

A Rose by Any Other Name (Still Smells Like Shit)

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A Rose by Any Other Name (Still Smells Like Shit)

by [ashes0909](#)

Summary

“Ilya didn’t do jealous.”

Notes

Thank you for this amazing prompt! It was so fun to dive into. And always, thank you to my lovely ferret for betaing, and to you, for clicking in and reading.

Prompt:

Ilya picks a fight with Shane during a game over absolutely nothing- well, nothing except the fact that Shane’s dating someone, Rose, and it’s making him insufferably jealous. Which is rich, considering how many women Ilya’s been seen with. Now he’s in the penalty box, fuming, and has no one to blame but himself.

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

--and she's in the stands, at least that's what ESPN is saying." Cliff and Victor were huddled over a phone on the opposite end of the locker room, gossiping like the old ladies Ilya remembered from back home in Russia. All they needed were the winter bonnets and scarves, and they'd be right up there with his late babushka.

Though, he'd never seen his babushka swing around a cellphone with such a careless grip. Cliff was going to chuck that thing straight across the locker room if he wasn't careful. He seemed completely unbothered, laughing at something Vincent had said instead.

As captain, Ilya should figure out what the fuss was all about. It had nothing to do with the fact that he enjoyed the gossip too. Not at all.

They looked up when he approached and Cliff grinned, shoving the phone towards Ilya with unabashed glee. "Did you see Rose Landry is at the arena tonight? She's sitting in the friends and family box."

"I'll never understand what Hollander did to get into *her* box--"

Vincent snorted. "Low hanging fruit, my friend."

Cliff practically thrust the phone into Ilya's hand and could barely bring himself to look at the article on the palm-sized screen. There was Hollander's face, contorted into some uncomfortable scowl as he walked down a sidewalk with one of the most beautiful women on the planet. The expression on his face was most certainly due to the paparazzi following them, but Ilya also liked to believe he was holding in a fart, because that was something Hollander would do.

With Ilya, Hollander fell apart. His expression opened into something neighboring blissed out. At least, until they'd both caught their orgasms and then his face twisted into something uncertain, sometimes shy. Okay, so maybe around Ilya he also scowled and glared and got uncomfortable, but then Ilya just pulled down his pants and everything reset.

At least, that's how it had been.

They hadn't spoken off the ice for months now. And that was fine. Hollander had a stick up his ass that was bigger than any hockey stick, longer and thicker, and...thinking about long, thick things up Hollander's ass was not a way to mentally prepare for the game starting in less than an hour.

He shoved the phone back in Cliff's hand with a gruff, "Good for them." He pointed to the photograph where he looked uncomfortable and she looked only slightly annoyed. "One big happily ever after. Let's hockey now, yeah?"

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There was a buzz in the stadium that had nothing to do with hockey. Only five minutes in, and the jumbotron seemed more obsessed with Rose Landry than Hollander ever appeared to

be. That didn't stop Ilya from whispering into Hollander's ear, "Play better, your girlfriend is watching", when he checked Hollander into the boards.

Hollander just squinted and pushed Ilya off of him. "Fuck off, Rozanov."

"Her stellar wit is rubbing off on you."

Cliff skated by and had to add, "Not the only thing rubbing off on you either, huh, Hollander?"

It was going to be a long game.

By the end of the first period, Ilya felt a tense itch under his skin that had nothing to do with the fact that they were tied 2-2.

Yet another faceoff between him and Hollander had the tense itch turning into a clenched jaw, a simmering anger he couldn't place, so he did what he did best: lash out. "Now when the puck hits the ice, you want to attempt to hit it, Hollander."

Hollander took the bait, he almost always did. "Are you trying to teach me how to play hockey right now?"

It was just that easy. Ilya grinned around his mouthguard, and he knew it was not a kind expression. "Well, someone has to."

Hollander shook his head, laughing softly. "Okay, Rozanov, if you need to shit talk me to make it through the game, let's go then."

He sounded so fucking dismissive. What the fuck? Where was the back and forth? Hollander's tone simultaneously deflated and riled him. The puck dropped, Hollander took possession, and even though Ilya was only a few yards behind him, his mind was still on the faceoff.

Well fuck that.

Ilya picked up his speed, closing the distance between the two, eye on the puck. He was going to get that fucking puck. As soon as he was in range of Hollander, he threw a shoulder into him and crashed him into the boards. Hard.

"What the fuck, Rozanov!"

"Not shit talking now!" Ilya shit talked.

"Oh for the love of--" Hollander recovered and chased after him, and Ilya'd be lying if these moments, right here, weren't the ones that made him feel most alive. The game went on, Hollander taking possession, then Ilya, then Hollander again. No one kept him on his toes like Hollander and--

For no reason at all, one side of the stadium started to cheer. Ilya stayed focused, he was a professional after all, but he knew it was the side that Rose sat on, and he knew she probably

did something stupid like sneeze or twirl her hair, and the crowd decided to eat it up. Ilya ignored them, ignored everything, except the puck criss-crossing across the ice as Hollander passed to Hayden, who hit the puck back to him, all while Ilya closed the space and ended up behind Hollander again.

The tense itch under his skin had grown to full blown anger. This was hockey, not a red carpet, and it was time for Hollander to remember that. Ilya stretched out his stick and hooked it along Hollander's, and shouted at him to *pay attention to the game, get his head into it, and give Ilya his best shot.*

Hollander, naturally, looked at him like he was insane before shoving Ilya and his hockey stick away from him. The contact made Ilya burst with outrage, and suddenly he was throwing punches, aiming for Hollander's arms and shoulders and chest, but not his face, because even in his rage, Ilya apparently couldn't tarnish that pretty face. It only made Ilya angrier.

The ref's whistle blew and Ilya knew he was heading for the penalty box. On his way there Hollander met Ilya's gaze and hissed, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

When Ilya just growled behind clenched teeth in reply, Hollander's expression softened, concern evident even behind his helmet. "Are you okay? What's going on?"

The tone, soft with a hint of caring, tore through Ilya more than anything else had tonight. Ilya didn't answer, instead he skated over to the penalty box and threw himself onto the seat. A storm brewed inside of him, conflicting emotions that he tried to catch, parse from one another. His chest ached and his eyes smarted in a way they hadn't outside of injury in a long time.

Hollander skated by, trying to catch his gaze again and Ilya wanted to shout something, anything, to try and get the overwhelming sensation out of his body. But then the jumbotron, again, for the millionth time, showed Rose Landry's face. The crowd cheered; Hollander's gaze flicked upwards. And maybe Ilya imagined the flash of warmth that crossed his face. Ilya didn't fucking care if it was real or not, because the torment inside him swirled with dark thoughts anyway.

Hollander looked just past Ilya, to a box right next to the penalty box, and waved. The way the crowd cheered again, there was no mistaking it was the friends and family box. He imagined Rose waving back, of them sharing a secret smile, maybe it was the same smile they shared over dinner, or in that space between the pillows on the bed they shared, or after they fucked. And Ilya finally realized what the tense itch inside him had been all along: jealousy.

Fucking Hollander.

Ilya didn't do jealous. He certainly had no claim on Shane Hollander of all people. They'd shared nothing more than a violent desire to blow off some steam with blow jobs and...more than blow jobs. It didn't mean anything, and certainly not now that he was seeing Rose Landry.

This penalty needed to end. The urge to punch something could only be taken out on the ice, hopefully with a good check into Hollander's side, right against the boards.

"That Shane, he's so hot!" someone shouted from the box next to his. It was a man's voice, but the replying giggle was definitely Rose Landry's. He shouldn't be able to hear them, not through the roar of the fans, but they were shouting too, and Ilya stuck to their conversation like a fly on shit. Which made sense, since he felt entirely like shit when the man continued, "You're so lucky you snatched him up."

"Me?" Rose replied. She laughed again and it twisted like a knife in Ilya's chest. "Maybe for a time," she went on, and the knife slid up, slicing away his breath. The fans disappeared, the game did too, if only for a second. Just long enough to hear her finish with a, "We're not together anymore. We weren't compatible. Much better as friends."

Could relief hurt? The whiplash going through him felt like a full body check. But then there was a rushed exhale and with it the torment of earlier ceased. He felt lighter, almost giddy. When Rose finished with a "He certainly is hot, though," Ilya actually laughed.

Lightheaded and utterly perplexed, Ilya returned to the game after the whistle blew. His stomach swooped as his skates hit the ice and while he rushed towards the puck he knew one thing: there might not be a reason to be jealous, but he was screwed, because this thing between him and Shane Hollander was far from casual.

On the other side of the ice, the puck hit Shane's stick. Ilya watched as Shane looked up and found Ilya rushing toward him. There was no mistaking the grin that spread across Shane's face: the game was on.

## End Notes

Come check out the Fulfill A Crave-ing event if you want to fill a prompt! Any fanwork, any ship, and fills are open through the end of season one.

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