

i heard you call me boring barbie when the coke's got you brave

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/88737736) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/88737736>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Sasha Ilya Rozanov's Coach's Son
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Future Fic , Possessive Shane Hollander , Protective Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Light Angst , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Happy Ending , Healthy Relationships , Shane Hollander Calls Ilya Rozanov "Baby"
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-07-17 Words: 3,183 Chapters: 1/1

i heard you call me boring barbie when the coke's got you brave

by [justhockey](#)

Summary

“Listen, Ilya is-“

Shane doesn't hear anything else. The crowd around them dissolves into white noise. He wants to smack Ilya's name out of Sasha's mouth.

“Mine,” Shane snaps, finishing Sasha's sentence for him. “Ilya is *mine*.”

Notes

Title from *Actually Romantic* by Taylor Swift.

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

Shane doesn't get jealous when it comes to Ilya; he thinks that's important to note.

There's no need, not when Ilya is his husband, the entire world knows it, and there's absolutely zero chance of Ilya's eyes ever straying from Shane. He's secure in their marriage, in the life they have built with cracked fingernails and bloody knuckles, and enough love to change their lives.

But Shane knows what his husband looks like - all hazel eyes and angelic curls, on a body made for sinning. He sees the way people look at Ilya, the way they sidle up to him and try it on, the floods of DMs he gets on social media just begging for a chance.

So Shane isn't jealous. Not at all. But he *is* possessive.

He never needs to remind Ilya who he belongs to, because he knows. But every so often someone will push their luck - and Shane's patience - a little too far, and he feels the need to step in and remind them that Ilya is his. His husband, his heart, the love of his fucking life.

No one could love Ilya like Shane does, no one *knows* him like Shane does. Especially not-

"Sasha."

"Shane."

The greeting is chilly despite the heat in the bar, and the sweat making everyone's skin glisten beneath the lights.

Sasha slithers like a snake into the booth across from Shane. His nose is upturned as if Shane is somehow beneath him, but all that does is show off the residue from the line of coke he just snorted in the bathroom.

Sasha has been in Ottawa for a week now, and, as far as Shane is concerned, it's a week too fucking long. He's *only passing through*, he insists - has *been* insisting since the day he arrived - yet he's made no moves to leave as of yet. In fact, he seems to be inserting himself into every aspect of Shane and Ilya's life that he possibly can.

He won't leave Ilya alone, and Shane wants him fucking gone.

It would be fine if Sasha's presence here was friendly, if they were just catching up for old times sake, and he was nice to Shane and respected their relationship. There wouldn't be any issue at all, if that were the case. But it's been clear since the moment Sasha arrived that he has ulterior motives.

Unbeknownst to both Ilya and Shane, Svetlana and Sasha had planned on visiting them as a surprise during the off season. Shane has hung out with Svetlana dozens of times, but, until now, he'd never met Sasha before. Unfortunately Svetlana - who Shane loves dearly, he keeps having to remind himself - had a work thing come up, so she'd sent Sasha without her.

Sasha had shown up on their doorstep alone, bags in hand, expecting to stay.

He'd pushed past Shane without so much as an introduction, walking into the house like he owned the place and calling out for Ilya. Shane had barely picked his jaw up off the floor when Ilya appeared in the entryway, as shocked by Sasha's presence as Shane was.

Sasha had spoken in rapid, rambling Russian, far too quick for Shane to pick up on more than a few words or phrases here and there. Ilya immediately held up his hand to silence Sasha, insisting he speak in English around Shane, but for the past week he's been slipping into Russian intentionally, his eyes landing on Shane every time like he's looking for a reaction.

Ilya had also told him he couldn't stay in their fucking *home*, which had caused Sasha to pout like a petulant toddler, asking, "*Is your husband really so strict?*" Ilya's response of, "*No, but I am,*" quickly put that argument to rest.

"Where is Ilya? I am surprised you let him wander so far away from you," Sasha sneers, his beady eyes set on Shane as he sips on his vodka.

Ilya is getting another round of drinks for himself and Shane. Shane had offered, of course, but Ilya had jumped up and said, "I cannot make my beautiful husband buy his own drinks," before kissing Shane softly and then disappearing into the crowd.

"He can do what he likes," Shane replies. "He's a big boy."

"Oh, *I know.*"

Shane bites his tongue hard enough to draw blood, but he won't give Sasha what he's itching for.

He has been pulling shit like this all fucking week.

He touches Ilya all the time, in a way that's *just* casual enough that Ilya doesn't question it - a hand on his forearm, their shoulders or knees knocking together, all contact he can claim as incidental. But Shane sees the way Sasha watches for Shane's response, like he's trying to make him jealous. Like he thinks by touching Ilya, he has some sort of claim on him.

Sasha thinks his history with Ilya somehow outweighs Shane and Ilya's entire life together. All the things they have been through, the sacrifices they made, the vows they took. The future they are walking towards.

It's as laughable as it is enraging.

Sasha invited Ilya out tonight. He'd called a couple of hours ago and, like Ilya so often does, he put the call on speaker so Shane could listen in.

They'd talked in Russian, but Shane knew enough to pick up on the invite and the lack of his own name being mentioned. Ilya had brought him along anyway - "*I'm not going without you, Shane.*" - and Sasha was visibly disappointed when they arrived together. It had felt good, watching his face fall as Ilya and Shane walked into the bar with Ilya's arm wound tightly around Shane's waist.

Sasha has been sulking ever since. Especially when he pulled out a baggy of coke, and Ilya had firmly refused.

“You’ve got, uh, a little something,” Shane points out, scratching his own nose.

“You think you are so much better than me, Shane Hollander.”

“Hey, you said it.” Shane shrugs. “And it’s Hollander-*Rozanov*, actually.”

Sasha scoffs, his eyes narrowing as he subtly wipes at the white powder beneath his nose.

He’s good at subtlety - good at hiding in plain sight. It’s not like he’s being an asshole in front of Ilya and Ilya is simply allowing it. Ilya would kill Sasha for looking sideways at Shane, if he knew. Sasha only does it - only makes snarky comments, or gives Shane challenging looks, or tosses out sly digs - when Ilya isn’t paying attention, or when Sasha and Shane are left alone.

It’s like Sasha thinks they’re fighting over Ilya, or something. Which is embarrassing, honestly, because Ilya couldn’t be less interested if he tried.

“Hopefully he will leave soon,” Ilya had sighed while they were in the uber, on their way to the bar.

The thing is, Sasha is stuck in Russia, back in 2011 - the last time he and Ilya hooked up. But Ilya is a much different person now; gone are the days-long benders, and the drugs, and the one night stands. Ilya hasn’t been that person for a very long time. He is entirely uninterested in the life Sasha hasn’t grown out of.

Ilya loves *boring*.

He loves helping David do the crossword in *The New Yorker*. He loves talking hockey stats with Yuna. He loves Shane’s glasses, and his plaid pyjama bottoms, and lazy nights in, where they do nothing but watch *Desperate Housewives* while half asleep on the couch.

Ilya spent most of his life searching for safety, and he finally found it in Shane. In their marriage. In their home.

Ilya wouldn’t trade that for the world, and Shane doesn’t doubt it for a single second. He knows exactly how much Ilya loves him - knows there is nothing and no one that he would ever put before Shane.

The fact that Sasha thinks he could ever get between them is just pathetic, really.

Shane knows the lengths Ilya would go to, to protect Shane and keep him happy, and if Ilya knew what Sasha had been doing...well. It wouldn’t be a pretty sight. But Shane doesn’t *want* to say anything to Ilya about the way Sasha has been acting - about how much Shane fucking *hates* him.

Because, at the end of the day, they’re friends who grew up together. Sasha knew a version of Ilya that Shane never even got to meet, so he doesn’t want Ilya to feel like he has to choose

between them. Of course, Shane knows exactly *who* Ilya would choose, and it wouldn't be the bitter Russian who's currently trying to set Shane on fire with his mind. But, still.

Ilya moved away from Svetlana for Shane. He left Russia behind so they could be together. Shane doesn't want his husband to give up any more pieces of his homeland. Not if he can help it.

But-

"You know this isn't going to last, right?"

"Excuse me?"

"This. You and Ilya. Your *marriage*," Sasha says, waving his hand around dismissively. "It's got a time limit."

"Okay, Sasha. Whatever you say."

"He'll get bored of you. You're not enough for him."

It's an old insecurity of Shane's, an old fear that used to rear its ugly head at the worst of times. But now, Shane doesn't even flinch. He feels a familiar prickling sensation on the back of his neck, and he smirks.

"Listen, Ilya is--"

Shane doesn't hear anything else. The crowd around them dissolves into white noise. He wants to smack Ilya's name out of Sasha's mouth.

"Mine," Shane snaps, finishing Sasha's sentence for him. "Ilya is *mine*."

"Maybe, maybe not," Sasha taunts.

Shane pinches his brow between his thumb and forefinger, shaking his head in disbelief as he takes several slow, deep breaths.

"You're actually delusional. You don't *know him* anymore, Sasha. This," Shane says, gesturing around to the packed bar, "this isn't Ilya anymore. You're stuck in 2011, with a version of *my husband* who no longer exists."

"You're jealous," Sasha states as if it's a fact. He looks so smug that Shane almost feels sorry for him. *Almost*.

Shane can't hold back the laughter that bursts out of his chest, making Sasha flinch. His entitlement - his narcissism - is absolutely astounding. Truly. It's a wonder his neck can hold his head upright with the weight of all that audacity.

Jealous? What a fucking joke.

“You realise that with one word from me, Ilya would be asking you to leave - right? A click of my fingers, and he’d have you back on a flight to Moscow before the sun comes up,” Shane warns. “You’re not a *threat* to me, Sasha. You’re just embarrassing yourself.”

Sasha’s eyes narrow, and his mouth twists like he’s about to spit something poisonous. But then his gaze lands somewhere over Shane’s shoulder, and suddenly his eyes are wide and glassy, and he’s trying to arrange his face into something that looks sympathetic.

Shane snorts. He felt his husband’s presence long before Sasha spotted him. He knew Ilya was listening, and he knows exactly how much of their conversation he just heard.

“Ilya,” Sasha simpers.

“What the fuck is going on here?”

Ilya’s voice is loud, sharp, as it cuts through the noise in the bar. He comes to stand at the edge of the table, his body facing Shane like a compass that always points north, but his head turning to look at Sasha.

“Shane said-“

“-I heard,” Ilya interrupts him. “What I want to know, is why the *fuck* you were talking to my husband like that?”

“Me? Ilya, I-“

“Don’t fucking play with me, Sasha. You forget that I know you; you haven’t changed at all.”

It’s not a compliment.

Sasha withers under Ilya’s furious glare, and Shane tries very hard - but ultimately fails - to not feel impossibly smug about it. Sasha really thought Ilya would take his side? Shane has to bite his tongue and swallow down his laughter.

Ilya slams his hand on the table. “You dare to tell my husband he’s not enough for me? Who the fuck do you think you are?”

Ilya is getting irate, and Shane knows they’ll soon start drawing in unwanted attention if this carries on. It’s very sexy when his husband defends him like this, but the last thing they need is for it to end up on TMZ or Deadspin. So - for their sake, not Sasha’s - Shane stands up and rests his hand on Ilya’s chest, right above his pounding heartbeat.

He leans in close enough that his lips brush Ilya’s ear as he says, “Let’s go home, baby. He’s not worth it.”

Ilya’s arm immediately wraps around Shane’s waist, and he twists their bodies so he’s standing between Shane and Sasha - as protective off the ice, as he is on it. Shane moves his hand from its place over Ilya’s heart and grips his chin, turning his head towards Shane.

“Baby...” Shane murmurs.

For a moment Ilya stays glaring at Sasha, but then his body relaxes slightly and he finally reverts his attention back to Shane. Ilya nods his head.

“Good boy,” Shane whispers, for only Ilya to hear.

Shane laces their fingers together and tugs on Ilya’s hand, and Ilya - never one to argue with his husband - goes along easily. But, as they pass Sasha, Ilya pauses, turning to look down on him where he’s still sitting.

“Get out of my city,” Ilya commands, and Shane knows Ilya well enough to hear the threat in his voice.

Ilya is the kindest, most wonderful man that Shane has ever met in his life. His heart is so big, and so overflowing with love. But he does *not* play when it comes to the people he loves, and he loves Shane more than anyone.

“Oh, and Sasha-“ he looks at Ilya, his pinprick pupils flashing indignantly, “-lose my fucking number.”

There’s tension etched into every inch of Ilya’s body, and it only bleeds out of him once they’re standing outside, the warm summer air settling around them like a blanket.

They stop in the parking lot, Shane coming to a standstill so abruptly that Ilya has to put his hands on Shane’s waist to steady them both as he bumps into the back of him.

Shane turns around and takes in the look on Ilya’s face - furrowed brows, and flushed cheeks, and a swirl of too many emotions in his irises. Shane reaches up to curl his hand around the back of Ilya’s head, and then pulls him down for a kiss. Ilya sighs into it, nudges their noses together, and Shane can feel his heart rate start to slow where Ilya’s chest is pressed against Shane’s.

“Let’s go home. Okay, baby?”

“Okay.”

They don’t talk much in the uber; the conversation they’re about to have is for behind closed doors, only. But Ilya holds Shane’s hand between both of his own, his thumb maintaining a steady caress across Shane’s skin, and Shane leans in to press a soothing kiss to the curve of Ilya’s jaw.

When the front door finally clicks shut behind them, and Anya is dancing around their feet, Ilya lets out a groan.

He fists both of his hands in his hair, head tilted up to the ceiling like he’s searching for strength. As he brings his hands forward to cover his face, rubbing harshly at his eyes, Shane’s heart aches for his husband.

How dare Sasha do this to him? How dare he claim to care about Ilya, then put him in this kind of position?

It's crazy, because Ilya has only ever talked highly about Sasha. Sure, he's told Shane about how they were reckless, stupid kids together, who made too many mistakes and were just lucky they didn't get caught. But Sasha was Ilya's *friend*. Once upon a time they were just two terrified kids, learning what it meant to be queer in a country that would sooner see them dead than happy.

Sash was one of Ilya's last pieces of home. It's not fair that he took that from Ilya by acting like a dick.

"Are you okay?" Shane asks quietly.

"Has he been like this the whole time?" Ilya questions.

Shane nods his head. "Yeah. He'd touch you and pretend it was an accident, but look to me to see how I was reacting. He'd speak in Russian to try and get a rise out of me. He'd make comments about us, our marriage. He's good at it, subtle. But...yeah."

Ilya curses colourfully and extensively, in Russian *and* English, with a little bit of French mixed in there for good measure.

"Любовь моя," Ilya says, once he's calmed down. *My love*. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Shane sighs as he steps forward. He winds his arms around Ilya's neck, playing with the curls at the base of his head.

"Because he's your friend. Because I didn't want to cause any issues."

"But if I had known--"

"I know," Shane assures him. "Of course I know, baby. It's not like I believed the shit he was saying. I just didn't want to put you in that position."

"You are my everything. My whole world. You know this, yes?" Ilya asks, his eyes wide and earnest as he watches for Shane's reaction.

Shane just smiles, leaning in to kiss Ilya's nose, then his cheeks, then both corners of his mouth, only satisfied once he feels them twitching up into a smile.

"I know, Ilya, I promise. And you're mine."

"I love you so much."

"I love you, too."

There was never a flicker of doubt in Shane's mind; he never wondered if Sasha was right, never questioned if Ilya might want something - or *someone* - else. It took a long fucking

time for them to get here, the marriage and the house and the dog and the life together, and Shane knows there's not a force on this earth that could ever break them apart.

Shane simply wouldn't allow it.

"I don't ever want you to feel jealous."

"I wasn't jealous," Shane says, confidently. "I know who you belong to."

Ilya hums, touching their foreheads together. "Yes, sweetheart. You."

"Who?"

"*You*, Shane," Ilya murmurs, voice suddenly thick with lust.

He chases Shane's mouth for a kiss, whining desperately when Shane pulls back just to tease him. Ilya tilts his chin down, looking up at Shane through his lashes. His skin is flushed, and his pupils are blown wide, and he slowly swipes his tongue along his plush, pink lips.

God, he's so beautiful. And he's all Shane's. For always, forever.

"Then prove it to me, baby."

Ilya does.

He carries Shane upstairs, lays him out on their bed, and he spends hours taking Shane apart, until he's writhing and crying and pleading for release. And then, with gentle hands and the softest kisses, Ilya puts Shane back together again.

They fall asleep in each other's arms, more in love now than they were a decade ago, and less in love than they will be tomorrow.

Every day with Ilya is better than the last.

End Notes

i don't have any opinions on sasha in canon, i just thought this would be fun :)

also, i copied & pasted the cyrillic from a tumblr post about russian petnames so apologies if it's wrong!

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