

little quirks

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76034721) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76034721>.

Rating:	General Audiences
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
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander , Christmas Tree , Christmas Fluff , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 1,139 Chapters: 1/1

little quirks

by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

"This one of your little quirks?"

Shane feels his cheeks grow warm. He's glad that Ilya is at his back, unable to see this, unable to tease Shane. "No."

"Liar." Ilya nips at Shane's earlobe. "It is."

Notes

I originally wrote and posted this as a drabble on Tumblr but decided to bring it over here.

I just wrote based on my own experience of decorating my own tree. I'm with Shane on everything stated in here.

But it's okay - Ilya will remind him how much he loves Shane's 'little quirks' (which is what he calls them and it actually makes Shane quite fond).

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

Shane frowns, head cocked to the side slightly as he studies the tree.

The lights glow warmly. The ribbon strewn through the branches is nice. And the ornaments in their muted colours are working nicely together.

Except *something* feels off.

His eyes flicker around the tree as he chews on the inside of his cheek, trying to figure out what needs to change.

And then he spots it.

Shane steps forward, plucking the gold orb with a matte finish off of the branch it was dangling from and moves it down a few branches and curved around to the right. Satisfied, he steps back and does another sweep of the tree.

That looks much better.

Arms wrap around him from behind, and Shane leans back instinctively, settling against the firm chest pressed to his back.

"You done being funny about the tree?" Ilya asks, a low rumble in Shane's ear.

"I'm not being funny." Shane replies, "I had to balance it out. There was too much gold there."

"It looked fine to me." Ilya hums, pressing a kiss to the spot under Shane's ear. It makes him squirm. "I saw no problem."

"Oh."

"This one of your little quirks?"

Shane feels his cheeks grow warm. He's glad that Ilya is at his back, unable to see this, unable to tease Shane. "No."

"Liar." Ilya nips at Shane's earlobe. "It is."

"Fine," Shane goes to pull away from Ilya, but his boyfriend tightens his hold, "Let me go, Rozanov. I'm going to put the ornament back where it was!"

"No." Ilya stays firm, arms wrapped around Shane, "Then it will bother you. You will never relax."

"You said it looked fine!" Shane huffs, wiggling to get out of the hold once more. He's not successful. "So I'm making it fine!"

Ilya mutters some Russian that Shane doesn't catch (he doesn't catch most Russian but he is *trying*), before he's spinning Shane around, forcing the two face to face. "It was fine, yes, but now it is perfect. Because it is to your liking."

Shane ducks his head, "I should have left it."

"No." Ilya's hooked finger tips Shane's head up by his chin, "You should not have left it. Because it bothered you."

"You mean because of my *little quirks*." Shane spits out.

He doesn't mind, most of the time, that he's a little...particular. It had taken him many, many years to accept it. Shane knows that he's different than most. And he's fine with it. Really.

But once in a while, the casual reminder of it, even from someone who loves him so wholly like Ilya, it cuts into him.

"I upset you." Ilya states, eyes jumping between Shane's. "That was not my intended."

"Intention." Shane mutters in a soft correction. "And I know. You didn't."

"I did." Ilya grips Shane's chin now, "Why did it upset you?"

"I don't know." Shane grumbles, wiggling until he gets one of his arms between them, resting his hand on Ilya's chest, fiddling with the golden cross that hangs there. "I...it's weird. Isn't it?"

"What is weird?"

"That I had to..." He bites his lip, staring at the cross. Ilya's thumb stretches up, tugging Shane's lip out from between his teeth.

"What, sweetheart?"

"We didn't get tinsel, because I can't handle it." Shane whispers the confession. "Like how we had to get a fake tree so I didn't have to deal with pine needles all over the floor every day. And...and the ornaments. You wanted those sparkly ones. But we have muted ones. And...and..." He hates that there's tears in his eyes. "And then I had to fucking arrange it a specific way so I don't hate how our tree looks."

He drops his face down into Ilya's neck, hiding as the tears spill over, trickling down his cheeks.

"Oh, moya lyubov..." Ilya murmurs, one hand cradling Shane's head as the other moves gently up and down his spine. "That is not weird."

"It is."

"No." One of Ilya's favourite English words, Shane thinks. *No*. "Tinsel was tacky and ugly. Ribbon much nicer." He presses a kiss to the side of Shane's head. "Fake tree makes sense. We are gone too often to take care of real one. It dry up like old woman's face." Shane's lips twitch into a smile. "And our cleaner would quit if we left needles for her to clean up. I like Heidi. Nice lady." Shane hums an agreement at that; it had taken them some time to find a cleaner that worked for them. Mostly because of Shane's 'quirks'. But Ilya had been patient as they cycled through different people until Shane felt good about one. "And I want whatever ornaments you want. You smile so big when you saw these. Beautiful. I just pick first ones I saw."

Shane remembers that. They'd gone to the store to get decorations, both realizing they had none of their own. Ilya had actually been excited. It had been cute. But he had simply selected the first ornaments he saw, thinking they'd be okay. Except he'd noticed the slight wrinkle in Shane's nose and had immediately placed them back on the shelf, telling Shane to pick.

And Shane had tried. He really did. He even told Ilya that it would be okay to get those. But he had clearly looked wrong at the glitter covered baubles because Ilya had vetoed them.

Shane found the ones they'd gone with, muted shades of red, green, and gold that were both shiny and matte in finish. He thought they would look nice throughout the tree. And they do.

"You were right, too." Ilya continues, and Shane realizes they're swaying side to side now. "There was too much gold in that spot."

"You're just saying that to make me feel better." His arms wind around Ilya, settling more comfortably against the warm body.

"So what if I am?" Ilya shrugs, "You needed to fix. So you fix." He kisses the top of Shane's head, "I love you and your little quirks. I fell in love with those quirks. Thought it was so cute, how you folded pants the first time we had sex."

"Oh god," Shane groans, burrowing deeper, "Don't remind me."

"You still do it." Ilya points out with a laugh, "Still cute."

Shane lifts his head, smiling shyly up at Ilya, "You like my little quirks?"

Ilya leans in and kisses him, "Yes. Because it is you. And I love you."

Tears blur Shane's vision once more, but this time they're born of relief and love. "Thank you."

"Of course." Ilya nods, "And never let anyone say otherwise. You are good just as you are, Shane Hollander."

Sighing, Shane settles his head back down against Ilya's shoulder, gazing at their Christmas tree.

It really does look good.

End Notes

Tumbr: [Tizniz](#).

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