

Yet

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77402986) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77402986>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Meeting the Parents , Inspired by SKAM , Very light smut , like a few paragraphs , Alternate Universe - College/University , Childhood Room , ups his parents were supposed to be away , Swearing , a lot of it , maybe slightly out of character , Shane doesnt freak out too much , just enough , Getting Together , Blow Jobs , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 1,417 Chapters: 1/1

Yet

by [Letmebecomeataboo](#)

Summary

“Yuna,” his mom said, grabbing Ilya’s hand, which was still outstretched. She looked up at the smiling man. “Sorry, I just- I didn’t know Shane had a, uh, a boyfriend.”

That somehow got Shane’s focus back again. Air flew back into his lungs as he opened his mouth. Everything came out louder than intended. Was he screaming? He might be. Maybe not? Who knew. Not him, that was for sure. His brain was fried.

“No, no, no. Mom, it’s not, we’re not. Rozanov is not my boyfriend!”

“Yet,” Ilya filled in. And Shane stopped breathing again.

College Shane brings a hook up to his parents house. They are not as far out of town as he thought they were.

Notes

Parts of this is taken almost directly from the last season of SKAM. Eva’s mother meeting Penetrator Chris is one of my favourite scenes in the whole show, and I realised it would be so freaking perfect for Ilya and Shane. So thanks to the random tiktok that reminded me of that scene after not having thought about it for like six years.

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

A moan tore out of Shane Hollander's throat. The rough tug of his dark hair did nothing to keep him quiet, and another deep sound left him.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya Rozanov groaned, as he pushed his hips upwards. Shane nearly choked, but slacked off his jaw just enough. No way Rozanov was getting the satisfaction of doing that to Shane. No fucking way.

“Oh, god.” Rozanov was the one moaning now, and Shane could feel he was close. He let his tongue do most of the work, pulling almost entirely off, and doing a lazy round around the tip of Ilya’s cock.

It was almost insane that this was happening. In his childhood bedroom of all places. His parents' house. He was a twenty year old college athlete, for fucks sake! And yet here he was, sucking the dick of his main rival during what was supposed to be a hockey free spring break. And he was about to make Ilya come with just his mouth.

Shane licked a long line from the base to the tip of Ilya, who moaned again, and put an arm over his eyes.

Was this how Shane had imagined spending his morning when he had run into Ilya at a party last night? Of course not. But they had been hooking up regularly at parties the last two years. So maybe it was inevitable.

Shane took a deep breath, and prepared himself for the last little work out before Ilya broke. His warm breath blew across Ilya’s cock, and then he froze.

Was that? No. It couldn’t be. Not for another two days. There was no way. Shane sat up. Ilya lifted his arm from his face.

“What the fuck, Hollander?” He asked, only for Shane to shush him. Ilya’s eyes widened, but Shane wasn’t looking at him. His head was halfway turned towards the bedroom door. There was a sound. Ilya sat up too.

Shit, shit shit. Fuck. Shit. Shane heard the unmistakable sound of the front door shutting. No. Not now. Not ever. Fuck. FUCK.

“Shane, honey? We’re home!” Blue eyes met brown.

“Was that-” Ilya began, but his sentence ended abruptly when Shane pushed him with all his might. The absolute giant of a man tumbled backwards off the bed, and landed on the floor in a heap of limbs. Shane barely paid it any attention as he tossed the duvet over Ilya, as if that would hide him. Someone was walking up the stairs.

Shane was on his feet, and pulling on a boxer and a t-shirt within a second. His left arm was just through the hole of the shirt when the door opened, and Yuna Hollander stepped into her son’s bedroom. Her mouth was open, just about to say something, when she froze. Shane squeezed his eyes shut, hoping, like an ostrich with their head in the sand, that this would make his problem go away. It obviously didn't.

“Shane- what?” Shane opened his eyes slowly, and looked at his mom. He wasn’t sure he had ever in his life seen her actually speechless before. Yuna Hollander didn’t do that. But here she was. Staring wide eyed at her half dressed son. Behind him there was some shuffling. Shane was pretty sure he was about to spontaneously combust. Breathing was getting hard. Was the air suddenly thicker? Oh my god.

“Hi!” Ilya said, suddenly right next to Shane. He was vaguely aware of Ilya stretching out his right hand towards Shane’s mom. “I’m Ilya.”

Shane dared a quick glance to the side. Holy shit. HOLY SHIT. Ilya was still naked! Or, basically. He had managed to pull Shane’s duvet up with him, and had it awkwardly wrapped around his hips, holding it with one hand. Shane was pretty sure he was melting. His mom seemed to be in a similar situation, as she just blinked at Ilya’s hand a few times. This wasn’t how Shane had planned on coming out to his parents. Did they even know he was gay? This was a shit show. Was he still breathing? He wasn’t exactly sure.

Yuna Hollander seemed to get her brain working again after a few seconds. Shane had no idea how. His brain was very much not working.

“Yuna,” his mom said, grabbing Ilya’s hand, which was still outstretched. She looked up at the smiling man. “Sorry, I just- I didn’t know Shane had a, uh, a boyfriend.”

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“No, no, no. Mom, it’s not, we’re not. Rozanov is not my boyfriend!”

“Yet,” Ilya filled in. And Shane stopped breathing again.

He could hear the smirk. Next to him, Ilya shifted a bit closer, and adjusted his sheet. God, what if he dropped it in front of Shane’s mom? That would actually kill Shane.

“Right,” Yuna said, slowly, looking between them. She seemed to take ten times as long as usual to form a thought. Shane was ready to let the ground open and take him away.

Ilya shifted again, and now it was clear he was struggling with the duvet. It was too thick to actually hold up with one hand. Yuna snapped back into usual mother mode, seeming defaulting back to what she did best. “Well, Shane, I was gonna ask if you wanted some breakfast? Ilya, you are of course, uh, welcome to stay.”

“No, he’s not-”

“Thank you, Mrs Hollander. That would be nice.”

Shane scowled as he gave Ilya what he hoped was a pretty angry side eye. Yuna quickly looked between the two of them one last time, before she disappeared out of the room. Shane could hear her rushed steps down the stairs. Oh shit. She was going to tell his dad!

“She is nice. Breakfast is good, yes?” Ilya said, and smiled at Shane as if nothing was wrong.

“Oh, my fucking god,” Shane heard himself whisper. He turned on his heels, and fell face down onto his bed. A loud groan into his pillow didn’t feel as therapeutic as he wanted it too.

“Hey,” Shane felt something nudge his foot. “Hellooo!”

“What?” Shane growled, as he turned onto his back, looking up at Ilya who was still standing by the edge of the bed, a crooked smile on his lips as he clutched Shane’s duvet with both hands. Shane felt some of his annoyance simmer down. It was hard to be angry at a man who looked like a 6ft3 puppy. Ilya used his knee to nudge Shane’s foot again. Their eyes met.

“She was nice. My dad would have killed me, I think,” Ilya said, and looked down. Now it was Shane feeling a little strange. He knew he was lucky.

“Yeah, I’m sorry,” Shane said, and propped himself up on his elbows. Ilya shrugged.

“Is okay.” His blue eyes met Shane’s brown, and the latter could immediately see some idiotic and menacing thought form in the head of his not-boyfriend. “You can make it up to me.”

Shane raised his eyebrows. “I didn’t do anything!”

“You pushed me of bed. What if I got injury?” Shane's annoyance was back. This was the Ilya he was used to. He rolled his eyes.

“You didn’t, asshole.” Ilya made a tsk noise with his lips as he placed one knee on each side of Shane’s feet.

“That is no way to talk to your boyfriend, is it?”

“You are not my boyfriend!”

“Your lover then.” Ilya let go of the duvet, and dropped to all fours, crawling up along Shane's body.

“That’s gross, Ilya,” Shane managed to say, just as Ilya’s lips hit his neck.

“Shhh, I want to suck your dick now.”

“My parents are right down stairs!”

“You be quiet then. Is hard for you, no? Very trying challenge.” Shane wanted to argue. Wanted to push him off, get dressed and leave. But then Ilya’s hand found its way into his boxer, and any argument went out the window. He supposed he could try to be quiet. Just for a little bit.

Maybe having a boyfriend wouldn’t be all that bad. Ilya did something with his tongue, and Shane had to bite his own hand to stay quiet. Fuck, not bad at all. He would have to reconsider the breakfast invite later.

End Notes

It always annoyed me in SKAM that Eva and Chris didn't end up together. Obviously Shane and Ilya do. Also, Even and Isak party scene walked so Hollanov club scene could run. Don't come for me. And thanks for reading!

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