be still my beating heart

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76104806.

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:	Fluff, Post-Episode 5, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Canon Compliant, Missing Scene
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 1,277 Chapters: 1/1

be still my beating heart

by localwordsmith

Summary

> “I’m coming to the cottage.”
>
> “Yeah?”
>
> “Yes.”
>
> “Okay.”
>
> (or: the phone call from episode 5/end of chapter 22 we didn't get to hear)

Notes

> title is from the sting song!
>
> gifting to my grems bc i love them and they got me into this thus they must deal with the consequences
>
> i cannot wait for episode 6 so pls enjoy this little one shot <3

See the end of the work for more notes

“I’m coming to the cottage.”

Ilya could hear the sharp intake of breath on the other end of the line. His entire body was still thrumming with energy from having watched Scott Hunter, the dinosaur of NHL hockey, kiss his *boyfriend* on live television.

“Yeah?” Shane’s voice was quiet, like he still hadn’t caught his breath, but oh so delightfully hopeful.

“Yes,” Ilya confirmed. The television was still on in the other room. Svetlana was still packing for their planned trip to Russia. But if Scott Hunter had the balls to kiss a man on television, then maybe Ilya Rozanov could manage two weeks at a private cottage kissing one. And hopefully doing much more than kissing.

“Okay,” Shane breathed. “Okay, yeah, that’s—” His voice cracked and suddenly, Ilya wished he were already there. He wished he were right beside Shane. “That’s great.”

“Will you send me the address? I will rearrange my flights,” Ilya said.

“Uhm, yes! Yeah, of course! It’s just outside of Ottawa, so,” he paused and then there was some shuffling that crackled through the line. Ilya remembered Shane was watching the game with his parents, so perhaps he was seeking more privacy for this conversation. “So, I could come pick you up from the airport?”

A smile threatened to break Ilya’s face in two, but he managed to wrangle it into a small smirk. “Very romantic.”

“Fuck you,” Shane replied, predictably. He was so *easy*. “I could let you just take the bus.”

“Come on, I am too famous to take a bus,” Ilya countered. He wondered further away from the commotion of the living room, suddenly also not wanting to be overheard. “I would get a driver.”

His *thing* with Shane Hollander had always been secret, always something he kept close to his chest. But that was necessary. It was a secret, because that was the only way it was even allowed to *be*. But since Boston, since Florida, since Moscow—Ilya has been wanting to keep it private for other reasons. This *thing* between them had morphed into something entirely different, something Ilya had never envisioned for himself. And now, now it was so precious, he wanted to selfishly just keep it to himself. It was too precious for anyone else’s eyes and ears. Whatever it *was*, whatever it still may become—it was theirs.

Ilya hadn’t had something this valuable just for himself in a long time.

Shane’s laugh was a low chuckle. “Nah, I can’t just have people knowing where my cottage is. I keep it private for a reason.”

“How private can it be when you let ESPN come over?” Ilya countered.

“Wait,” Shane said and Ilya realized his mistake before Shane spoke it out loud. “You watched that?”

Ilya Rozanov never admitted defeat easily. “No.”

“Oh my god,” Shane said, as if he hadn’t heard Ilya. “You watched me show ESPN my cottage.”

“Svetlana was watching the television and it just came on—”

“You could have changed the channels.”

“I was going to,” Ilya argued, but his mouth was really committed to digging him deeper holes he could not get out from.

“Why didn’t you then?” Shane sounded smug.

“It, uh.” Ilya could feel his cheeks heating up even though his genetics should make that entirely impossible. “It got interesting.”

“Oh, yeah? What made it interesting?” The smugness in Shane’s voice had faded and he sounded a little breathless again. Now this was something Ilya could work with. Something about the sound of Shane’s voice had just rearranged the power dynamics here. The tides had turned.

“They cut to you doing yoga. On the dock.” He remembered the visual of Shane in some complicated pose. It was ridiculous, Ilya remembers thinking that, but then Shane had rearranged himself and was suddenly on his hands and knees, arching his back and—

He still thought about that.

“Is yoga something you’re interested in?” Shane asked.

“No,” Ilya replied. “Yoga is boring.”

“Why’d you keep watching then?”

Ilya made sure to keep his voice low and dark in the way he *knew* did things to Shane. “It was not so much yoga. Rather person doing the yoga.”

“Ilya,” Shane sighed and *fuck*, Ilya should be in Ottawa already, not in stupid fucking Boston.

“The cameraman really got some good shots,” Ilya rumbled. “Very interesting.”

“So, I’m not boring when I do yoga?”

“No, you are boring. But you are not when I am there to watch you,” Ilya said. He could feel his own dick perking up in interest.

“Don’t,” Shane pleaded. “My parents are in the other room.”

It made Ilya laugh, an actual real laugh. The kind that so few people only ever tickled out of him. “Okay, I will save it then,” he said. Then, after a beat, he added, “For the cottage.”

“Yeah,” Shane said softly. “For the cottage.”

Neither of them said anything for a short while, each just listening to the sound of the other breathing through the line. Ilya had never experienced silences like the ones he shared with Shane. Nothing was said and yet there was so much rhat passed between them. Again, Ilya wished he were already there. Or that he could at least see Shane’s face. He would never get tired of looking at Shane Hollander’s beautiful face.

“I should,” Ilya started, because one of them had to be a little sensible right now. “I should go. I have to change my flights.”

“Yes,” Shane agreed. “Fly out to Ottawa. And I’ll pick you up.”

“I would like that,” Ilya said. And then, because he is Ilya Rozanov he said, “It is better than taking bus.”

“Oh my god.”

Ilya smiled widely, this time not wrangling anything into any sort of shape. “You ready regretting it, Hollander?”

“No,” Shane said after a long pause that almost had Ilya regretting even saying it. “Definitely not.”

The conviction in Shane’s voice left Ilya taking in a sharp breath. He became fully aware of the seriousness of the decision he had just made, the one they were both making. If they did this, there would be no going back.

“Good,” he said. “I will book flights. And text you the details.”

“Good,” Shane said. “I’ll, uh, see you soon, then?”

“Very soon,” Ilya promised. “Goodbye, Shane.”

“Goodbye, Ilya.”

Ilya waited for Shane to end the call. He was feeling too many things to be coherent enough to do it himself.

But nothing happened. Instead, he still heard Shane breathing on the other end. It made him smile again, that genetically impossible heat in his cheeks making itself known again.

“Are you gonna hang up?” Shane asked and Ilya could *hear* the smile in this voice. He had to lean back against the wall nearest to him for support, as his stupid knees almost buckled.

“I was waiting for you to do it,” Ilya confessed.

“I was waiting for you to do it.” Shane’s laugh crackled through the phone and Ilya needed to be on the next fucking flight to fucking Ottowa.

“We do on three?” Ilya suggested.

“Okay. One,” Shane started.

“Two.”

“Three!” Shane said, and then there was the sure beeping of a phone call ended in Ilya’s ear. He was still smiling, still leaning against the wall to remain steady.

His belly was doing all kinds of gymnastics. His heart was trying to escape his chest. He pressed his phone against it fo a second, an offer of reassurance.

Soon, he told it. *Very soon*.

He took one final, steadying breath, before pushing himself off the wall and heading back to the living room to announce his change of plans.

End Notes

here's my twitter if you want to chat/scream/yell/block/you know <3

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