

would it be enough?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77423811) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77423811>.

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:	Mentioned Yuna Hollander , Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Soft Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Fluff , Not Beta Read , Fuck AI
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 1,841 Chapters: 1/1

would it be enough?

by [starhvnter](#)

Summary

Shane grabs the mugs off the counter, his steps careful and measured to not spill as he makes his way outside.

The outdoor air hits him hard, filling his lungs with the fresh breath of the trees, the lake, and the absence of his anxiety.

He doesn't need it out here.

Sitting on the dock, down the hill, exactly where Shane left him, is Ilya. He almost cannot see him in the glittering evening light– his silhouette outlined by the tendrils of the lingering sun.

Shane steps forward, and lets the light guide him home.

or– Shane finds his peace.

Notes

Hello everyone! Thanks for reading:)

Title is based on peace by taylor swift– I was thinking about them while listening and this just tumbled out

I've never posted on here before so pls be nice but also tell me what you think!

This is just a quick little oneshot I wrote it in like 3 hours but I just want to exist in the cottage a little longer and I think Shane feels the same so here you go:)

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

Shane spends a lot of time worrying.

He flicks the kettle on— it's way too late for coffee.

The sun has almost dipped below the horizon. Trace amounts of light linger on the soft waves of the lake.

Relaxation is not something he has a lot of time for— not in his profession. His life is scheduled down to the minute. Between practices, games, team lifts, brand deals, and events, Shane has learned to live his life in a state of movement.

In some ways, he's been living this life for longer than he'd realized. Movement is engrained into his bones.

Hockey has taught Shane lots, but mainly, it's shown him how to control the movement. How to make it sway in his direction, how to anticipate how it'll change. The constant zip of the puck on the ice, the quick shifts— bursts of energy and stoppage as the game requires it. Shane has lived and breathed hockey for most of his life. He knows when to go, and when to stop.

People say he has the highest hockey IQ in the league.

Shane doesn't know if that's true— most of his skill comes from living in movement. Years of practice means he knows exactly how to do it. When to attack, when to hold off, when to pass, when to shoot. Hockey is a fast moving sport— those who excel have to do more than just keep up. They must know where the game moves before it does.

Shane thinks he's so good at hockey because this knowledge extends to every aspect of his life— after all, he is his mother's son.

Life as a professional athlete becomes a practice in anticipation. A study in how to control an uncontrollable future. Shane studies his own life in the same way he would an opposing team's strategy— every possible outcome cataloged and predicted so he can adapt to the outcome.

But, try as he might, life— like hockey— can be unpredictable.

Shane thinks back to all those years ago, when he was in the World Juniors for the first time.

His life was all planned out. He was going to win the World Juniors for Canada, be drafted as the first pick for the MLH, and have a legacy career— he had already been scouted by a few teams at that point. Maybe down the line, after his hockey career had settled a bit, even a wife and some kids.

Everything was laid out, and perfect.

That is— until all his practice in control was upended by the most unpredictable thing that could've ever come into Shane's life.

Ilya Rozanov.

The heat of the steam from the kettle warms Shane's face. He turns, grabbing two mugs from the cupboard, and pours the hot water over their tea bags.

Ilya disrupted just about every plan Shane had for his life. He came barreling in, with his broad shoulders and curly hair and flipped all of Shane's plans right on their head.

Shane hates that.

The not-knowing. The unpredictability. The worry. It's why he worked so hard to learn how to control it in the first place.

But, despite this— Shane knows that he would pick it every time.

His life did not turn out at all how he expected, but Ilya Rozanov is the best thing that ever happened to him.

A wild statement— considering he is literally living out his dreams of being a professional hockey player— but, loving Ilya has given him more than hockey ever could.

Ilya himself has brought more chaos to Shane's life than he ever would've thought possible. Their years of secret hookups and feelings he shoved— hard— to the back of his brain had not done much for Shane's anxiety. The fear of getting caught loomed over them, casting their whole relationship in a shadow of the world's opinion.

But being with Ilya had given Shane something else— something that chased the shadows out, and allowed them to just be.

Ilya brought him peace.

Their stolen moments and coded texts were Shane's vice— for just a minute, when Ilya's eyes were meeting his— the world stopped. Time with Ilya felt like it existed outside of the movement of Shane's life. It brought him out of his head, and into the space they shared.

Light, in the shadow.

He did learn to predict Ilya, eventually.

Shane mixes sugar into their steaming mugs— one for him, two for Ilya. He swings around, grabbing the milk from the fridge and adding a dollop to Ilya's mug before putting it away. There was only one other thing that came close to giving Shane the peace that Ilya did— the cottage.

He loved Montreal. The city and his team had given him his career, his life, everything he had.

But the cottage— the cottage was his home.

When the intensity of the season died down and the summer months came, this is where Shane went. It's his favourite place— Shane craves the isolation it brings, the way it allows him to reset and center himself. This was the only place in the world that Shane allowed himself to slow down.

To breathe.

But, it's not just the cottage that does that anymore, is it?

He's been here for almost two weeks, and— unpredictably— hasn't wanted to be alone once.

Shane grabs the mugs off the counter, his steps careful and measured to not spill as he makes his way outside.

The outdoor air hits him hard, filling his lungs with the fresh breath of the trees, the lake, and the absence of his anxiety.

He doesn't need it out here.

Sitting on the dock, down the hill, exactly where Shane left him, is Ilya. He almost cannot see him in the glittering evening light— his silhouette outlined by the tendrils of the lingering sun.

Shane steps forward, and lets the light guide him home.

As he makes his way to Ilya, Shane wonders how the hell he is going to manage without him.

The last two weeks have made Shane feel like a spoiled kid on Christmas. More often than not, he feels giddy. The love he has for Ilya bubbles inside him constantly, bursting out through small touches and sex and expressions of love.

Love.

Because he and Ilya are in love.

Shane doesn't think he will ever forget that moment— when Ilya was above him, whispering softly in Russian. In the moment, he didn't understand what Ilya was saying— not until he said it in English.

I love you.

Shane thinks that maybe he did understand. That everything about Ilya said the words before they came out in English. Shane knew about Ilya's love— he heard— in the tone of Ilya's voice, the soft way his hands held him, the heavy weight of Ilya's forehead against his own.

The words were not the shock Shane expected them to be— not when he had been thinking them himself.

So yeah. Shane was giddy. Sue him.

He had a beautiful boyfriend (boyfriend!!!!) that he got to spend time with, freely. A thriving hockey career. And— despite that one moment— coming out to his parents had gone pretty smoothly. They were supportive of him, and surprisingly, also of Ilya.

Though, Shane thinks that that bit came later. After a family dinner or two.

The gushy text he got from his mom about how much she adored Ilya and how happy she was that they found each other definitely helped.

As much as he wishes it could, Shane knows his utopia will not last.

Ilya is not going back to Russia this summer— but he does have to head back to Boston. Meetings and brand shoots and training camp wait for nobody.

But tonight, they get to linger here for just a little longer.

In the fading sun, with a cup of tea, and each other— out in the open.

Shane is struck, suddenly, with the reality of this life with his hockey career. Them acknowledging their love does nothing for their predicament— their relationship will still exist in stolen moments and watchful shadows.

This peace— the comfort and home they have found in each other— can only exist in fractions.

Could it be enough?

Is it even fair, to Ilya, to expect him to love Shane in secret?

The thought causes him to jolt— making him almost spill the tea he was so careful about bringing down to the dock with him.

He knows Ilya is his boyfriend now, but what if he needs more than just this? What if Shane cannot give him the life he needs— the life he deserves? Ilya is bright and beautiful. He is the light in any room he steps in, and, with no doubt about it, the love of Shane's life.

Does he not deserve to be loved as loudly as possible?

Shane cannot give that to him— at least, not yet.

He sinks down slowly, next to Ilya on the blanket they have laid out on the dock.

“Thank you, моя любовь” Ilya says, softly, as he takes the mug Shane hands him. Shane watches the muscles of his throat work as he takes a long drink. God, he is beautiful. “Is perfect. Just how I like it.”

He brings his free hand up to Shane's cheek, drawing him in for a kiss that could only be described as reverent. Snuggling up closer, Shane watches as the curly strands of Ilya's hair make a home on his shoulder, before turning back to watch the sun once more.

Like magic, the worry is gone.

Shane leans down, his lips finding the soft curve of Ilya's head. He thinks about how he would wait for eternity for just one more moment like this. Here, with Ilya, just being them.

Logic tells him that maybe, there is no magic. It's just Ilya.

Ilya pulls Shane's hand into his lap, threading their fingers together as the light begins to fade from the sky.

"I love you."

Shane physically feels the way those words seep deeply into his bones. The words are private, just for Shane to hear. They've been saying it a lot since that first time, now that they're allowed to.

"I love you too."

He knows that those words— this love— is enough to make time stop. To hold them here, until the next time they can be.

Shane has no idea what tomorrow holds. Soon, reality will be thrust upon them. They'll have to set up their plan, go back into the shadows, and live in the movement.

But, for probably the first time in Shane's life— the unpredictability doesn't scare him.

He knows that Ilya is not going anywhere. He knows he is not going anywhere. He'll do whatever it takes to keep this peace, even if it is just existing in fractions.

The sun finally falls below the horizon. It does not matter.

The light that guides Shane lays on his shoulder, breathing slowly as he plays with Shane's fingers.

It's enough.

End Notes

моя любовь = my love

thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed.

ps. this is not beta read so sorry for any mistakes

pps. also just checked it and like half my italicizing did not work but its 3 am and I cannot be bothered rn!

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