

Heated Surrender

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77678081) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77678081>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Wyatt Hayes , Zane Boodram , Luca Haas
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things , Fluff and Humor , Light Angst , Idiots in Love , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Loser4Loser , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Anal Sex , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Injury , author tried to shove every trope , Not Beta Read , mentions of mental health issues , and shane's disordered eating , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-14 Words: 8,692 Chapters: 1/1

Heated Surrender

by [blankjournals](#)

Summary

5 times Ilya lost a fight to Shane and the 1 time he didn't (sort of)

Based on the many tweets saying Ilya is never winning an argument in his relationship.

Notes

thank you @ilyaaronovs for this [tweet](#) and the subsequent replies!

despite being canadian, i know very little about hockey. so, for the sake of not embarrassing myself, i kept the language vague. forgive me. if i missed any grammar mistakes, my bad, its out there now, might see it updated later when i read it again with fresh eyes.

enjoy!

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

2017 to 2020

Ilya loves winning; all he does is win. Hey Google, play *All I Do Is Win* by DJ Khaled.

He is a competitive bastard, and the rush of joy he feels when he is good at something fills that part of himself that's always craved validation. Validation he never got growing up, cause he was *never good enough* in his father's eyes.

They are watching a highlight reel of his career over the past decade or so on TV—win after win, with some losses, especially after he joined Ottawa. Ilya tried not to audibly sigh.

He is half paying attention. Shots of his arrogant younger self, his flirtatious attitude with female interviewers, and curt post-game interview replies are just a little *too much* to look at directly. It's always fun in the moment, and he is still like that on the ice, but maybe not to *that* level. Being young lets you get away with a lot. He almost cringes and wants to reach for the controller to turn it off because he doesn't know how much longer he can watch himself slam men into boards.

Hah, he needs to share this joke with Shane.

But before he can, Ilya hears Shane scoff from the other end of the couch. He looks over and sees his boyfriend propped against a throw cushion, his obnoxious beaver hoodie (*Roots!* he can hear Shane yelling indignantly) pulled over his head. The television reflects off his ~~dorky~~ sexy glasses. His phone is balanced in one hand, but his gaze stays glued to the TV. His eyes look very unimpressed, and his mouth is tugging into a scowl.

Shane gets mad at me when I call him a baby kitten, and then he does shit like this.

Ilya turns toward Shane and nudges him with his feet before asking, "What is it?"

Shane looks over at him, and Ilya watches his scowl soften to a faint frown. A pulse of tenderness rises; he wants to reach out and soothe it away. And then he remembers he has free will and that he is allowed to touch him. But he holds back, letting Shane speak first, impatience and affection twisting inside him.

Shane gestures towards the TV. "Don't they ever get tired? Like, pick up a damn thesaurus or something, *jeez*. Expand your language," he says, voice dangerously close to a hiss.

Ilya's mouth twitches up into a barely concealed smile. "They are retired players or people who were never good enough to play in big leagues. I don't think speaking correct English is their biggest issue."

Shane shakes his head. "No, it's not their grammar I have an issue with. But what's the point of these highlight reels if they add the same running commentary over and over? *Cocky, arrogant, flashy, overconfident*," he mocks.

Ilya finds himself distracted. *Fuck, how does Shane make words look so hot coming out of his mouth?*

He clears his throat and sends Shane a smirk as he nudges his foot again. "I think it's good way to describe me. What I am."

Shane's eyes snap to him. "You are the second-best hockey player—"

"First best player actually—"

"—and brought home the Stanley Cup to his team in his fourth year with them, after nearly a decade of drought. We can move past describing you at such a superficial level. Even though you are—."

"A cocky, arrogant son of a bitch?" Ilya asks, eyebrows raised, mouth turning into a full grin. Not that he is surprised, but it still *thrills* him when Shane talks about his hockey career. *Yes*, he is a hockey nerd, and *yes*, knowing your rivals' statistics in and out was probably a part of a bigger strategy. But still, to be known is to be loved. Or so he hears.

Shane laughs and nudges him back. "Yes!" His eyes drift back to the TV before he huffs, turns the volume down, and goes back to scrolling on his phone.

"Alright, Mr. Dictionary, how would you describe me if you were there?" Ilya asks, goading him on.

Shane rolls his eyes, the annoyance returning. "I could say a million things, Ilya—they make being competitive a bad thing when—" he raises his palms, searching for the right words. "You're just so *driven*."

Ilya furrows his eyebrows, trying to grasp what Shane means by *driven* in this context. Shane, still looking ahead, answers before Ilya can ask for clarification.

"You have this *abundant* energy. You work hard for the things you love. It's talent, skills, *and* determination. It—*oh my god*—it's what you want to see in every athlete. It makes you jealous and inspires you to be better," Shane goes on, face shining fiercely.

Ilya's smile falters, and he blinks at Shane. The warmth that floods him feels different. An unfamiliar pride blooms, one that crowds out the usual flush from screaming fans, leaving him quietly stunned. He starts to feel uncharacteristically embarrassed and wants to deflect by maybe pointing out that his own father would disagree. *Lazy*.

He tries to calm him down instead. "Hollander, no one would watch if everyone made boring comments like that."

"Oh fuck off. Guess speaking the truth is considered boring now." Shane grumbles.

Truth. Speaking the truth. And wow, he really believes it. Says it so easily, so confidently, without a hint of hesitation. Like he truly believes so highly of Ilya, that Ilya is *good enough*, capable of being good enough.

For Shane to say those things with such passion, to the point that he is genuinely getting mad at some dumb commentary on TV from people who do not matter, and then to just casually go back on his phone like he didn't just cosmically rearrange Ilya's entire soul?

Shane Hollander, what are you?

Free will. *I have free will*, Ilya reminds himself as he adjusts his body and crawls across the couch. Shane instantly parts his legs as Ilya settles between them, arms going around him like Shane was his personal teddy bear, hiding his face in his chest. He wants to kiss him, but he doesn't think he can look into Shane's big brown eyes right now, see the truth in them, can't bear to see unmistakable pride and the glimmering love and affection in them, because if he does, he might just believe it, and he might just cry.

He wants to say so many things. Wants to divert. Wants to say it back. Return it tenfold because there's not a chance he's capable of holding such a precious gift of conviction from Shane. But the words catch in his throat, and the translator in his head has signed off for the rest of the night.

Shane doesn't say anything, just smiles down softly and knowingly at him. He shuts off his phone with a click, shoving it between himself and the couch. One hand slides protectively over Ilya's back, the other tangling in his curls, combing through them.

Ilya further loses the ability to speak and think, and he lets himself surrender to the safety of Shane's hold.

Okay, Ilya loves winning, and he believes he's a winner. And well, Shane believes all that crap about him, too, so it must be true. So he is not used to experiencing losses, not small ones anyway. Big ones, sure: *his mother, the love of his father, the ability to ever live a normal life in his home country, occasionally the will to live—*

So no, not small losses. He's used to getting what he wants and having things go his way (mostly). He has never lost an argument in his life. As Shane says, he is determined and relentless.

But then he met Shane, and he was with Shane for the better part of a decade, and now he is *really* with him, and will be with him till God himself comes down to Earth and drags him away.

But now, Ilya has slowly grown to understand that he can't win even the smaller things in life, not with Shane Hollander around.

[1]

Shane woke up grumpy, and Ilya does not have enough brain cells (this early in the morning) to try to coax him into telling him what is wrong. They went to sleep fine, no argument, no fighting, snuggled close like they were trying to crawl into each other's ribcage.

Shane was already out of bed before Ilya woke up. His replies were short by the time he padded downstairs. Not rude, not unkind, just off. Half-heatedly accepting kisses from Ilya, barely replying to his smalltalk.

Ilya decides to give him some space for the rest of the morning, doesn't stand too close, doesn't talk too much, tries not to breathe *wrong* in his direction.

He makes himself scarce; he's sitting on the couch texting his teammates when Shane comes and sits on the other end, tucking his knees to his chest. Ilya glances at him once, then looks away. *Well, so much for giving him space.*

Shane is restless. He flip-flops between channels, opens and closes his phone, and keeps glancing at Ilya like he's expecting him to bite. By the 24th sigh from the Canadian, Ilya has had enough. Doom-scrolling was all he wanted. Apparently, he's not even doing that right.

"Is there a problem?" Ilya finally asks, wearily.

Shane surveys him, as if he'd forgotten Ilya was capable of speaking. "No," he replies, voice tight.

"You are huffing and puffing, walking around like *sulking* child."

"I am not a child," Shane mutters, gritting his teeth.

Ilya sits up a little. "Then stop behaving like one."

"Rozanov—"

"No," Ilya cuts in, shoving his phone aside. "You are walking around with steam coming out of your ears, acting like I put the fire there. You have been Mr. Grumpy Pants all day. Hollander, I cannot read your mind, and you cannot be mad and expect me to know what to say when you won't tell me what the fuck the issue is."

Silence engulfs the room, heavy and uncomfortable.

Shane goes to open his mouth, then shuts it as if his brain had just now caught up to everything he said. Ilya watches his body deflate: shoulders drop, fists unclench, and his palms rub nervously against his knees, trying to dry them. Shane looks away, eyes shutting tight, before he takes a deep breath, opens them, and looks back.

Brown eyes, eyes with a thin layer of sheen, peer back at him, and Ilya feels himself soften, his prior irritation fading just like that. His heart beats loudly in his chest, and an uncomfortable feeling washes over him at the uncertainty in Shane's face.

Fuck, what's happening? What did I do? Why does he look like that?

Before Ilya can speak, Shane is already getting off the couch. "I don't know what got into me," Shane says, voice heavy with regret, "I just had a bad dream and—I was taking it out on you. I'm—"

"Shane," Ilya cuts in, feeling a pang in his heart as he gets up as well and reaches out for him.

"It was stupid," Shane adds, hesitantly letting Ilya take his hands. "I don't even remember it properly, you were just—in my dream, you were *mean* to me and I—" Shane lets out a

humourless laugh, looking away from him. “It was dumb, I had no reason to be mad, it wasn’t you, it was dream-you—”

“I am sorry,” Ilya interrupts him, and then he’s gathering Shane in an embrace, arms finding their way home around him, hand resting over his head like he’s trying to shield him. “I am sorry, I didn’t mean to be mean to you,” he tells him, very sincerely.

Shane laughs against him, a little embarrassed, and doesn’t resist being pulled in. “No, Ilya, you’re right, I was throwing a temper tantrum all day and being mad at you for something you didn’t even do. I’m—”

“No, *no sorry*, I am sorry, sorry dream-me was mean to you,” Ilya tells him more firmly.

Shane huffs against him, mouth twitching into a reluctant smile. “You can’t apologize for the Ilya in my dream.”

“Of course I can,” Ilya insists, “He should not have bothered you.”

“Ok, but still, I am—”

“No, I do not want to hear it. My fault. No, sorry from you.”

“Ilya—”

Stupid Canadians always saying sorry. “If you say sorry again, then I will be mad, and mean to you in real life.”

Shane groans against him, even though he’s laughing; the sound muffles against the fabric of his shirt. “You are crazy, just let me apolog—”

Ilya’s hands come up to press Shane closer, smothering his mouth further. Shane struggles against him, his shoulders jerking with every laugh.

Ilya eases the pressure when Shane stops struggling. He lets him pull back slightly so he can look up at him, grinning in amusement. His face is flushed, features relaxed in a way that makes him look so utterly youthful. His eyes—*thank god*—are no longer glassy with tears, just fondly exasperated. That twinkle of, *you’re impossible but I adore you* look.

Ilya feels himself untwist, that flashing bulb in his head with the sign labelled “something is wrong with Shane” finally turning off.

How could dream-Ilya even think of being mean to his Shane? He’s gonna curse himself before he goes to sleep tonight.

[2]

LILY

so many snacks

so many canadian snacks in this store

JANE

ok

LILY

but you are still not here

JANE

gross

Jane reacted to [but you are still not here] with ❤️

LILY

ok i check everywhere

they dont have it

JANE

Oh

Shit

LILY

hollander there are so many options with ur exact calorie requirement

i can send photos

JANE

No, it's no use, I won't like it, the I brand I wanted is the only one with the right texture

LILY

all yogurt has same texture, all goop

JANE

Only you would say that because you eat shitty quality yogurt

Are you able to please go to the last store I sent the address of

I called and they said they have a lot in stock

LILY

hollander

you want me to drive to a 3rd store for ur yogurt

JANE

I can't drive myself, I injured my shoulder

LILY

ottawa is not nice enough for me to drive around like this

hello?

shane?

wherd u go?

should i get the yogurt

JANE

Yeah, sorry, it's okay, just come back.

I'll deal with it.

Lily is calling

Lily is calling

Lily is calling

3 missed calls from Lily

LILY

why arent u picking up

JANE

Why are you calling

LILY

you are sad arent you

because i cant find your high quality goop

making sad face

hello?

fuck hollander

ok sorry not high quality goop

delicious goop

i mean yogurt

you are looking like this



or this



JANE

Shut up

Come back home

LILY

send me photo of ur face first i need to see

or pick up my calls

JANE

Ilya, I'm ok, promise

LILY

this?



JANE

...

The first cat

LILY

ok i go to other store and find high quality delicious goop

Ilya drove to the third fucking store and bought enough yogurt for Shane to even take back to his home in Montreal. Because he knows, Shane probably looked a lot worse at home than the sad cat photos he sent him and well, Ilya would travel back to Russia if that was the only place that had Shane's favourite goop.

[3]

"Shane, why would I hide your passport?" Ilya asks, trailing after Shane as he mutters to himself.

"Because you like watching me stress out!" Shane calls over his shoulder. "And you don't want me to leave."

Shane was supposed to have left for the airport an hour ago, but here he still is, pacing up and down and in and out of the house, the most important document of his life missing.

The whole morning could have gone a lot better. Shane's phone wasn't plugged in properly, hence it died halfway through the night, and his alarm didn't go off. Which was no big deal in Ilya's eyes, Shane woke up half an hour later. But he knows his and Shane's idea of big deal are two different things.

Just because Shane likes to wake up early on days like this to give himself buffer time doesn't mean he wants to use it up. It just needs to exist so that Shane can sit and reflect on his life before the actual countdown to his departure begins.

Don't ask, Ilya is just a spectator in Shane Hollander's life.

Shane's phone goes off for the ninth time, and Ilya lets out a deep sigh. "Shane, your phone —", he cuts himself off as Shane veers into their bedroom again.

He jogs downstairs to retrieve the phone, pausing when he sees Hayden's name flashing across the screen.

This time, he sighs even louder; he wants the whole house to know how annoyed he is.

Ilya picks up and immediately says, "Not a good time, *Piker*, Shane's a bit busy."

"Give the phone to Shane, *Rosanol*." Hayden's snaps through the phone.

"It's *Rozanol*, with a z. They don't teach you how to spell in school?"

"They don't in your school either. Name is *Pike*, not *Piker*."

"What the fuck do you want?" Ilya asks, dragging a hand down his face, even as his mouth twitches upward. It's always fun to mess with Montreal's 15th-best player.

"Shane said he would text me when he left, knowing him, he should've left an hour ago."

"He can't find his passport," Ilya says, turning around and beginning his climb up the stairs.

"His passport? Coach has all our passports."

Ilya pauses halfway up. "What?" he barks into the phone.

"Yes, it was Shane's idea, even though we kind of stopped doing it before, too many players kept forgetting—"

Ilya hangs up before he can finish and resists the urge to smash his head into the banister. And here Shane was accusing *him* of hiding his passport, when it was his dumb idea to give it to his coach for safekeeping.

He stomps his way upstairs to finally end Shane's (and his) suffering, probably yell at his boyfriend too, for driving him completely insane for the past two hours. They could've

stayed in bed longer! Probably watched a movie! Could've been tangled up together on the couch and glued like they didn't have anywhere else to be. But *no*, his boyfriend decided to plan something for convenience, only to end up inconvenienced by his own idea.

He marches into their bedroom, like a man on a mission, and spots Shane frantically going through Ilya's wardrobe.

Does he really think Ilya hid his passport and is still keeping it from him?

But before he can open his mouth, Shane turns around in Ilya's direction, and he looks... so fucking frazzled. His hair is sticking up in different ends, no doubt he ran his hand through them over and over in frustration. His mouth is set into a deep frown, and his eyes are open and on the edge of a full-blown panic episode. He's looking at Ilya like he stole his favourite toy.

And for the thousandth time in his life by now, Ilya feels himself crumble. The fight drains out of him instantly, like someone pulled the plug.

"Ilya," Shane says, his voice coming out hoarse, and Ilya crosses the room over to him in record speed.

"Hayden called," Ilya says softly, his arms going to hold Shane's shoulder to steady him. "he wanted me to remind you that your coach has all the players' passports."

Shane opens and closes his mouth, eyebrows scrunching. "Why does he have our passports?"

Because you told him. "Hayden's idea," Ilya lies, "Probably gave to him during last practise and forgot."

Shane drops his head and lets out a breath of relief. His entire body sags like he's been holding himself together all day. "Sorry," he says sheepishly, "I've been acting like a—well, a loon all day."

Ilya pretends to think about. "Ah, yes, stupid Canadian wolf bird meets Canadian man."

"Stupid Canadian man."

"No, no," Ilya says, pulling him closer, "you are not stupid. Piker? Yes. His idea confused my little *gazonokosilka*."

"Lawn mower?"

"Yes," Ilya replies proudly.

Shane lets out a little laugh, and he folds himself forward in Ilya's arms, resting his head against his shoulder, inhaling deeply like Ilya is the balm to all his wounds.

It was quiet for a few moments before Shane spoke. "I get so sad on the days I have to leave," Shane admits quietly, "I get... distracted, it makes me forget things. Like just now, with my passport."

Ilya's grin softens into a smile, and he blinks back the growing pressure behind his eyes. He tries to swallow the lump in his throat, but it's proving to be a bit difficult.

"I didn't mean to ruin your morning by being all over the place, I'm—"

Ilya shushes and presses him closer, hands running up and down his back until Shane's muscles uncoil beneath his palms. "It's fine, no more talking, just this. Me and you," he says firmly, trying to hide the waver in his voice.

Shane holds him back tighter, like he's afraid Ilya will disappear.

Ilya knows Shane is downplaying it, knows *sad* doesn't even begin to cover what he's feeling. Shane Hollander forgot he'd given his passport to his coach, forgot it was his idea? Found his old passport yesterday, but didn't bother to check inside to make sure it wasn't an old one? Didn't double and triple-check to make sure his phone was actually plugged in? Even without his phone, he didn't wake up before his alarm?

His memory gets like this: distracted and so out of it when he's particularly stressed or upset, or on days like this, his last day with Ilya before they don't get to see each other for weeks. Where they can only rely on texts that don't get replies for hours, voice calls across different time zones, and sleepy video chats where one of them dozes off before even saying goodbye.

He knows, he understands, better than Shane thinks. The ache in every goodbye between them was quieted only by the promise of *I'll see you soon* and *we'll be together again soon*.

The promise that the separation is not forever, just temporary.

Temporary, not forever, Ilya reminds himself, like a mantra, as he squeezes Shane back tighter.

[4.0]

"What are we looking at?" Jackie whispers as she slides next to her husband.

Hayden jumps, his drink almost sloshing. "Jesus, babe—" he says, startled.

Jackie hides her laughter in his shoulder, "You're a hockey player, how are you this jumpy?" she teases.

Hayden sends her an annoyed look. "Stop hanging out with Rozanov so much."

She nudges him again until Hayden's face softens. "Okay, seriously, what are we watching?"

"Watching my enemy fall to his knees," Hayden says very seriously, eyes wandering back to Shane and Ilya, at the end of the backyard, who appear to be in a very animated argument.

Jackie snorts and shakes her head, "What does that even mean?"

“It means Shane wants something, and Rozanov is going to pretend he’s against it and then cave like the sucker he is,” Hayden says excitedly.

“Oh, so listening to your partner makes you weak?” Jackie says, one eyebrow raised.

Hayden sends Jackie a look before he wraps his arms around her. “No baby, I don’t listen to you when you’re wrong—” Hayden laughs as Jackie sends him a mock glare, “But Shane could say 1+1 is 3 and Rozanov would believe him.”

Jackie glances back at the couple, watches the exact moment Ilyas’s hands come down from his face, settle on his hip, his very last attempt to have a semblance of power, before he sighs and nods. Shane lights up, and then she watches Ilya light up even brighter in response.

“Rozanov looks at him with *heart eyes*—it’s disgusting,” Hayden complains.

Jackie nudges him again, and Hayden snickers beside her.

“Hayden, Ilya says he agrees!” Shane calls out to him, as he drags Ilya back to them, who’s trying to look perturbed, but the way his eyes scrunch in fondness betrays him.

Hayden smiles despite himself. *My man*, Hayden thinks smugly.

[4.1]

“Where did they run off to?” David says as he comes back to the dining table and scans the room.

“Probably to settle whatever little fight they brought with them,” Yuna replies, as she cleans up the table, head nudging in the direction of the glass window, pointing out to the backyard.

David follows her gaze to see his two sons talking outside. He frowns before he says, “I didn’t realize something was wrong.”

“Hmm, I don’t think it’s anything big like that, they’ll figure it out, they always do,” Yuna reassures him.

“I’ll always worry. We’re talking about Shane and Ilya.”

“I wonder what it’s about, though. Oh! Ilya will tell us, Lord knows Shane is allergic to sharing things with us.”

David laughs, and Yuna continues, “Unless he’s in the wrong, then he might not admit fault. I wonder who’s winning out there.”

David shakes his head. “Doesn’t matter much.”

“Hmm?” Yuna replies, not being subtle at all with her spying as she looks back at her husband.

“Ilya is trying to argue with your son; he’s never going to win,” David says with a simple shrug.

“What is that supposed to mean? He’s not *your* son?” Yuna asks, eyebrows raised.

David looks at her as he gathers the plates in his hands. “Of course, he’s my son. But he is *your* son when it comes to getting what he wants. Good bless that poor Russian boy.” and then he’s off, sauntering back to the kitchen.

Yuna lets out an incredulous laugh; she doesn’t know whether to be flattered or offended. She wants to argue, but when she looks back outside, even from far away, she can see Ilya slowly caving in as Shane shoots him a look.

The same puppy-eyed look he used to throw at her when he was young, that she thought she was immune to, that she thought only worked on David. But sorting through those precious memories has her reflecting that, more often than not, she used to give in to Shane, always, or at least compromise.

That little shit, Yuna thinks, hiding her smile behind her hand. She probably shouldn’t think of her own son like that, but she doesn’t have any other words at the moment.

Poor little Russian boy indeed.

[4.2]

HAZY

BOYS NIGHT OUT

BOOD

fuck yeah

ILYA

sorry boys, had a fight with the mrs, will be late

BOOD

dude what the fuck

HAZY

you texted us 2 hours ago

how did u piss her off so quickly

ILYA

im innocent

just simple lovers quarrel

HAZY

ok so then maybe a little distance will help

BOOD

yeah, she has to know she cant just take advantage of you, you are allowed to be upset with her too

ILYA

hmm

ok agree

i will put myself in her shoes

HAZY

no roz its put your foot down

I IYA

ok i will put my foot down

i put my foot down

HAZY

all right !

ILYA

told her this plan was made days ago and i told her in advance

BOOD

hell fucking yeah

ILYA

said its childish to be upset about scrabble

BOOD

this is about scrabble???

HAZY

suddenly i hate all english majors

ILYA

last week i shouldve won twice but didnt because she said the word i made wasnt real

but new edition dictionary shows my words are real

BOOD

respectfully, what is wrong with you

HAZY

no seriously, like what happened to you man

ILYA

is boring but it helps with my english, her dad likes playing too

i won! it deserves to be known! she was wrong

BOOD

ok mr word king, you won, +2 points for you, so are u coming out

ILYA

but now she looks sad, she thinks im leaving because i am mad and not because i planned this
before

HAZY

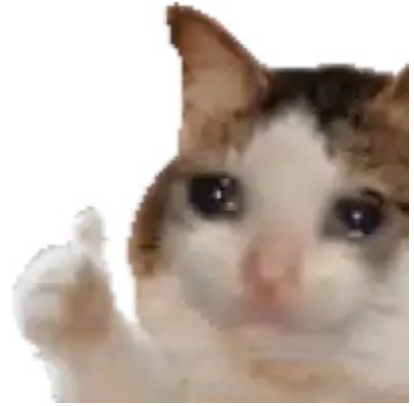
dude

BOOD

just close your eyes and walk out the house

ILYA

but she is giving me this face even after saying i should go



i think she is lying

BOOD

FUCK OFF

we're starting without you man

HAZY

i dont even care anymore, we're never making plans with you again

BOOD

tell "jane" to give us our captain back

[5]

Ilya may not be good at winning arguments with Shane; he may cave too quickly. But one place where he holds the reins, holds control, is in the bedroom.

What better feeling than being allowed this? Being allowed to hold Shane like this? Being allowed to bite and nip at his soft skin till it bruises under his teeth in shades of rouge and purple. Kissing him like a man starved, crashing into him like he wants to consume him, the feel of his lips, the addictive taste of his mouth. To hold and touch and squeeze and grip every part of Shane like it was *his* and his alone.

Shane, *his* Shane, who's laid out so prettily in front of, on his hands and knees, as Ilya fucks languidly into him.

They've been doing this for about an hour now, Ilya's already come once, and he's brought Shane close to the edge three times using his hands, mouth and cock.

"Ilya—mmphf—" Shane keens into the covers, panting raggedly as his hips arch up, trying to get Ilya *closer*, trying to get him *deeper*, just *more* and *more*.

“What is it, moy lyubimy my beloved? Already getting tired?” Ilya rasps from behind him, his hands softening their grip, thumbs tracing small circles on his hips. He leans over and presses himself against his back, mouth descending to place a chaste kiss against the nape of his neck.

“I wanna—wanna see you—haven’t seen you in so long.” Shane chokes out, trying to look back at him.

It’s been twenty minutes, twenty minutes since Ilya stopped his third orgasm and put a cock ring on him. Twenty minutes since he flipped him over. But Shane wants to see him, cause twenty minutes is just *too long* for him, and Ilya is powerless to his requests.

He slowly pulls out and shushes Shane gently when he whimpers at the loss. He carefully turns him onto his back and is absolutely floored by the sight before him. Shane, flushed and shaking, marks littering his body like constellations. His gaze trails to his raw-bitten lips, up to the cluster of freckles across tear-stained cheeks, and then finally to his eyes. Pupils, dilated and dark with arousal, filled with the kind of hunger that makes Ilya shiver.

He wastes no time sinking back into him, and Shane sobs as Ilya kisses him, swallowing his sounds.

“Ilya, please—*please*—I want to—can I?” Shane says when Ilya pulls away, voice cutting off on another moan as Ilya hits that perfect spot.

Shane throws his head back, cursing before he looks back at him, eyes glistening with trust and need. Like Ilya has all the powers, like he knows all the ways to make it better.

“I don’t think I can anymore, please *please*—” Shane pleads.

“Shh, it’s okay. You’ve been so good for me, Shane, so perfect, holding it all in.” Ilya says, his voice warm with pride as he leans closer, one hand coming to wipe away his tears.

Shane’s eyes flutter at the praise, face flushing even further, and he lets out a sound of contentment.

“Do you think you can come, without me touching you?” Ilya asks, his voice low and encouraging.

Shane nods rapidly, wanting nothing more than to listen, to please, for Ilya to continue to tell him how good he’s been, wants to bathe and get lost in that approval. “Yes, yes, I—I can *please*.”

“Krasivyy Beautiful. You listen so well, *so well*.” Ilya praises again as one finger goes to touch Shane’s cock, which is flushed and swollen and leaking across his abdomen. Ilya’s finger traces down the length until it reaches the base, where a snug-fitting black silicone ring is wrapped around his cock.

“Even without me touching, you get so wet,” Ilya teases, as he adjusts the ring.

“Ilya—” Shane breathes out, eyes flashing.

Ilya chuckles lowly, “Come for me, Shane. You’ve been so good; I want you to come.”

Shane’s mouth falls open as his orgasm rips through him, and he finally allows himself to let go. A desperate sound comes out of his mouth that Ilya knows he’s going to memorize, file into a special place in his head, and listen to over and over on loop. Shane’s come lands messily between them, some of it splattering on Ilya’s chest as well.

Ilya fucks him through it, hiking his knees higher to get a better angle, thrusting deeper. He doesn’t last long, knows he can’t, not when Shane’s orgasm is branded behind his retinas, not when Shane bears down and clenches hot around him, not when Shane is whimpering in overstimulation but still pulling Ilya closer, pulling him in for a kiss that is messy and uncoordinated and chants against his lips, *Ilya please please I want you to come—*

Ilya doesn’t stand a chance; it’s almost laughable that he ever thought he did. He may have control in the bedroom, but it’s a power he can only hold cause Shane gave it to him. A sacred trust he sometimes feels unworthy of, but is so grateful that he can hold and cherish and share with Shane.

Maybe there is no winning for him, not with Shane Hollander; he’s been helpless to him since Day 1.

[+1]

2021

Sometimes, Ilya still can’t believe that he and Shane have made it this far. And by this far, he doesn’t just mean being together, although that also wasn’t a simple walk in the park. No, together like this, married.

Bound in matrimony, Ilya learned the fancy phrase for it, too.

Husband, he has a *husband*, and his name is Shane Hollander. The up-and-coming best player in the league, whom he met at 17, is now his husband, nearly 12 years later. And they met in fucking Saskatchewan of all places.

Shane is his husband, and Ilya is his, and sometimes he can’t even believe his luck. He wants to say that their relationship wasn’t destiny; it was something they created, and that some invisible force shouldn’t be thanked for the hard work they put into it.

But then Ilya wakes up and sees his husband sleeping next to him, and thinks, maybe this was nothing short of a miracle.

Ilya loves his husband. And now they get to be in love, be married, play for the same team, and they’re going to put Ottawa on the map because Toronto can’t keep getting away with being the only Canadian city outsiders know about.

He loves his husband, even when his husband is a pain in the ass, like Ilya predicted he would be once he joined the Ottawa Centaurs.

The team can't have two captains, especially not when those captains are the league's best players. Of course, they were bound to butt heads; it's not easy to give it up. Those years of leadership get ingrained in your DNA.

Well, Shane may be good at giving up control in the bedroom, but outside is a completely different thing.

You know how some animals become feral once they're locked in a kennel, and then are completely normal once you let them outside? Imagine that, but opposite for Shane. Give him a bed and a blanket, and he'll go to sleep quietly in his box. Bring him outside, and he's tearing up the entire house.

But that is fine, Shane can be whatever he wants, a dog, a kitten, he can be a fucking moose for all Ilya cares.

No one makes him play better than Shane does; it's how it's been since the start of all this. They push each other to greatness, and Ilya finally understands what couples mean when they say they love their partners because they make them a better person. It used to make him roll his eyes, but now it just hits him with quiet understanding.

So, of course, Shane pushes him to be a better Captain. No, he is *not* subtle at all when Ilya is barking orders, and he says something Shane doesn't agree with. He knows Shane texts his buddy Hayden right away to no doubt snicker and giggle over how *Captain Rozanov* ran their practise that day.

Assholes, both of them. Hayden is more for corrupting his husband.

Shane tried at first not to say anything right away, even when Ilya would look at him with a raised eyebrow in a, *is there a problem* look. That lasted a couple of days before Shane started politely interrupting his spew with a raised hand like they were in elementary school or something.

Which brings us to now: Ilya thinks not only will the Ottawa Centaurs hold the record for having the most gay players, the record for having the first couple to play together on the same team, but also the first team to have two official captains.

Because the rest of his teammates will listen to Ilya first, then immediately turn to Shane to see his reaction. They might as well have bowls of popcorn in their hand with the way their eyes flicker back and forth between them, shit-eating grins on their faces. Luca especially looks at them, like he's watching his parents bicker.

Ilya hates his team.

So yes, they butt heads, they scoff at each other, roll their eyes. But as opinionated as Shane is, he is also very respectful of authority and eager to listen. So, since Ilya is the Captain, he clamps down his urge to bite and listens dutifully first. Usually.

Ilya can't tell whether it makes Shane so angry that it turns him on, or it turns him on so much that he turns angry.

A win for Ilya, either way.

Ilya loves his husband, even when he is being stubborn. Ilya had told him, the same way Shane worries about his fucked up brain (*mental health*, Ilya, Shane would correct him with a huff), the same way he worries about Shane's eating. The same way Ilya is not broken for seeking out a therapist (thank you, Dr. Galina) to treat his brain, which is an important organ like any other part of him, there is no harm in Shane seeking a little guidance on his nutrition intake.

And Shane had listened and agreed, because they are excellent communicators now, excellent husbands who communicate their worries.

So Ilya takes his antidepressants, and Shane started his hunt for a Registered Dietitian, one who works with athletes. And yes, Ilya made fun of Shane when he found out she was also Japanese, asking if that was the main reason he hired her. He says no, Ilya thinks otherwise.

Ilya knows that the dietitian was working with Shane to help change his nutritional regimen and that Shane would start implementing it soon.

No, he could not just switch over right away. Cause, well, he had his previous diet carefully crafted for an 8-month period, and it's been 7 months and 3 weeks, and it doesn't make sense to just stop it when it is 99.9% done, because *what kind of number is 99.9%*? A sentence Shane said to him.

Ilya loves his husband very much. Even when he looked like he could have used more sugar in his breakfast that morning. He had not said anything other than offering an extra slice of apple, which Shane had hesitantly taken.

Ilya loves his husband very much. Even when there's something stiff about the way he's walking and doing a very bad job at hiding it. But the crease in his brow says otherwise, and the flat line of his smile is not his usual neutral face; it's his barely there smile that means something in his body is aching a little bit more than usual, and he is trying hard not to think about it.

Ilya tries to do something different for practise that day, switch positions for the first round so that Shane can be off to the side for a bit. He knows Shane is going to think he's babying him, that he doesn't trust him. Which is unfair, because if anyone else on the team did this, he'd have them benched, or if it was Luca, he'd force him to eat, probably spoon-feed him himself.

Opposite of babying, he is adultifying Shane.

But Ilya loves his husband, even when his husband shoots him a look (with those amazing eyes that Ilya wishes he would just close sometimes because they make him weak in the knees) when he's talking to them all in the locker room about the game plan for the day. Then, Ilya listens with a yielding smile when Shane suggests one round of normal practice, and he nods with a defeated sigh and shoots Bood, Hazy and Troy a glare when they start snickering.

He is weak to Shane's eyes.

"Remember, guys, Hollander and I may be superheroes, but you have to score goals too!" Ilya shouts with a cocky grin as they begin to play, grinning even wider when his team shouts back at him in offence.

It happens in slow motion. Ilya's eyes keep flickering over to Shane as they skate. Monitoring, *he is just monitoring*, that's his job, it's what he does.

They are not even two minutes into the game when he catches the sway in Shane's body when he starts travelling with the puck, when he turns too fast, upper body rotating abnormally, and when he finally holds, shoots and misses.

Which is not a big deal, missing a goal. No, the problem is that as Shane shoots, he stumbles as if someone had kicked the back of his knees. Ilya watches in horror as Shane tries to brace himself, but he completely tips off balance and goes crashing down.

Ilya's body locks automatically because, too many times, *too many times*, he has seen this exact scene: his loved ones, motionless in front of him. Too many times, *two times too many* he's seen Shane go down like this.

His blood runs cold, despite the layers of clothes and gear he's wearing. There's pounding in his head, too many thoughts, too many memories, too much static that keeps getting louder and sharper. He couldn't do anything before, when he was witness to Shane's first concussion.

Couldn't do anything before, couldn't even pretend to care on the ice because no one knew, *hell*, Ilya and Shane didn't even know, not properly, not officially and truthfully what they both meant to each other.

But nothing can stop him now, because that's Shane. *That's his husband, and everyone knows that's his husband, the whole world knows and he is allowed to love him and care for him out loud and he needs to get to his husband cause it's Shane, his Shane who is his husband, his husband is on the floor and not moving and Ilya needs to get to him—*

He drops his stick first, gloves tossed behind him without care, and then his helmet follows with a loud thud after as he races towards him. Shouts from his teammates dull, and his peripheral vision blurs as his eyes narrow to focus straight on, only on *Shane Shane Shane—*

It's nothing bad. Nothing terrible. Shane really just needed to eat more that day, and he'd twisted and moved so fast that his body didn't have time to prepare for it. No concussion, just a bruised back, some physiotherapy to work out the kinks in his muscles, and he should be good as new in two weeks, is what the medical staff tells them.

Ilya feels like he should be angry because he loves his husband and wishes he had just listened to him, because he can't keep doing this. And he knows Shane is trying his best; if he weren't, he wouldn't have found a new dietitian or agreed to change his routine if he didn't

truly recognize there was a healthier way to achieve the goals he had set for himself. And he knows, *he knows*, his eating habits are not just about the way his body looks; it's Shane's way to anchor himself when life feels overwhelming.

But ultimately, the diet was for 8 months, and 1 week remained. What was Shane supposed to do? Ilya knows his husband well; he was not trying to hurt himself or be careless with his health.

Ilya can't even tell if his lack of concern, which (usually) immediately turns into anger, is because everything is, all things considered, okay, and he understands. Understands that maybe it was just an unlucky day, one of those *I should've known better* days, and that this could've happened even if Shane was playing any other position like Ilya wanted. Or maybe his antidepressants have truly dulled his senses in the way they do when they take out the bad feelings, but also the good feelings as well.

But Ilya thinks he deserves to scold Shane a little, a little reprimand, because he loves his husband, and he can't keep doing this to Ilya. *I take care of my brain, you take care of your body*, it's a promise they made.

But then he sees Shane, in the hospital room, lying back against the sheets, IV line in, with the smile of a man who's trying to convince the whole world everything is okay when it's actually probably on fire.

Ilya adjusts his pillow, smooths out his blanket, and helps him sit up when the nice nurse brings him his food. He asks if he can help Shane eat so his IV doesn't tug so much. And he does let him, just until Ilya's phone rings, and he has to step outside to reassure Yuna and David that Shane is fine and that, *yes*, he will let Shane know that Yuna wants to see his discharge papers.

He goes back inside just in time to see Shane spill some juice on himself, and he quickly goes to help him out. He sets aside his food tray and grabs a couple of tissues, passing some to Shane to wipe his face and then using some himself to dab at the wet stain forming on his hospital gown.

And that's when he hears it, a snuffle, and he has to do a double take when he catches the sight of Shane's face, his trembling mouth, eyes downcast and pooling with tears. Ilya freezes and instantly removes his hands, "Shit, sorry, did I press too hard?"

Shane shakes his head and refuses to look up. "Why aren't you yelling at me?"

Ilya blinks at him in confusion as he scrunches the tissues in his hands before he gingerly sets them aside. "Yell at you for spilling juice on yourself?"

Shane wipes at his eyes and raises his head, trying to meet his gaze. "You told me to eat more today, and I didn't. You noticed something off with my back and wanted me to take it easy at practice, and I didn't. You were trying to help me eat, and I couldn't even let you fully do that; I had to do it myself, and look, I made a mess," he says, voice dejected.

Ilya sighs. "Hollander—"

“No, you were right. Tell me *I told you so*, go on, do it.”

“I will not say that, not when you look like that and are sitting in a hospital room.”

Shane wipes his face even more and looks away, “Okay, I won’t look at you. Go on, say it, you win, I lose. I should’ve listened to you, and I am sorry I didn’t, and I am sorry I worried you, and I will promise to be—”

“Shane,” Ilya cuts in, sounding pained, “You think I want to be right about this? You think this is a argument I want to win?”

Shane glances back, features pausing momentarily. “You love arguing with me.”

“Yes, and I love losing to you.”

“No, don’t baby me. Tell me what you really want to say. I can take it.” Shane says, with the voice of someone who absolutely can’t take it, not in that moment.

Ilya doesn’t know whether he wants to laugh or cry. He really does love his *ridiculous* husband, even when he makes demands like asking Ilya to yell at him.

Ilya steps back and grabs the chair against the wall so he can drag it over to Shane’s bedside before he plops himself down. He leans over and rests his head on Shane’s lap, smiling into the fabric. God, *fond* doesn’t even begin to describe how Ilya feels.

Shane’s hands come up automatically to thread themselves through his hair. He tugs at his hair gently, and it only makes Ilya relax even further under the pressure. *Ilya*, Shane groans softly, and Ilya knows they didn’t give him hardcore drugs, but Shane must still be on some nice painkillers with the way his voice almost pitches into a whine.

Ilya smiles even further, shoulder shaking in silent laughter.

“Are you laughing at me?” Shane sputters, mouth opening and closing as he stares down at him.

“My husband is asking me to lecture him. What else am I supposed to do?” Ilya replies, words muffled in fabric.

“How about you listen to him?” Shane argues, mouth fighting to stay downturned.

“Not when you look like a kitten who was left outside in the rain.”

“You and your kitten agenda. Give me your fucking sunglasses, let me hide my eyes—”

Ilya laughs even more, almost wheezing. He finally straightens up and resists the urge to laugh even harder when he catches the adorably pitiful look on Shane’s face, wide eyes full of indignation, but beneath, lingers a softness that is a permanent part of Shane.

He leans in to kiss the pout right off his face, cutting off the rest of his sentence. Shane kisses back, sighing into his mouth, eyes fluttering shut. When Ilya reaches for his face, his thumb

wipes at his mouth first before it moves to trace the familiar pattern of his freckles.

“I think the doctor and nurse yell at you enough, yes? Yuna will also, probably, definitely. And this time, I will not protect you. I will lecture you when we get home. No yelling, okay? I am just worried. We promised to take better care of ourselves, right? We’re trying to make a record for longest living husbands.” Ilya says, voice edged with mirth. He settles back on the chair, hands resting over Shane’s lap.

Shane huffs out a tired laugh, and he reaches for both of Ilyas’s hands so he can intertwine them firmly. His body leans forward, like a flower blooming in the direction of the sun, of warmth, always in Ilyas’ orbit.

“Okay,” Shane relents, smiling up at him, “At home, I will listen, give me the Captain Rozanov treatment.”

“Okay, promise, I will yell at you at home,” Ilya says to him, rolling his eyes and returning the smile.

Ilya, in fact, did *not* yell at him at home. He talked to him, and mostly let Shane monologue to himself till he put to words everything Ilya would have said to him anyway. He loves his husband very much, and even when Ilya is right, he can’t win against him; he is undone by him.

Ilya doesn’t think he minds so much.

End Notes

hello friends, this is dedicated to all the commenters who've been leaving such lovely comments on my fics and especially the ones saying i should continue to write 

once again i took a tweet, a small and innocent headcanon and then, completely lost my god damn mind.

just a psa, shane's eating habits dont actually ever get addressed in the long game, nor do i think the author officially labelled it as "disordered" eating, but it is how it came across to me, so i have addressed it as such in the fic. the books and s1 of the tv have all become a big melting point in my head, and even though s1 is pretty book accurate, i think there are differences that i just can't remember.

also, do you guys like the height/size difference between hollanov in the books? in my fics i think i only ever allude to ilya being taller than shane. in the tv show, they are about the same height, build pretty similar, maybe ilya is just slightly bigger? what do we think? do we care? should i just mix it up whenever i feel like it? in the books shane seems to love the size difference, i think ilya is more indifferent to it?

anyways, pls read this because one day i will have to explain to god why i was searching up "safest types of cock rings to use".

thats all folks.

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