everything is better when you're lying next to me

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by smilingbuckley

Summary

“So… you and Rozanov, huh? That's a thing now?”

Shane freezes, “What?”

You're starting to sound like him. They never really talked about that, just moved on like nothing happened. After Scott kissed his boyfriend on the ice, Shane knew it wasn't meant to be anything homophobic, but he'd always still felt hesitant about it. While Scott might know about being a gay NHL player, even he wouldn't understand this. Besides, the media might have focused on Shane and Ilya being rivals, but there had always been much more hostility between Ilya and Scott.

Scott gives him a strange look, “You're friends now, right? Or is that all PR?”

“Oh.” He tries his best to remain calm and relaxed, even if his heart is beating loudly in his chest, “Yes. I mean, we've been friends for… a long time. Just… the media blew the whole rivalry out of proportion and it was… easier.”

Scott nods slowly, sipping his drink, “How, though? I mean, no offense, but he's… well, an asshole.”

(Or, Shane runs into Scott, who finds out their secret)

Notes

I mixed a bit of the show and the book together, however I haven't read the 6th book yet, so that one isn't canon in this 😅 still working my way through the third book but my headaches have made it hard to read much.

Anyway, I thought I wasn't going to write for them since I'm in a phase solely focused on a different show, even abandoning my main fandom for it, but here we are. I just kept thinking about Scott finding out about them and imagining different ways and thought, why not?

Title from Everyone's a Star by 5 Seconds of Summer (if you know me, you're not surprised by that)

See the end of the work for more notes

“So,” Ilya says, letting himself fall down on the bed, “This is convenient, yes?”

Shane huffs, shaking his head before wearily eying the door, “It still feels like we're about to be caught.”

Ilya's arm widen as he gestures around the luxurious yet small hotel room, “But we are roommates. You sleep in right bed, I sleep in left… or so they think.”

Slowly, Shane sits down on the other bed, facing Ilya, “This is weird.”

Ilya sits up with a groan, “Why weird? We have slept together many times. Now it's…” he waves his hand a little as he tries to find the word, “legal?”

Shane looks down to hide his smile, “I don't think that's what they had in mind when they roomed us together.”

Ilya huffs, “First they are obsessed with rivals, you and I, now they are obsessed with best friends you and I.”

It is true. After announcing their charity and Ilya moving to Ottawa, the narrative had shifted. They'd been able to appear in public together, every thing they did was now seen as a sign of friendship. Shane could go out and get lunch with Hayden without anyone thinking twice about it, so now he and Ilya did too.

Sometimes, though, it felt harder than when they couldn't appear in the same place in public. Being able to go on actual dates but not able to touch or look at each other in certain ways was difficult. A new type of torture.

But it was better too. Even if everyone now though Ilya was his best friend. Hayden had not been happy to be replaced by the media, even though he was one of the few people who knew the truth.

Ilya studies him, “You're still nervous.”

“Force of habit,” Shane explains. He shrugs and glances at the ground, fumbling with the edge of his shirt, “It's nothing.”

Ilya taps his foot against Shane's to get him to look up, “Not nothing.”

Shane only hesitates for a moment before sighing and getting up to sit next to Ilya, their shoulders knocking together. Ilya grins widely, pleased, and links their hands together. Sometimes it makes Shane feel like a teenager, or the way he thinks teenagers felt when they had their first relationships. Even just holding hands was something that made him feel incredibly fond. He supposes it's what people meant when they talked about butterflies.

With his free hand, Ilya grabs his chin, turning Shane's face so he can look at him, eyes briefly connecting before he shifts to look at Ilya's mouth, which tugs into a smile. “You and

I, we make a good team," Ilya tells him, "They know. We are the best. Of course we are good friends."

Shane snorts, "We've never been friends."

Ilya hums, "For a long time, you were my only friend. Even if you weren't."

Shane's eyes flicker up, but he's surprised there's no sadness in Ilya's, even though it sounded pretty fucking lonely. "And now?"

Ilya grins, "Now I am friends with your mother. She sends amazing pictures of you. My favorite is you hugging snowman. Wanna see?"

Shane groans loudly as Ilya grabs his phone, unlocking it to click on his phone's gallery. It's in his favorites, easy to find, and Shane's face feels like it's on fire. "Seriously? She sent you that?!"

Ilya hums, "I have many more. You were adorable."

Shane fakes a scoff, "Were?" He's smiling, though, something settling in his chest at the knowledge that his parents have taken Ilya in. He should've known it would happen, that his parents would see through his stand-offish act once they got to know him, that they'd see the lonely boy that grew up missing his mom and feeling unloved by his father.

"What?" Ilya laughs, "You're grown man now. You want to be adorable?"

"Maybe," Shane teases, nudging their knees together, "Or maybe I just want you to think I'm adorable."

Ilya's eyebrows shoot up in playful mockery, and a moment later Shane is wrestled down to the bed. "Yes? You want to be my adorable princess?"

Laughing, he shakes his head, "I could do without the princess part."

Their faces are close now, Ilya's breath hot on Shane's face. "But you would make very cute princess, Hollander."

"So you do think I am adorable?" Shane teases him back with a grin that's probably way too sappy. "Ilya Rozanov finding someone adorable, someone call the press."

"I'll show you adorable," Ilya warns, and with swift movements, he turns Shane around, whose laughter gets muffled by the pillows.

Shane can feel Ilya's eyes on him as he mingles through the small crowd. He's been chosen as captain once again for the All-Star game, though there are a bunch of new players he hasn't

met outside the ice.

He glances back at where Ilya is sitting in a booth, a confident smirk on his face as he sips his vodka, even though he complained about it being shitty. Well, not shitty, he'd used a bunch of words in Russian that Shane could only guess were vulgar.

Quickly, Shane glances away, feeling his cheeks flush. A moment later he bumps into someone. “Whoa!”

He hears familiar laughter, “Drunk already, Kid?” Scott Hunter looks amused, steadying him easily.

“What? No,” Shane takes a step back, rubbing his arm awkwardly, “Just lost in thought.”

Scott hums, his eyes shifting to behind Shane. Shane can see when he clocks Ilya, who is probably still smirking. “So… you and Rozanov, huh? That's a thing now?”

Shane freezes, “What?”

You're starting to sound like him. They never really talked about that, just moved on like nothing happened. After Scott kissed his boyfriend on the ice, Shane knew it wasn't meant to be anything homophobic, but he'd always still felt hesitant about it. While Scott might know about being a gay NHL player, even he wouldn't understand this. Besides, the media might have focused on Shane and Ilya being rivals, but there had always been much more hostility between Ilya and Scott.

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Scott nods slowly, sipping his drink, “How, though? I mean, no offense, but he's… well, an asshole.”

Shane feels a weird mix of protectiveness and amusement. Because yeah, Ilya is an asshole. But Shane kind of loves it most of the time. Still, every time someone says it out loud, he can feel his heckles rise like some overprotective boyfriend. “I'm aware,” he ends up saying, trying to relax his shoulders that have gotten tense.

“Hmm. So, how?”

He tries to study Scott, but Shane has never been good at reading people. He doesn't know if he's genuinely curious or just humoring him. “We just… had something in common. A lot of … pressure.”

Scott seems unconvinced, but doesn't push, “Okay.”

“You get used to it,” Shane kind of slips out, them winces at how awkward it sounds, “His attitude, I mean. He, uh… he can be nice. Really.”

Scott takes a long sip, “Is that why he's glaring daggers into me?”

Shane turns around, a little too fast, and finds Ilya's smirk gone. He looks calculating as he stares at Scott, but at the moment he looks at Shane, face softening into something questioning. He tries to give Ilya a reassuring smile, who nods in return and focuses on his phone.

When he turns back to Scott again, his demeanor has shifted, though he can't tell exactly how or why. “Well,” Scott says, a short laugh that sounds a bit awkward, out of character for him, “I'm gonna go talk to some rookies before Rozanov murders me.”

“Right,” Shane replies, voice cracking a little. He covers it with a cough, “See you at practice.”

For one last time, Scott glances between Ilya and Shane before he shakes his head to himself and disappears into the crowd.

Shane sighs, a headache forming, and decides he's had enough socializing for the night. He wasn't build for this part of hockey. Sure, he was polite and people easily liked him, but it was so draining.

He slumps next to Ilya, who gives him a curious glance. “What did grandpa want?”

“Nothing,” Shane answers, instinctively. Then he relaxed a bit and sighs, “Asked about you.”

“I'm flattered,” Ilya says drily, making Shane laugh softly.

“Guess he's confused about us being friends,” Shane tells him.

He doesn't need to see Ilya to know that he's smirking again, “But Hollander, we are not friends.”

Shane rolls his eyes, resting his head against the booth before looking at Ilya. Ilya's shirt is open, necklace glimmering in the bar's lights. “You look nice,” he can't help but say.

“I bet you tell that to all your friends,” Ilya answers, smugly downing his drink. “Think we can go to bed? I am terribly tired.”

“We've been here for like twenty minutes!” Shane laughs.

“Hm. Nobody likes me here, so feels pointless to stay,” Ilya says with a shrug.

“That's not true.”

Ilya gives him an unimpressed look, “No?”

“I like you,” Shane says softly.

Ilya might try to hide it, but Shane can see the way his lips twitch up as if he's fighting a smile. “Thank you.”

Shane lets out a long sigh as he studies the people around them, it's uncomfortably loud. You would've thought he'd be used to it by now, especially since he played in sold out games very often, cheering and chanting crowds. But that's different. On the ice, it's like the entire world fades. It doesn't entirely drown out all the noise, but it's always worth the overstimulation in the end.

Ilya's knee touches his, “You okay?”

“Hm? Yeah. I'm fine.” Shane smiles at him, “Just… tired, you know?”

Ilya nods, “I can fake accident so we can leave.”

“Like what?” Shane asks, a little intrigued.

“Hm. I dunno. Got sloppy drunk? Trip over table leg. Spill vodka all over my nice shirt. I am very good actor, they should cast me in one of those hero movies.”

“And play what? The stereotypical Russian criminal?” Shane huffs with a shake of his head.

Ilya shrugs, “I *do* like to be bad.”

Shane has to shift, much to his boyfriend's amusement. “I'm aware.”

Ilya leans a bit closer, arm over the back of the booth. His breath tickles Shane's cheek as he murmurs, “Maybe you should be the hero, yes? Nice tight outfit. Maybe I'll kidnap you, keep you in basement.”

Shane raises an eyebrow, “Oh, yeah? You're writing this movie now too?”

“Oh, yes.”

Shane laughs again, shaking his head, “You're ridiculous.”

Once more, he studies the crowd, trying to find the energy to socialize again. His eyes briefly land on Hunter, who is looking at them. Shane feels something like dread settle in his stomach.

If Scott Hunter of all people wouldn't understand, how would anyone else? If he'd reply with disgust or… Shane knows he'd never out them, he knows him well enough for that, but that doesn't mean they'd stay friendly.

Another nudge from Ilya's knee. “It's okay,” Ilya tells him. “Don't let grandpa scare you.”

“I'm not scared,” Shane answers, though it's a lie. They both know that. He's fucking terrified. He always is when they're around other people.

He wishes he was at home right now or at the cottage, just them. Or at his parents' house, like last Christmas. It had been a new kind of fun to see Ilya watching a game with his mom, shamelessly gossiping about the players. Or when his dad's car was making a weird noise and Ilya showed off some skills even Shane hadn't been aware of. He knew, of course, that Ilya

liked cars, specifically the expensive sport cars, but he did not know that Ilya could also fix a car in the span of ten minutes.

Which had been incredibly hot and had filled Shane's imagination with several different fantasies while he was on the road.

“I think I'm going to get some air,” Shane tells Ilya, the noise around them getting too much.

Ilya nods, “Alone or can I come with? Could use a smoke.”

“Fine.”

The crowd easily parts for him, people barely looking up as he and Ilya escape through the entrance door.

They find a quiet corner outside, and as he had said, Ilya clicks his lighter to light his cigarette. The wind blows, and Shane tries to get not too amused as Ilya curses at the flame refusing to start.

Neither of them talk, just Ilya standing next to him as they lean against a brick wall is enough. Shane tries to enjoy the silence and the cold air in his face.

They can hear the door to the bar open and close a couple of times as people get in or out. Sometimes the music or laughter gets loud, audible through the windows. But it's fine. Shane feels himself relax just a tiny bit.

When he's done, Ilya drops the cigarette on the ground, stomping it to make sure it's out. Shane gives him a look, to which Ilya scoffs, “What?”

“You're going to get fined for littering.”

“I am rich,” Ilya replies.

Shane hums, not saying anything.

It takes barely a minute of looking at each other before Ilya huffs in defeat. He makes a show of it as he picks up the remains and throws it in a nearby trash can. “See? Happy now, Hollander?”

“Very,” Shane answers, grinning.

Ilya glances around before pulling Shane into the shadows of a small alley between the bar and the closed clothing store next door. “You're annoying,” Ilya says, no heat behind it. Instead, he sounds incredibly fond.

Shane gives him a sappy smile before whispering, “But you love me.”

Ilya leans closer until Shane is pressed against the wall. Ilya's arms rest on both sides of Shane's head, making heat pool in his stomach. “I do. I love you,” Ilya confirms, keeping his voice low.

Shane can't help but close the distance, pulling him into a heated kiss. It's stupid and dangerous, he's well aware of that, but it feels impossible not to kiss him. And they're hidden in the shadows where nobody would look.

He moves his hand to Ilya's hair, tugging it in the way he knows Ilya liked. Ilya swears against his lips before biting it, one hand leaving the wall to slide down Shane's body, reaching to slide his hand into Shane's underwear.

“We can't,” Shane pants, though doing nothing to stop him. “Someone could- *fuck.*”

“You need to keep quiet then,” Ilya whispers into his ear, sucking on his earlobe, “Can you be quiet for me, sweetheart?”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut and mentally curses the fact that Ilya knows him so well, knowing where to push, what makes him so turned on its painful.

Someone clears their throat, making them both jump. Though while Shane freezes, unable to breathe, Ilya straightens up, stepping forward to shield Shane from whoever is there. He has an arm angled backwards, as if keeping Shane behind him.

“You know the hotel isn't very far away, right?”

Hunter. Shane relaxes just a little at the fact that he's not about to get jumped. He glances over, eyes first landing on the way Ilya makes himself look even bigger. Any other time, Shane would've laughed. Of course Ilya is the protective type, ready to beat up some homophobe in a dark alley. Even while facing Scott Hunter, who Ilya knows is not about to hurt them, he doesn't relax, eyeing him with a coldness Shane hadn't seen very often.

He places a hand on Ilya's back, “It's okay.”

Ilya's shoulders slump as he relaxes under his touch, though he doesn't look at Shame. “What do you want?” Ilya asks Scott.

Scott looks between them before his eyes stick to Shane, “Did he pressure you?”

And, okay. Now it's Shane's turn to tense up. He steps forward so he can stand next to Ilya, “Why is that immediately your first thought? You didn't possibly think this was my idea?”

Scott looks uncertain and sighs, “I'm just making sure.”

“You know this dinosaur does not think highly of me,” Ilya says to Shane, “It was to be expected.”

Scott glances around before stepping closer, “Look, whatever's going on between you two isn't my business, but if anyone else had seen you…” he trails off, though they all knew how to finish the sentence.

Shane sighs, “Yes. You're right. We're normally not that reckless.”

“So this has been going on for a while, huh?” Scott asks, shoving his hands into his jacket, “I should've seen it coming. I suspected something was up, but… wow.”

“You're not going to tell anyone, right?” Shane asks, desperation audible in his voice. Even though he suspects Scott wouldn't, there's still a linger of doubt.

Scott shakes his head, “Of course not.”

Shane nods, quickly, trying to get his breath under control.

A familiar, warm hand settles on his back. “Hey, breath with me. Slow breaths. Everything is okay. You're safe. I got you.”

Now that the cat is out of the bag anyway, Shane leans into Ilya, focusing on the comfort and reassuring it brings him.

Scott makes a strange sound, and suddenly he is standing closer so they can talk with lower voices. “It's serious between you two?”

“It is,” Ilya answers, “we do not need the judgment.”

“I'm not-” Scott shakes his head, “Look, Rozanov, I may not like you, but I wouldn't judge you, or anyone, for this. Fuck, man, this has gotta be hard for you. Hiding it.”

Shane takes a deep breath. “Certainly isn't easy, even if people think we are friends now.” He shares a secret glance with Ilya.

“How long has this…”

“Rookie season,” Shane answers.

At the same time, Ilya says, “Summer before rookie year.”

Scott's eyes widen comically, “That- more than ten years? Fuck. I could barely last a couple of months.”

“I'm sure you don't last very long often,” Ilya comments.

Shane sighs, “Really, Ilya? Now?”

Ilya shrugs, “What? It was too easy. He practically asked for it.”

“You put up with that for 10 years?” Scott asks Shane, pointing at Ilya, “You really do deserve MVP this year.”

Shane shifts awkwardly, glancing around, but nobody has noticed them yet. “I think we should go.”

“Right. Yes.” Scott steps aside.

The silence is unsettling, but Ilya starts walking and Shane automatically follows. Neither of them speak as they go back to the hotel. Even as they stand in the elevator and walk to their room.

“Are you okay?” Is the first thing Ilya asks once the door closes behind them.

Shane lets out a long sigh, walking forward to rest his forehead against Ilya's shoulder. “I am now.”

He can feel a kiss being pressed to his temple as Ilya wraps his arms around him. “Hunter won't hurt us. He might be boring old man but he is a good man.”

Shane huffs, a soft smile appearing, “I'm sorry, did you just say something *nice* about Scott Hunter?”

“I know, I know,” Ilya sighs dramatically, “You are a bad influence on me, Shane Hollander.”

Shane tilts his head up so he can look at him, “I'm sure that's it.”

Ilya nods, “It is. I'm always right.”

They kiss slowly, nearly chaste, and Shane sighs again. “At least we can go through it together. I'm not alone this time.”

Ilya's eyes are gentle as he rubs Shane's lips with his thumb thoughtfully, “Is that why you fought him once?”

“Something like that, yeah,” Shane admits.

“Well, you're never going to be alone again if I have a say,” Ilya promises him seriously. “Even if we are not in the same city.”

“I know,” Shane says softly, cupping Ilya's face, “Thank you.”

“No need. Is what boyfriend is for,” Ilya replies a little smugly, “Now, we have an entire night alone with fancy mattress.”

Shane snorts, pulling away a little to glance over at the beds, “You say that as if we both don't have fancy mattresses.”

Ilya shrugs, walking over and taking off his shirt, “Hotel mattress is special.”

Fondly, Shane rolls his eyes and unbuttons his own shirt, “Whatever you say, Ilya.”

The next morning, Shane wakes up to a text from Scott.

Scott Hunter: If either of you ever needs to talk, I'm here. You're not alone. And if anyone ever threatens you, call me. We stick together.

He lets out a sigh of relief, putting it away so he can think of how to reply. Turning around, he sees Ilya watching him, a sleepy smile on his face. “What?”

“I cannot smile at you?”

“Usually when you smile, you want something,” Shane points out, poking him in the chest.

Ilya hums, “Only thing I want is you.”

“Do you have any idea how cheesy that sounds?” Shane asks with a laugh, feeling his cheeks heat up.

Ilya makes a thoughtful sound, “Cheese is good.”

Fondly, Shane closes the small distance in between them to kiss him. “Hey, how would you feel about a trip to New York next summer.”

Ilya grunts, falling dramatically back into his pillow, “You’re going to make me be nice to Scott Hunter?”

“Well… what if I get you a reward?” It's mostly a joke, but not really. Shane bites his lip, watching if this is something Ilya responds to.

Ilya's eyes darken, “Oh? Now I'm listening.”

Satisfied, Shane lays down against him, “You'll see.” He's got some planning to do, but first he wants to enjoy another nap before they have to get up.

Ilya's arms wrap around him as he sighs, “You are irresistible.”

End Notes

Applied some of my own autistic traits onto Shane. Idk if it's really canon compliant but oh well, I'm just happy to finally write a canon autistic character rather than headcanons.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!