

six oh two

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75594596) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75594596>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Misunderstandings , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Bratty Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , POV Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , implied rather than explicit , cheeky , aftg reference bc why not , reference to suicide and homicide (but in a non-angsty way?)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 1,460 Chapters: 1/1

six oh two

by [dressedupliketheking](#)

Summary

God, Shane looked good. He fiddled with the straw in his boring ginger ale as the objectively gorgeous redheaded woman beside him spoke animatedly. Ilya could tell he was feigning interest in both her and her topic of choice, despite her stilettos leaving him eye level with one very perky (plastic, perhaps?) set of tits. He huffed the tiniest of laughs to himself as he leant against the bar. That Shane believed he could keep up a facade of heterosexuality without even sparing a glance for that rack was outrageous. Everything about him, from his freckles to how his offensive game to how he moaned was beyond outrageous.

A figure moved towards Shane, who looked up, into the other man's eyes, and beamed. A proper smile, a broad one, where white teeth sparkled and eyes shone.

Fuck.

~

Ilya gets the wrong idea of an interaction at the gala. Cue jealousy, very publicly crossed wires, and one VERY happy Shane Hollander at the end of the night.

Notes

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

Ilya hated awards nights, fundraisers, banquets. This event though, some gala for some athletic equal opportunity scholarship fund or other, was one he had looked forward to more than he cared to admit. Seeing Shane Hollander across the room, tuxedoed and delectable, was the start of every reunion fantasy he had conjured during his final shitty weeks in Russia, and what would come later... *Well*. Thought had him averting his gaze, gripping his vodka glass a little tighter.

God, Shane looked *good*. He fiddled with the straw in his boring ginger ale as the objectively gorgeous redheaded woman beside him spoke animatedly. Ilya could tell he was feigning interest in both her and her topic of choice, despite her stilettos leaving him eye level with one very perky (plastic, perhaps?) set of tits. He huffed the tiniest of laughs to himself as he leant against the bar. That Shane believed he could keep up a facade of heterosexuality without even sparing a glance for that rack was outrageous. Everything about him, from his freckles to how his offensive game to how he moaned was beyond outrageous.

A figure moved towards Shane, who looked up, into the other man's eyes, and beamed. A proper smile, a broad one, where white teeth sparkled and eyes shone.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Ilya knew they hadn't texted much lately. Knew they were 'casual', his own rule as much as Shane's. Knew he had no exclusive claim to the man who crowded his thoughts and walked a fine line between rival and something else. What he hadn't known was that Shane had begun keeping company outside their irregular hook ups.

Sure, Ilya fucked around with other women. Still, Shane replacing him with anyone at any time was *not* part of the script, and to do it while Ilya was here was...

Ilya gritted his molars until his jaw ached. The guy wasn't a hockey player, or at least not one with good enough skills for Ilya to recognise, but such details were inconsequential: whoever that fucker was, Ilya was going to fucking end him. He considered the murder weapons currently at his disposal, swiftly deciding his fists would do just fine. The redhead excused herself, and Shane tucked himself into the man's side for a brief embrace before returning to stand a publicly respectable distance apart. The man spoke, and Shane responded with interest (genuine, this time) and shoulders loose in a way Ilya had only ever seen on him after sex.

Maybe they had fucked before they came here. Ilya's brain supplied. *Maybe that man turned his collar and tied his tie and..*

The man elbowed Shane playfully, and Shane raised his hands in a gesture of innocence that had the man cackling, his diamond earrings glinting as he threw his head back. Ilya tried and failed to hate the pleased smile that spread across Shane's cheeks, a mushroom cloud of self-hatred blooming instead.

You fucked it, Rozanov, you let him get away. Fucking coward, hardly even tried to keep him.

Suicide was an option of course, but homicide still seemed the less drastic way to alleviate his own suffering. Ilya stalked closer to Shane and the man now known as Fuckface. Fuckface wagged a finger at Shane before dipping his head to whisper something close in his ear. It was at that moment Hollander noticed Ilya's approach, pupils blowing wide and his mouth falling into a small 'o' as their eyes met for the first time in months. Ilya tried to crush the hope building in his chest, but the fragile thing wilted when Fuckface pulled back, and Shane's gaze snapped back to his companion as if burned.

"Six oh two" Shane said with a cheeky sideways head tilt to the man, and Ilya stopped dead in his tracks. Fuckface clocked his hand towards Shane like a pistol before pulling the trigger, blowing imaginary smoke before and moving towards another huddle of guests nearby.

"Later, Holly," the man called over his shoulder.

"Yeah, see ya," Shane breathed, rotating away from Ilya under the guise of snatching a salmon blini that definitely did not fit with his nutrition plan.

Holly, Fuckface had said.

A pet name? This was worse than he'd thought. Ilya swallowed the bile rising in his throat. There were sure to be photographers here, and certain hockey fans amongst the crowd had already noticed their impending exchange.

You made your bed, Ilya, his father's voice said, *time to fucking lie in it.*

Ilya stepped forward until only a couple feet remained between them.

"You are busy later," Ilya said in a firm voice, statement rather than question.

"Hm. Maybe. Depends who's asking," Hollander replied quietly, a hint of something close to shyness in his tone, still studying his appetizer rather than eating it.

"You will not be satisfied." Ilya gritted out.

"With the food?" Shane asked innocently.

"Not food, fool. Later. You will not be satisfied." Ilya repeated.

"What the fuck?" This clearly had Shane's attention.

Ilya reached for Shane's right ear then left, small twisting motions and a look of faux concern across his face.

"You hear me now, yes? Final time. You. Will. Not. Be. Satisfied."

"Who the hell are you and what did you do with Ilya Rozanov?" Shane puzzled out loud. He narrowed his eyes and swept them quickly over Ilya's body, sparks igniting under his skin from the man's attention alone. "Are you injured?"

Ilya didn't deign the question worthy of a response. If he was injured a week out from season start, every sports news outlet would be running it as a headline. Whatever tactic Shane Hollander was using to try to weasel his way out of this, it would not work.

"You will think of me." Ilya instructed, stare fierce and tone stern as his heart splintered and his insides melted into his shoes.

Shane's eyes saucered again for a moment before his years of media training brought his body back under control. When he spoke his voice was laced with anger. "I don't know what the fuck you think you're doing, but I am not playing your game here. I sent Lily the details, bring it up then."

Ilya snorted, his lips curling into a mocking snarl as his eyes drilled into the back of Fuckface's head.

"Before or after six floor? You remember draft, yes? Being second choice is not for me."

"The fuck you on about, Rozanov? What's this bullshit about the sixth floor?" Hollander's shouty whisper was loud enough to reach Ilya, quiet enough not to be overhead by the crowd who had begun to watch their altercation with thinly veiled curiosity. Ilya marvelled at how Hollander sounded genuinely baffled, his acting skills unfortunately improved since that commercial together, when they had first...

No.

Fuckface let out another obnoxious laugh nearby and Ilya's fists clenched involuntarily.

Ilya swore fervently in muttered Russian, every muscle coiled for a fight. A gasp from Hollander, *Hollander*, who immediately doubled over with laughter of his own.

Pike, who Ilya hadn't noticed all night, was suddenly by Hollander's side throwing dagger eyes at Ilya.

"Everything okay, cap?" he enquired with more force than Ilya thought was necessary considering Hollander was wiping tears of laughter from his cheeks. Ilya glowered at Pike in return, having decided it was better to hold his ground than walk away a laughing stock, no matter if he missed, or indeed *was*, the joke.

"Oh, oh, fuck" Shane tried, one hand around his middle, the other on Pike's shoulder. "Yeah, everything is okay. *So* okay. My old track captain is here, you remember the one engaged to Lucy Bell? I told him I got my mile PB down to 6.02 last week. Rozanov overheard and made his displeasure known. I think he and his brisket lungs are feeling a little jealous."

Pike looked between them for a moment, Shane who was now practically vibrating with joy, and Ilya, who was swinging wildly between bone-deep relief and fury so fierce it could burn the place down.

"I see," Pike responded, giving the distinct impression he didn't really, and knew he was missing parts of the truth.

"I've heard quitting is an option, but it's not that easy," Shane said, eyes glittering with mischief.

"When we meet again, Hollander," Ilya snarled "I will fucking destroy you."

Shane tilted his head to the side, chin slightly elevated, eye contact intense and unwavering. He held the pause a while, long enough to make Ilya feel the sweat drip down the back of his neck and the heat pool low in his belly.

"I'd like to see you try," Shane challenged.

83 minutes later, in a jacuzzi suite on the eleventh floor, that's exactly what Ilya did.

End Notes

"Brisket lungs" is a phrase used by author Nora Sakavic in "All For The Game"

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