Secret Moments in a Crowded Room

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75769746.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike, Shane Hollander & Rose Landry, Cliff Marlow & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Hayden Pike, Cliff Marlow, Rose Landry, Mike Brophy
Additional Tags:	Canon - TV, Canon - Book, Secret Relationship, People Watching
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-14 Words: 3,075 Chapters: 1/1

Secret Moments in a Crowded Room

by SummerRaine14

Summary

Ilya and Shane had mastered the art of pretending.

At least, that's what they thought.

-- OR --

Four times their friends, family, and teammates almost put the pieces together.

Notes

Something I loved about episode 4 was Hayden and Svetlana mentioning "Jane" and "Lily". I also love that it kind of seems like Scott is clocking them in TV canon.

So, I wanted to take some of my favorite moments from the book and show and play with this idea of people sensing ~something~ between Ilya and Shane, without really jumping to the conclusion that they're sleeping with each other.

All moments are a mix of book and TV canon, some dialogue has been changed, and there's some expansion on moments we've seen/read.

I hope you enjoy !!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Boston - November 2016.

Hayden had hit his head to the pillow as soon as they'd arrived in their hotel room. He always felt jet legged after a flight, and knew he'd only have a bit of shut eye before he called Jacki and talked to the twins.

Boston was usually the only place he'd get any rest, because it was the only time Shane left the hotel room for longer than it took him to workout. He suspected that Lily, the girl Shane had been texting for almost as long as Hayden had known him, lived in Boston. Or perhaps, he had another girl here. Whoever it was, Hayden was just glad Shane was seeing *someone.* He needed it.

"Heading out?" Hayden asked, clicking through the channels and settling on a replay of last week's Boston v. Tampa game.

"Yeah, just for a bit. Meeting a friend."

Hayden gave him a knowing smirk. "If you say so."

"It's just a friend." Shane barked back.

"Dude, its all good. I know you're texting some chick named Lily. Its fine."

Hayden couldn't say for certain, but he was sure the mention of the name Lily caught Shane off guard. His eyes widened, and his face flushed.

Okay, so Shane didn't want to talk about girls with his best friend, whatever.

It was weird. But whatever.

"Go get laid, Hollander. You play better when you do, anyway."

"Go fuck yourself, I'm not-" He stopped before finishing his sentence, and then walked out of their room.

Hayden laughed to himself and went back to the game.

It was late when Shane got back to the hotel room. Like, way later than normal. Hayden had managed to get some sleep in before he called Jacki and talked to the twins. He was finally nodding back off to sleep when the door opened, he turned his head to see Shane walking in, his head down.

"How'd it go?" He chuckled, "You in love?"

Shane's expression turned angry. "No!"

"Jeez man, I'm just-" He looked at Shane for a moment, remembering their conversation from earlier in the day. "Weren't you wearing a white t-shirt when you left?"

"W-what? No."

"Yeah, you were. I remember thinking you must not be going on a date, because you'd get food all over it." Hayden noted, "And you reek of cologne."

Shane turned for the bathroom, "No, I don't. Fuck off. I'm going to have a shower."

"To wash off the sex you weren't having? What was the point of changing your clothes, then?"

"Fuck, Hayden. I...I have extra clothes in my car, my other shirt got dirty."

"Uh huh, and the cologne?"

"Goodnight, Hayden."

He raised his arms up in surrender, "Alright, don't tell me."

Hayden promised he would drop it. Clearly, Shane didn't want to talk about what or who he was doing all day. Whatever it was, he just hoped it wouldn't affect their game tomorrow. Boston was a hard team to beat, and Rozanov always made Shane and the Metroes work harder for their win.

The game was the next afternoon, and Shane had barely spoken a full sentence to Hayden since last night. He was on edge, like, really on edge. Hayden hadn't seen him on his phone, so he could only imagine something happened with his Boston hook up. Shane was his best friend, he was worried. But he was also concerned with how his mood would affect the game.

Shane seemed hyper focused, not uttering more than a few "good luck" comments to the team before they headed out to the ice for warm-ups. Immediately, Hayden noticed Rozanov on the Boston bench, death glaring in Shane's direction.

What the fuck? He knew they had their rivalry, but it always seemed more light hearted until they were in the heat of the game. He had never seen Ilya Rozanov look like he wanted to kill Shane before.

Until now.

Hayden skated over to Shane, who was returning Rozanov's glare with an expression that almost seemed...apologetic?

"What's that about?" Hayden quipped.

Shane tilted his head, startled. As if he hadn't noticed Hayden's presence before he spoke, "What? Nothing."

"Doesn't look like nothing, Cap. He looks like he wants to kill you."

"He's a dick."

Hayden noticed the way his Captain's face cringed as he said those words. It was weird. Really fucking weird. But he didn't want to push. He knew that pissing Shane off before the game was probably the stupidest course of action. So he skated away, by the Boston Raider's bench, shooting a confused expression Rozanov's way.

Wait.

Hayden stopped, noting the familiar scent of cologne around him. He looked between his Captain and Rozanov one more time - he had no idea what was going on between the two men, but something felt *very* off.

Montreal - early January 2017.

Rose Landry had been dating Shane for almost six weeks now. Well, they'd met each other six weeks ago, but only put a label on it before the new year. They were having fun. Shane was in the public eye, so he understood some of the stress and expectations that came with that. He also wasn't scared of all the attention she received, which was nice. Most boys she dated were jealous of her stardom, but not Shane Hollander.

He was, in every way, perfect.

Well, almost perfect.

She couldn't put her finger on it, but there always felt like something that was pulling his attention away from her. Something he was keeping to himself, forcing him to remain at a safe distance from her heart.

Rose had been able to make a few of Shane's home games, as she was in Montreal filming her latest movie. She loved being able to support him, though she noticed his stress seemed to be higher in the days leading up to Montreal's game against Boston. Rose followed hockey well enough to know about the rivalry that had followed Shane and the Captain of the Boston Raider's. Perhaps he was more on edge because the game was naturally more challenging when another player is just as good.

She wasn't sure, but decided not to think about it too much. Shane hadn't mentioned anything, so it didn't matter. As the hours passed, Rose knew she wouldn't be able to make the game. She was stuck on set, but luckily she was able to watch a livestream. Although, a part of her wishes she hadn't. It was, to put it nicely, a terrible game. Even if her boyfriend walked away with the win. It was painful to watch.

At least for Rose, she knew she could distract him later at the club. After all, that was what

good girlfriend's did, wasn't it?

She was going to dance with her boyfriend, buy him a drink or two, and then give him a good time in his gorgeous Montreal home. It was what he deserved.

Shane arrived to Ultraviolet and he was illuminated by the flashing lights, his smile greeting Rose as she sat with Miles and a few other friends of hers.

Despite her promise to not make him dance, Rose pulled Shane to the dance floor, their bodies moving together to the beat of the music. It almost felt as if Shane was finally giving in to the *fun* when she felt his body tense up.

"I have to go to the bathroom." Shane said, pushing himself away from Rose before she could even respond.

Her best friend, Miles, gave her a questioning look. Rose shrugged, trying to put her focus back into the music when she heard, "Holy shit, Ilya Rozanov is here."

Immediately, Rose went to look for Shane. She figured him seeing Ilya Rozanov would just put a damper on his mood for the rest of the evening.

To her surprise, Shane was standing no more than ten feet away from where she and Miles had been dancing.

He was frozen in his spot, dead focused on something nearby. She moved through the crowd until she saw him, Ilya Rozanov, dancing with a woman. He was kissing her neck, hands roaming her body, and making eye contact with Shane as he did it.

Rose shook her head and walked over to Shane, reaching to put her arms around his body. "Are you okay?"

"Hm?" His gaze on Ilya finally broke, "Yeah, sorry. It's so busy in here."

"Come on, why don't we go back to yours?" She smiled softly at him, but not before turning one last glance to Ilya as they walked away.

Tampa Bay - late January 2017.

It was the weekend of the NHL All-Star game and Mike Brophy was stoked. One, because he always loved playing with the best of the best, and two, because he would be apart of the first team that got to experience the magic of Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander working together.

"This is what its all about! Fucking Hollander and Rozanov working together. Love it!" He exclaimed drunkenly, pushing their heads together.

"Should be fun, yeah." Hollander said quietly.

Brophy, despite his drunken state, could sense the shift in the air around him as he stood with Hollander and Rozanov, which totally killed his vibe.

Maybe they'd really taken this rivalry seriously off the ice, he thought to himself.

"Well, I'm off." He clapped his hands together, departing by giving the two men endearing arm punches.

Brophy stood at the other end of the bar, taking down shots with a few of the other players. He noticed the way Rozanov and Hollander conversed, as if they were more familiar with each other than the public would let you believe. They were both, to his knowledge, bone dry sober, and...laughing?

Shane Hollander was leaning against the bar and *laughing* with Ilya Rozanov. Nothing short of a miracle, Brophy thought.

The next day, Brophy lounged by the pool with some of the other players and their families. Ilya Rozanov, the league's resident bad boy, was keeping the kids entertained in the water.

He was good with the kids. Like, really good.

Brophy was in a lounge chair, sipping on a beer when he heard Hollander scream, "Knock it off."

The next thing he saw was Rozanov, dripping wet from being in the pool, wrapping his arms around Hollander. Their teammates laughed at the commotion, but Brophy caught a glimpse of Shane's wide-eye expression as he pulled himself from Rozanov's grasp. Rozanov had a reputation for being rambunctious, the life of the party. While some would compare getting Hollander to have fun to pulling teeth from a toddler's mouth. They couldn't be more different, which is why Brophy couldn't understand how they were getting along so well. How they seemed so...familiar.

Sure, Boston and Montreal played against each other often in the six years the men had been in the league. They'd done press conferences, award announcements, even brand deals together. But they never seemed...friendly? Surely, a sports news tabloid would have reported on it if that were the case.

Whatever the deal was with those two, it didn't matter when their skates hit the ice. They worked together like magic, as if they'd been on the same team the entire time, bringing their All-Star team the win at Sunday night's game.

Brophy jumped from the bench as he witnessed Hollander score his fourth goal of the game, assisted by Rozanov. The men started to cheer when Rozanov embraced Hollander, planting a kiss on his cheek.

It could've been Rozanov's usual antics, but Brophy couldn't ignore the shock and confusion

on Hollander's face.

He almost looked scared.

Brophy was joined by some Tampa Bay locals and a few of his teammates for a room party after drinking at the hotel bar. He was riding the high of their win. He danced with two younger blondes for a while, before he stepped on his balcony for a cigarette.

As he lit the smoke, his gaze wondered beyond the property, and he noticed, what he was sure was Hollander and Rozanov, sitting together in the sand. The beach was far enough away that the only light in the distance was the moon. So maybe he couldn't see all that well, or maybe he was just really drunk, but he stayed fixated on the two men until he finished his cigarette.

Determined to know for sure, Brophy kept watching until he caught a glimpse of Rozanov walking back in the direction of the hotel.

It had been them. Sitting together, in the sand, under the moonlight. Away from the parties and all their teammates.

"Fuckin' weird." Brophy mumbled to himself before going back inside.

Montreal - April 2017.

It was Boston's last game against Montreal of the season, and Cliff Marlow was more determined than ever to kick their ass. Montreal had taken the Cup for two years in a row, it was time for Boston to get back in the play-offs, and win.

They'd suffered from the absence of Rozanov for the few games he was away, burying his father in Moscow. Honestly, Cliff thought he'd be gone longer, but his Captain came back, on top of his game. The team had played their best games since then, on a winning streak, and Cliff knew that streak needed to continue with tonight's game.

Usually, his Captain would disappear into the distraction of whatever girl he was fucking in Montreal - Jane, Cliff thought he recalled seeing on Rozanov's phone one day in the locker room. But tonight, he seemed distracted by something else. He was on edge, or at least, more quiet than normal.

Cliff noted that he had barely seen Rozanov pick up his phone, and his shoulders were slumped for most of the plane ride to Montreal. He didn't chat with his teammates or the coach, he just seemed...absent.

Which is why he was surprised when the teams got on the ice for warm-ups, and Rozanov skated to the center line, almost immediately joined by Shane Hollander.

Their dynamic was...odd, to say the least. They started together, the two best and brightest, a

rivalry the league had created before their first season even began. Cliff was there to witness six years of Rozanov slamming Hollander into the boards, the two of them equal at the top of their games, trading who won awards every year. And then, a few months ago, they'd played on the same All-Star team together, earning a win that resulted in Rozanov planting a kiss on Hollander's cheek.

Like he said, odd.

Cliff could tell they were talking, both avoiding eye contact and trying very (too) hard to not draw attention to themselves. He noticed a frown form on Hollander's face before Rozanov skated away. His Captain was probably trying to sike Hollander out before the game. He enjoyed getting under player's skin like that.

Rozanov skated past Cliff, which made him follow behind his Captain, "You and Hollander buddies now?"

"What?" Rozanov's tone caught him off guard, he was defensive and dismissive all at the same time.

"Just saw the two of you chatting, is all."

Rozanov rolled his eyes. "Yes, Marlow. Captains talk to each other, is this okay?"

"Yeah, whatever man." Cliff sighed.

Fucking hell, Rozanov could be such a dick sometimes.

Both teams were on fire. Rozanov and Hollander were playing like their entire lives depended on a win.

Cliff watched as his Captain raced away with the puck before being knocked into the boards, Hollander had the puck now. Rozanov may have been the better skater, but Cliff had the better angle. He pushed forward for the puck, his full body coming in contact with Hollander's, and suddenly everything went silent.

Cliff turned to see Hollander lying there, motionless on the ice. In the commotion of medics and gasps from the crowd, Cliff's focus was going in a million different directions. And then he heard it.

"Shane?"

It was Rozanov's voice, of course it was. His accent couldn't be mistaken. Cliff watched as his Captain kneeled beside Hollander, his lips, barely visible from that angle, yet clearly quivering.

What the fuck? Cliff tried to get over to them, to make sure he didn't just ruin the career of one of the league's best players. But also because he had to know what the fuck was going on between Hollander and Rozanov.

"Ilya?" Cliff heard Hollander say.

He watched the panic flood his Captain's face, relentlessly questioning the medics who were preparing Hollander for transport.

"Ilya, they can see us." Cliff heard as attempted once again to move closer.

They can see us? What the fuck was that supposed to mean?

The medics took Hollander off the ice, and for a moment, it looked as if Rozanov was going to follow them.

He didn't.

The crowd roared, and players joined their coaches at the bench.

As they skated over, Cliff spoke, "Roz, I'm sorry man, but it was a clean hit."

Rozanov stopped in the center of the ice and glared at Cliff, an expression on his face that read as more concerned than anger. Unlucky for Cliff, he was still going to get his head ripped off.

It didn't happen until after they were off the ice, and most of the players had fled from the change room. Cliff noticed Rozanov was anxious, he had his phone gripped in his hand from the second they'd gotten back to their belongings. He watched his Captain check it at least five times before they were done changing. There was no after game speech, or any typical locker room chatter.

The room was completely silent, except for the sound of clothes ruffling, and Rozanov's panicked breathing.

Finally, Cliff tried to speak again. "Look, Roz, I'm sorry...I didn't know you two were-"

Were what? Friends? Were they even friends? Honestly, right now, Cliff had no fucking idea.

Rozanov's glance remained pointed to his phone, "I will kill you, Marlow."

Cliff laughed, expecting it to be a joke. "W-what?"

"If you do not get out of my face, I will fucking kill you."

He mumbled something else in Russian, but Cliff didn't understand him.

"Holy fuck, Rozanov. You'd think you were in love with the guy or something."

The silence had become deafening. Rozanov's head tilted up, and he gave Cliff a glare that was nothing short of fucking terrifying.

Cliff left it at that.

End Notes

Tell me what you think!

Come talk to me on Tumblr @srainebuggie

Thank you for reading.

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