

loverboy

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/86653521) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/86653521>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Domestic Bliss , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Hurt/Comfort , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Soft Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , They're so down bad for each other it's insane , Shane Hollander Calls Ilya Rozanov "Baby" , Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , 5+1 Things , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , i felt deeply single after writing this
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of darcy's hollanov fics
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-13 Words: 3,000 Chapters: 1/1

loverboy

by [anchrblack](#)

Summary

“I was,” Ilya waves at the clothes, flushing pink. “Cutting tags.”

It’s Shane’s turn to blink at him. “Tags?”

“Yes,” Ilya says, rubbing his nose. God, it’s unfair how good he looks—wearing Shane’s old hoodie, curls flopping over his forehead and blushing pink. “Did not think you would come back so early. I was going to finish and put them all back before you noticed.”

Shane stares at him. “Why?” he asks, soft.

“You don’t like them,” Ilya shrugs, like it’s simple.

Ilya’s cutting off the tags from *his* clothes because Shane doesn’t like them. Ilya, who in all the years Shane has known him, has never once seemed bothered by them.

“Yesterday,” Ilya explains, reaching over the bed and dropping the scissors on the bedside table, next to a pile of cut off tags. So *many* of them. “You were pulling at collar. Like this,” Ilya tugs at the collar of his own shirt, mirroring what Shane did for probably a millisecond yesterday.

“You saw that?” Shane asks, awestruck. Fucking *hell*.

or, ilya rozanov is deeply, deeply in love with shane hollander. the one where ilya rozanov is the loverboy of all time.

Notes

hello. this fic has fought me for twenty seven days but she is finally ready. please enjoy <3

title from the fact that ilya rozanov is the biggest loverboy of all time.

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

one.

"What's happening?" Shane asks, bewildered, as he walks into the bedroom. Or what *used* to be the bedroom—it is now an explosion of every single piece of clothing they own, strewn across every surface. Ilya's sitting on the floor in the middle of all of it, a guilty look on his face.

"You weren't supposed to be home so early," Ilya says, hiding something behind his back. Shane raises an eyebrow, crossing his arms. Ilya flushes a deep red, rubbing at his nose.

"What are you doing?" Shane asks, carefully stepping over the piles of clothes, coming to sit in front of Ilya. Ilya shifts, making space for him, but moves just enough so Shane can't see what's behind his back.

"Nothing," Ilya lies, leaning forward to press a quick kiss to Shane's lips. Shane's eyes slip closed, and he sighs into the kiss, cupping Ilya's face. Ilya makes a happy little sound, and kisses him harder, deeper, and—

"Wait," Shane gasps, pulling away from the kiss.

"Why?" Ilya whines, moving in again, and Shane holds him at bay with a hand over his chest.

"You're trying to distract me," Shane accuses, narrowing his eyes at him. "What *are* you doing?"

"Burning all your clothes so you'll be naked all the time," Ilya says innocently, blinking at Shane.

Shane sighs. "Ilya."

"Fine," Ilya grumbles, freeing his hand from behind his back. Scissors. Why's he got scissors? Have Shane's clothes offended him somehow?

"I was," Ilya waves at the clothes, flushing pink. "Cutting tags."

It's Shane's turn to blink at him. "Tags?"

"Yes," Ilya says, rubbing his nose. God, it's unfair how good he looks—wearing Shane's old hoodie, curls flopping over his forehead and blushing pink. "Did not think you would come back so early. I was going to finish and put them all back before you noticed."

Shane stares at him. "Why?" he asks, soft.

None of Shane's clothes have their tags on them anymore—Shane rips them out before he wears them. They're itchy and unnecessary, and he hates the way they feel against his neck, annoying and persistent. There haven't been any tags on his clothing in years.

"You don't like them," Ilya shrugs, like it's simple.

Shane looks around—and realises it's not *his* clothes strewn all around, no, they're all Ilya's.

Ilya's cutting off the tags from *his* clothes.

Shane's heart starts racing, trying to beat out of his chest and fall right into Ilya's lap.

"What?" he asks, like he's heard wrong, like all the evidence isn't laid out right in front of him.

Ilya's cutting off the tags from *his* clothes because Shane doesn't like them. Ilya, who in all the years Shane has known him, has never once seemed bothered by them.

"Yesterday," Ilya explains, reaching over the bed and dropping the scissors on the bedside table, next to a pile of cut off tags. So *many* of them. "You were pulling at collar. Like this," Ilya tugs at the collar of his own shirt, mirroring what Shane did for probably a millisecond yesterday. *Yesterday*, when he put on Ilya's t-shirt after he woke up, and pulled at the tag until he could flip it up, away from his skin. Not longer than two, maybe three seconds.

"You saw that?" Shane asks, awestruck. Fucking *hell*.

"Yes, I—" Ilya says, and then yelps when Shane fucking *tackles* him, pushing him flat on the bed.

"You're insane," Shane breathes, hiding his face in Ilya's neck, too overwhelmed by the feeling coursing in his veins. "You're fucking *insane*."

"For cutting tags?" Ilya questions, curling his fingers into Shane's hair, gently scratching at his scalp.

"Yes," Shane mumbles. "You don't have to do it, you know."

"I know," Ilya hums. "I want to. I want to do everything for you."

Shane swears. "*Ilya*."

"What?" Ilya protests. "Is the truth!"

"Oh my god," Shane breathes, and shuffles down the bed, because he has to get his mouth on Ilya, *now*.

Ilya swears, lifting himself up on his elbows. "This does it for you?" he asks, laughter bubbling up his throat, helpless. "Shane!"

"Shut up," Shane says, face flaming, pulling Ilya's dick out of his boxers, and *then*—well.

Ilya shuts up.

two.

It's not a conscious thing, Shane doesn't think, but there's thing that Ilya does every time Shane walks into the room—he stops whatever it is he's doing, focusing all his attention on Shane. It doesn't matter what he's doing—laundry, cooking, taping his stick—he'll stop and smile at Shane, eyes crinkling, teeth pressing into his bottom lip.

Shane's normal about it, he swears. Well, other than the fact that his heart skips a beat and butterflies flutter in his stomach and he falls in love all over again.

It hits him again one evening when he lets himself into the house, fresh from a run. His muscles are screaming in the best way and his head is quiet—Shane's having a grand fucking time.

“Ilya?” Shane calls out, popping his airpods out toeing off his shoes. “Babe?”

“Here!” Ilya calls out from the living room. Shane can hear the TV blaring, some TV show Ilya's gotten alarmingly into. Shane doesn't really care for it, but Ilya's in *love* with the damn thing, so he does his best to keep track when Ilya tells him about it.

“Coming,” Shane hollers back, toeing off his other shoe. He puts his phone in the back pocket of his shorts, jogging to the living room.

Ilya's sticking out his tongue, reducing the TV's volume by tens.

Oh.

“Hi,” Ilya says, throwing away the remote, and tipping his head back on the couch, looking at Shane upside-down. “Missed you.”

“You reduced the volume,” Shane says, breathless. Fuck. *Fuck.*

“Yes?” Ilya asks slowly. “Was I not supposed to?”

“I,” Shane says, so fucking in love.

Ilya just *does* things like this, without Shane ever having to ask. Shane's never once had to tell him to reduce the volume or to stop making so much noise, he's always known.

It's so stupid, but it's so fucking important. God, it's *so* important.

“Shane?” Ilya shifts, sitting sideways on the couch so he can look at him properly.

“Sweetheart, your face is doing lots of things.”

“I hate you,” Shane says, breathlessly, and fucking climbs over the couch to sit on him. Ilya makes a breathless noise, spreading his thighs, letting Shane make himself home. “I *hate*

you.”

“You don’t,” Ilya grins up at him.

“I don’t,” Shane agrees, and kisses him.

three.

“Ilya,” Shane pats him on the cheek. “Baby. You awake?”

Ilya squints at him, drunk and hazy. Shane’s just pulled into their driveway—it’s been a long night of drinking and partying after their win against Montreal.

“Ilya?” Shane asks again, when Ilya does nothing but squint at him suspiciously. Maybe he’s drunker than Shane thought. He’s quietly delighted at the thought that he might get to carry Ilya into their house.

“Who are you?” Ilya asks, pressing himself against the car window.

Shane’s eyebrows fly up his forehead. “Shane,” he says, confused. “Baby, did you hurt your head?” He unclips his seatbelt and leans forward to check, and Ilya makes a squawking noise.

“No, thank you,” Ilya says firmly, flapping his hands like he’s trying to scare Shane away. “Stay away. Shoo.”

“Did you just *shoo* me?” Shane asks, mouth dropping open.

“Yes,” Ilya glares at him. “Shoo. I have,” and he takes a deep breath for emphasis — “Husband.”

“Oh,” Shane bites back a laugh. “Baby, you’re drunk.”

Ilya makes another high sound, glaring at Shane. “No. *Not* baby. Don’t call me baby. Only—” he hiccups, banging his head against the window. “Husband can call me baby. Not you. Stranger danger.”

“Oh my god,” Shane whispers to himself. This is the best thing that could ever happen to him.

“Married, huh?” Shane plays along, crossing his arms against his chest, leaning back into his own window. “What’s he like?”

Ilya waves his hand at him, pointing to the ring on his finger that Shane put there. A besotted smile plays on Ilya’s face as he cradles the hand close to his chest, the ring right over his heart.

“He is the best,” Ilya says, lovesick. “And is very famous. He would not like strangers trying to kidnap his husband in strange cars.” He glares at Shane, as if this isn’t *his* car.

“I’m not kidnapping you,” Shane says, trying not to smile. “I’m only going to drop you home.”

“You know where I live?” Ilya demands. “Are you a stalker?”

Jesus Christ. “No, baby,” Shane says patiently.

Ilya narrows his eyes at him. “*Not* baby,” he says, firmly. “You are not my husband. You *cannot* call me baby.”

“Sorry,” Shane bites his lip. “What should I call you, then?”

“Nothing,” Ilya declares. “Have a good day. Stalker,” He flips Shane off, and then unlocks the car door, trying to get out of the car. His seatbelt’s still on.

“Your seatbelt is still on,” Shane calls out,

“No, THANK YOU!” Ilya flips him off, and Shane bursts into laughter.

four.

There’s loads of great things about being married. Shane gets to call Ilya his *husband*, which is a thrill of its own, he gets to wear his ring, he gets to write ‘married’ in all the forms he fills out. It’s fucking great. It’s brilliant.

But the thing that Shane treasures the closest to his heart is this—the fact that he now has a best friend for *life*.

For the longest time, Shane thought he was cursed to go through events in his life alone. Sure, he had his parents, but he couldn’t ask them to stay by his side all the time, could he? And even at team events back when he was in Montreal, he always felt out of place. Hayden did his best, but that pang of loneliness was ever present. Shane had learned to live with it like most things in his life, but it wasn’t until *now* that he realised it didn’t have to always be that way.

Now, he knows that no matter what event he goes to, Ilya’s always going to be with him. It’s even truer now that they’re on the same team. Shane doesn’t remember the last time he had to sit through a boring meeting or another stuffy ballroom event alone.

They’re at Bood’s over for a dinner party with the rest of the team, loud, raucous laughter ringing throughout the house. Shane’s on the couch, arguing over something stupid with Luca when he realises he hasn’t seen Ilya in a hot minute.

“I’ll be back,” he tells the boys, ignoring their teasing laughter.

“Miss your husband already?” Bood waggles his eyebrows.

“Always,” Shane winks at him, face flaming as they all burst into hoots.

He walks out of the living room in search of Ilya, pleasantly buzzed. There’s two, maybe three places that Ilya would be in if not the living room with the rest of them—the bathroom, the backyard, or the kitchen.

He checks the bathroom and the kitchen—Ilya isn’t there. The backyard, then.

Shane hears him before he sees him—and oh, of course.

Ilya’s sat on the floor with the kids in a circle around him, reading them a story. He’s got twelve different hairclips in his hair and his nails are painted, and he’s absolutely unbothered as he reads to the kids around the campfire, a blanket draped over his shoulders.

“And then the queen placed a pea on the very bottom,” Ilya’s saying. Shane leans against the wall, hopelessly endeared. “She then took twenty mattresses—beds, that is—and put them over the pea, stacked like a tower.”

Ilya keeps reading, and Shane lets his voice wash over him like the world’s loveliest lullaby—warm and comforting.

Soon, he soothes his longing heart. *Soon*.

Ilya hasn’t noticed him yet, all his attention on the kids. Shane’s so fucking *gone* over it. He finishes the story, and the kids demand *more, more* but he sends them off into the house — “Ask Bood for the secret chocolates,” he grins at them, and they take off, squealing.

“Hi,” Shane grins at him, pushing away from the wall.

“Hi,” Ilya beams up at him, patting the space next to him. “Come here.”

Shane goes, because when does he not? He tucks himself into Ilya’s side, pulling the blanket around their shoulders. Ilya nuzzles into his neck, pressing a soft kiss there.

“Missed you,” Shane mumbles, hooking his thigh over Ilya’s.

“Me too,” Ilya sighs happily. “Was reading the babies a story. They love my voices.”

“I know,” Shane smiles into Ilya’s hair. “You’re very good at them.”

“Mm,” Ilya hums, pleased. Shane rocks them a little, side to side. It’s a perfect night out, and the sky is clear enough that they can see a few stars.

“Wanna go back inside?” Ilya asks, looking up at Shane.

“Not yet,” Shane kisses his forehead, pulling Ilya back into his body. “Just wanna stay here.”

“Okay,” Ilya says, kissing him softly.

Shane just hugs him tighter.

five.

The first time Shane finds them, he's so shocked he just stands in the middle of the room, staring at it in shock.

miss you xoxo

It's a note.

Ilya left him a *note*.

Ilya, presumably, picked up a pen and one of the post-its Shane leaves lying around, and stuck his tongue out and wrote *miss you* in his perfect cursive, while thinking of Shane.

Ilya left him a fucking *note*.

This has never happened before. God, after two years of marriage, Shane thought there were no more surprises between them, but trust this man to do the impossible.

Shane's giddy over it—god, he feels like he wants to jump in the air and click his ankles together, he wants to twirl his hair. *My husband left me a note*, he wants to scream. *He loves me*.

As much as he wants to, Shane does *not* do that.

No, he finds the wooden box his mum had made for him when he was a kid, the one carved with his initials—home to his most precious belonging, and folds up the note carefully and puts it there.

He assumes it's a one time thing, and is fully prepared to cherish that one note until the day he dies, but Ilya keeps writing them.

He finds the second one two days later, under his coffee mug.

you're so hot!!!! wanna go on a date <3 ?

"Ilya," Shane blushes. "We're *married*."

"So?" Ilya asks, a twinkle in his eyes. "I cannot flirt with you now?"

"Oh my god," Shane rolls his eyes, but he can't hide his grin.

Ilya leaves him another one, this time tucked between their mail.

i have a crush on you ❤️

"Grown man," Shane shakes his head, but he's blushing.

He keeps finding them all over the house, the most precious things in the most random places.

love your ass. and your tits. and your nose. and your eyes. and your perfect smile. and the dimples on your back x

He finds this one in the bedroom, tucked under his pillow. Shane rolls his eyes, but pockets it anyway.

would you love me if i was a worm. any kind of worm hollander dont overthink it.

This one has two boxes outlined for him to mark his answer - a yes with a smiley face, and a no with a crying face. Shane laughs, folding it carefully.

“Did you get my note?” Ilya asks him that night, when they’re getting ready for bed.

“What note?” Shane asks innocently, but the glint in his eye gives him away.

Ilya tackles him to the bed, and Shane honest to god *giggles*, letting himself be pushed.

He’s in his thirties with more awards than he count underneath his belt, but goddamn—these notes have him feeling like he’s eighteen again, hopelessly crushing on the same boy.

+one.

Shane’s blinks awake, groggy. The moonlight streams in through the windows of their bedroom, the gentle summer breeze drifting throughout the cottage. It’s late.

“You have to be nice to him,” he hears Ilya’s voice, softer than a whisper.

Oh.

Shane lifts his head just barely, careful not to let Ilya know he’s awake, and sure enough—it’s exactly what he was expecting.

Ilya’s curled around the swell of Shane’s belly, one hand splayed protectively over it. His legs are dangling off the bed, and he’s talking to the baby, very carefully.

“Your papa is very soft,” Ilya says, gently rubbing his thumb across Shane’s belly. Sure enough, their little pup kicks Shane, recognising his touch. “Ah, hello, darling,” Ilya beams, soft and adoring.

“What’s she saying?” Shane asks, running his fingers through Ilya’s curls. “She ready to come out yet?”

Ilya gives him a soft smile. “Not yet,” Ilya kisses his belly, and she kicks him again, harder this time. “She loves it inside.”

“Mm,” Shane hums, twisting and playing with Ilya’s curls. He hopes the baby has Ilya’s curls. “She’s not even born yet and you are already plotting with her, babe?”

Ilya laughs, pressing another kiss to Shane’s belly. Shane grins at him, sleep-soft.

“Come on,” he says, pulling at Ilya’s curls. “Can’t sleep without you.”

“M’right here,” Ilya promises, and crawls up the bed until he can kiss Shane. “I’m right here.”

“I know, loverboy,” Shane kisses him, deep and adoring. “Come back to bed.”

“Yes, sweetheart, anything you say,” Ilya teases. He pats Shane’s belly. “Goodnight to you too, darling. Sleep until morning, okay? We can go for a walk after.”

“I’m not fucking taking a walk in the morning,” Shane grumbles.

“Whatever you say, darling,” Ilya kisses him. “Go to sleep. I’ll be here.”

“G’night,” Shane mumbles. “I want eggs in the morning.”

“Anything you want,” Ilya promises, and Shane goes back to sleep with that promise echoing in his bones.

End Notes

HI. I KNOW IT'S BEEN LONG. I AM SORRY. uni has been so hectic yall i'm fucking dying. BUT i had a good week and finally had some time to write, and this fic fought me tooth and nail but by god did we get it done <3

i wrote a draft for this initially on may 17th at 4:24pm and this story is so so special to me for many reasons. i hope you liked it <3

i have a part 2 of this (from ilya's pov) drafted and i really wanna write that too... hopefully soon!

anyway, i'll see you when i see you, and all my love until then!

mwah,
darcy xxxx

p.s. i have read ALL the comments yall have left on my previous fics. i love them all even though i have not had time to reply to all of them yet. thank you for all the love ❤️

p.p.s. it is very late at night when i am posting this. i will edit any mistakes later, ignore them for now!!!

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