

to be loved by you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77456061) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77456061>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Secret Identity , Coming Out , post cottage
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 2,148 Chapters: 1/1

to be loved by you

by [spacemanearthgirl](#)

Summary

“Fuck,” Shane swears, before he rips the Boston Raiders shirt over his head, tossing it across the room.

Or Shane accidentally wears Ilya's shirt back to his hotel room, and Hayden see it.

Notes

Once again I just have too many feelings and needed to write something. This is set post cottage but Ilya stays with Boston for another season.

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

Shane knows he needs to leave, they have a game soon and he needs to get back to his hotel room and get ready, but it's a little hard to think when Ilya has him pressed against the door, hands firm on his hips, kissing him like they're not going to see each other later anyway.

"Ilya," Shane mumbles into the kiss, and with the last of his self-control, Shane puts his hand on Ilya's chest and pushes him away.

It takes Shane a lot of restraint not to just lean forward and kiss Ilya again when he sees the pout on his boyfriend's lips.

"We have to go."

"I know," Ilya replies, but he still keeps his hands firm on his hips.

Shane ducks forward and gives him one last kiss before he pushes out of his hold completely. "Later," he promises.

"Yes," Ilya nods. "After we beat you."

Shane rolls his eyes as Ilya grins. "That's not going to happen."

There's nothing quite like the rush of playing against Ilya on the ice, and as much as he doesn't want to leave now, he can't wait for their game too.

Shane can't keep the smile off of his face as he walks back to his hotel room. He knows he'll have to school his features soon, knows Hayden will ask questions if he's smiling too much, but for now he doesn't care, for now he lets himself be happy.

Shane feels his phone vibrate in his pocket just before he reaches his room.

Come back, I miss you

The message makes Shane's heart skip stupidly in his chest. He replies with a kissing face emoji before he tucks his phone away into his pocket and unlocks the hotel room door.

"Hey," he says, when he walks in and finds Hayden sitting on the edge of his bed, looking down at his phone.

Hayden looks up. "Hey, there you are, I was just about to call you, we need we need to leave soon, pick up is in--"

Hayden cuts himself off, wide eyes staring at Shane.

"What?" Shane asks, worried by Hayden's sudden change in demeanor. "What's wrong?"

"What are you wearing?" Hayden asks, looking almost panicked as he does.

"What do you-?" Shane starts, looking down. He cuts himself off when he realises exactly what Hayden means. "Fuck," Shane swears, before he rips the Boston Raiders shirt over his

head, tossing it across the room.

The act only alarms Hayden more, Shane belatedly realising he's made a mistake. Not just by wearing the shirt, but by not playing it cooler after it was discovered.

"What the hell, man," Hayden says, standing. "Why the fuck were you wearing that, we're playing them soon."

Shane panics, his mind coming up with no reasonable explanation, probably because there isn't one. How had he not noticed when he put it on that the shirt wasn't his?

He blames Ilya's distracting kisses.

Hayden's eyes widen. "Is Lily a Boston fan? That's where you've been, right? To see her? I know she lives here but how could you date someone who is a big enough fan of the Raiders that she wear's their merch?"

Shane almost laughs at how very wrong Hayden is, but also how much worse it'll be when he finds out who the shirt actually belongs to.

Shane takes a deep breath, and then makes a decision.

Shane has talked a lot to Ilya about how he wants to tell Hayden about himself, about them, but he's never been able to find the right time, or the courage.

But maybe it's time to finally do it.

"I think you should sit down, I need to tell you something."

"Shit, this looks serious," Hayden says, taking a seat on his own bed as Shane does the same.

Shane can feel Hayden watching but he pulls out his phone first. He needs to talk to Ilya, wants him here for what he's about to do.

Can you come to my hotel room now? 1714 I left the room wearing your shirt and Hayden saw it

The reply is almost instant.

Coming

Shane knows that Ilya sees how serious the situation is because he doesn't immediately follow it up with a joke.

Shane puts down his phone and then he looks back up at Hayden. "I'm gay," he blurts.

No build up, just the words, because now he wants them out there, now he wants his best friend to know.

There is surprise on Hayden's face when he registers the words, clearly not expecting that this was the way the conversation was going to go. To be fair to Hayden, he thinks he's been with Lily for years.

"I should have told you sooner. I'd been planning to, I just didn't know how to say it so...I guess I'm saying it now."

He doesn't look Hayden in the eyes as he continues, because what if he's left it too long, what if Hayden is hurt he hasn't told him already, what if Hayden can't accept this about him, what if-

"That's cool man, thanks for telling me," Hayden says, pulling Shane's attention from his own spiralling thoughts back to his best friend. Hayden is smiling and some of the tension leaves his body.

Then there is a knock at the door and some of it comes right back.

Because Hayden may be cool about him being gay, but if he was upset about him dating a Raiders fan, what's he going to think about him dating someone on the team, someone he thinks is an asshole, the same someone who gave Hayden a black eye last time they played each other.

(The black eye was an accident according to Ilya, not that Hayden would believe that).

Shane doesn't speak as he crosses the room to answer the door. Ilya steps into the room and Shane quickly shuts the door behind him, conscious that other people might see him in the hallway.

Ilya looks him up and down, a smile playing on his lips. "Why are you not wearing a shirt?"

Shane feels himself relax a bit as Ilya watches him, clear amusement in his eyes, despite the situation.

"Shut up," Shane replies, glancing to where he'd hastily thrown the shirt in his panic.

Ilya grins and gives him one last appraising look before he turns to Hayden, who Shane for a moment had forgotten was still there.

"Hello, Hayden."

"What the fuck are you doing here, Rozanov?"

Shane ignores Hayden for a moment. "I told Hayden I'm gay."

Ilya smiles. "Good for you."

Hayden's eyes flicker between them, confusion furrowing his brow. "You told Rozanov you're gay before you told me?" Hayden asks. He looks hurt and Shane feels bad about not telling him sooner. Not that he could have told Hayden before Ilya found out, but he's known for a while now and still hadn't told his best friend.

Shane had thought Hayden might have figured it out for himself by now, but he guesses he's going to have to spell it out for him. He almost hopes Ilya will be the one to say it, because he's not quite sure the best way to break this news.

But Ilya waits patiently for him to speak, and so does Hayden, but he looks a lot more agitated by the situation, still clearly not picking up the obvious meaning behind Ilya's presence.

"We're dating," Shane finally says. Straight to the point again, because there's no point about talking around this one either, especially not with all the facts that are laid out before him.

Though the word "dating" doesn't quite seem to fit their relationship. First because it started out so unconventionally and what they were doing definitely wasn't dating, and two because it doesn't quite fit the permanent nature of their relationship now.

Shane knows he wants to spend the rest of his life with Ilya. Even if they have to hide that life at the moment.

Hayden looks drastically more surprised by this news, not that Shane blames him.

"Is this a prank?" Hayden asks, eyes flickering between them and then to the door, like he expects someone to come in and tell him this was all a joke.

Shane shakes his head. "Ilya and I were together this afternoon, I left his hotel room wearing his shirt by mistake."

"Ilya," Hayden repeats, like it's the fact that Shane has said his name that's finally broken through his shocked haze. "Holy fuck, I thought you hated him."

Shane shakes his head. "I mean, I don't blame you for thinking that, but no, I don't."

"Fuck," Hayden says again, looking between them, like he's trying to catch the trick they're playing on him.

"You're being serious?" Hayden asks.

Shane nods. "Ilya is Lily."

Shane smiles as Ilya takes his hand, threading their fingers together.

Besides his parents, Hayden is the only other person who has seen them holding hands and it sends a thrill through Shane. He wants this, with Ilya, and he wants everyone to know.

That seems to get Hayden's attention, both the hand holding and then words. "Ilya is your Boston girl? Holy shit, you really do love him."

Shane can't help but smile as he nods. Hayden has seen him sneaking off enough times to see 'Lily', has seen him smiling down at his phone and blushing enough that it was pretty clear he had feelings for whoever he was texting.

“And this has been going on for years?” Hayden asks.

Shane nods again, not willing to explain their complicated beginning like he had to with his parents.

Hayden’s eyes flicker between them again before his eyes fall to their joined hands, where Ilya is rubbing soothing lines across his skin with his thumb.

“Does anyone else know?”

“Just my parents, they found out last summer. No one else knows, and you can’t tell anyone, okay?”

Hayden nods. “Of course I won’t.” Even though Hayden looks like he still doesn’t quite believe it, he trusts his best friend won’t say anything.

Hayden’s phone buzzes before any of them can say anything else. “Shit we have to go, they’re waiting for us downstairs.”

Shane had almost forgotten about that part. Maybe he should have chosen a better time to drop this on Hayden.

“I’ll see you after the game?” Ilya asks, like that wasn’t already the plan.

“I’ll see you on the ice,” Shane replies.

Ilya grins and Shane knows they’re in for a fun game.

Ilya turns to leave but Shane stops him with a hand on his arm.

“Wait.” Shane leans in and presses a lingering kiss to Ilya’s mouth. “Good luck at the game, even though we’re going to destroy you.”

Ilya’s grinning when Shane pulls away. “You wish, Hollander.”

Ilya leaves and Shane turns to find Hayden watching then again. Even though it was brief, and as soon as they leave this hotel room they’re going to have to hide again, it has been nice not having to hide who he is.

“Even seeing it with my own eyes, I’m not quite sure I believe it,” Hayden says. He looks a little less shell-shocked now at least. “You’ve never let him win a game, have you?”

“What? No, of course not!” Shane says.

“Good.”

“And I’m definitely not about to start either,” Shane says as he picks up one of his own t-shirts and pulls it on.

“Come on,” Hayden says, slapping him on the shoulder. “Let’s go defeat your boyfriend.”

“You’re taking this really well,” Shane comments, and maybe he shouldn’t question it, but he’s still surprised Hayden seems so okay now.

“I still think he’s an asshole but if you like him, he can’t be that bad. Plus, Jackie is going to love this, we’ll finally be able to go out of a double date with you.”

Shane wants to point out the fact that they all can’t go out together because no one can know about them, but he doesn’t, because it’s nice to imagine just for a moment that they’re like any other couple. It’s nice to imagine his best friend and his boyfriend getting to know each other, someplace where they don’t have to hide and can just be themselves.

Shane smiles as he picks up the shirt he’s tossed aside and folds it, placing it on his bed. He can’t wait to wear it again later, because despite the fact that it just outed their relationship, Shane really likes the idea of wearing Ilya’s clothes.

But that’s for later, they have a game to win first.

(Montreal win, and Shane sees that Hayden is extra smug when they shake hands with Boston after the game. Shane can’t wait to see Ilya later, when they’re alone, so he can make him forget all about his team’s loss).

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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