

They Met in the Elevator

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74894011) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74894011>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander/Yuna Hollander
Characters:	David Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Humour , Shane and Ilya are discussed but not present , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , David Hollander is trying his best , Yuna Hollander is having a crisis , Heated Rivalry Episode 1: Rookies
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Bee's Heated Rivalry Fics
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-28 Words: 1,021 Chapters: 1/1

They Met in the Elevator

by [Honeybees_n_flowers](#)

Summary

Following the reveal that her son has apparently been seeing *Ilya Rozanov* of all people for the entirety of their careers, Yuna Hollander has a realization about an interaction she once had in an elevator.

Notes

Takes place directly after Shane and Ilya leave his parent's cottage in Chapter 26. Be aware, this contains minor spoilers for Heated Rivalry episode 1!

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

David Hollander was sitting next to his wife on the couch, nursing a much needed beer. About 10 minutes ago, Shane had left their cottage after an... *unexpected* visit, to say the least.

An unexpected visit with *Ilya fucking Rozanov*. It still didn't fully compute in his mind. He thought he knew Rozanov. He was a jerk who only cared about expensive cars and hookups and winning. Which he was irritatingly good at. It was hard to reconcile that image with the man who had just talked his son down from complete panic in their living room, and had known exactly what to say as if it was second nature. Who had held his hands so *tenderly*. Who was going to move to *Ottawa* for him. Rozanov the hockey player and *Ilya* seemed like polar opposites.

Although... David had been a little touched when he had visited Shane in the hospital, even if it was hard to admit. Maybe there really were signs. For how long? How many signals had they missed because they had been too blinded by hate to see what was right in front of them? He threw back the rest of his drink.

Beside him, Yuna was having a similar crisis.

"Every game. Every time we ever spoke to Rozanov, every time we called him an asshole. Every time we called him an asshole with Shane in the room! And he agreed with us! I can't even think of the first time we met—It must've been the NHL awards, when Shane won Rookie of the Year."

Even now, after everything, there was a hint of pride in her voice as she said it. "Remember we met before the ceremony, just briefly?"

David nodded. Shane had been fixing his hair in the bathroom when they'd run into Rozanov and introduced themselves. He recalled that the Russian had seemed almost resentful, as if he'd rather be anywhere other than one of the most prestigious award ceremonies in professional sports. At the time David had chalked it up to a rude personality and a bad attitude. Certainly, it hadn't made it harder to hate him on the ice. But it seemed he was going to have to reconsider a lot of his past assumptions...

Yuna wasn't finished ranting. "And by then they were already—Before their rookie season! I can't even think when they would've... Oh my god!"

She shot up, looking as if she'd seen a ghost. David rose with her, concerned.

"What is it?"

"I was wrong. That wasn't the first time we spoke. There was..." she looked at David apprehensively, as if she wasn't quite sure of herself. "It was so brief I'd almost forgotten. I'm not sure I ever even mentioned it to you." She seemed a little sick. What on earth was she about to say?

"You know the first big sponsorship Shane booked? The photoshoot."

“For CCM? Of course. They didn’t tell us Rozanov would be there until two days before, we were all pretty put out about it.”

Well. Maybe not *all* of them. It still hadn’t quite sunk in that Shane had been...

Oh.

Oh.

The fucking summer before, Rozanov had said. He might need to sit down again.

“I saw him in the elevator.” Yuna was whispering now, as though she almost didn’t believe her own words. “Rozanov. That night, I was heading down to the lounge, and he was in the elevator when it stopped.” She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. “I had thought it was weird that he was going up, because I’d noticed earlier his room was below ours. But really, why would I read into that?! Why would I ever assume he was—?!”

She collapsed back onto the couch, running her hands through her hair.

If David was being honest, he could barely remember that night. Sue him, he was damn near 62 and it was almost seven years ago.

But now that Yuna brought it up, he did remember something. CCM had booked Shane’s room for him, but while David and Yuna weren’t *unwelcome*, they really weren’t needed, and the whole thing was a bit last minute anyways, so they had had to book their own room on a different floor.

A floor lower than Shane’s.

“I can’t believe it! I ran into Ilya Rozanov on his way to...” Yuna’s eyes met David’s, and they stared at each other for a moment. Yuna looked positively mortified, and all at once the complete absurdity of the day caught up to him. He couldn’t help but snort as he dropped his gaze and slumped down beside her. For a moment she seemed affronted, but then she let out a giggle too, and before he knew it they had collapsed against each other laughing.

“The nerve of that boy, honestly.” But her tone was bordering on fond now. It had been a shock, but he knew she would get over it quickly, and when she did she would want to know everything she could about Ilya. If he was important to Shane, he would be important to them too.

David placed his hand overtop hers. “It’ll be good to get to know him properly at dinner tomorrow. The way they looked at each other earlier... I’m not quite sure how we didn’t see it before.”

Yuna nodded, then smirked. “You mean earlier when they were in our living room, right? Not when you apparently *interrupted* them?”

David groaned. “Don’t ever remind me of that again. That image is never leaving my mind.”

She just laughed at him again. It was true though. Maybe David could admit that Rozanov wasn't as bad as they'd thought. And maybe (*maybe*) he could see that he was good for Shane. That he loved him. That Shane loved him back. But *for fucks sake*, there were some things a father never needed to see his son doing, and making out with another man half naked was one of them. Making out *very passionately*, might he add.

...Okay, maybe it was a little funny.

Rozanov had better be good at Yahtzee.

End Notes

HOW DO WE FEEL ABOUT THE EPISODES?

I'm still shaking, I cannot wait until next week. Ilya's face in the elevator made me laugh so hard, I knew I couldn't sleep until I got this out. Because I was in such a frenzy this is absolutely not beta'd, so feel free to let me know if you spot any errors!

I'm on tumblr @honeybees-and-flowers!

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