

Want You Like That

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76181206) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76181206>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry) , Alternate Scene , Yuna knows , Well - Freeform , Yuna figures it out , they're not as subtle as they think they are , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Coming Out , Hospitals , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , High off his ass Shane Hollander , Ilya 'heart-eyes' Rozanov , ginger ale as a plot device , Ginger Ale - Freeform , POV Ilya Rozanov , POV Yuna Hollander , POV Shane Hollander , not beta read we die like ilya's father
Language:	English
Collections:	hollanov for the heart <3
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 3,972 Chapters: 1/1

Want You Like That

by [Moon_Dog1634](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander wants Ilya Rozanov like that. Ilya Rozanov wants Shane Hollander like that.

Ilya doesn't know how the game against Montreal ended. He doesn't know how he got back to the hotel, or what he did the entire night. Because he sure as shit didn't sleep. Hell, he doesn't even know how he made it to the Montreal hospital. All he knows now is that he's standing in front of a help desk waiting for the receptionist to look up Hollander's room number. He doesn't think he's breathing, convinced he's seconds away from being told he's not allowed to see Shane. That he has to leave and go back to his hotel room, left wondering and-

OR

The hospital scene but i based it off of a song and then it got out of hand

Notes

I have absolutely no idea how this turned out to be this long, I swear it was supposed to be a short little thing but now it's... this. I'd also like to preface i wrote most of this while half asleep so do with that what you will

Fic inspired by Want You Like That by Charlotte Sands

Also, whoever decided to change Marlow's name to Marleau is the funniest person on the planet and I KNOW Patrick Marleau is mad as hell (i have beef with that man, loved him growing up he was my goat and then learned he's a Canadian Trumpie and also hates gay people so putting him in the gay hockey show was an IMPECCABLE choice thank u jacob tierney.)

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

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"Room 302, Mr. Rozanov." The receptionist's voice interrupts his spiraling thoughts.

It takes Ilya a couple of seconds to fully process her words, "Three-oh-two," He repeats slowly, his accent making the words sound choppy, "Thank you."

She gives him a warm smile and a nod, pointing towards a hallway on Ilya's right, "Elevators are down there, to your right."

Ilya returns her smile, although he feels it comes off more as a grimace as the anxiety in his gut grows. His feet feel like lead as he walks towards the elevators, every step another reminder of the hit. *Fuck*. His footsteps against the linoleum tile sounds like Shane hitting the ice. Or maybe that's just the lack of sleep turning every normal sound into a vivid memory of the scariest moment of his life. Ilya's breath is shaky as he steps into the elevator, hand trembling as he presses the button for the third floor. Each beep of a passing floor makes his heart rate quicken, each time he blinks Shane's motionless body is presented. Like it's been burned onto the inside of his eyelids. Ilya knows this is dangerous. *Feeling* this way. He can't continue this. Someone is going to find out, someone is going to figure it out- the elevator doors open and Ilya is glued to the floor, heart pounding so loudly he's sure the passing nurses and doctors will pull him into an exam room to figure out what the hell is wrong with him.

What the hell *is* wrong with him? Ilya steps out of the elevator before the doors can close. He's shaking. What if Shane can't walk? The medics had been stabilizing his neck. Something with his spine? As Ilya walks down the hallway he pauses next to a vending machine, eyes landing on a green bottle. Before he allows himself to overthink, Ilya feeds a dollar into the machine and stuffs his gift into the pocket of his coat.

Ilya reaches Shane's room and peers through the small window in the door. His heart clenches when his eyes fall on Shane sitting in the hospital bed, sun shining on his face making his freckles almost glow despite the situation he's in. Ilya swallows thickly and turns the handle to open the door.

Shane's eyes flutter open at the sound of the door opening. The bruising around his eyes and cheeks crinkles as a wide smile spreads across his face when he registers who Ilya is, "Ilyaaaaa!" His voice is higher pitched and his tone is almost unrecognizable. The monotone is gone and replaced by a drugged inflection. Ilya looks behind him as he closes the door, slightly worried someone will come barging in. He turns back to Shane after making sure no one is following him. Ilya fully takes him in, the bruising across his freckled cheeks, the sling around his right arm.

He struggles to translate his words, struggles to talk around the sudden and urgent need to wrap Shane in the biggest hug and never, ever let him go. “I, um, I just wanted to...” he breathes, closing his eyes momentarily to get his thoughts back in order, “Are you ok?” The question seems silly. He isn’t ok. He’s in a *hospital bed*.

Shane gives him a dopey grin, “Concussion and a fractured collarbone. Out for the playoffs, but...” he trails off, eyes shining in a way that tells Ilya he’s on some *good* drugs.

“Could have been worse.” Ilya supplies from his spot right next to the door. He wants nothing more than to be at Shane’s side, hold him, kiss him. But he has to be careful. Anyone could walk in.

“Could have been worse.” Shane agrees, his smile growing bigger. Really, *really* good drugs.

“Marleau feels terrible.” Ilya supplies, “He did not mean to hurt you.” It’s true. Marly had said as much the minute Ilya was within two feet of him. Honestly, a smart move on his part, Ilya had been seconds away from adding to the bruise Hayden Pike had given him. Ilya takes a shallow breath, he knows everyone around him had been fighting an opposing team member while he had been staring in absolute horror. He knows his teammates saw the terror on his face, the way he hadn’t been able to focus on anything during the rest of the game. The thought gets pushed to the back of his mind, although he knows he needs to address it. This... *thing* between them. It has to stop. Ilya’s lost count of the amount of times he’s told himself that. He has to break them, on purpose. He can’t let himself want someone like that.

But...

God.

Ilya really wants him like that.

“I know. Part of the game.” Shane says, interrupting Ilya’s spiraling. His eyes crinkle as he squints the sun out of his eyes. It’s simply not fair how good he looks despite being in a literal hospital room, “We all get our bell rung eventually, right?” Shane shouldn’t be smiling. But he is, and he looks fucking adorable and oh *fuck*, Ilya is so incredibly fucked. But... it’s worth it.

“Right.” He echoes, shifting uncomfortably at the door. He’s done what any good captain would do. He’s checked in, made sure nothing career ending happened. He should leave now. He can’t.

“Hey.” Shane says, seemingly able to sense his internal battle, “Heyyyyy,” he continues, reaching his hand out for Ilya. His tone gets louder the more he draws out the ‘y’ of the word and Ilya finds himself moving to his side to get him to quiet down.

“Ok, ok...” He says, shushing him as he gets closer, finally satisfying the deep almost primal need to touch Shane’s skin.

“Yes!” Shane whispers, the ‘s’ almost coming out like a hiss. Ilya’s heart damn near explodes, every muscle in his body relaxing somewhat as he feels Shane’s body heat extend

to his own. *Shane is here. He's alive. He's okay.* "Bet-ter." He says, almost like he's imitating Ilya's accent.

Fuck, I love you.

"You scared me." Ilya says instead, although he's sure Shane can probably hear the truth behind them.

Shane's eyes remain closed as he replies, body seeming to relax even more as Ilya rubs calming circles with his thumb to the back of his hand, "I'm sorry I didn't text you last night."

Ilya's heart breaks and he shakes his head before Shane even finishes his sentence, "No, it's ok." He brushes his fingertips of his other hand across Shane's cheek, careful of the bruises that make him sick to his stomach. Shane presses his face closer to Ilya's hand, like a dog asking for more pets.

"I was excited about last night. I'm mostly mad at Marleau for fucking that up." Shane confesses, eyes sparkling as he opens them again, looking up at Ilya with the most unguarded and unabashedly in love expression. It takes Ilya's breath away.

"He feels really bad." Ilya says again, swallowing around the love confession bubbling up in his throat.

"You know, I had a whole plan to ask you something." He murmurs, glancing down before he's returning the eye contact.

Ilya feels sick. They can't. They *can't*. "Maybe it's better if you just rest now." He tries, Shane interrupting him anyways.

"I was gonna ask you... will you... come to my cottage this summer? Don't go to Russia. Come to my house. We'll have so much fun. It's so private. No one will know." Shane's tonal inflection is all over the place and it's adorable. His eyes are bright with hope, bright with love. Every single one of his walls are down, every guard he's placed has been removed. Ilya knows he should say no. Knows that nothing good will come of this if he says yes.

"Hollander, you know I can't do that." He tries, heart clenching.

Shane pays no attention to his passive rejection and plows on, unbothered, "We could have a week or even two. We'd be completely alone. Together."

Alone. Together.

It's everything Ilya has ever wanted, but if he says yes, the inevitable break will be even worse. He stares into Shane's eyes. The brown amber color is already like a home to him. But... What *if* he let himself be happy? What *if* he said yes? His entire life he's been doing things for everyone else, for his ungrateful family. The only things he calls his own are his cars, but they pale in comparison to how Shane Hollander makes him feel. For once in his life, doesn't he deserve to be happy? Do something for *himself*?

“Okay.” Ilya hears himself say, “Okay, I will come to the cottage.”

The smile that splits across Shane’s face is brighter than the sunlight streaming through the windows. He’d do anything to keep that smile there. Anything to keep Shane happy. Ilya is terrified, but the kind of terrified he gets before a big game. The kind of terror that sends electricity shooting through his veins and excitement buzzing around his head.

Ilya suddenly remembers the gift and sticks his hand into his pocket, fingers wrapping around the neck of the plastic bottle, “I, uh, I got you something.” He says, hesitating a little. They didn’t really *do* that. Granted, they were in very uncharted territory, the both of them nearly choking on unsaid feelings desperate to climb out and announce themselves.

Shane tilts his head to the side, curiosity shining behind his eyes. Before Ilya can chicken out, he pulls the bottle of ginger ale from his pocket and places it on the tray table. Shane’s eyes *light up*.

“Ilya...” He gasps, staring at the bottle like all of his questions have been answered, like the bottle is the Stanley Cup itself.

Ilya half expects Shane to declare his love for him right then and there but he just shakes his head a little, a wide grin appearing across his face as words fail him. Ilya opens the bottle, not wanting Shane to move his injured body anymore than he has to and lifts it up to Shane’s lips.

“I can take care of myself, thank you very much.” he quips, but makes no move to take the bottle from Ilya.

“Of course you can.” Ilya agrees, smiling fondly as Shane takes slow sips of the drink. Ilya places it back down on the tray table and just stares at him. He takes in every detail he can, knowing that he won’t be able to see him until summer.

Shane raises his good arm suddenly and grasps the back of Ilya’s neck, attempting to pull him down.

Ilya hesitates momentarily before he relents, eyes shutting as he presses a soft, chaste kiss to Shane’s lips. His skin smells like sterile hospital soap, iodine and sweat, but Ilya wants to wrap himself in it. Everything seems to fade away as they kiss. Suddenly, the cottage doesn’t seem like such a terrifying idea, the idea of them being *something* doesn’t send alarm bells ringing through his body.

Could they...?

The kiss is broken as Shane begins to giggle, cheeks flushed as he stares at Ilya like he hung the moon and the stars, “Hayden came by earlier.” He says, letting go of the back of Ilya’s neck but not of his hand.

“Oh?” Ilya asks, looking around for a chair. The team flies back to Boston that evening, so Ilya knows he has at least two hours before he *has* to go. He carefully extracts his fingers from Shane’s, grabbing a wooden chair and placing it as close as possible to Shane’s bedside

before he's interlocking their hands once again. Shane's grip around him is vice-like, like if he lets go Ilya will run. Run away and never come back. Ilya doesn't want to run anymore. He's tired of it.

"He said you played like shit." Shane giggles again, his face contorting in a wince as the laugh moves his body in an uncomfortable way.

Ilya feels a rush of anger directed at Marleau rush through him. He knows it was an accident. He *knows*. It doesn't stop the gut wrenching terror that washes through him at all the 'what ifs'. Ilya lets Shane's words process before he's scoffing, "He is expert on playing shit."

"He punched Marleau for you." Ilya supplies after a moment of silent giggles from Shane, kissing the pads of his fingertips.

"He's defending my honor." Shane nods solemnly before another wide smile cracks the facade, "Did you know he wants to get me pregnant?"

What?

Ilya stares at him, mouth agape as he tries to make sure he's understanding the sentence correctly, "Pardon?" Is all he manages as a response, wondering if he needs to be worried about Pike stealing his... partner? Boyfriend? Lover? His Shane, he decides, is the best answer.

Yuna steps into the hospital, shivering a little at the temperature difference from the warm spring day to the chilly air conditioned lobby. She skips the reception desk, making a beeline for the elevators. She hadn't wanted to leave Shane's side, but the nurses had insisted for her to go home and get some sleep, to freshen up. Yuna knows that injuries are a part of hockey, has seen them time and time again from her decades of watching the sport. But watching your own *son* get injured is something else entirely.

She remembers the EMT's telling them about Shane's delirious ramblings, wanting them to tell someone he was okay. Someone that wasn't either of his parents. Yuna thought he might have been talking about Rose, but the EMT was adamant that Shane had been talking about a 'he'.

It's not the first time signs have pointed to her son being gay, but she wants him to tell her, not rumors and speculation. She wonders if he has a secret boyfriend. It makes her heart ache that he thinks he has to hide that from them. Yuna thought she'd fostered an open and loving environment for him growing up, a place he felt like he didn't have to hide, where he could trust his parents always had his back. She sighs as she exits the elevator, mind racing to figure out how she can ask without scaring him into hiding.

Nurses and doctors pass her, each going on with their own busy schedules. Yuna stops with her hand on the door to Shane's room as an unfamiliar laugh comes from the room. Her eyebrows crease as she tries to sneakily look into the room. Her jaw drops. Their voices float from underneath the door and Yuna is dumbstruck.

Ilya Rozanov is sitting next to Shane, hands blocked by the tray table holding one bottle of ginger ale. She'd almost think this was some... intimidation tactic or some other rivalry bullshit if the two of them weren't smiling and laughing with each other. Yuna racks her brain for all the interactions she's seen between the two of them for the past almost decade. Off the ice, the interactions were few and far between. On the ice... Well, they played hard against each other. Harder than they played against anyone else. She watches as the Russian, who oozes confidence and cockiness in every one of his interviews, who is smooth and suave and like a strict and rigid extension of his country, curls towards himself with a laugh, shoulders shaking with mirth.

His shoulders are relaxed, his spine curved as he leans closer to Shane. Yuna has almost convinced herself that the man in the room is *not* Ilya Rozanov when a nurse clears her throat behind her. Yuna jumps and turns to look at her, a flush spreading to her cheeks at being caught eavesdropping, "Sorry." She mutters, stepping aside for the nurse to knock on the door before entering.

Yuna watches as Rozanov jumps up, stumbling slightly as his feet get caught in the chair. She swears she hears her son murmur, "Oh no." as the nurse walks in, followed by Yuna.

"Uh oh, not trying to smother him with a pillow, are you, Mr. Rozanov?" The nurse jokes, setting down the tray of medications she brought with her.

Rozanov laughs uncomfortably, the tension back in his shoulders and face as he glances at Yuna before casting his gaze downwards, "No, good thinking. But, uh, no."

The nurse pays no attention to the deer-in-headlights look Rozanov has on his face and just moves around him to give Shane his pills. He takes them, eyes squeezing shut for half a second before his gaze is landing on her. His eyebrows shoot up in surprise and... something else that Yuna can't quite place.

"Mom!" Shane exclaims, eyes darting over to Rozanov quickly before back at her, absentmindedly doing whatever the nurse tells him to as she bustles around him.

"I should be going..." Rozanov interrupts, stuffing his hands into his pockets to hide the nervous way they were drumming against his leg.

Shane's face falls as the nurse excuses herself, taking the empty medication container with her. "No, stay." He *pouts*. Yuna Hollander has never seen her son *pout*.

"Early flight." Rozanov explains, eyes darting towards Yuna worriedly.

"Okay," Shane replies, somewhat sadly before the drugs in his system take hold and he's smiling goofily, "Bye bye."

“Goodbye.” Rozanov replies, moving past Yuna awkwardly.

“See you next season.” Shane adds, shifting himself a little higher on the pillows.

Yuna glances back at Rozanov who looks like he’s trying to silently tell Shane to shut up.

“Get well soon, Hollander.” He says, sending Yuna a polite smile as he reaches the door, hand grasping for the door handle.

“Thank you. I appreciate it.” Shane says, tone almost sing-songy and giddy.

Yuna swears she can hear Rozanov shushing him before the door closes.

Oh. Okay.

Shane watches Ilya go, his smile faltering despite the many pain meds running through his system. His mother is watching Ilya go as well, her eyes sharp and calculating. Her gaze lands on the open ginger ale bottle on the tray table, “Where did you get the ginger ale?” She asks, voice almost too casual.

Maybe it’s the high from the drugs, or the high from Ilya agreeing to come to the cottage, but for the first time in years, he tells the truth, “Ilya got it for me.” He can’t help his smile as Ilya’s name falls from his lips. He spent so long avoiding it, as if the moment it came from him everything would come crashing down. Shane grimaces inwardly, remembering that it technically *did* come crashing down, but that was mostly his fault. But now, saying his name, it’s as close to those three words he can get to right now.

“*Ilya*?” His mom repeats, almost like it’s a foreign entity.

And then, because Shane wants to make sure she understands, he supplies, “Rozanov.”

“Oh, thank you for that. I thought it was some other Ilya.” She replies sarcastically, eyes trained on the door as if the other Ilya will come bursting through it at any second.

Shane wishes that *his* Ilya will burst back through the door and kiss him and tell him that he loves him. He doesn’t care if his mom is there, in fact, it would be better if both of his parents were there. Kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. He’d come out as gay *and* that he was in love with Ilya at the same time! Genius!

Shane knows the drugs must be working *really* well because he doesn’t have a single ounce of anxiety in him at that fantasy playing in his head.

“I didn’t know you were friends.” His mom says lightly, pulling the chair that Ilya was sitting in closer.

The word makes Shane smile, “Friends,” he breathes out, letting the feeling of the word float around his mind. The only label they had ever called each other was ‘teammate’ and that was in a whole different category of labels than the one Shane wanted them to be in. “He wanted to make sure I was okay. Told me Marleau feels bad and is really sorry.” He tells her, staring at the ceiling. He tries to stop his lips tugging upwards at the thought of Ilya as his *boyfriend*.

His mom huffs, “Well, he *should* be sorry.”

“Il- Rozanov said Hayden punched Marleau for me.” Shane says, eyes flicking up to hers in hopes she didn’t catch his name slip up.

Her face is infuriatingly blank as she just stares at him and nods. Shane can practically see the gears in her brain firing off theory after theory. The anxiety slowly starts to creep back into his body the more she analyzes him.

The door suddenly bursts open and Shane’s heart leaps into his throat, his mouth starts to form the starting of Ilya’s name when his father appears in the doorway, “You will never believe who I just ran into in the lobby.”

“Ilya Rozanov.” His mom supplies, finally taking her gaze off of him.

His father stares at her in shock, “I’m telling you, kid, she’s a witch!” He laughs, dragging another chair over and sitting next to his wife, “What’d he want? Didn’t try and murder you, did he? Not trying to finish the job?”

Shane knows his father is just kidding, but the words get under his skin in the way he knows they shouldn’t, “He’s not like that.” He snaps, staring intently at the ginger ale bottle.

He can feel his parents having a silent conversation between themselves, can tell from the silence and years of memorizing every movement they make.

“Shane,” his mother starts, voice soft as she reaches out and takes his hand in hers, “you know we love you and support you no matter what, right?”

Shane finds himself looking through blurry eyes, heart rate rising, alerting the whole room thanks to the ECG right next to him. He watches the number rise from 81 to 100 and then back at his parents who are looking at him expectantly. Shane doesn’t think he can tell them the whole truth, at least not right now. He won’t do that to Ilya. But he can do *this* for himself.

“I’m gay.”

The room is silent save for the ECG signaling his heart still getting faster.

“Oh, honey,” His mom says, squeezing his hand, “Thank you for telling us. We appreciate you sharing this part of yourself with us.”

Shane blows out a sigh of relief, his heart rate slowing down significantly. He desperately wishes Ilya was here right now, maybe he should text him, let him know? “Can I have my phone?” He mumbles, looking around for the device.

After some convincing, Shane gets his phone back and types out a text, one handed, to Ilya.

Shane → Lily

I told my parents I'm gay.

The reply is almost instant.

Lily → Shane

Wow. That is big.

I am proud of you, Shane.

Shane knows he has a ridiculous grin on his face, but can't help it as he types back.

Shane → Lily

I'll see you this summer.

<3

Lily → Shane

<3

End Notes

i hope you enjoyed it!!

come say hi to me on twitter where i am completely and utterly unhinged @am_5323

I have other Hollanov fics in the works, including one's of just Ilya and Anya but they're just based off of the shit my cryptid creature dog does lmao

I actually really wanted to have them say i love you in this fic but I feel like Ilya wouldn't want to do that when Shane is all drugged up, like he wants the first time they say it to be meaningful and completely sober so to speak, you know?

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