

Carve Our Names in the Sand.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77252731) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77252731>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Zane Boodram , Cliff Marlow , Wyatt Hayes , Harris Drover , Troy Barrett , Nick Chouinard
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Hockey Chirping as Flirting , O , POV Outsider , Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Carved into History .
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 1,511 Chapters: 1/1

Carve Our Names in the Sand.

by [Cinderella323](#)

Summary

It's official Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are on the same team.
Everyone sets up altars and pray seven times a day to even have a ghost of a chance.
Meeting up with old teammates for their first all stars as husbands, and playing against eachother for the first time in a year.
Everyone quickly remembers that they were first rivals.

Notes

Welcome back
I was inspired
Please enjoy
I also enjoy comments
This has become a series of one shots
I fear this Fandom has a chokehold on me.
No I don't plan to leave

Cliff Marleau once prayed to never come face to face with Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander on the ice.

He has done it several times this season, their matching red and black jerseys feel like a warning

He left that rink each time with another loss.

Everyone started referring to them as Streak Breakers.

Doesn't matter how well your winning streak is doing the second you come up against those two, it's over.

He wasn't surprised when he saw them at the All star game, it was just different watching them.

How Ilya raked a hand through Shane's hair when they were sitting with their teammates.

How Shane would lean over to whisper something that made the Russian blush.

Marleau smirks, Russians do blush.

They each mingled with their separate teams, individually as Captains, and together as a couple.

It's the first time in a year since they played against each other.

"Oh Hollander," Marleau wonders about some of the excited looks they throw at Rozanov.

"Do not forget our bet. I'm worried that you can't keep up on the ice, you can back out if you want," A blush creeps on the Canadian.

"Ilya," Hollander warns, "maybe you should focus on the game instead of our bet, last I saw your backhand could use some work." He turns back to his team with everyone snickering at the couple's chirping.

Rozanov only smiles, turning back to his fellow teammates.

Marleau heads over to talk to his captain.

"Hollander," he claps his shoulder, "How's it going?"

"I live with your former,Captain." His deadpan tone makes everyone laugh.

"Ahh so terrible?" He jokes while sitting with the boys.

"I am not terrible," Ilya appears behind them, pouting. "Barrett, Barrett, I am not terrible, right?"

Troy Barrett comes over with his boyfriend Harris, "I mean terrible jokes, terrible taste, not in husbands," he quickly clarifies to Shane. "Seems terrible to me."

Shane laughing grabs Ilya's hand, pulling him towards him, placing him between his legs.

“You are not terrible, you're amazing.” Ilya pouts, ducking his head to demand a kiss from his husband.

Marleau can't help but think they're cute, watching them hold hands.

“Boys,” Carter Vaughn comes up, hugging the couple. “Hashtag first husbands of hockey.”

Something in their eyes makes him look away.
It felt private.

“So is it gonna be the Ottawa Centaurs this year for the cup cause it sure as hell ain't us.”
Vaughn grins.

“First of many.” Ilya smirks, squeezing Shane's hand.

Carter will never understand how no one noticed they were together.

The two captains make their way to the pool tables.

“Ready to lose, Hollander?”

“You wish, Rozanov.” Ilya breaks the balls.
Landing stripes.

“You know how we all speculated that they would be unbeatable on the same team.”
Boodram smirks over his beer glass. “Who would've thought they would take the worst team in the league with them?”

The tables groan at the Centaurs, who are wearing the same smug looks as their captain and teammate, start chirping over a friendly game of pool.

“Oh fuck you.” Shane glares at his husband.

“You-” Shane raises his eyebrows, whatever comment Rozanov was going to say trapped on his tongue and Hollander waiting for him to finish. “You are sucking.” his back talk doesn't have the right bite to it, not for it to have come from Rozanov.

“Hollander walks him like a dog.” Hayes grins as Rozanov pulls Hollander against him.
Whispering words that make the freckles stand out.

A waiter asks for their drink orders.
“Another round, please.”

As the night wears on and another several rounds, Hollander and Rozanov are pressed up close against each other dancing to some slow song that got thrown on.

“They are disgustingly sweet.” Harris laughs as Troy rests his drunken self on his boyfriend.

“Try freak for freak. You didn't have to walk in on them making out in the showers.” Troy groans, burying his face deeper into the crook of Harris's neck.

Hollander whispers something to Rozanov, nodding as his husband pulls him back to the table.

“We're heading to bed, goodnight guys, see you at the game.”

“Goodnight, we are going to have boring evening in bed.” Rozanov gives a cheeky smile following his husband out the door.

No one wants to know what they consider a boring evening.

The next day at the game, it was nice seeing them on opposite sides, but it was also a reminder that even if they love each other; they are first and foremost two competitive souls.

Who prefer chirping at each other than others.

Ilya just scored his 3rd goal on Shane's goalie.

A hat trick.

“Hollander, Hollander!” Shane skates closer to his husband. “Would you prefer the hat trick in bed?” Shane bites his tongue so hard he thinks it's bleeding, J.j. is the only one who hears it.

He really doesn't understand how no one found out about them sooner.

He skates away, afraid to potentially hear more.

They continue the game, Hollander playing his hardest but every goal ahead he gets, Rozanov takes the lead away.

They end up in overtime, the next goal deciding the game.

Hollander and Rozanov face off.

“Keep it clean you two.” The ref warns looking at their faces.

They look at each other, laughing through the mouth guards.

“Only if Rozanov can keep his mind clean.” the whistle blew, the puck dropped.

Rozanov takes it.

And scores.

Rozanov smirks, as the buzzer sounds.

Hollander commiserates for a moment before Ilya skates over to plant a kiss on him.

“Don't forget my prize.” Hollander rolls his eyes, but smiles shyly at him.

Marleau is curious at what the prize is, but fears his mind would not comprehend the drive behind it.

But everyone knows what the prize is, when Hollander shows up to the same beach bar from years ago, wearing the captain of the Ottawa Centaurs' jersey.

Rozanov's name plastered across the back.

Rozanov will never not be able to see that image, as he takes plenty of pictures.

He shows off his new screen saver.

“Ilya put away your phone.” Hollander groans as he shows it to the waiter.

But everyone knows, Ilya just likes showing off Shane and that he's his.

When everything came out, everyone could tell that Ilya Rozanov was obsessed with showing that Shane was his.

He never not had physical contact with him, holding hands, hand on his knee, in his hair and on his waist.

Some of the WAGs invited Shane to sit with them, citing he's wearing his husband's jersey; he's officially one of them.

“Yes, get me away from these assholes.” Shane, tired of the mockery from his fellow players, instead joins the wives and girlfriends who are playing darts.

J.j. didn't want to ever say it but Ilya brings Shane out of his shell in ways they never could when they were teammates.

He doesn't think he would have even come out tonight, let alone do several rounds of shots with the WAGs.

But when he smiles at Ilya from across the bar, he wants to kick himself for not being there for him in the first place.

The night wears on, Hollander and Rosanov break off to play pool against each other, both of them sober by now having stopped drinking hours ago.

Instead sipping on a cold coke and ginger ale.

This time they watch them, they know the secret looks, the way Ilya brushes past Shane kissing the back of his neck.

When Shane laughs loud, full belly. Ilya joins him peppering kisses across the pink freckled cheeks.

Marleau remembers them as rookies, fresh faced, and ready for whatever is thrown at them.

But he remembers watching Hollander, something was always holding him back, he's talented but he didn't throw gloves down often enough; which isn't a bad thing. It's almost like he's afraid that it means something more.

Players would get in fights with their friends and then go drinking together.

Rozanov seemed like he could never hold back. As if he had to keep proving something. Shane reeled him in, but he never held back on him.

Shane would never want him to.

Ilya and Shane balanced each other, maybe that's why they know what the other's next move is, what the tiny expressions mean.

Boodram watches them play.

The fondness for the two of them grows.

Some forgot they watched these boys grow up on the ice, putting immense amounts of pressure on their shoulders to bring a championship to their teams.

They watched them pick each other, even after everyone convinced them they were supposed to hate each other.

No one noticed them slip away to take a walk on the beach, heading down towards the sunset.

Shane writes their names in the sand, drawing a heart around.

Nick Chouinard sitting nearby watching Rozanov take pictures of the sand heart and pictures of his husband.

Smirking, they'll carve their names into the walls of the Hall of Fame, yet.

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