

perfect match

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78333561) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78333561>.

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 , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , shane is a hockey player , Ilya is a Firefighter , Firefighter AU , Romance , Romantic Comedy , Fluff , Fluff and Humor , Fluff and Smut , Shane POV , Sexual Content , Light Smut , no beta we die like Ilya's father , One Shot
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hollanov One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-27 Words: 8,625 Chapters: 1/1

perfect match

by [cherhorowitz8](#)

Summary

Shane's bad luck has been causing little fires everywhere. Literally. The local firefighter who keeps coming to his rescue is incredibly hot. Not that it matters.

Notes

Baby's first Hollanov fic. Just a little one-shot that wouldn't leave my mind since the 8 burgers scene.

FYI I know nothing about fires. Any inaccuracies about fire safety are mine and mine alone.

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

Shane stood with his head bowed in humiliation as the firefighters walked into his house.

It was only a small grease fire. Really. Truly.

And yet, Shane had found himself dashing outside and calling the local fire department when he was unable to get it under control.

He had been cooking burgers on the stove and had only looked away for a minute before everything, quite literally, went up in flames.

Shane heard his mother's voice in his head reprimanding him for not just using the grill outside and possibly destroying his kitchen.

He could tell this fire was barely worth any drama since the three men that had gone in were already casually chatting about one of their kid's birthday parties that weekend. It clearly had not been a lift for them. Shane wondered if it truly *was* possible to die of embarrassment.

The firefighters exited his house and while two of them immediately hopped back into the truck, one of them removed his helmet and walked over to Shane.

It was just the cherry on top of this incredibly mortifying situation that said firefighter was the hottest man Shane had ever seen in real life. He was certain he audibly gasped.

"Grease fire," the man confirmed with a smirk. "Nothing bad." He had some sort of Eastern European accent that made him seem even more like a character from a romance novel coming to rescue Shane from the big, bad stovetop in his kitchen. "You should read up on how to smother flame. Just in case."

"Right," Shane replied, feeling even more stupid than before.

"Or, you can come to the station," the firefighter said, no doubt, sarcastically. "I can teach you."

Shane forced a laugh. "Sorry. I must seem pretty pathetic."

The firefighter shrugged as if the statement was not untrue. He ran a hand through his curly hair like he was a model posing for a picture. "It was boring shift. I needed something to do."

Shane wished for the ground to swallow him whole. "Thanks for your help," he huffed.

"You throwing party later?" the hot firefighter asked. "Kitchen should be okay to use now."

"Wh— What?" Shane stuttered. "No. No... I'm not throwing a party. It's just me."

The firefighter furrowed his brow in confusion. "Why did you make eight burgers, then?"

Shane felt his cheeks heat up. It was only then that he realized that he had not needed to make eight burgers only for himself. “The recipe called for eight...”

The man smirked at him. “Cut recipe in half next time, yes? It might be more manageable for you. We don’t want your house going up in flames.” He reached forward and patted Shane on the arm. “Take care Mister...”

“Hollander,” Shane provided. “Uh, Shane Hollander.” He was unsure why he told the firefighter his full name. Maybe because he hoped for the same in return.

He did not get it.

The firefighters left as quickly as they came.

If Shane thought about running his hands through a mop of curls for the rest of the night, it was simply a coincidence.

Shane woke in a panic to the loud sound of thunder. The storm had been set to start around three in the morning that day, but it sounded worse than anything the meteorologists had been expecting.

Shane reached for his remote and lifted the shades in his bedroom to see powerful winds and water that was rising at an alarming rate in the lake in his backyard.

“Fuck,” Shane whispered. He should have just gone to his Montreal apartment this weekend. He rarely preferred to stay there, but he would have felt safer in a brick building compared to a cottage in the woods surrounded by trees. Trees that were swaying back and forth a *bit* too forcefully for his liking at the moment.

Shane picked up his phone to check the weather app and saw that the storm was supposed to end in an hour. He knew there was no way he was going to fall asleep now, so Shane remained upright, watching the daunting scene outside.

Mercifully, after only thirty minutes or so, the storm seemed to begin to wane. The sound of the rain on his windows almost became pleasant.

That was until there was one last bolt of lightning. Lightning that hit a tree right outside his house. Shane watched in horror as it went up in flames.

“Oh my god!” Shane exclaimed, hopping out of bed and running around in a circle like he was a chicken with its head cut off. “What the hell do I do?”

He realized then that he was holding his phone in his hand. His phone that he could use to call emergency services. Shane dialed quickly as he watched the fire grow.

He paced his house, watching the fire outside while feeling completely useless when he realized he was naked save for his underwear, and that was not how he wanted to be dressed when the fire department came.

Unless that hot firefighter was working tonight.

Shane shook his head, begging himself to *focus*.

“Get it together,” he said out loud, walking back to his bedroom and throwing on a sweatshirt and sweatpants.

After a long ten minutes, Shane heard the fire truck pull into his long driveway, and he ran to his front door to explain what happened. He tried not to feel too disappointed when the firefighter he had been hoping to see was not there. The reasonable part of his brain told him this was more than fine considering there was a fucking fire in his backyard and now was not the optimal time to flirt with someone while they were on the job.

And then, the hot firefighter jumped out of the truck.

It had only been a week since he last saw him, and Shane was certain he had only gotten more handsome.

Asshole.

Shane stood up straight as the man walked over to him, clearly not in a hurry. “Oh. Hello. It’s you again.” He hated how cute he looked as the rain flattened his curls against his forehead.

The guy smirked. “Hello. What did you do this time?”

“It was the storm,” Shane explained. “I... I was just sleeping. Alone. In my bed.” He shut his mouth. He should not be allowed to speak to anyone ever.

“Alone again?” the firefighter asked. “Good to know.”

Shane inwardly cursed. This was the second time he had proven to be a loser in front of this unfairly attractive man. “Shouldn’t you—?”

“I’m sure my team has it under control.”

As if on cue, the rest of the firefighters walked back to the front of the house, signaling the fire was out already.

“Easy job,” one of them shouted.

Shane was certain he was going to be the laughing stock of the station. “Oh. Thanks.”

“This kind is simple,” the hot firefighter said. “Can be put out by water. Rain probably helped.”

Shane drew his lips into a tight line. “Glad you all came then. Especially you.”

“Are you not happy to see me?”

Shane looked up to see the man raising an eyebrow at him. He had no idea if he was being nice or being a dick. Probably the latter. “Oh, no I’m thrilled.”

Shane’s voice was naturally flat, but the bite he had been hoping for was not there. He *was* happy to see the firefighter, even if he looked foolish and uninformed in fire safety. Just getting to see the man again was weirdly thrilling. Shane was realizing just how much he liked a man in uniform. Which was stupid since he was also a man in uniform, surrounded by other men in uniforms every goddamn day. Even the stupid sweatshirt he was wearing now had his team logo on it with his name and number on the back.

Shane watched as the firefighter began walking backwards towards the truck. “Well, I need to go.”

“Right,” Shane said slowly. “Thank you.”

“See you next time?”

Shane huffed out a laugh. “There won’t be a next time.”

“I’m not so sure. You are menace to the Ottawa fire department!”

Shane shut the door quickly and slid down to the ground in embarrassment.

“You should *totally* bring him cookies to say ‘thank you.’ Ooh, or muffins!” Rose exclaimed. “I’ll help since you probably shouldn’t be left alone in the kitchen.”

Shane narrowed his eyes at his best friend. He should have known he would regret telling Rose about his futile crush on the firefighter who thought he was a fucking idiot, but he had had one too many beers and had been feeling loquacious. “Absolutely not. The guy doesn’t even like me. I just... Well...”

“Wanted to play with his hose?” Rose guessed.

“I’m never telling you anything ever again,” Shane replied.

He looked around at the scene in front of him. After he had been insulted by the firefighter, Shane realized it *had* been a while since he invited people over. It was maybe not the best look as Captain. And since the Metros season was about to begin in a couple of weeks, he decided to invite all his teammates and their significant others to his cottage for one last summer party. A party that was currently reminding him just how single he truly was. Shane was grateful to have Rose there with him as his plus one, but even she had a boyfriend now—some indie director she had met back home in Michigan.

“Okay,” Rose grinned. “But I’m here for a couple more weeks. Just say the word and I will put you in the sluttiest outfit imaginable so we can go stop by the station. Maybe you could even... slide down the pole, or something.”

“Stop,” Shane said, chuckling slightly. “I embarrassed myself enough last time. I definitely don’t need to do it again.”

As if the world knew that Shane was drunk and unequipped to deal with anything serious at the moment, his fire alarm began to go off.

Rose broke out into a laugh next to him. “That’s perfect.”

“What the fuck?” Shane asked no one in particular, rushing to turn off the alarm in the living room. He saw that some of the guys were smoking a joint, and even though Shane wanted to yell at them to go outside and do that, he collected himself and simply opened one of the back doors. “Just... warn me next time, yeah?” he told them.

His teammates at least managed to look a little guilty as they continued to laugh at the *hilarious* scene of Shane breaking out a broom to reach the alarm.

“Well?” Rose pushed once he walked back to her post in the kitchen. “Should I call them?” She held up her phone in a taunting manner.

“Don’t you dare,” Shane warned.

And then the fire alarm went off again. And again. And again.

“Uh oh, babe,” Rose teased. “Looks like fate has intervened.”

Shane blew out an annoyed breath. “It’s not fate. It just needs new batteries.” He walked into the living room, dragging a step ladder so he could take the old batteries out of the device. It was then that the carbon monoxide detector decided to go off. Shane did not think. He simply got off the ladder and rushed everyone out of the house.

“I really hope everything’s okay and your house doesn’t explode,” Rose said once they were outside. “But, oh my god, I’m so excited to see your boyfriend.”

“He’s not— Wait, do you really think my house is going to explode?”

Thirty minutes later, Shane stood outside with Rose, and a couple of party goers who were still waiting for Ubers, while the hot firefighter and one of his colleagues checked for carbon monoxide levels in his house. Shane, unfortunately, still felt a bit dizzy from everything he had drank earlier. Or, at least, he hoped he felt dizzy from the alcohol. Now was not the best time for him to get carbon monoxide poisoning. Not that there ever was a *good* time to get carbon monoxide poisoning. He snorted, feeling like there was nothing left to do but laugh about how bad this night was.

“What?” Rose asked.

“Just thinking about how unlucky I seem to be.”

Rose pursed her lips. "Oh please. Your luck is turning around. He is so cute. And *clearly* he stopped by to see you again."

"How is *that* clear?" Shane wondered.

Rose turned to him and raised an eyebrow. "The way he looked at you when he got here. He was checking you out!"

Shane thought back to the moment the firefighter appeared. He had seemed highly amused to be back at Shane's house, but he was definitely not checking him out. "You're crazy."

"I'm not," Rose insisted. She pinched his side as the man walked back outside and towards Shane. "Shh. Here comes your husband."

"Faulty detector," the firefighter said. "You need a new one, but is all good. Nothing to worry about."

Rose stepped forward immediately to shake his hand. "Thank you so much. Can I ask what our hero's name is?"

Shane rolled his eyes, but the truth was he could have kissed her for asking.

He smiled. "Ilya."

It was the most beautiful name Shane had ever heard.

Rose subtly looked at Shane and bit her lip, waiting for him to say something. Shane, unfortunately, had no idea what to say.

"You, uh, must be sick of me," he announced, hating that he was not acting sexy or cool, but having no idea how to be either of those things at that moment. Shane cocked his hip hoping that it looked relaxed, but he was so tipsy, he lost his balance slightly. Rose grabbed his arm and steadied him.

Ilya looked him up and down *slowly*. Shane felt his palms start to sweat. Maybe Rose was not lying about Ilya checking him out. "Carbon monoxide detection is no laughing matter, Shane Hollander. Is good thing we came to check tonight."

Shane suddenly felt incredibly stupid. He stood up straight and tried to sound serious. "Right. Yes. Of course. And... Thank you for that."

"I looked you up," Ilya said. "I thought you looked familiar. Big hockey player."

"Oh, he's super famous," Rose interjected. "Hottest player in the league."

"That's... not true," Shane denied, secretly loving that Rose was making him seem like some A-list celebrity.

"Hottest player in the league," Ilya mused. "Good at hockey, but terrible at checking batteries in fire alarm."

Shane felt his whole body grow hot as he watched Ilya smile slowly at him. He was bad at determining if someone was flirting with him, but he hoped that Ilya's teasing was playful rather than reprimanding. "Well, no one's perfect," he retorted.

Shane could feel Rose staring at him, silently begging him to keep talking.

"Is okay to go back inside," Ilya told him, changing the subject.

"Great," Shane replied. "Thank you. Again. I promise this is the last time you have to come save me."

He watched as Ilya's smile dropped slightly.

"And if we were to bake something for you and the men back at the station..." Rose said suddenly. "... to say 'thank you,' what would you like?"

Ilya pondered this for a long moment. "You know sharlotka?"

Rose nodded. "Of course," she scoffed.

Shane whipped his head around to glare at her. He was positive she had no idea what that was. He certainly did not.

"Wouldn't say no to that," Ilya replied before winking and walking away and hopping in the truck.

Shane waved pathetically as Rose pulled out her phone.

"Siri," she announced. "What is shar-lot-ka?"

"Jesus," Shane muttered.

Rose marched into the station, holding the apple cake and clearing her throat. Shane followed after her slowly wishing he were anywhere else in the world. He glanced down at his shirt, which Rose had unbuttoned far too low. He never wore his clothes like this and he felt *quite* on-display. Shane had protested until Rose reminded him of the dozens of commercials he did for Speedo that millions of people had already seen and he shut his mouth.

It was not so much the skin, but rather the fact that Shane was acutely aware that he was going to see Ilya again. And Shane had felt like an idiot every time he attempted to talk to the man.

It did not help that the firefighter had been a frequent visitor in his... sexually charged dreams as of late. Just the other night Shane had been bent over his kitchen island while Ilya pounded into him as they ignored an intense burning smell from the oven.

Shane supposed that said dream was also a bit of a nightmare, but he did not know much about Ilya other than the fact that he liked to fight fires.

And apparently he liked this Eastern European apple sponge cake that Rose was currently trying to offer to a bunch of men in uniform while he stood there awkwardly with his hands at his side.

“Aw, man,” one of the guys said. “Did you talk to Rozanov? He’s always requesting random ass food from Russia.”

“This one is good though,” another firefighter spoke up. “Remember when he saved that model from an apartment fire and she brought us cabbage soup?”

“Beautiful girl. Terrible, terrible recipe.”

Fucking excellent, Shane thought. Not only was Rose’s plan one that dozens of people had had before, it was clear that Ilya was straight.

Ilya Rozanov.

Shane liked his name. It flowed nicely.

Not that it mattered.

“Rose, c’mon, we should just go,” Shane whispered to her as the firefighters dispersed.

“What? You haven’t even seen him yet,” Rose complained. “And apparently we made his favorite.”

“And apparently he’s *straight*,” Shane protested.

Rose narrowed her eyes. “Bisexuals exist, Shane.”

He felt his face grow hot. “I know that.”

Shane saw a figure move languidly from the second floor and slide down the pole. He was almost shocked that firefighters actually did that in real life. He tried to keep his face neutral as Ilya sauntered over to them with a small smirk on his face.

“Hello.”

“Hi!” Rose replied, practically shoving the rest of the cake into his face. “Your buddies already took some, but there’s more than half of it left. Shane made it. Just for you.”

“Just for me?” Ilya asked. “I’m not sure about this. You would have saved me more if it was just for me.” He looked over Rose’s shoulder to raise an eyebrow at Shane. “Is okay, though. Thank you.”

“Oh, he can make another—”

“Rose,” Shane reprimanded.

“Kitchen still okay?” Ilya asked. “You didn’t burn it down making this for me, did you?”

Shane was now convinced he had made up any sort of flirting in his head. It was clear Ilya thought he was a moron. “Yes. It’s fine. The kitchen *did* catch fire, but I knew how to stop it this time,” he replied, suddenly not caring if he seemed cool or not. It was probably fruitless.

Ilya’s smirk grew. “And the carbon monoxide detector?”

“He still has to get one,” Rose told Ilya. This was a lie. It had been the first thing Shane had bought the day after his party.

“Oh, this won’t do,” Ilya said, ripping off a small piece of cake and stuffing it in his mouth. “I’m off in four hours. Will you come back? We can go get you one.”

“Yes!” Rose answered for him. “He’ll come back.”

Ilya looked towards her. It was only then that Shane realized he had not been making eye contact with her at all. That was rare. On top of being a famous movie star, Rose was quite beautiful and garnered a lot of attention from any room she walked into. But Ilya’s eyes had stayed on Shane the entire time. “And when he comes back will you be there too? Answering all his questions?”

Rose did not even seem embarrassed or annoyed. She let out a laugh. “Don’t worry. I’ll be gone.” She turned and smiled widely at Shane. “Bye!” she shouted to Ilya as she pulled Shane out of the station. “Oh my god, did you see that?”

“See what?” Shane wondered. “You sticking your nose where you shouldn’t?”

She puffed up her chest. “You should be nicer to me, babe. I just got you a date with the hottest firefighter Ottawa’s ever seen. Although, a lot of those guys were also incredibly attractive. If it doesn’t work out with Ilya you could always come back and try again—”

“I’m not sure, Rose,” Shane interrupted. “I think the guy just thinks I’m helpless. He probably wants to buy me a carbon monoxide detector so he can write it off as an act of charity, or something,” he dismissed, despite wanting so desperately for Rose’s ministrations to have been for something.

Rose stopped walking and grabbed him by the shoulders. “Shane. He was staring at your chest, like, the whole time. And he’s been to your house three times.” She unbuttoned his shirt even more. “Will you wake up, please? Go out with the hot firefighter. And then tell me about it after. I want details.”

“I’m not giving you details,” Shane grimaced.

Rose pouted. “I just want length and girth.”

Shane walked away from her.

After pacing his cottage for three and a half hours, Shane texted Rose a “thank you” for her overbearing services and headed over to the fire station. He had kept the same outfit on, but had fluffed his hair every thirty minutes in order to give his hands something to do. Shane could not remember the last time he had been this nervous for a date. Probably because he had no idea if it was a date or not.

He was so in his head about what he wanted to say to Ilya that he did not realize he had reached the station until he was standing in it.

One of the firefighters from before walked towards him, sizing him up. “Rozanov!” he shouted before sticking his hand out for Shane to shake. “Hey man, I’m Cliff.”

“Shane.”

“Rozy was telling me you’re some huge hockey player for Montreal,” Cliff said. “I looked up your Wikipedia.”

Shane inhaled sharply. After over a decade of being in the public eye, he was used to people knowing his name, but he still hated the strange feeling that came with being someone who had thousands of Google results. “Oh, yeah. No. I’m not that—”

“He’s been showing us videos of you for the past two hours,” Cliff interjected. “You’re good, man.”

Shane was unsure how to process *that* bit of information, but he could not dwell on it for too long as Ilya walked over to them. He had changed into a casual outfit, and Shane instantly found himself wishing the man was back in the bulky firefighter uniform. Ilya’s body was, as expected, very nice. His thighs were practically straining the fabric of his pants. Shane was sure his eyes were bugging out like he was a cartoon character.

“See you around,” Cliff told him, hitting Shane hard on the shoulder before wagging his eyebrows at Ilya and walking away.

“Was he bothering you?” Ilya asked, his voice low and husky.

“No,” Shane responded quickly, unable to stop the smile that reached his lips. Ilya had been watching videos of him. He suddenly felt a burst of confidence. “Shall we?”

Ilya nodded and led the way.

Shane never thought shopping for a carbon monoxide detector was something that could be sexy, but as he and Ilya walked down the aisles of Home Depot and their hands brushed together over and over again, he was starting to believe it could be.

“So,” Shane began. “Where are you from?” He was pretty sure he knew the answer now, but he still wanted to know everything he could about Ilya.

“Russia,” Ilya confirmed. “Moscow.”

“That’s far away,” Shane provided uselessly. Of course it was far away.

Ilya nodded. “Don’t worry. I don’t miss it much. And when I do I just ask people to bake me the pies that I used to enjoy when I was younger. Works every time.”

Shane was certain his face was red. “Was it actually good? I didn’t get to try any of it.”

“It was not as good as my mother’s, but you did well for a disaster in the kitchen,” Ilya teased.

“I’m not a—” Shane stopped himself. “I just had two unfortunate fire-related events occur within quick succession of each other recently. I’m not counting the tree fire, because that was nature’s fault. Besides, even if I was a disaster in the kitchen, that’s okay, right? Because your fire station is so close to my cottage.”

“Uh huh,” Ilya chuckled. “We love to waste our time at your house.”

“Come on, you can’t actually like the real emergencies, do you?”

Ilya paused, pretending to look affronted. “Excuse me, Mr. Hollander. I’ll have you know I love to put my life on the line every single day. I am close to hero. Many people have said this.”

Shane laughed. “I won’t deny that. I could never do what you do.”

“Hockey can be dangerous too, though, yes?” Ilya asked.

Shane shrugged. “Yeah, I suppose. CTE is a real problem. I’ve gotten checked pretty seriously a couple of times. And I’m lucky to still have all my front teeth.” He smiled to show Ilya the evidence.

“What about you?” Ilya questioned. “Are you from Ottawa originally? Is that the accent I’m hearing?”

Shane smiled. “I am. I play for Montreal, but I love to spend my free time here. I’d live here all year if I could.”

“Why don’t you?” Ilya wondered.

“I suppose I never felt a need to,” Shane replied honestly.

“Hmm,” Ilya hummed. “You should move here full time. I can’t help you in Montreal. Is too far away.”

Shane was worried how much he liked Ilya after only a couple of interactions. “Moving pretty fast, aren’t we?”

“Oh, so you *do* know how to flirt?” Ilya shot back. “I was wondering.”

“I— What— I, of course—” Shane spluttered.

Ilya smiled back at him. It was maybe the first real smile he had given him. Not that aloof smirk that he seemed to use in every conversation. He nodded in front of him. “Go ahead. Choose one.”

Shane shook his head. “Oh, no. You choose one for me. I’m asking for the expert’s opinion on this one.”

Ilya seemed pleased with this, reaching forward to grab the same detector Shane had bought for himself the other day. Shane tried not to react too much to this, but he wondered if Ilya would be proud of him for his purchase.

“Okay,” Ilya said. “Let’s go install. Take me back to your house.”

Shane felt his mouth go dry. “Oh. Um. Okay. You sure?”

“Yes, Hollander, I need to make sure Canada’s most famous hockey player does not die from carbon monoxide poisoning,” Ilya insisted.

It was oddly the most romantic thing Shane had ever heard.

As Ilya entered his house, Shane realized too late that his carbon monoxide detector was *already* installed on the wall. He directed Ilya outside almost immediately, saying something about the sunset.

“Take a look!” Shane practically yelled at him. “What do you want to drink? Water? Coffee? Tea? Ginger ale?”

“Vodka?” Ilya asked.

“Oh! Sure,” Shane said, panicking. “Okay. Stay right there. I’ll be back.”

Shane ran inside, cursing the past version of himself that insisted his cottage be built with fucking glass walls. There was no way he could subtly remove the detector from the wall without Ilya noticing. He walked slowly back into the house, reaching the liquor cabinet and pouring Ilya a glass of vodka. It seemed like the worst drink ever, but Shane was not Russian so maybe he should not judge. He opened a ginger ale for himself and poured two shots of the liquor in with the soda, quickly taking a couple large gulps so that he could force himself to relax. It was only after he had finished half the drink that Shane remembered why he rarely

got drunk. He always acted a bit... loose after a drink or two. It never got him into terrible trouble, but he wondered if it would with Ilya, who had finally turned his body away from the house to watch the sunset.

Shane acted quickly, hating how could feel the liquor in his veins after only a minute or two. He was a terrible lightweight. He ran to get the step ladder and quickly climbed it to reach the detector. Without hesitating, he yanked the device from the wall, watching as there was a quick spark and suddenly the wires went up in flames. Shane cursed as he fell from the ladder, onto his couch. He barely had a moment to feel any sort of mortification as the fire alarm went off once again, and Ilya rushed in.

"Oh my god, Hollander. What now?"

Shane watched as Ilya searched around for something.

"What?" Shane asked desperately.

"Where is your fire extinguisher?"

"I don't have a fire extinguisher!" Shane yelled. "Are you serious?"

"Right, right. Is you," Ilya said, mostly to himself. He quickly raided Shane's cabinets before he found baking soda and rushed over to the ladder, throwing a tiny bit of the powder on the flame which immediately disappeared. He stepped down and made his way over to the kitchen once more, grabbing the glass of vodka and downing it. "You raise my blood pressure. It's a good thing you are so hot."

Shane sat up quickly from where he was still laying, rather dramatically, on the couch. "You think I'm hot?"

"No," Ilya said sarcastically. "I came to your house to install your carbon monoxide detector because I think you are ugly. Really, Hollander?"

"I mostly thought you thought I was pathetic," Shane admitted.

Ilya laughed. "Uninformed. Maybe a bit accident-prone. Not pathetic." He walked over to the ladder once more. "Now, let's install this together."

"Looks good," Shane observed. "Right?"

Ilya nodded, glancing up to where the detector was situated on the wall. "Yes. The one you had before was good as well, but this one is better."

Shane felt his whole body grow warm. "I—" He paused, quickly giving up. He had Ilya on his couch, smiling at him. Things could be worse.

“You let me take you out to buy something you already had,” Ilya continued, his voice filled with glee.

“Well, I didn’t want to be rude,” Shane lied.

“Okay,” Ilya replied, not believing him. “So, when does season start?”

Shane wondered if Ilya wanted to simply make polite conversation, or if he was asking because he wanted to see him again. “Two weeks.”

“And... Montreal is two hours away, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane replied with a small smile.

“Good to know,” Ilya said. “Maybe I will come see game.”

“You want to watch me play?” Shane asked, thinking back to what Cliff had said.

“Is only fair,” Ilya reasoned. “You’ve seen me at my job. Now I must see you at yours.”

Shane suddenly thought about Ilya *actually* fighting a fire, not putting out the pathetically small ones that he had caused. “Do you love it? Your job?”

“I do,” Ilya mused. “But, it’s exhausting. I became a firefighter because I liked the danger a bit too much. Now that I’m older... I’m not sure. I am wondering if I would want to do that if I had...”

“A family?” Shane guessed. He shut his mouth quickly. He had no right assuming something that personal. He suddenly regretted those two shots of vodka. “Sorry, I—”

“Yes,” Ilya confirmed. “Relax, Hollander. You are not overstepping.”

Shane took the suggestion, feeling his shoulders drop. “I suppose I get that. I’m turning thirty this year,” he explained. “I think about the future and retirement a lot. Not now, of course, but maybe in ten years.”

“This is deep conversation for first date,” Ilya stated.

“So, this *is* a date,” Shane confirmed.

Ilya pursed his lips and tilted his head as if to say, “are you serious?”

“What?” Shane chuckled.

“Hollander, we are here on your sofa. We are talking about hopes and dreams, or whatever. You keep creating fire emergencies for me to put out. I want to fuck you, you want to fuck me—”

“I never technically said that.”

“— Obviously we are on date,” Ilya finished.

Shane bit his lip so as to not smile. "Okay."

"I should not be surprised you are confused by this," Ilya laughed. "I asked you out the first time we met... and nothing."

Shane sat up straight. "What? No you did not."

Ilya nodded. "Yes. I told you to come to station so I could teach you about grease fires."

Shane thought back to their first interaction. "*That* was you flirting?"

"And then I came back to your house *twice* when I did not have to," Ilya continued. "There was nothing better to do at the station, but still."

Shane's head was spinning. "Wait..."

Ilya looked like he could barely believe how oblivious Shane was. "I suppose I should have said 'I think your freckles are very beautiful and I want to know what you look like when you come.' I did not know I had to be so forward. I will be next time."

Shane inhaled sharply. "Wow. Yeah... That's... hard to misinterpret."

Ilya rolled his eyes and moved forward, grabbing the back of Shane's neck and bringing their faces close together. "You can smother it with a metal lid, by the way," he whispered.

"Huh?" Shane responded.

"The grease fire," Ilya explained.

"Oh," Shane breathed out. "Anything else you care to teach me?"

"No," Ilya teased.

"Good," Shane answered before losing all self-restraint and closing the space between them.

Ilya was an incredible kisser, which almost annoyed Shane. It was not fair that a man that hot was also expertly talented with his tongue. He wondered what Ilya's fatal flaw was. Probably that he was attracted to Shane who seemed to be a firefighter's worst nightmare.

He did not have time to worry about that now, though. Not while Ilya was practically fucking him with his tongue as Shane carded his fingers through his hair.

"I am... very into you," Ilya said as he carefully moved to pepper kisses down Shane's throat.

Shane let out a sound that was barely human. "I'm *so* into you."

"Ever since I saw you," Ilya began. "In that little tank top. I've wanted you." He grabbed hold of Shane's shirt and began slowly unbuttoning it. Shane was already hard enough that he could not care if Ilya was making fun of his clothes or not. He thought back to what he had

been wearing that day. He supposed it *had* shown off his arms rather nicely. It was then that he realized he had yet to see what Ilya looked like without his shirt on. He moved quickly, climbing on top of him and pushing them down on the couch. Ilya seemed pleased with this and, as if reading Shane's mind, raised his arms over his head so that Shane could remove his shirt as well.

Shane lightly traced Ilya's jawline, fascinated by every inch of him. When he reached his bottom lip, Ilya sucked Shane's thumb into his mouth. It was incredibly sexy. Maybe too sexy.

"Oh, fuck," Shane groaned. "Okay, okay, okay." He shimmied down Ilya's body, listening to the man laugh at his desperation.

Once Shane arrived at his destination, he could hardly control himself as he buried his head in Ilya's clothed crotch. He heard Ilya curse in Russian as he worked to release him from his jeans. Shane did not waste a minute as he took Ilya's cock in his mouth.

"God, Hollander," Ilya slurred. "What the fuck? You want it that badly?"

Shane did. He *really* did.

It was only as he took Ilya deeper into his mouth that he realized just how big he was. Shane gagged a bit with the fullness of it all, and before he could even process what was happening, Ilya was gently pulling him up by his hair, ripping Shane's pants off, and repositioning them on the couch so he too could participate as well.

"Fucking hell," Shane murmured, not quite believing his life and letting his head fall to Ilya's thigh as he felt the man lick up the length of his cock. Even the dreams he had been having about Ilya had not been this hot.

"Lucky for you I want it too," Ilya said.

"Shit," Shane cursed. He quickly got to work again, trying not to get too distracted by the fact that Ilya was now sucking his dick like he was going for the gold in the Olympics. Shane would not let him win. He was going to make Ilya come first.

The two of them took turns bringing one another to the edge only to slow down in the most delicious way possible. The teasing felt oddly familiar, like they had been sleeping together for years and knew exactly what the other wanted. Shane suddenly felt himself drooling excessively over Ilya's cock. It was something he normally would have been a bit self-conscious about, but it only turned him on more. Ilya had already seen him at his most embarrassing, so being a bit too desperate while giving head was nothing. Plus, Ilya was moaning around Shane's dick in such an enthusiastic manner, he was certain neither one of them was concerned with appearing cool, calm and collected at that moment.

Shane wondered if *anyone* had ever been as good at sucking dick as Ilya. He breathed through his nose and carefully took more of Ilya into his mouth, feeling so intoxicated with desire he could barely remember his own name.

Ilya pulled off him with a lewd sound. He quickly replaced his mouth with his hand, stroking Shane with practiced expertise even at the awkward angle. "You're close aren't you? You better make me come soon or it will be victory for me," he told him.

Shane removed his own mouth and mirrored Ilya's actions. "Don't tell me what to do," he said, not meaning it at all. He felt his whole body twitch just at the thought of Ilya ordering him around in the bedroom.

"No?" Ilya responded. Shane could practically hear his smirk. "I think you like it." He squeezed Shane's ass possessively.

"Fuck," Shane whispered.

"Tell me truth," Ilya ordered.

"Yes... Yeah... I like it." He took Ilya's dick back into his mouth, with a renewed sense of determination. Shane tried not to smile as he heard Ilya try to form a sentence and fail.

However, nothing was funny once Ilya began working on him once more. Shane was certain he had less than a minute until he came, so he was going to have to give the best blow job of his life. Especially if he wanted Ilya to come around again. Which he did. It was either that or starting another fire every time he wanted to see the man.

He felt Ilya begin to shake underneath him and knew he was going to win when he felt a warm finger circle his hole and then, very suddenly, Shane was coming down Ilya's throat. He wanted to accuse him of cheating, but there were no rules, and Ilya's release followed only a second after. Shane focused hard on riding out his orgasm while also making sure to work Ilya through his.

It should have been ridiculous—it was practically a scene out of a fucking porno. Shane, the clueless civilian, asking Ilya, the hot firefighter, to help him install his carbon monoxide detector and then thanking him with oral sex.

All on the couch his mom had picked out for him.

Shane rolled his head to the side before he felt a slap to his ass. He carefully turned his whole body around to come face-to-face with Ilya, who wore an incredibly dopey grin.

"Woo!" Ilya exclaimed as Shane laughed at him. "That was fun."

Shane could only nod, feeling completely out of breath. He leaned forward to give Ilya a dirty kiss, feeling his stomach flip at the fact that he could taste himself on the man's lips. "That was better than I imagined."

Ilya moved fast, turning them over and pushing him down on the couch. He grabbed Shane's arms and pinned them above his head. "Have you jerked off thinking about me? How many times? A lot?"

Shane drew his lips together, refusing to answer. Ilya took this as a sign to continue to kiss him, running his hands down Shane's arms and to his chest. "You're insatiable," Shane

joked.

“Okay, take a break,” Ilya said, kissing him once more. “And then we’re going to your bedroom. I need to fuck you into the mattress.”

After being bent in half by Ilya, Shane lay in his bed, feeling sore in the best way possible. He was shocked to smell a cigarette and looked over to see Ilya smoking like it was no big deal.

“Are you serious?” Shane laughed.

“What?” Ilya asked. “You wore me out.”

“Doesn’t that go against everything they teach you in firefighter training?” Shane wondered. “The fire alarm is going to go off again.”

Ilya shrugged. “Always good to know it’s working.”

“Don’t you *dare* start a fire in my house,” Shane jokingly warned him. “I want to go again.”

“Now who is insatiable?” Ilya said, sounding more than intrigued by the idea. “Mr. Hollander... Where do you get the stamina?”

“I’m a professional athlete, Ilya,” Shane reminded him. “Don’t act like you don’t know. You were showing people videos of me in the station today.”

Ilya pretended to not look flustered. “I was simply showing them your weak backhand.”

“My weak backhand?” Shane repeated, climbing on top of Ilya’s lap and taking the cigarette out of his mouth. He looked around. “I don’t have an ash tray.”

Ilya drew his lips together. “Better smoke it to make sure we can get rid of flame.”

Shane never wanted to get rid of the flame.

He held the cigarette in between his fingers, trying to look like a natural. He had only ever tried one cigarette in his life, late one night in his early twenties, and he had hated it, but something about smoking one now, with Ilya between his legs, made him feel crazy, and free.

And incredibly horny.

He brought the cigarette to his lips and inhaled, trying not to cough. Ilya did not let him blow the smoke out, grabbing his jaw and kissing him. Shane wondered if he had ever been this turned on in his life.

And then he felt the smoke burn his lungs and he could not help the reaction he had. Ilya laughed as Shane coughed over and over again, attempting to regulate his breathing.

“Hot, right?” Shane monotoned.

“Very,” Ilya responded.

Shane could hardly stop himself from kissing Ilya. Nor could he stop himself from growing hard again as Ilya immediately pushed his tongue into his mouth.

He pulled back as he watched Ilya take a long drag of the cigarette, dropping it in the glass of water on the nightstand next to him. Shane’s glass. “Ilya,” he chastised.

“Shh,” Ilya protested, kissing Shane once again. “Is fine.” He shifted their bodies down to the bed before speaking again. “Okay, come on. Sit on my face.”

Shane did just that.

Two weeks later, at the first game of the season, Shane heard a pounding on the glass next to him as he stretched on the ice. He craned his neck to see Ilya smiling and giving Shane a thumbs up as he pointed at his ass.

Shane laughed and stood up, gliding over to him as quickly as possible. “What are you doing here?” he asked as he pressed himself up against the glass. He did not even care that he probably looked like a love-sick puppy to his teammates who would, no doubt, make fun of him later.

“Came to support,” Ilya explained, turning around showing off Shane’s last name on the back of the jersey he was wearing. “Will you invite me over after?”

“Yeah... Yes... Definitely,” Shane answered, feeling breathless. The sight of Ilya in his jersey was rendering him speechless.

Ilya narrowed his eyes at Shane. “Is this turning you on?”

“No,” Shane denied.

He spent the whole game horny and desperate to ride Ilya into oblivion.

By the time they made it back to his apartment, Shane launched himself at Ilya so haphazardly they barely made it past the foyer.

“Were you hard the whole game?” Ilya guessed, kissing up and down Shane’s neck. “And you still managed to win? Did it help? Am I good luck charm?”

Shane groaned, pushing Ilya down on the couch. “Shut up.” It probably was true at this point. He was certain he needed Ilya to come to every single one of his games now that he knew what he looked like in his jersey.

Ilya made quick work to get them both undressed, before pausing and nodding to Shane’s fireplace. “You leave that on when you’re not here?”

Shane looked over to the electric fire. He *had* left it on all day today. “No... That was... That was just a mistake.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow, clearly not believing the lie. He kissed Shane fiercely, pushing him further into the cushions. “Is very clear to me, you cannot be left alone. I need to keep an eye on you.”

“*Ilya*,” Shane whispered, loving the feeling of the man pressing all his weight into him.

“Shane,” Ilya shot back. “Do I need to keep an eye on you?” When Shane did not respond quickly enough he said, “say ‘yes.’”

“Yes,” Shane obeyed. “I’m a danger to everyone around.”

Ilya kissed him once more. “Good thing I like danger.”

“You’ll be happy to know I have an electric fireplace up in my bedroom as well, then,” Shane supplied. “And I left that one on all day today too.”

Ilya flipped him over and bit him on the ass as his own personal form of “punishment.”

Unfortunately for Shane he quickly became addicted to a man that lived two hours away from him and worked *insane* hours. They called each other whenever they could, but Shane found himself nearly shaking with need whenever he and Ilya would finally reunite for a day or two.

Shane wanted to explain it all away as just incredible sexual chemistry. And while that was certainly there, it was clear it was not *just* that. They weirdly balanced each other out. Shane was logical, and a bit neurotic, while Ilya was wonderfully passionate and grounded. Fires followed Shane everywhere and Ilya was equipped to put them out.

Shane felt completely at ease in Ilya’s presence. It was intense. It was perfect.

He found himself driving up to his cottage in Ottawa nearly every weekend, completely content to do so, especially when Ilya was waiting for him.

His mother, though happy to see him more often, stared at him like he had lost his mind. “You’re considering moving to Ottawa? Full time? That’s quite a commute.”

“Yeah,” Shane responded, a huge smile on his face. “Trust me. This is a good thing. My place in Montreal is a fire hazard anyway.”

“What?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“What’s gotten *into* you?” she asked, a confused expression on her face.

Shane did not answer that question. At least, not literally.

One random Thursday, after a game was canceled, Shane did not hesitate and jumped in his car to drive to the cottage. He knew Ilya was also off that day, and he was not going to waste it.

Once he arrived at his house, he walked into the kitchen and immediately grabbed a matchbox from one of the drawers. He walked over to the fire alarm, struck a match, and held the flame close enough that the alarm went off. Shane quickly grabbed his phone and dialed Ilya’s number.

“Shouldn’t you be on the ice?” was Ilya’s greeting.

Shane smiled. “Game was canceled.”

“What is that?” Ilya asked, listening to the beeping over the phone.

“Oh, I’m not sure,” Shane teased. “I got home and my fire alarm just started going off. I can’t seem to fix it.”

“You are in Ottawa?” Ilya wondered.

“Mhmm,” Shane answered. He could hear the rustling of keys on the other line and the slamming of a door. “If only I knew someone here who could come help me—”

“Shut up, Hollander,” Ilya demanded. “You are very bad citizen. Terror to fire department. I’m on my way.”

The alarm stopped beeping and Shane walked to his bedroom where he pulled one of Ilya’s fire station t-shirts out of his drawer. He had “accidentally” left it the last time he slept over and Shane had been dying to wear it in Ilya’s presence. Maybe it was something that only boyfriends would do, but Ilya *had* worn his uniform first.

He lay himself out on his bed, waiting for Ilya to come and “rescue” him.

Yes, Shane was quite certain he would be spending a *lot* of time in Ottawa in the future.

Late one night, after a particularly easy game, Shane smelled something burning. He realized it was about fifty candles piled onto one cake as his coach brought the dessert in and held it in front of his teammate, Hayden, who was only turning thirty that day.

Before Hayden had a chance to make a wish, the sprinklers in the locker room turned on, drenching everyone. The team ran outside, shouting obscenities in English and French.

Shane was starting to believe in fate, as silly as that sounded. It was clear the universe was telling him that he needed to be with someone with an extensive knowledge of fire safety. He unlocked his phone out and took a picture of himself, pathetically wet from the sprinklers pouring down on him. He sent it to Ilya with the message: **Thinking of you.**

Ilya's response was quick.

God, I need you.

Please be my boyfriend.

Also, evacuate the premises.

Shane smiled to himself. He sent back three fire emojis to Ilya.

Don't joke, Shane.

He laughed out loud, grabbing his gear and leaving the locker room. He typed out one more text.

Yes. I'll be your boyfriend. If you'll be mine.

You drive hard bargain. And you are probably pyromaniac.

But yes. Okay.

“So?” Rose asked as they sat down for brunch. “Come on. You’ve kept me wondering long enough.”

“Nine inches,” Shane replied, listening to Rose screech loudly. It was probably a tiny bit of an exaggeration. Shane had not actually taken a ruler to Ilya’s dick, but it was big. *Really* big. And, well, he wanted to brag about his boyfriend.

“You’re welcome, by the way,” Rose said haughtily.

“Yeah, yeah. Thank you,” Shane dismissed with a smile. “But let’s not forget it was my inability to halve a recipe that got me here... And my freckles.”

Rose playfully rolled her eyes.

He glanced down to his phone that was lighting up with a string of texts from Ilya.

I realized I never taught you how to stop, drop, and roll.

Will be over later tonight.

Get ready.

End Notes

Ilya's actually 9 inches. Don't worry, Shane's not lying!

Thank you for reading!!   

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