A Day of Good

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77736526.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Anya | Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Cute, Fluff, Kitten, Cottagecore, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander's Cottage, Depression, Love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 1,817 Chapters: 1/1

A Day of Good

by liketoread_lp

Summary

Ilya wasn't feeling his best and all he wanted was a good day at the cottage. An unexpected surprise helped the day turn good.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Sometimes good things happened, like really good things and he didn't know why. Like Shane. Shane was his best good thing. Good had to happen, right? To make up for the all the bad. If bad just constantly happened, he might not be here anymore. Ilya didn't want to think that way, but his mind would wander. He couldn't help it.

When he woke in the morning, his body felt tired. Well, more exhausted than tired. No amount of coffee or naps or endorphins from an intense workout would alleviate the heaviness his body felt. Ilya felt another weight. This one was warm. A good one. Shane. Their bodies were wrapped around each other like tangled yarn. They'd often have to spend a few moments in the morning regaining feeling in one part of their body. That was normal. Good. Evidence that during the night, when they were deep in sleep their limbs would try to morph together, to be as close as possible. Maybe one day they'd be in the same dream. Ilya laid there, Shane's head on his chest, listening to his partner inhale and exhale. Stability.

In the corner of his eye, Ilya saw movement. Anya. Another good thing. It was about that time where she'd jump on the bed, asking for a walk. Ilya needed a few more moments to try and get his bearings for the day. He wanted a good day. He didn't want Shane to worry. After all, they were at the cottage. A quick weekend escape. He moved slow, it was nearly impossible not to disturb Shane's slumber. He was able to detangle and sat at the edge of the bed. He sighed. He could do this. He was about to stand when Shane stirred a bit, reaching for Ilya. Ilya leaned over and kissed Shane's forehead.

"Shh, go back to sleep. I will take Anya out for her morning walk." Shane opened his eyes.

"I'll go with you."

"Not necessary." Ilya said as he ran his hand through Shane's dark, soft hair. "We had a night, sleep." Shane smiled and looked at Ilya, his mouth tightened a bit, gearing up to say something as he recognized the strain in Ilya's hazel eyes. Exhaustion. Ilya was more than just tired. Over their years together, Shane grew accustomed to noticing small shifts Ilya's body would reveal when his mind was feeling heavy. His body betraying his ability to hide his thoughts from Shane. Shane was thankful for that small mercy of betrayal, gifting him some insight into what his stubborn headed husband was feeling.

Anya barked.

"We don't want an angry Anya. I should go. I'll be back. Sleep, moya lyubov." Ilya said with a soft smile. He kissed Shane's cheek. Shane took a second to respond, deciding to talk later.

"Okay, when you get back, I'll make us breakfast."

"Pancakes? Bacon? Nutella?"

"You wish."

"Indulge me."

“Indulge. Good word.” Shane said as he closed his eyes, reminiscing about the events that unfolded 10 hours before. It was fall and the cottage was surrounded by hues of orange, red and yellow. It was magic, the sun shining on the leaves, showcasing the beauty of change. Shane was worried by how many leaves were already on the ground. What if a big winter snowfall came early? It would be a mess. So instead of their planned evening walk, they decided to do some landscaping. It turned into a competition, who could rake the fastest, pick up the most leaves. It was a tie until Ilya decided to steal some leaves from Shane’s pile.

“My pile is bigger. I’m winner.” Ilya said. Shane couldn’t possibly stand for that and playfully tackled Ilya into the tall stack of leaves. Their mouths collided and things escalated and well, they ended up tracking leaves into the bedroom.

“Stalemate” Shane said while Ilya was inside him, Ilya thrusted harder.

“If you say so.”

“God, Ilya.” Was all Shane could muster.

On his way out, with Anya at his side, Ilya picked up the leaves on the carpet. Shane would have a heart attack if he saw the remnants of last night. Ilya smiled at the thought of what Shane’s expression would be seeing the mess they made. His nose would scrunch, his freckles would be closer together, eyebrows furrowed. Like an angry kitten.

Ilya closed the front door and took a deep breath. The cold air stung the back of his throat. Anya was tugging on her leash in the direction of the leaves. Ilya would grab the trash can later to finish the clean-up.

“Okay, go have fun. But don’t tell dad. Is our secret.” Ilya unhooked Anya’s leash and she made a run for the pile of leaves. Ilya smiled. Maybe today could be good. Anya was running back and forth between the colorful stacks. She started to burry herself in the mess when she stopped moving and started barking.

“Anya?” Ilya said, worry washed over him. Was there a snake or a raccoon or a…a wolfbird in the pile? Ilya’s mind was racing. He rushed over to her, got her out and hooked the leash back on. Then he heard it, a little cry. High pitched, screeching. Signaling a sign of distress. His chest tightened. It sounded like a kitten? Maybe a cat? Ilya didn’t know, but he wasn’t about leave it alone to fend for itself in the upcoming cold months. He had to work fast.

“I’m sorry Anya, just give me a little time and promise we will go for walk.” Ilya said as he brought Anya back inside. He went to the kitchen and opened the drawer and grabbed a can of tuna. Back outside, he quietly walked up to the pile of leaves where Anya was playing. Thanks to a lot of time spent watching animal reels (yes, he watched animal reels, especially during game travel, mostly of dogs but the occasional cat video would pop up) he saw if you played specific cat calls, it would attract a cat. To his delight, it worked. Out walked a small, black kitten, a striking contrast against the fallen leaves. His heart did a little flip. Oh. He was done for. Again.

Ilya opened the can of tuna and set it down next to his feet. He kept the cat calls on. The kitten approached the food, sniffed it for a quick second and started to eat. It must’ve been

hungry Ilya thought, by the way the kitten scarfed down the food. It reminded him of how Cliff used to eat food after an intense day of training.

“Good. You safe now.” He could hear a soft purr. “We go inside, is cold.” His jacket was not protecting his body from the cool, crisp wind. It hurt to think how cold the kitten must be.

He moved slowly, not wanting to scare the little black ball of matted fur. He put his hand out for the kitten to smell. If it worked with dogs, maybe it worked with cats? Ilya was a bit out of his comfort zone but welcomed the sweet challenge. To his surprise, the kitten rubbed up against his hand. Good. Ilya gently picked up the tiny body in one hand and the tuna can in the other. He rang the doorbell with his elbow. Afraid if he put down the food, the kitten might get upset. A few seconds passed and Shane opened the door. Ilya walked past him, Shane trailed behind.

“Is that a…”

“It was in the leaves, I think afraid. I think Anya shocked him. He’s cold.” Shane followed Ilya to the bathroom.

“Ilya. That’s a cat.”

“No. Looks more like a kitten, I think.” Ilya turned on the sink and held his hand under the running water until it was warm enough. “He needs bath. And warmth. And more food and water. Lots of blankets, he’s shivering.”

Shane stood in the doorway, watching Ilya take charge. So gentle but confident in his movements. He was in awe witnessing the love of his life caring for yet another soul. He sighed. I guess today was the day they’d become a family of four.

“We need to think about…” Shane didn’t have the chance to finish his sentence when Ilya interrupted him.

“We keep him, yes?” It was more of a statement than a question. And Shane saw it, what was hiding in Ilya’s eyes this morning. He didn’t want that brightness to fade.

“Yes.”

Ilya smiled so big, a little giggle escaped. Shane stepped closer, surprised by how calm the kitten was in the water, in Ilya’s hand. But the more he thought of it, the more he realized the calming power Ilya had. For over a decade, Ilya was Shane’s calm. So maybe this wasn’t that much of surprise.

“We will need to make a plan to introduce him to Anya properly. Make sure they can cohabitate.” Shane said.

Ilya wrapped the kitten in a towel. “Always the planner.” He said and leaned in to steal a soft kiss from his love. “What is cohabitate?”

“Living together, comfortably.”

“Oh, will be no problem.”

“Why’s that?” Shane asked. Ilya held the kitten up next to Shane. Looking between the two. Comparing.

“Yes. I was right.”

“What?” Shane said.

“He looks like you, so Anya will see that and think is mini Shane. Is good.”

“Oh my god! Ilya.”

“What? I could not leave poor kitten outside. Alone. I immediately saw him and thought, reminds me of you. My little kitten.” Shane’s cheeks turned red.

“Ilya.” Shane said shyly.

“Is good thing.”

“Fine.” Ilya leaned in for another kiss.

Later that evening, after a day filled of making sure the kitten felt safe, had no ticks or fleas and Anya was happy with the new living situation, Shane and Ilya cozied up together on the couch. Anya was lying near Shane and the kitten was cuddled between the two big, hockey bodies.

“What were you thinking for a name?” Shane asked.

“Khoroshiy.”

“Good?”

“Yes. Good.”

“Khoroshiy.” Shane repeated. He wasn’t going to ask why, but knew good was right. He took Ilya’s hand, interlocking their fingers. “I love you Ilya. I love how big and gentle your heart is.”

“I thought today was going to be bad, but it turned good. Thank you for…for understanding me.”

They shifted their body weight, going in for a kiss when they heard a little meow. Ilya gently picked up the kitten and set him next to Anya. Khoroshiy took a second and decided it was safe to move closer to Anya, situating himself near Anya’s belly.

“Today was good, even if you compared me to a kitten.” Shane said, starting to blush again. Ilya was infatuated. He loved his good. Ilya pressed his body closer to Shane, and gave him one of those good, deep kisses.

End Notes

Hi! Thanks for reading!

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