

Good boy turned bad

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77097116) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77097116>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Hockey Fights , Violence , Blood and Injury , Let Shane Hollander fight , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Worried Ilya Rozanov , probably a bit OOC , we ignore the time line , Sweet Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of My Hollanov Fics
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 2,085 Chapters: 1/1

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by Anonymous

Summary

When Shane finally opened the door to his apartment, he was greeted by a loud, teasing voice that made him grimace. “There he is. Shane Hollander, good guy turned bad.”

He shot a sharp glare. “Shut the fuck up,” he muttered, kicking off his shoes and hanging up his jacket before heading toward Ilya.

“No, never,” Ilya grinned mischievously. “This has been my wet dream for so long.”

Shane looked up, raising an eyebrow. “Me fighting Hunter is your wet dream? Gross.”

Ilya towered over him, thumb tracing Shane’s freckles as he stepped closer. “Just you fighting. Would’ve preferred it was me.”

Notes

I personally find that Shane deserves to fight people. I need him too, so I wrote a fic. It is probably a bit OOC, but i don't care. I wanted him to really hit Scott instead of that little shoving, so I am making him. My little puppets.

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

Shane was grinning from ear to ear by the time the final whistle blew. Montreal had absolutely crushed the Admirals, an overwhelming victory that left no doubt in anyone's mind. The arena echoed with cheers, but Shane barely registered it. His focus was still on the game, on the relentless rush of adrenaline still coursing through his veins. There hadn't been a moment where he thought his team might lose. Scott Hunter didn't play like he had done a couple games ago and was back to being, well not awful, but not good either.

It made the game feel a bit dull, honestly. Hockey was more exciting when he could actually play with fire, when every shift felt like a battle. God, he wishes Ilya was here right now.

He shook his head and skated over to Scott Hunter, who was still bent over, catching his breath, sweat glistening on his brow. Shane's grin was easy, teasing. "Hope next time we play, you decide to show up," he said. He didn't mean anything bad with it, just a light-hearted chirp, which you could barely call a chirp. Shane had never been good at trash talk, preferring to ignore other players or focus solely on his game. That seemed to piss them off enough.

Scott Hunter shot him a cold glance, spitting onto the ice, "Cheap," Hunter muttered, voice rough from exhaustion.

Shane shrugged, "True."

His eyes flicked to Shane, filled with a mixture of frustration and something else, something bitter. He caught Shane's gaze again, "You're starting to sound like him."

Shane blinked, caught off guard and instead of asking who he meant, like a smart decision, Shane's smile fell from his face, his eyes narrowed. "I'm sorry what?"

The older player rose to full height, "You fucking heard me, Hollander."

Shane's jaw clenched. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" he spat.

Scott moved closer to where he was standing, "Don't act so stupid. We both know what it means."

"No, tell me."

Hunter's expression hardened, and he moved closer, grabbing Shane's jersey and pulling him in with a firm grip. "Seems like you spend a lot of time with another player."

Shane's fingers clenched into fists, gripping the fabric of Hunter's jersey with a white-knuckled grip. "You don't know shit," he spat, voice tense.

"Apart from the fact that I do, know shit." Scott shot back, with an annoying grin that caused all of Shane's self-restraining to leave his body.

"So what if it was true, at least I have someone. Don't see you with anyone." Shane's mind spun with the implications. What he had just admitted, what Hunter might be implying. "Or

are you hiding someone away. Don't want them to be seen with you."

Hunter's breath became ragged and Shane barely had time to move his face as Hunter moved, the fist only slightly brushing it. At least he wouldn't be the one who started it.

Shane turned his face slightly, a smirk playing on his lips, before dropping his gloves with a decisive motion. His fist shot out with full force, connecting squarely with Hunter's jaw. The impact was satisfying. Shane didn't even realize he had that kind of punch in him, but adrenaline and anger fueled the strike.

Hunter stumbled back, clutching his face, his eyes wide. "Motherfucker," he said, spitting blood on the ice.

Shane's grin widened. "Should've kept your mouth shut when you had the chance."

Hunter got back up, his hands grabbing Shane's jersey again to pull him closer. Shane moved one hand, hitting the ribs before giving an second blow to the head. "Fucking pussy. Retire."

Shane barely registered the shouts from teammates, the ruckus of bodies pulling him away, or the sounds of the medics rushing onto the ice. All he could focus on was Hunter lying crumpled on the ice, clutching his jaw, blood on his face.

"Shane, what the fuck was that."

"What did he say?"

"You good?"

Fuck, that was not smart.

Shane threw off the other players' hands, grabbing his gloves and hurriedly skating toward the boards. He didn't look back, knowing his face probably told a story of rage and regret. He could feel their eyes burning into him, each teammate wanting to ask what the hell had just happened but holding back, probably knowing better than to push.

He ruined everything. Scott Hunter knows about them and threw it at him on the ice. In front of cameras and people, without a care in the world. Shane needed to be sure that old fuck kept his mouth shut. Scott Hunter was not going to be the reason Ilya and him had to stop seeing each other. Ilya wouldn't be able to go to Russia, and it would all have been Shane's fault because he had to chirp at Hunter.

He peeled off his gear, wincing as the fabric scraped against his bruised knuckles. He shouldn't have done that. He knew it was a mistake, a reckless one, and now he'd probably pay for it.

The door swung open behind him, and the coach's voice boomed, "Hollander, my office. Don't make me wait."

Shane hesitated only briefly, then followed, stripping off the last of his gear as he moved. The cold air hit him as he entered the coach's office, where the man sat behind his desk, eyes

sharp and serious. "What the fuck was that?" coach yelled.

Shane merely shrugged, "He opened his mouth and pushed too far."

The coach raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Really? That's all? He's being taken off the ice by medics because of something he said. What?"

"Nothing important," Shane replied, voice flat.

The coach sighed heavily, rubbing his temples. "Right. Well, don't talk to anyone. No media. Go home. You might get suspended, but I'll deal with it for now."

Shane nodded silently, avoiding his gaze. "Sorry," he muttered.

"Just go home, Hollander. Put some ice on those hands,"

Later, when Shane was walking towards his car, he grabbed his phone.

Two messages from Ilya while the game was happening.

Lily: Scott hunter should retire

Lily: Man is too old to keep playing

One text of his mother. Four missed calls.

Mom: Shane, what happened? Are you okay? Call when you have time.

And Ilya again, just when the game ended.

Lily: Damn Hollander

Lily: Didn't know you had it in you

Lily: What did grandpa say to piss you off

Shane chuckled slightly. What an fucking asshole.

You: Fuck off.

Lily replied almost instantly.

Lily: No, I want to know how good, boring Canadian Shane Hollander got pissed off

You: Leave me alone.

Lily: you are aware I am in your apartment, right?

Lily: The one you bought so we can fuck

Lily: Gonna leave me alone with only my hand to keep me company

Lily: [Send picture]

A bright blush spread rapidly over Shane's face. Looking over his shoulder to be sure no one was there.

You: Asshole, what if someone saw that?

Lily: So hard, was so hot you fighting

You: Be there in 20.

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Ilya towered over him, thumb tracing Shane's freckles as he stepped closer. "Just you fighting. Would've preferred it was me."

Shane rolled his eyes. "I'm getting close to it if you don't shut up." There was no real bite behind it. They both knew Shane would never be the one who would start it.

"Just hit me Hollander, fight me."

Shane rolled his eyes, "No,"

"Do I need to beg, I will. " Ilya whined, getting ready to get down on his knees, "Please, put me down on the ground, Hollander. I will come on the spot."

"Rozanov, just fuck me." Shane grabbed Ilya's shirt to pull him up, wrong move apparently, because Ilya's eyes caught his hands.

Ilya's hand wrapped around wrist, thumb moving over the split knuckles, "You're bleeding," Ilya said, concern flickering across his face.

Shane looked down at his knuckles, realizing it for the first time. "Knuckles split probably."

Ilya made a tsk sound as he stepped away, "Come, I clean it."

"Can't we do it later." Shane said as he grabbed Ilya's arm to pull him back, looking at him with those eyes he knew Ilya couldn't resist.

Ilya grinned. It is one of Shane's favorite expressions because it made his face look so playful, so relaxed and bright. "So eager for a fuck, Hollander."

"Yes, I don't care if I have to beg."

"I know. You always do it." Ilya moved him towards the bed, "Sit on the bed." and because Shane is a good boy, he listens.

Ilya grabbed the first aid kit from the bathroom and took out the rubbing alcohol and band aids. "I thought I was seeing things when they showed you on screen throwing fists at Hunter. What did he even say." he said as he grabbed a cotton and pressed over the wounds, making Shane hiss slightly.

Shane didn't know what to say. Does he tell Ilya? Would it make him angry?

Of course it would make him angry. Shane confirmed their secret to someone, in front of people who could have heard it. Ilya had every right to leave right now and never speak to him again. They aren't official together, but Shane knows Ilya isn't seeing other people either.

"Was it a good fight?" Shane asked back, trying to sound innocent, hoping that Ilya didn't notice how he ignored the question.

Ilya carefully put on some band aids, which would probably let loose later that night, "Was hard the whole time."

Shane couldn't help but chuckle, "Is that some weird kink of yours."

"Are you kink shaming me, Hollander." Ilya fakes a dramatic gasp, hand flying to his chest.

"Never." Shane laughed.

"You should fight more. You are good at it, give the people what they want."

"So you have things to jerk off too?" Shane said as a blush crept on his cheeks.

"Yes and after I will fuck you so good you cry."

"Don't think you can made me cry."

Ilya stood up and pushed Shane on his back, "You don't think after I am done with you." the first aid kit was long forgotten as their lips met.

Shane still needed to call people, give his mother an explanation. She would go to his house and see she isn't there and start to worry. The problem is that Ilya is lapping at his neck like a staved man and Shane's brain has turned into something mushy.

"Ilya," Shane breathed out. He had been painfully hard since the moment he stepped inside and he thinks that if he doesn't get a little touch he will go insane.

Ilya's eyes locked with him, "What?" he muttered before his teeth softly scraped his neck before placing kisses on it.

"Fuck me," Shane pleaded, pulling on Ilya's shirt, causing the other man to pull it off and throw it somewhere. Shane resisted the urge to fold it, he had more important things to do, "please, please, fuck me."

Ilya pulled him in for a kiss and Shane's whole body arched against him with need, "I mean, if you want."

"I want." Shane swallowed, "I need you inside."

Ilya opened up Shane's belt, pulling down the pants with underwear, "That is convenient, I want too."

"Convenient," Shane mumbled breathlessly. "Where did you learn that?"

"Shut up, Shane," Ilya muttered, their lips meeting again.

"Fucking make me, Ilya,"

Maybe someday they wouldn't have to hide. They go out in the open, hold hands and kiss each other without caring what others think. What they would say about how it affects the game, how it changes the sport.

But for now, Shane's priority was making sure Scott Hunter kept his mouth shut. Because if Hunter spilled the truth, everything with Ilya would be over. And Shane was prepared to do whatever it took to protect that. And if getting Ilya riled up with hornyness got added to that, Shane would not complain.

End Notes

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