

Lights, Cameras, Charity

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/73313866) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/73313866>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	SecretRelationship , FlirtyBanter , CharityGala - Freeform , PublicPrivateTension - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-29 Words: 2,697 Chapters: 1/1

Lights, Cameras, Charity

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

At a glamorous Toronto hockey charity gala, Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov navigate flashing cameras, high society, and a secret relationship. Between playful teasing, stolen glances, and slow-burn tension, the two struggle to keep their feelings hidden — but some sparks are impossible to ignore.

Notes

There is no actual plot line, just Shane and Ilya. Enjoy :)

The cufflinks would not cooperate.

Shane had wrestled pucks, defensemen twice his size, and a broken nose mid-playoff, but somehow a pair of polished silver cufflinks was going to end him. He exhaled through his nose and tried again, muttering something uncharitable about formalwear.

From behind him, the hotel suite door clicked open. “You talk to yourself now, *zlotse*?”

Shane didn’t turn. He didn’t have to. The faint Russian lilt, low and lazy, carried a grin you could hear. “I talk to my cufflinks,” he said. “They’re being difficult.”

Ilya Rozanov leaned against the doorframe like a man auditioning for *world’s most inconveniently attractive distraction*. Perfect tuxedo, open collar, no tie, because of course he could make rules optional.

“Maybe they are nervous,” Ilya said, pushing off the frame to cross the room. “Big night. Cameras. Beautiful people. You.”

Shane shot him a look. “They’re cufflinks.”

“Yes, but they touch your wrists. I would be nervous too.”

There it was — that flicker in Ilya’s voice that never failed to hit its mark. Shane rolled his eyes, tried for dry humor, and missed by a heartbeat. “We’re supposed to be focusing on the charity, remember?”

“Ah yes.” Ilya came up behind him, deft fingers brushing Shane’s. “Children’s sports foundation. Very serious.” The cufflink clicked neatly into place. Ilya’s thumb lingered an instant longer than necessary. “But still, you should look your best. For photos. For fans.”

“For you?” Shane asked before he could stop himself.

Ilya’s smile deepened. “Always for me.”

-

The black-tie charity gala at the Fairmont Royal York was one of those events designed to look effortless and cost the GDP of a small nation. Crystal chandeliers, gold accents, white roses in towers tall enough to require engineering permits. Players from half the league were in attendance, smiling for cameras, signing jerseys for auction, pretending to enjoy canapés that tasted like air and ambition.

Shane knew how to do the circuit. He’d been in the league long enough to perfect polite smiles and neutral answers. Tonight, though, politeness had competition — namely, one Ilya Rozanov, who moved through the crowd like he owned every light that touched him.

They’d agreed — firmly, rationally — to keep things quiet. The media would implode if they found out that Rozanov and Hollander, long-time rivals, were spending their off-ice hours

together in ways that involved fewer punches and more stolen breakfasts.

And normally, they were good. Careful.

Normally.

Ilya, apparently, had decided “careful” was optional.

He drifted close during the red-carpet photos, leaning in to murmur something just as the flashes went off. “Smile, Hollander,” he said. “Pretend you like me.”

“I’m pretending not to strangle you.”

“That’s love in some countries.”

Shane bit back a laugh that would have ruined the picture.

-

Dinner was an exercise in restraint. Assigned seating placed them at the same table — of course — between a couple of team owners and a retired goalie who wanted to reminisce about the ‘02 Cup run. Ilya kept up polite conversation in somehow English, every now and then tapping his knee lightly against Shane’s under the table. Once, he reached for his glass and let his hand graze Shane’s wrist.

If Shane flinched, it wasn’t from surprise. It was from the realization that this, right here, was torture disguised as charm.

“So, Hollander,” said the owner across from him. “How’s training going in the off-season?”

“Good,” Shane said, willing his voice to sound normal. “I’ve been working with—” another brush of knee, deliberate this time, “—uh, with a few new conditioning coaches.”

Ilya’s eyes were all innocence. “He works very hard,” he told the table. “Never rests. Makes the rest of us look lazy.”

“You *are* lazy,” Shane muttered.

“Only when you are around.”

The retired goalie laughed, oblivious. “You two still giving each other grief, huh? Some things never change.”

“Some things get worse,” Shane said, deadpan.

Ilya’s smile was pure mischief. “Or better.”

-

When speeches began, Shane welcomed the break. The emcee called players to the stage to present oversized checks, make heartfelt statements about giving back to the community.

Shane could do sincerity when it mattered.

He kept his eyes on the crowd as he spoke, steady and genuine. Applause followed. Cameras flashed. Offstage, he caught Ilya watching him with an expression that softened the usual mockery into something quieter, fonder.

Later, when they posed together for a group photo, Ilya leaned close again. “You are very good at this,” he said.

“At what?”

“Being perfect.” His breath brushed Shane’s ear. “I almost believe you don’t want to kiss me right now.”

Shane managed a neutral smile for the cameras. “You’re enjoying this way too much.”

“I enjoy many things. Most of them are you.”

He said it lightly, like a joke, but something in his eyes gave it weight.

-

After dinner came the auction. Jerseys, sticks, VIP tickets. Shane’s signed stick went for an impressive sum; Ilya’s fetched even higher, which he made sure to mention. “See, Hollander? People prefer me. More charm. More mystery.”

“More trouble,” Shane said.

“Same thing.”

Between lots, Ilya leaned close to comment on the artwork up for bid, murmuring dry one-liners that had Shane snorting into his champagne. It was dangerously easy — the rhythm they slipped into, the push-and-pull that felt like skating at high speed, thrilling and just shy of reckless.

When the program ended and the crowd began to thin toward the after-party, Shane thought he might actually survive the evening without losing his mind. Then Ilya touched his elbow. “Come. I want air.”

“Air?”

“Outside. Before reporters trap us again.”

Shane hesitated. Public. Cameras. Bad idea.

But Ilya was already moving, and Shane followed like he always did.

-

They slipped out a side door into the crisp night. Toronto glittered — streetlights on wet pavement, faint rain just starting to fall. The muffled sounds of music and laughter filtered through the hotel windows. Out here, it felt like the world had paused.

Ilya shoved his hands into his coat pockets, breath fogging the air. “Too warm inside,” he said. “Too many people pretending.”

Shane gave a short laugh. “Says the king of pretending.”

“I pretend very well,” Ilya agreed. “But I prefer when I don’t have to.”

There it was again, that shift from teasing to truth. Shane felt it land between them, soft and heavy.

He could hear traffic, the faint scrape of a cars. He could also hear his heartbeat doing unhelpful things.

Ilya turned toward him, eyes glinting under the streetlight. “You survived my innuendos, yes?”

“Barely.”

“Good. Then you are strong enough for one more.”

“Rozanov—”

But Ilya just smiled, that infuriating, knowing curve of his mouth. “You look beautiful tonight, Shane.”

It wasn’t a joke. Not a performance. Just a fact, spoken quietly into the summer air.

Shane swallowed. “You can’t say stuff like that out here.”

“Then we should go somewhere I can.”

That earned a small, helpless laugh. “You never stop pushing, do you?”

“Only until you push back.”

Light rain drops caught in Ilya’s hair, running into the dark fabric of his coat. Shane wanted — achingly — to brush it away.

He didn’t. He couldn’t. Cameras could be anywhere.

Ilya must have seen the thought flicker across his face because he said, gently, “Relax, *zlotse*. No one is watching.”

Shane almost believed him.

“Come on,” Ilya added, tilting his head toward the quieter side street. “We walk a little. No photos. Just us.”

They walked. Two players, two rivals, two men whose lives were built on performance and precision, moving through the streets like it was the first peaceful thing they'd had in weeks.

"Remember the first time we met?" Ilya asked.

"You mean when you told the press I had 'the personality of plain oatmeal'?"

"Ah. Yes. Romantic, wasn't it?"

"Deeply."

Ilya laughed, low and real. "You glared at me for entire season."

"You deserved it."

"And yet now you let me fix your cufflinks."

"Big mistake."

"Big reward."

Shane shook his head, smiling despite himself. "You drive me insane."

"I try very hard."

-

They ended up at the edge of the hotel's garden terrace, the city spread below them. Shane leaned on the railing, breath visible in the crisp air. Ilya stood beside him, close enough that their coats brushed.

For a long moment, neither spoke. The noise of the gala was distant now, replaced by the hum of traffic.

When Ilya finally spoke, his voice had softened again. "Do you ever get tired of hiding?"

Shane's throat tightened. "Sometimes."

"It would be easier to stop."

"It would also be career suicide."

Ilya nodded, eyes on the skyline. "Still. I think about it."

Shane did too, more than he admitted. The stolen nights, the careful exits, the coded messages — it was exhausting. Worth it, but exhausting.

"I think about what it would be like," Ilya said, "to stand next to you somewhere like this and not pretend I only want to annoy you."

Shane looked at him then. Really looked. The world was cold, but the space between them wasn't.

"You don't just annoy me," Shane said quietly.

"I know."

Rain kept falling, soft and light.

Ilya reached out — slow, deliberate — and brushed a raindrop from Shane's shoulder. His fingers lingered just long enough to mean everything. "One day," he murmured, "we will do this without hiding."

Shane exhaled, watching it fog the air. "One day."

"Until then," Ilya said, stepping back with a grin that gentled the ache, "I will keep driving you crazy."

"You're doing a great job."

"I am best at what I do."

They walked back inside before their absence drew attention. By the time they rejoined the after-party, the world had resumed its performance — laughter, cameras, champagne. No one noticed anything had changed.

But Shane felt it. The pulse under his skin, the quiet promise tucked behind every teasing word.

"Next time, you owe me a dance." Ilya said.

"I didn't agree to that."

"You will."

And somehow, Shane knew he would.

-

The after-party had migrated to the hotel's rooftop bar — all glass and chrome, the Toronto skyline sprawled like a promise through the windows. Music thumped softly under polite conversation, and the crowd had thinned to the diehards: players, agents, a few reporters pretending not to eavesdrop.

Shane found himself at the bar nursing sparkling water, trying to look unbothered. It wasn't working. His head was still full of Ilya — the walk outside, the words that shouldn't have meant so much but did.

He should have left an hour ago. Instead, he was watching the reflection in the glass — the easy way Ilya laughed, leaning in to charm a cluster of donors. His body language was

relaxed, but Shane knew the signs: the slight tension in his shoulders, the way he kept glancing over like he was making sure Shane was still there.

Eventually, their eyes met through the crowd. A small tilt of Ilya's head. A silent question.

Shane sighed, finished his drink, and made his way over.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked, sliding in beside him.

"Only now," Ilya said. "These people are nice but boring. You, at least, keep me awake."

"Your definition of fun concerns me."

Ilya smiled. "Good. Then I am doing it right."

Someone called Ilya's name for a photo. He excused himself with practiced charm, hand brushing Shane's lower back as he passed. The touch was fleeting, hidden, but it left heat in its wake.

By the time Ilya returned, Shane had stopped pretending to check his phone. "You ready to leave?"

"Are you inviting me?"

"I'm suggesting we both value sleep."

"Liar," Ilya said cheerfully, signaling for his coat. "But yes. Let's go."

-

The elevator ride up to their floor was quiet — the comfortable kind. The mirrored walls reflected two men who looked composed, professional. Not like they were both counting the seconds until the doors opened.

Shane exhaled when they did. "That was... a long night."

"Mm." Ilya's voice was softer now, stripped of performance. "You were good."

"Thanks."

"Very serious. Very noble. Very hard not to stare at."

Shane gave him a look. "You just can't stop, can you?"

"I tried," Ilya said. "For five minutes. Very painful."

The corner of Shane's mouth twitched. "You're impossible."

"I prefer unforgettable."

They stopped outside their adjacent rooms — a coincidence that definitely wasn't. Ilya leaned casually against the wall, hands in pockets. "You could come in," he said lightly, "for a drink. We can discuss charity strategy."

"Is that what we're calling it?"

"I am flexible on terminology."

Shane hesitated. Every rational part of him said *no*. Cameras. Rumors. Careers.

But then Ilya smiled — that rare, small, unguarded version — and the rational part of Shane went quiet.

He followed him in.

-

The suite was warm, quiet. The city glittered through floor-to-ceiling windows, and the muffled hum of nightlife below made the room feel like its own little world.

Ilya shrugged out of his jacket and poured two glasses of something amber. "For the children," he said, handing one over.

Shane accepted it, shaking his head. "You are never going to take anything seriously, are you?"

"I take you seriously."

That earned silence — not the awkward kind, but the heavy, charged kind that filled the air between them.

Ilya set his glass down and came closer. Not touching, not yet. "You think too much," he said quietly. "Always trying to be perfect. Always careful. It is good on the ice. But maybe not everywhere."

Shane's laugh came out low. "You saying I should be more like you?"

"Sometimes." Ilya tilted his head. "You could start now."

He reached up, straightening Shane's tie — unnecessarily, since it was already perfect — his fingers lingering at the knot. "See? Still too careful."

Shane's breath caught. "You like to push your luck."

"I like to see if you will stop me."

"Ilya..."

"Shh."

For a long moment, they just stood there, close enough that Shane could see the faint raindrops still clinging to Ilya's hair. The air felt suspended, the city outside irrelevant.

Finally, Shane said, "You drive me insane."

"Then I am consistent," Ilya murmured, eyes bright.

Shane couldn't help it — he laughed, the tension breaking just enough to breathe again. "You're ridiculous."

"And you love it."

"Yeah," Shane said softly. "I do."

The admission hung there, warm and dangerous and true.

Ilya's expression shifted — still teasing, but gentled. "Good," he said. "Then you should know: you make me better at pretending I don't care about anyone. And worse at actually doing it."

Shane felt something twist in his chest. "That's... not a bad thing."

"It is dangerous," Ilya said, voice dropping. "But maybe worth it."

They stood like that for a long time, the city lights catching in Ilya's eyes. It didn't matter that they couldn't be seen, that the world thought they were rivals. Here, they didn't have to play a part.

Eventually, Shane set his drink aside. "If I stay any longer, I won't leave."

"Then stay," Ilya said simply.

Shane smiled — tired, fond, resigned. "You make it sound easy." He said and yet, Shane closed the distance in two strides. The tension broke like glass. His hand came up to Ilya's jaw, fingers trembling.

Ilya's eyes darkened, something unguarded flickering there before he leaned in—slow, deliberate. The first brush of lips was hesitant, testing, but the hesitation burned away quickly. Shane's hand slid into Ilya's hair, pulling him closer, and Ilya exhaled a sound that was half a sigh, half surrender.

The kiss deepened, messy and real, years of rivalry and restraint bleeding into it. Ilya's fingers found Shane's collar, tugging him closer until there was no space left between them. The world narrowed to warmth, breath, heartbeat.

When they finally pulled apart, foreheads still touching, the silence was almost unbearable. Ilya's thumb traced the edge of Shane's mouth, eyes searching his. "You always make it complicated," he said quietly.

Shane gave a faint, broken laugh. "Takes two for that."

Outside, the night went on, indifferent. Inside, the air was still charged, the distance between them rewritten—no longer enemies, not quite something else, but something that mattered too much to name.

Shane ended up staying longer.

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