

I Know What You Did Last Summer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77524596) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77524596>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Texting , Humor , Long-Suffering Hayden Pike , Light Angst , Accidental Outing , Anxious Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 1,473 Chapters: 1/1

I Know What You Did Last Summer

by [sweet_s0rr0w](#)

Summary

Hayden - well, Jackie - finally works out what was going on during *that* phone call...

Notes

who is so brilliant and kind and funny! Happy not-really-Christmas-anymore! Please accept this little Hollanov along with all my love <3

Surprise surprise, Heated Rivalry got me too! With many many thanks to citrusses for brilliant title and for betaing (and finally getting her own back after years of my britpicking), and also to Tacky for reading and reassuring! I know the Hollanov outing goes very differently in the books, but i haven't read them so you get my version <3

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

It can't be how they'd planned it, if they'd planned it at all.

Did you know? the text from Hayden's brother reads, but Hayden's not watching *MHL Today*, he's chasing the twins around trying to get them to a party, so it takes him a while to catch up. The trade deadline's approaching, so it's probably about that, he thinks, though the team WhatsApp's unusually quiet.

He opens ESPN.

There's a picture of Shane right at the top, which is weird: weirder still, he's next to that asshole Rozanov. And the sentence accompanying it... the words are English, alright, but Hayden's brain refuses to make sense of them, so he clicks through, scans the page. A live interview, it says, for that foundation Shane's always on about. Some heated look between Shane and Rozanov, and then the young interviewer's question – audacious, *absurd* – but Shane... Shane doesn't deny it. Rozanov doesn't deny it.

Hayden watches the clip, and then again, rewinds and replays it half a dozen times while Jackie's wrapping up the presents and Amber's throwing food at the wall and Arthur's dumping sand from his Tonka truck onto the living room carpet. "You hated each other," the woman behind the camera says, and then there it is, the glance: Rozanov's little eyebrow raise, Shane's barely-there grin. An in-joke, clearly, something intimate, laid blindingly bare by the glare of the studio lights. "You were friends?" the interviewer asks – still playful, a little curious – as Shane blinks, and swallows, all the colour draining from his face as he looks over at Rozanov once more. "You were—" she asks, almost disbelieving now, and then she pauses. "You were... more?"

"Jacks," Hayden says distantly, as the video finishes again, freezing on Shane's hunted expression, his eyes looking sideways, somewhere past the camera. "Jackie, you been on Twitter lately?"

"Not this morning," she replies, Scotch tape between her teeth. "Anyway, Hayden, honey, can you put it away now? We're running late."

"Sure, of course. Can you just – Jackie, can you just check for me? It's important."

She sighs, but she must hear something in his voice, because she does as he asks, wriggles the cell phone out of her jeans pocket as she's wiping up Amber's tray, and then Hayden hears the muffled noise of shock she makes and – okay. Okay, it's real.

Every app he opens has the two of them front and centre. Yahoo, GameCentre – even fucking Fox News is running it, though Hayden's not going to stick around to find out what they've got to say.

Jackie whistles through her teeth. "Wow."

"Mom," says Ruby. "Mom, Arthur's eating the sand again."

"Stop it, Arthur," Jackie says wearily, but she's looking at Hayden. "And you didn't–"

“Know? Of course I didn’t.”

She nods. “Wow,” she says again, brow furrowed. She’s concerned, obviously. She probably thinks Hayden’s going to freak out over this. Well, he’s not going to freak out. Yes, it’s Rozanov – *of all fucking people* – but this is *Shane*. He’s still Shane.

“It’s fine,” he tells her, firmly. “I’m fine. Shane’s – look, I’ll text him now. Something good, don’t worry.”

“Uncle Shane?” says Jade, who never misses a damn thing. “What about Uncle Shane?”

“Nothing,” says Jackie briskly, cell back in her pocket, snapped back to Mom mode.

“Nothing about Uncle Shane. Let’s get your shoes on now, coats, out to the car, let’s go.”

Hayden opens WhatsApp back up, then scrolls down to find Shane’s name. He needs to say something – he *wants* to say something – but what? *I love you, man*, he types. It’s not quite enough, though, and he pauses, thumb hovering over the keyboard.

“Hmm,” says Jackie, a little too pronounced.

Hayden looks up. “What?”

“Nothing,” she says. “Probably. I just–” She shoos the girls out the front door, then scoops up Arthur in one arm, tutting as sand flies everywhere. “Remember that call you had with Shane last year?”

“What?” says Hayden, setting his phone down to accept the squirming Arthur. “No.”

“Yeah, you do,” she tells him. “Just after we had Amber, remember? He was up at his cottage, and you were worried about his head. You spent forever deciding if you should text your doctor.”

Hayden thinks back. “Yeah,” he says slowly. “He *was* acting pretty strange that day.”

“You said he was all weird and distracted, and he kept putting you on hold.”

“Right,” says Hayden, recalling more clearly now. “Completely distracted. And he was definitely out of breath too. Like, he was struggling to get the words out. Like maybe he’d been – I dunno, running.”

“Running, sure. Maybe he’d been running. Or *maybe* he’d been...” She trails off, letting the words hang, her eyebrows raised.

“No,” says Hayden, instantly. “You can’t seriously think–” But he can hear it now; first Shane’s strained voice, his choked out responses, then, at the end of the call, that laughing, gasping giddiness. Jackie was right: Shane had put Hayden on hold while he’d shot his fucking load, and it’d been Ilya fucking Rozanov who’d made him do it. Probably – oh *gross* – probably he’d shot it right into that surly fucking mouth. Russian douchebag.

“Oh, *fu*–”

Jackie shoots him a *look*.

“Fudge,” he finishes instead. “Oh fudging... heck.” He looks down at Arthur’s wide little eyes. “*Fudge*,” he tells the toddler again, with feeling, so that Arthur giggles. “Not Shane,” Hayden says, pleadingly, to Jackie. “Not *Shane*, surely. He wouldn’t.”

“Sorry, sweetheart,” Jackie says, but she doesn’t sound it; in fact, he can hear her laughing all the way down the driveway. The screen on his cell dims, catching his eye. *I love you, man*, Hayden’s message says. It’s not finished, though. Arthur shrieks in delight when Hayden sets him down again, heading straight back over towards the sand.

Hayden starts typing.

They’re alone again finally, thank god, corralled by Shane’s mom into someone’s empty office just down from the studio, backs against the wall, door closed firmly on the outside world. The explosion had been a silent one at first: silence from Shane, who should have answered the question, and silence beside him from Ilya, though really he could have answered too. By then the silence had stretched out too long, had taken on its own life force, had got its hands around Shane’s throat, strangling him, while behind the camera his mother’s eyes had grown wider and wider. And then they’d called *cut*, and the uproar had started, and panic had risen in Shane’s chest, had swollen and swollen like crowd noise, and everything had begun to blur in his periphery.

Shane’s ears are still ringing, his heart aching from the hugeness, his fingers so tight between Ilya’s that he couldn’t let go if he tried. Ilya’s staring straight ahead, breathing even, only a tic in his jaw and the fast stroking movement of his thumb over the back of Shane’s hand giving him away as anything other than perfectly calm.

Shane’s phone’s buzzing non-stop in his other hand: everyone he’s ever played with, spoken to, met once in a club, all now apparently desperate to get in touch. There’s a bunch of unknown numbers popping up too, and texts coming in one after another, and all Shane can do is panic jab at the screen, reject reject reject until his thumb’s sore.

“I’m sorry,” he says to Ilya, too loud in the boxy little room. “I fucked up, I know. We should never have done it live. I should have said something straight away, and—”

“It’s alright,” Ilya says, nudging his arm. “Shane, please. It was – not just you.”

“Yeah.”

“And it’s done now, anyway.”

“I know,” Shane says quickly. “I know. And my parents are here, and my mom will—” He stops, cheeks heating, awaiting the scathing response.

“That’s right,” Ilya says simply. “Is good they’re here.”

Shane nods, then grits his teeth as his phone starts buzzing *yet a-fucking-gain*. His brain’s all static; helpless, he bangs his head back against the wall.

“Hollander,” says Ilya, warningly. He presses his nose against Shane’s cheek, gives him a smacking kiss as Shane looks back down at his cell. A text this time, from Hayden. Hayden’s a good guy, right? Hayden will understand.

Shane inhales, bracing himself as he taps on it.

~ I love you, man. I really do. Even if you’ve got the worst taste. Also, fuck you *both* for that phone call last summer.

“Oh my god,” says Shane, with a laugh that’s quite unexpected. Ilya jerks back, surprised. Wordlessly, Shane passes him the phone. Shane’s laughing harder now, his shoulder shaking where it presses against Ilya’s. “Poor Hayden,” he says, as tears well up in his eyes.

Ilya’s all innocence. “But it was a good blow job, no?” he asks, a self-satisfied smile spreading across his face.

Shane elbows him. “Asshole,” he murmurs, painfully fond.

End Notes

[tumblr](#), intermittently

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