

Everybody knows you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76886416) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76886416>.

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 , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Kip Grady
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Soft , New Years , Background Relationships , lots of them - Freeform , Slice of Life , Post-Canon , Post-The Long Game , Happy , the cottage , the author is determined to start the year well , One Shot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-01 Words: 2,061 Chapters: 1/1

Everybody knows you

by [Em_otionalstar](#)

Summary

A very self-indulgent little oneshot of New Years Eve at the cottage! Very far post-canon

Notes

I didn't tag all the characters because it was like a paragraph length amount, but I tried to slip many characters in as I could. I couldn't stop thinking about a little fluff piece so I spent quite a bit of the first day of the year writing this.

If you see a typo or a grammar mistake, no you didn't :P

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

The cottage is too full to be quiet.

Laughter echoed off the high ceilings, layered with the clink of glasses and the low, constant hum of conversation. Someone had turned the music down just enough that it fades into background noise in the dining room.

Coats are overflowing on the rack by the door, shoes lined up with varying degrees of effort. A pair of gloves had been abandoned on the arm of the couch. Blankets are draped over the back of the couch where people had gotten up and left them. The fireplace crackles low as snow comes down in flurries outside the many windows, soft and endless, covering the world outside in a thick white blanket.

The kitchen has a few people passing through piling easy foods onto paper plates. Bowls of chips and pretzels crowd the counter alongside dips Shane insisted on plating properly. There's a half-destroyed tray of pigs in a blanket, a cutting board of cheese and crackers, and a plate of leftover Christmas cookies no one had the heart to throw out and Ilya swore he was making his way through. Drinks sit wherever someone set them down last, condensation rings blooming beneath them.

At the long dining table, the card game has evolved into something barely recognizable, everyone holding a similar complete disregard for whatever the original rules once were.

Shane's parents sit side by side on one end, deceptively calm. Yuna fans herself with her cards with a quiet, unreadable expression. She smiles and leans into the half hug Ilya gives her as he passes the table on his way to the living room. David squints at the cards like they've personally offended him, muttering to himself under his breath as he glanced between his cards and the cards that had just been played.

Across from them, Max Riley is fully invested, elbows on the table, cards held close to his chest. He's arguing loudly with one of the Centaurs about a penalty that may or may not apply to this round, insisting it was established "earlier tonight" with a wide grin despite no one else remembering it.

What had to be half the Centaurs team crowd the remaining seats- mismatched chairs brought from various places in the house pulled in too close or pushed out too far, shoulders bumping both accidentally and intentionally.

There's a constant undercurrent of trash talk, good-natured and entirely relentless. Everytime someone slaps down a card it's met with dramatic groans, loud cheers, and accusations of cheating.

Harris is sprawled sideways in his chair, one leg hooked lazily around the leg, drink balanced with liberal trust near the table's edge. He's sitting half in Troy's lap, leaning back against his chest. Troy's free arm rests around Harris' waist, steadying him as his other hand holds his cards.

"Wait, no, you can't do that after a double," someone protests.

"Yes, I can," Bood shoots back immediately. "That was decided when Marlow lost three hands in a row."

Marlow snorts, not looking up from his cards. "I lost because you idiots keep changing the rules."

Bood grins, turning just enough to catch Marlow's eye. "Sounds like a personal problem to me. Maybe you should work on your strategy."

The table breaks out into laughter as Max tries- and fails- to restore order. Eventually the game rolls on, loud and unruly and utterly unsalvageable. The rules shifted with every hand, but for once no one seemed particularly worried about winning. They were there for the arguments, the laughter, the easy closeness, the cards had become nothing more than an excuse a long time ago.

The couch is its own ecosystem in the living room.

Rose has her feet tucked beneath her, knees drawn in as she curls under a thick, soft blanket, a glass of wine cradled carefully in one hand. The live broadcast of the Montreal New Year's celebration flickers across the television, showing some performance by a big name artist that was all lights and movement reflected faintly in the windows. She watches it with a relaxed focus, her shoulder pressed comfortably into Svetlana's side.

Svetlana sits solid and warm beside her, one arm draped along the back of the couch, fingers absently brushing the edge of the blanket. Every so often she leans down, murmuring something low and private into Rose's ear. Whatever it is, it makes Rose laugh softly, head tipping back against Svetlana's shoulder. Svetlana reaches out to take Ilya's hand as he crosses through the living room, squeezing it as they spoke for a few moments.

At the other end of the couch, Hayden and Jackie have arranged themselves with the ease of parents who have done this dance before. They sit close together, knees angled toward each other. Their youngest is half-asleep against Jackie's shoulder, cheek flushed, eyes closing and opening abruptly as they fight sleep. Jackie shifts only when necessary, adjusting her posture in small, slow movements to keep the child comfortable.

Another child is wedged firmly between Hayden and Jackie, small boys rigid with focus, staring at the television with solemn intensity. Hayden's arm rests loosely behind them, hand occasionally smoothing over hair or tugging a blanket back into place when it slips.

On the rug behind the couch, Anya is in heaven.

Six kids and a whole night of attention and playing have her tucked out, flopped on her back as four kids argue back and forth above her. Jade and Ruby have declared Anya a dragon in whatever game they're playing. George and Piper- Scott and Kip's two little rugrats- insist she's a horse. Anya, tail thumping, clearly couldn't care less what they decided she was as long as she kept getting loved on, gently nosing at hands when they stopped petting her, letting herself be climbed all over like it was nothing.

Shane stands a little apart from it all, shoulder near the glass of the window, drink untouched in his hand. He watches the lake instead of the room, the way the snow catches the warm porch light, the way the world looks paused out there. Calm and still and wiped clean.

He doesn't hear Ilya approach, doesn't notice him until warmth presses in behind him, firm and familiar as a hand settles at Shane's hip. Ilya's thumb slipped just under the hem of his shirt to rest on the warm strip of skin above the thick elastic band of his boxers, the golden wedding band settled on his ring finger glinting in the light from the windows. Ilya kisses his shoulder, just above the collar of his sweater- well, Ilya's sweater that Shane had stolen. Shane's matching ring catches the light when his fingers tighten reflexively around his glass.

"Few more minutes," Ilya murmurs lowly, voice simultaneously amused and affectionate.

Shane leans back into him without even thinking about it, comfortable and safe and surrounded by people who loved them. They didn't need to hide anything or dampen themselves ever again.

Someone ticks up the volume on the television as the countdown gets closer. Ten minutes turn into five without Shane noticing. Ilya's hand stays warm at his hip, thumb tracing the same absent-minded path it always does when he's being affectionate without thinking about it.

Shane follows Ilya's gaze when it drifts- not to the screen, but down to the rug.

Anya is lying on her side now, happily resigned to her fate, Piper curled against her ribs while the other kids pile in close, small hands tangled in fur. Laughter bursts out of them in short, bright peals as Anya wriggles gently beneath them, seeming to be having just as much fun trying to shake them off as they were trying to stay on.

Ilya watches with an expression Shane doesn't see often on him, something open and thoughtful and almost shy.

"Hm," Ilya hums quietly, like he's thinking out loud more than speaking. "She is very good with them."

Shane smiles. "She's good with everyone."

“Yes,” Ilya says, then tips his head slightly, eyes still on the kids. “But... this is different.” There’s no real weight in it, no expectation, just an observation offered gently. Like Ilya isn’t sure whether to float the idea or pull it back.

Shane takes a second before answering, sorting the words in his head thoughtfully. He watches the kids, the way Anya’s tail thumps against the hardwood floor every time one of the kids laughs, the way Jackie reaches to smooth Arthurs hair as he sleeps against her.

“Yeah,” Shane says finally, voice a little thick with emotion. “I’ve thought that too.”

Ilya turns then, searching Shane’s face. Whatever he finds there makes his mouth curve into something soft and a little disbelieving.

“The team is good this year,” Ilya says slowly, “Very strong. I was thinking-“

“Uh-oh.”

“Shut up- I was thinking maybe... one last cup.”

Shane turns in Ilya’s grip to face him. “One last cup?” He asks quietly as he wraps his arms up around Ilya’s neck loosely.

“Yes,” Ilya said as he wrapped his arms around Shane’s torso to pull him a little closer. “We are getting old, is better to go out strong.”

Shane huffs a quiet laugh as he looks up at Ilya with eyes absolutely overflowing with love as his fingers toy with the curls at the base of Ilya’s skull.

“Obviously.” He replied, briefly thinking about all the hockey stars that had all but ruined their legacy by playing well past their prime and destroying their numbers at the end of their career.

“I also... I think we would be good at it.” Ilya continues, voice a little lower as he squeezes Shane’s hip.

Shane drops one of his arms to covers Ilya’s hand with his own. “Yeah,” he said softly, eyes shining slightly as he thought back to all the times he’d seen Ilya interact with kids, and how he’d always been so good at it. “I think we would.

The countdown starts on the tv, the volume sweeping around them as the voices of their loved ones rose, numbers echoing through the room. Someone shushes the table for talking still, some else cheers too early. The world grows louder, brighter, but it all feels far away, like it’s happening through glass. Like Shane and Ilya are the only two people in the world.

“Five,” the television calls, everyone jumping up from the table and pouring in from the dining room and kitchen, crowding into the living room around the couch to watch, even Anya and the kids standing, every single voice yelling out in time with the countdown.

Ilya crowds into Shane’s space with a smile that’s warm and familiar and still, somehow, after all these years, a little awed. His other hand comes up, resting at the back of Shane’s neck.

“Four,”

Shane’s breath catches slightly from the sheer rightness of it all. The years, the fights, the distance they crossed to get here, how hard they fought to build themselves their own safe family. All of it settles, quiet and complete.

“Three,”

Their foreheads touch.

“Two,”

Ilya's thumb brushes Shane's jaw, affectionate and reverent.

"One."

The room erupts.

Fireworks explode on the screen, glasses clink, several people whoop as couples kiss around them. Anya startles, then immediately recovers when one of the kids wraps her in a hug.

Shane barely hears any of it, because the man he loves is leaning forward to close the distance between them.

Ilya kisses him like he has all the time in the world. Slow, unhurried, full of promise and love. Shane melts into it, hand sliding up Ilya's back, feeling the solid warmth of him under his fingers, basking in the reality of this life they've built together.

When they finally pull apart, it's only far enough to breathe.

"I love you," Ilya murmurs, forehead still resting against Shane's. Ever since coming out to their close friends and family, they'd started every year the same way. With a kiss, and their first 'I love you' of the year.

Shane smiles, soft and sure. "I love you."

Around them the celebration roars on, but for a moment it's just the two of them, standing in the cottage they spent every summer in, basking in the warmth and love and safety of the life they'd built together brick by impossible brick.

End Notes

Pls tell me your thoughts 🙏 yell at me in the comments lol it motivates me to keep writing

I hope everyone has a wonderful 2026!

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