

close call

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/64290451) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/64290451>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Fix-It , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Weddings , Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-03-30 Words: 1,104 Chapters: 1/1

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by [silvershadowsea](#)

Summary

Hayden never posts the FanMail video, and Ilya and Shane get to make their own choice about when to come out.

Notes

thank you to secretandarling for the beta, and for recommending these books in the first place!

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

“Hayden, are you done with your FanMail yet?” Ilya called loudly through the door, rolling his eyes toward Shane.

“Go away!” Hayden called from the room where he was filming. “I’m almost done!”

“I want to see it,” Ilya decided, and pushed the door open before Shane could tell him no.

Hayden turned around, exasperated. “What did I literally just ask you?”

“You are done filming, yes?” Ilya could see that Hayden had already taken his phone off of his annoying little tripod and was looking at the video of himself. “Let me see.”

“I don’t normally watch them back,” Hayden muttered. “I’m just gonna send it.”

Ilya grabbed the phone from his hand and hit play. “Hey, Brad!” came Hayden’s voice from the phone’s speakers. Ilya grinned. This was so stupid. “Just wanted to come on here and wish you a very happy—”

Shane leaned close to the screen, squinting. “Is that—” He took the phone from Ilya and looked closer, and then, to Ilya’s surprise, turned angrily on Hayden and said, “Dude, what the *fuck*?”

Ilya took the phone back. “What, he is not allowed to tell Brad happy birthday?”

And then he saw it too. In the corner of the screen, small but unmistakable: Ilya and Shane kissing, reflected in the mirror.

“You almost posted this,” said Shane, voice shaking a little.

Hayden still hadn’t seen. He looked confused. “And?”

“*Look*,” Ilya said, and shoved the phone in his face. “No, do not take your phone. I will hold it.” The video continued, Hayden thanking Brad for his support and wishing him the best birthday ever. Reflected in the mirror, Ilya and Shane continued to kiss. Ilya spared a thought to notice that they looked really hot. And disgustingly in love.

Hayden went pale. “Oh my God. I didn’t even notice.”

“And you definitely haven’t sent it yet?” said Shane hurriedly.

“No, no, it’s just on my phone. I won’t send it anywhere.”

“Good,” said Ilya. “Delete it now. I will watch you do it.” Hayden needed supervision if he couldn’t even be trusted to film a fucking FanMail without almost outing them.

Shane was running shaky fingers through his hair. “Does your phone automatically back up anywhere? iCloud or Google Photos?”

“Yeah, Google Photos,” said Hayden.

“Okay, delete it off of there too, please.”

“Hurry it up,” said Ilya, as Hayden took back his phone. A tiny part of him was sad about the loss of the video; he’d liked watching himself kissing his hot boyfriend. Or his hot boyfriend kissing him. Fuck Hayden and his birthday wishes to Brad, though. Ilya and Shane could make another video, he decided. A private one.

“Gone,” said Hayden firmly. He was still pale. “I’m so, so sorry, guys.”

“Is okay,” said Ilya gruffly. “At least you did not send it.”

Shane nodded. “No harm done.” He still looked shaky, and Ilya squeezed his hand.

Ilya checked his watch. “Hayden, you should hurry up and film another video. You have six minutes left.”

“Oh, God,” said Hayden. “Get the hell out of here, then.” He shooed them toward the door. “And don’t fucking kiss in public anymore if you don’t want to get found out.”

“Was not public,” grumbled Ilya in the hallway outside Hayden’s closed door. Sharing a kiss with his boyfriend at their friend’s house—actually, he wouldn’t take it that far, at *Shane’s* friend’s house—shouldn’t be a dangerous game to play. It should be casual and easy.

“Soon,” Shane promised. “We don’t have that much longer to wait, and then I’ll kiss you at center ice if you want. Anywhere you like.”

Ilya was too miserable even to tease him about how center ice was a boring, Scott-Hunter-esque suggestion, and all the interesting public places he could demand to be kissed instead. “That was a fucking close call. Stupid FanMail.”

“Yeah,” Shane half-laughed. “Good thing he didn’t actually send it.”

“Eleven fucking years of hiding—”

“—and we almost got outed by fucking *FanMail*. God, can you imagine?”

Ilya *could* imagine, but he didn’t want to. He pulled Shane in for a tight, desperate hug.

“We’re coming out when *we* decide,” came Shane’s muffled voice into Ilya’s shoulder.

The wedding was short, quiet, and the happiest few minutes of Ilya’s life. When the guests (a list so short it seemed to be mostly Pike children) had finally cleared out of Ilya’s backyard, Ilya took Shane’s left hand in his and kissed the ring. “Ready?”

Shane swallowed audibly and nodded. “Yeah.”

Farah had helped them draft an Instagram post the week before, announcing their wedding and explaining—to a certain extent—their relationship. There were some things the public didn’t need to know about. They sat down now on the couch, still in their wedding suits, and

pulled up the photos they'd chosen: First, one from today that J.J. had taken. The officiant had just announced their first kiss as a married couple, and they were trying, but they were smiling too hard to make a kiss really happen. Ilya held Shane's face in his hands. They were both teary-eyed.

The second photo was the one Ilya had gotten framed, their laughing face-off outtake from the ad campaign when they were teenagers. *Yes, all this time.* Ilya felt a glow of warmth as he flipped back and forth between the two photos.

Shane took a deep breath and huffed it out. "Are you ready?"

Ilya nodded. "When you are." He'd been ready for years. He would let Shane choose the exact moment.

"3... 2... 1... Post."

Ilya let out an entirely involuntary giggle. "That's it. It's done."

Shane's grin looked as though it would split his face open. "I love you," he said, and tackled Ilya sideways onto the couch cushions in an enthusiastic hug. "Eleven fucking years. I'm going to be so annoying about you, you know. I'm literally never going to shut up about you being my husband."

Ilya laughed again. He felt so light. "Husband. That sounds good."

"Do you want to check the comments? There are probably tons already."

"Nah," said Ilya. "Is not really about them."

Shane suddenly looked as though he were about to cry again. "No," he said. "It's not." He added in a whisper, "I love you so fucking much."

Ilya's heart felt like it would crack wide open. "I love you too." He tossed his phone to the floor. The comments could wait. The big party they were planning—a kind of second wedding once they went public—could wait too. Suddenly, finally, they had all the time in the world.

End Notes

if you liked this, I also have a punny moment from the end of episode 6 of the show ["my loon my man"](#) that you might like too! 🤗

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