

Too Much Sense

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77385001) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77385001>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Texting , Ilya Rozanov is a Little Shit , Scott Finds Out , POV Shane Hollander , POV Scott Hunter (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 1,370 Chapters: 1/1

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by [annanotherthing](#)

Summary

Shane wants to thank Scott for his role in getting them together. Ilya isn't going to make it easy.

Notes

ok look

i have watched the series and listed to like 1/5 of the audiobook this is going to OC as all hell idk what a timeline is or what hockey is other than get puck in goal

BUT

i dont give a fuck

unbetaed unedited unhinged - my words to live by

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

“Do you think we should talk to Hunter?”

Ilya grunts and rolls over, the morning light casting him in gold.

“I think it would be nice. It was a big thing he did and it... you know... meant something. To us.”

It has been itching at the back of Shane’s mind for the last month, ever since he found out that they would be playing New York early on in the season. His mother had always taught him to thank people when they did nice things, and even though Hunter’s announcement had not been for Shane - obviously - it was still... a thing. That made Shane feel better than he had before. Even if it didn’t really change anything.

“Why the fuck would you do that?” Ilya still sounds half asleep. Shane can barely resist him like this, all warm and soft and cat-like.

“He’s not exactly going to out us, is he? And,” there is another part, a more selfish part that Shane feels embarrassed to even think, let alone put into words. “It would be nice to have someone who understands.”

There is a rustle of sheets as Ilya pushes himself up onto one elbow, looking down at Shane. The sun turns his sleep-frizzed curls into a halo of light. Fuck, he’s pretty like this.

“You already have someone who understands. You have me.”

“I know, but... it’s different. And he doesn’t have anyone who understands. I don’t think. Anyway, it’s polite.”

“No, Hollander, is polite to say congratulations. Which you have done. Anything else is...” he waves a hand, struggling to grasp the words so early in the morning. “Extra?”

“I suppose so.” It might be extra, but Shane is half sure that Hunter suspects him, at least, if not Ilya.

“You are going to do it anyway, no?”

He can read Shane too well. It would be embarrassing if it was not for the hot flush of adoration and gratitude and so much fucking love that fills him so full that he has to swallow down something that might be tears.

“Yeah, I am. I won’t mention you. Not unless you want me to. I’ll just tell him about me.”

Ilya shrugs, and Shane can’t hold back this time, running his fingers over the place where the little muscles in his shoulders shift and pull under under his skin. “If you want. I don’t care.”

That’s a lie. Shane knows that, and Ilya knows he knows.

“Now, have you finished being all... polite and manners, or do I have to wait for you to suck my cock?”

It’s a stupid question.

Scott hadn’t expected to win. Not against Montreal. Not when Hollander was playing like a thing possessed. Whatever he has been doing over the break has clearly worked for him. But either way, the team played well.

And that is enough of a reason to go get a drink.

Enough time has passed since the Cup that he can go out with the team without things going batshit, and Kip has even come out with them a few times. Although only after losses. People are more likely to leave them alone after a loss, it seems.

The bar is loud and busy, and lights scatter across faces, making them hard to recognise.

That is why it takes Scott a minute to see that Shane Hollander is making his way towards him.

Scott sighs and downs the rest of his drink. There are a thousand bars in this city, why did Montreal have to end up here?

But Hollander is alone. Well, mostly. A slightly confused looking Pike is hovering behind him.

He slips into the empty seat beside Scott, and signals to the bartender.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Scott has to half shout over the music to have a hope of being heard.

“Buying you a drink.” Hollander looks tense. His fingers tap in rhythm on the edge of the bar.

“Why?”

Hollander shrugs. “Comiserations, I guess. And...” he pauses, looks around as though to check who might be within earshot. He ducks his head closer to Scott, as though he is about to tell some great secret. “Thank you.”

Scott frowns, and then - oh. Oh. Fuck. Little connections spark across the last few years, and suddenly, it is glaringly obvious. The tension in Hollander's shoulders when they discussed the figure skaters at Sochii. The way he and Rose Landry had suddenly gone from dating to best friends. The way his eyes had always lingered that little bit too long.

“Oh.” Is all Scott can say.

“It... er... meant a lot. To us.” Hollander rubs the back of his neck, awkward. His collar dips, and there is a bruise. Low on his neck, where it would be covered by his kit. No wonder he’s been playing like his arse is on fire.

“I’m glad.” Scott isn’t lying. He knew that there would be others out there. Like him. He just hadn’t expected any of them to come to him.

“If you ever want to talk,” Hollander sips his ginger ale. “We’re here.”

“And who is we?” If he hadn’t said us like that, Scott would have assumed that he was referring to someone not on the hockey scene, but now... now he doubts it.

Hollander puts down his drink. “He’ll text you. I thought it would be weird coming from me. It’s his thing too, after all.”

And with that, he’s gone. Just a little awkward salute, and he’s walking back toward Pike who is glancing between them with confusion, but claps Hollander on the back anyway as they leave.

Scott takes his phone out and lays it on the bar. He didn't think he could feel even lighter than he did after coming out, but somehow he does. Now the theoretical other gay players has at least one face, it all feels a little bit more real.

Unknown Number

23:34

hunter, i have been told to tell you that you did good.

Ah, Hollander’s mystery man

so he kept to his

i dont know the word

i shall ask

PRINCIPLES

i told him he could just tell you if he wanted to

but no

Wait, what the fuck?

Rozanov?

yes hello

23:47

are you dead?

23:52

fuck you too

Shane Hollander

23:46

Rozanov?

Seriously?

Fucking Rozanov?

Yes, I am
That was the point I was making
Anyone. You could have chosen anyone.
Well, no because I don't like women, and most men don't like men.
Also I don't do anything other than hockey, so the chances of me meeting someone are pretty small
There are more gay hockey players. There has to be.
No thanks, I like the one I have.
But he's such an asshole!
Yeah, he is.
But I love him anyway.
Dude....

00:19

Jesus Christ, why does it make sense?

00:44

Ok, fine, you're both invited for dinner next time you're in NY

Rozanov

01:31

fucking pushover, old man

05:59

Why were you up that late?

And I'm not old

08:03

ah yes

not old but acts like a mother

why were you up that late? because we have no practise tomorrow and i wanted to make my boyfriend scream

happy?

Not happy. Very not happy at all.

He can see it now.

Scott isn't even in the stadium. He isn't even in the same fucking country and he can see it.

They hide it well. All the barbs and backchat and talking shit, but the cuts are never deep.
There is no anger, but the air is still charged.

Rozanov's eyes are still dark when Hollander wins the face off, and Scott can still see Hollander's little grin of satisfaction, the one that has made many players- himself included - burn with rage.

But maybe their handshake is a moment too long, and maybe the backs of their hands brush as they queue to leave the ice. And maybe Scott is imagining the way Rozanov's eyes soften slightly, and the way Hollander's shoulders lose a little of their characteristic tension.

Maybe he is imagining all of it. But he can still see it now.

And it makes too much sense.

End Notes

this might be the worst thing i have ever posted but the demons in my head must be fed

I have a [tumblr](#) or you can find me floating in various Discord servers 💕

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