

even steven

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76309906) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76309906>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Hayden Pike & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Hayden Pike , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	brotherly bickering strikes again , making fun of ur best friend for sport , Canon Compliant , Post-Canon , Good Significant Other Shane Hollander , that boy is so in looove , POV Hayden Pike
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of hollanov advent calendar 2025
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 1,001 Chapters: 1/1

even steven

by [rowed](#)

Summary

“I mean, I already knew you were whipped,” Hayden continued playfully, “but this is a new level of down bad even for you.”

Shane raised an eyebrow at his best friend. “Down bad? Who taught you that?”

Notes

1000 words for day 10 (23rd december)!! it's still 2 minutes before midnight here okay this isn't late. shut up.

this is a direct continuation of part 2 because a couple people were asking for it :)

title from down bad by dreamville because it's hilarious

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

“Just for the record, though,” Hayden said when Shane had finished peeling the final clementine for Rozanov, “I still think it's really fuckin’ weird that you're doing this.”

Shane spread his arms out wide on the counter and dropped his head down in defeat, sighing deeply. “Whatever.”

“I mean, I already knew you were whipped,” he continued playfully, “but this is a new level of down bad even for you.”

Shane raised an eyebrow at his best friend. “Down bad? Who taught you that?”

Hayden’s mouth snapped shut. “The rookies,” he said sheepishly. He cleared his throat. “But that doesn't matter! Who taught you what down bad means?”

“Rose,” he said simply.

“Ugh, that's so much better than mine,” Hayden relented.

As soon as they met each other's eyes, they both broke down into a laughing fit. Just as their giggles were subsiding, Hayden heard the opening of the front door and the clicking of Anya’s nails on the wood floor. Rozanov whispered to her unintelligibly. Hayden assumed it was some sort of weird Russian baby talk.

Shane perked up immediately at the sound of Rozanov’s voice. Hayden swore sometimes he was worse than Anya, and that was saying a lot. He watched as Shane flitted around the kitchen and attempted to tidy up the counter as best he could. There were orange strings everywhere.

Hayden stood. “I’m gonna go to the bathroom,” he said, hoping to let Shane do his mother henning in peace. Unfortunately, his path was blocked immediately.

“Shane! We are home!” Rozanov called obnoxiously as he strode into the kitchen. He turned toward Hayden as if startled to see him. “Pike! Why are you in my house? Did you break in?”

Hayden rolled his eyes. “Yes, Rozanov, I broke in. through the front door. That was not only unlocked but open.” He couldn't quite keep the snark out of his voice. “And this isn't even your house! Shane built it!” Were he anywhere else, talking to anyone else, he'd be worried he was being too mean. Seeing as it was just Rozanov, though, he couldn't care less.

Rozanov let out a loud “ha!” and clapped a hand on his shoulder. “You would be a very bad criminal. You confessed right away. You should work on that!”

Hayden had to fight hard against the urge to roll his eyes again. Instead, he looked over to Shane, who was standing with his back to the kitchen counter, watching the two of them with amusement clear on his face. "I didn't know you got another attack dog."

Rozanov narrowed his eyes but didn't say anything. He stalked back over toward Shane, his sour expression clearing as soon as he was within reaching distance. He snaked an arm around Shane's waist and placed a loud, smacking kiss right onto the apple of his cheek, which caused a cute flush to spread across his face.

"Wow," Hayden remarked to Shane. "Down really bad."

"Shut up!" Shane squeaked. It was hard to take him seriously when he was as red as a tomato.

He extracted himself from Rozanov's grip and moved around to the other side of the counter, where he retrieved the bowl of prepared clementines. He pushed it toward Rozanov slowly, though his feigned mask of nonchalance was about as opaque as a window.

Rozanov grinned. "For me? Thank you, *moy pomidor*," he said.

Shane's blush returned, much deeper now. And this time, he received a much more sincere peck on the cheek. "You're welcome."

Hayden cleared his throat to remind them that yes, he was still here, and no, he didn't need to see their adorable grossness. It earned him twin glares. Whatever.

"*Pomidor*?" Hayden raised his eyebrows. "What is that?"

Rozanov grinned evilly, and Shane shot out a hand and slapped it over his mouth. He said something that might have been "rude", but it was too muffled to know for sure. Hayden also decided he didn't care.

"Nothing! It's just a nonsense word," Shane said much too quickly to be believable.

Unfortunately for Shane, Rozanov's eyes were uncovered, and they seemed to agree with Hayden rather than his husband. Huh. That was a rare occasion.

Shane and Rozanov waged a silent war with their eyes, before Shane seemingly lost and took his hand back. The full force of Rozanov's evil grin was back.

"Is tomato," he said smugly. "*Pomidor* means tomato. Because he blushes so much!"

The evil grin spread to Hayden. "Aw, that's adorable, Holly!" he teased. "How have I never heard this before?"

Shane glared at him again. "Fuck off! Didn't you have to pee?"

"Yeah, yeah, alright," Hayden laughed. "I know when my presence isn't wanted!"

When Hayden returned a minute later, he heard hushed whispers from the other two men. He stopped just outside the doorway.

He told himself that he wanted to make sure they weren't being gross and like, tongue kissing, or something. For all the shit he liked to give Rozanov, Hayden knew how important he and Shane were to each other. If he was honest with himself, he wanted to observe Shane and Rozanov organically, without an audience. It wasn't creepy, okay? Hayden just wanted to make sure his best friend was being treated right.

“Thank you, *lyubimyy*,” Rozanov said. “You didn't have to do this.”

Shane whispered, “I don't mind, Ilya. I told you that.”

“Yes, but still. Thank you.”

Then there was silence. Except it wasn't silent, because a kiss could only ever be so quiet.

“I know you do it because I told you my mother used to,” Rozanov said lowly. “I wish she could have met you... She would have loved you.”

Hayden smiled at how sweet they were being. But now wasn't the time for that, he had to rally.

He loudly announced his return. “So, Rozanov, I hear you're too weak to peel your own oranges.”

“Pike, I have seen you peel grapes for pregnant Jackie. You do not get an opinion about this.”

End Notes

this was written and posted from my phone while i was stuck in airport purgatory so PLS lmk if you see any mistakes!!

peeling grapes thing inspired by my dad who did this for my mom when she was pregnant w me 😭

come hang out on twt @ ilyaroseanov

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