.

Ilya caught Scott’s wrist, pulled his hand off Shane’s waist, and shoved himself firmly between them.

“Get your hands off him.”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it still cut straight through the music.

Scott stumbled back, shock quickly twisting into anger as he rubbed at his wrist.

“What the fuck is your problem?”

“My problem,” Ilya snapped, stepping into his space, “is that you seem really comfortable touching him.”

Behind him, Shane let out a short, disbelieving laugh.

Scott looked between them incredulously. “Nobody cares.”

“I care.”

The words came out before Ilya could stop them.

He finally turned toward Shane fully, like he couldn't help it, panic written all over his face now.

"He was touching you," he said again, quieter this time. "And you were just letting him."

Something in Shane's face softened instantly.

Scott took another frustrated step forward.

"Shane, are you seriously going to let him do this?"

Shane didn't even look at him.

Instead, he placed his champagne flute onto the tray of a passing waiter with careful precision.

"I'm sorry, Scott," he said quietly. "This date is over."

Then he grabbed the front of Ilya's coat and dragged him straight out of the ballroom.

The cold air hit them like a slap.

Shane shoved him backward into the snow, chest rising hard beneath his tailored suit, all traces of amusement finally gone.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he snapped. "You can't just storm in there and threaten people because you don't like my date."

"I didn't like him touching you."

Shane laughed once in disbelief, sharp and frustrated. Snow was already catching in his dark hair, melting against his flushed cheeks.

"People touch each other on dates, Ilya."

"Well, they shouldn't."

"Why?" Shane stepped closer, dark eyes burning with real anger now. "For three weeks, you've sabotaged every person who gets near me. You ruin my dates, you scare people off, you act *like-*"

He stopped abruptly.

Ilya looked wrecked.

"Because they don't know you," he said finally, the words rough and helpless. "They don't know you hate champagne and only drink it to be polite. They don't know you get quiet when you're stressed or that you won't sleep after a bad game unless someone makes you."

Shane's expression shifted almost imperceptibly. "And how are they supposed to learn?"

Ilya stepped closer before he could stop himself, hands gripping Shane's arms hard enough to feel the heat through his coat.

"I don't want them to," he admitted quietly. "I can't stand it."

Shane tilted his head back slightly, still not pulling away. "Why?"

Something inside Ilya finally gave out.

"Because I love you."

His voice cracked on the words.

He slid his hands up to Shane's face, thumbs brushing cold skin beneath the falling snow.

"I've been in love with you for years," he whispered helplessly. "And watching other people touch you makes me feel fucking *insane*."

Shane's breath caught sharply.

Ilya pressed their foreheads together for one miserable second.

"I know I've been acting like a psychopath," he admitted. "But I couldn't let you go back in there with him."

For a second, neither of them moved.

Then Shane let out a long, shaky exhale into the freezing night air.

"*Fuck*," he muttered.

And then he grabbed two fistfuls of Ilya's coat and yanked him forward.

The kiss crashed into him hard and desperate, all cold air and clumsy urgency. Ilya gasped against Shane's mouth, stunned for half a second before instinct took over.

His hands dropped immediately to Shane's waist, pulling him flush against his chest while Shane kissed him back with the same relentless focus he applied to everything else in his life.

Teeth caught briefly in their haste. Someone made a helpless sound- Ilya thought it might've been him.

He backed Shane against the brick wall of the alley without breaking the kiss once.

Shane's hands slid beneath Ilya's open coat instead, cold fingers curling against his waist and dragging him even closer.

The friction alone felt unbearable.

Shane tasted like champagne and mint, and Ilya kissed him like he'd been starving for it. One of Shane's hands tangled into his hair and tugged hard enough to pull a rough breath from his

throat.

Ilya broke away just long enough to kiss along Shane's jaw, catching lightly at the skin beneath his ear.

"*Putain*, Ilya," Shane breathed, the curse slipping out rough and wrecked as he tilted his head back against the brick.

Ilya's grip tightened instinctively.

"*Mine*," he muttered against Shane's skin.

Shane let out a shaky laugh that dissolved immediately when Ilya kissed him again.

"Yours," he breathed back into his mouth.

It felt like gravity correcting itself.

By the time they finally pulled apart, both of them were breathing hard, foreheads pressed together beneath the falling snow.

Shane's lips were swollen, his tie ruined, dark hair dusted white at the edges.

He looked *devastating*.

"You," Shane said between breaths, a fond, exhausted smile tugging at his mouth, "are the most oblivious, dramatic idiot on the planet."

Ilya blinked, his brain still completely ruined by the fact that Shane Hollander had just kissed him back.

"I'm sorry, *what*?"

Shane opened his eyes, looking up at him through damp lashes.

"Ilya," he said. "I've been in love with you since high school. I wear your clothes. I practically live in your apartment. I let you dictate my entire schedule. Do you honestly think I'd tolerate your insane behavior if I wasn't completely obsessed with you?"

Ilya stared at him, hands still fixed on Shane's hips.

"But the dates," Ilya said weakly, still trying to catch up. "The French."

His eyes widened slightly.

"You were doing that on *purpose*."

Shane laughed softly, bright and warm against the cold night air.

"*Obviously*. I got tired of waiting for you to figure it out." His mouth twitched. "Hayden figured it out by Friday."

Ilya looked genuinely betrayed. “You engineered this?”

“I nudged,” Shane corrected innocently. “*A little.*”

Ilya narrowed his eyes. “I almost fought a pre-law student tonight, Shane.”

“You set off a fire alarm,” Shane pointed out gently, lifting a hand to cup Ilya’s cheek. “You broke a three-hundred-dollar hockey stick with your bare hands. I think a little suffering was fair.”

Ilya leaned into the touch automatically, relief settling heavy and warm inside his chest.

He wasn’t losing Shane.

“I’m still blaming you for this,” Ilya muttered, leaning in to kiss the corner of Shane’s mouth.

Shane smiled against his lips.

“You can blame me tomorrow,” he murmured, voice dropping lower as his hips shifted subtly against Ilya’s again. “Right now, you’re taking me back to your ridiculous penthouse and kissing me until I forget Scott’s name.”

Ilya’s eyes snapped open.

He wrapped both arms around Shane’s waist and lifted him effortlessly off the snowy ground, pulling a startled laugh out of him.

“Yeah,” Ilya murmured before kissing him again, slow and deep. “I can do that.”

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading and for enabling my “ilya rozanov loses his mind over jealousy” agenda 😭

also huge thank you to berey for helping me with all the french dialogue in this fic <3

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