

keep it 100

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77471061) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77471061>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Canon Compliant , somewhere between hr and tlg , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Drunk Shane Hollander , Romance , Idiots in Love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 2,182 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Ilya pads out of the bedroom, poking his head around the corner. Shane is attempting to take off one of his shoes, balanced on one of his feet and his hand braced on the wall. He still seems to be losing the battle, and Ilya realizes some things in quick succession:

Something is wrong with Shane.

Shane is giggling as he fails to take off a shoe.

Therefore—Shane is drunk.

Ilya grins.

~*~*~*~*~

Shane comes home drunk. Ilya loves him.

Notes

Came home tipsy and thought “man I wish Ilya Rozanov was here” and this is what happened.

~*~*~*~*~

Ilya doesn't think anything of Shane coming home until the door slams shut behind him.

Shane is not the kind to slam doors. The exact opposite, in fact. Ilya once accidentally slammed a door to his car and Shane looked at him like he killed his firstborn. Ilya still feels the need to apologize sometimes when he gets into Shane's car, and he's not sure if he's still apologizing to Shane or if the car has developed feelings.

So hearing a door slam is unusual. Hearing clattering is also unusual.

Ilya pads out of the bedroom, poking his head around the corner. Shane is attempting to take off one of his shoes, balanced on one of his feet and his hand braced on the wall. He still seems to be losing the battle, and Ilya realizes some things in quick succession:

Something is wrong with Shane.

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Therefore—Shane is drunk.

Ilya grins.

It's a rare sight these days to see his boyfriend let loose. Shane is a responsible and staunch individual even on his worst day, so the days he actually lets loose are few and far between. Shane is a kind of guy with a plan—for his life, for his health, for his food—so indulging in alcohol is incredibly rare. Ilya likes when he lets loose, like he likes Shane when he does much of anything. He especially likes this, though.

He makes sure to make a little extra sound as he steps out into the hallway, and Shane—who has managed to free himself from his shoes—whips around, and he grins. "Ilya!"

“Why so surprised?” he asks, teasingly. “You leave me here.”

“I know,” Shane says, crossing the room at a stumbling pace to throw his arms around Ilya’s shoulders, practically hanging off of him with his full weight. He smells like sweat and beer. “I missed you.”

When he gets like this, Ilya is reminded of a horrible moment sometimes—a hospital room—but a good one, where Shane gave him the invitation that changed his life. He thinks Shane drunk is a little bit like Shane is high—doe eyes, unrestrained, so sweet it makes his teeth hurt. Ilya wants to squeeze his cheeks and kiss his face and keep him forever.

Instead, Shane kisses him, and purrs, “I love you.”

Ilya loves him a lot like this.

Shane is a man who is in control of everything and Ilya rarely gets to see the side of Shane who lets loose like this. He has fun, of course, and he smiles a lot, but he doesn’t let his guard drop so fully all the time. He doesn’t let himself be silly and spontaneous, and Ilya loves when he can kind of take a deep breath and let himself show all of his sides, warts and all. Shane is rarely a man who lets his craziness show but Ilya loves when he drinks because he sees shades of it.

Shane is leaning all of his weight into him and asking, “Did you miss me?”

“Always miss you,” Ilya confirms, pressing a sloppy kiss to his cheek, which makes Shane giggle like a schoolgirl. “How much you have to drink?”

“Many,” Shane says, kissing his neck. “Took an Uber home.”

Ilya makes note to go pick up the car in the morning. “Thirsty?”

“Nooo,” Shane says, dragging the word out. He drops one last kiss, complete with a ‘mwah’ before stumbling off into the living room proper and dropping onto the couch like a fainting Victorian maiden. His cheeks are a little pink, bringing out the freckles, and Ilya feels a little insane about it. He wants to scoop this man in his hands and keep him close to his heart forever. He wants the spin of the earth to never stop so he can keep this moment forever, or at least a moment longer. He knows Shane loves him but, like this, he is louder about it. Vibrant, if chaotic. Ilya cannot get enough of it.

As if he is reading his mind, Shane rolls bodily off of the couch and moves toward the kitchen.

“Hollander,” Ilya says, amused.

“Hungry,” Shane replies, and immediately sticks half of his body into the fridge. “I kind of want tacos.”

“We do not have tacos.”

“Ugh,” Shane says, whipping around to lean into the kitchen island. “Have you ever had Jack in the Box? Not the best, but I think right now they would be a religious experience. I think I need one.”

“We do not have tacos.”

Shane, who Ilya doesn’t know if he has ever seen eat a taco in his life, sighs as if this is inconveniencing everything. Ilya presses his lips together so he doesn’t laugh.

Shane sticks his entire head into the fridge and mutters, “Nothing good here.”

“We have plenty of food for rabbits.”

Shane looks over his shoulder to stick out his tongue.

Ilya cannot get enough of it. He wants to cross the room and bite that tongue. He wants to drag him into the bedroom and make out until they fall asleep. He wants to cherish him for the rest of his life.

“Hmm,” Shane says, and then closes the door to the fridge. “Pasta.”

“Carbs,” Ilya reminds him, slipping onto one of the barstools for a front row seat.

“Carbs are stupid,” Shane agrees, “but pasta is good.”

“Might not forgive me if I let you eat pasta.”

“I would forgive you for anything,” Shane tells him with so much sincerity that Ilya thinks he is actually blushing a little bit. Shane immediately loses his line of thought, though, and looks down at himself. “Pajamas first.”

“Need help?”

“Nah,” Shane says, and crookedly strides toward the bedroom.

Ilya amusedly watches him go and wonders what could have had him in the mood to drink so much with his teammates, especially on this new health kick he seems to be trying in order to live forever or whatever. Maybe Pike’s poor wife is spitting out another kid, or someone is getting married. Ilya hates that sometimes the thought of marriage makes him feel nervous and eager in equal measure, his heart dropping at the same time as it speeds up.

But he has time. They have nothing but time. Ilya can be patient.

There is a crash from the bedroom. Ilya assumes it is a lamp, but still winces. “Okay?” he calls.

Shane stumbles out of the room, wearing nothing but a pair of dark sweatpants, his hair mussed and his glasses on, and Ilya thinks he might explode. “Great,” Shane tells him and smiles like he is not causing destruction in their home. The kind of smile that Ilya would forgive him for anything.

“Anything good happen tonight?” he asks, because Ilya is a little too nosy for his own good and he can’t help but wonder how Shane got like this.

Shane crosses back toward him, sliding into the barstool beside him. “Hayden bought me a shot, and then another one, and there was karaoke so I had to escape somehow.”

“Worst nightmare.”

“Yes,” Shane replies emphatically. “Ross is getting married.”

Called it. “So they got *you* drunk?”

“Apparently I am funny,” he says, and hiccups.

Ilya leans over and kisses him on the forehead, smiling. “Do you really want tacos?”

Shane thinks about it and then admits, “Can’t.”

Ilya nods. “Okay, so you are still awake.”

“Of course I’m awake,” Shane says, but he is listing into Ilya, leaning hard into his side. Ilya slides his hand around his shoulders so he can at once keep him close and also keep him upright. He tucks his head into Ilya and breathes in deep, like he’s trying to inhale him. “Good to be home.”

Ilya loves that they can call each other home.

Ilya rubs his back and asks softly, “Gonna throw up on me?”

“You ruined the moment,” Shane accuses him sleepily, and sits up with squinting eyes, even if the lights are set to a dim setting. “I’m not going to throw up.”

”Wanted to ask.”

”I’m fine,” Shane says with a snort, leaning a little deeper into him before admitting, almost shyly, “Want to cuddle.”

“With me?”

”You are very annoying,” Shane says, leaning deeper into him with a goofy smile on his face, looking up at him with his big brown doe eyes, and Ilya doesn’t think he is ever going to love anyone else ever again. Ilya leans down and kisses his freckles.

”So annoying,” he purrs. He presses his lips to Shane’s collarbone, flicks out his tongue.

Shane gasps in a jagged breath. “You love me.”

“So much,” Ilya agrees, and pulls away to smile down at him, Shane’s eyes wide and sweet, his cheeks pink. Ilya wants to bite them. “Want some water?”

“No,” Shane says, even though Ilya is pretty sure the only thing he needs right now is water, but Shane’s pupils are blown out and he looks like an absolute dream right now, so sweet and submissive in his arms. Ilya almost wants to get drunk to meet his energy, to be the same amount of intoxicated in order to bring him to bed.

Ilya loves him. He also knows he is going to pass out the moment Ilya puts him in bed.

”What did you learn tonight?” Ilya asks.

“So many people are getting married and having babies,” Shane groans, like he cannot believe people in their twenties and thirties are making a life for themselves, like they are all grown toddlers. “And then they were talking about pre-schools and babysitters, and J.J. and I kept drinking beers because it’s stuff that we don’t have to worry about yet, and now I am very drunk.”

“Yet?” Ilya teases. “So you want to have babies with me?”

Shane slaps him on the forehead. “Don’t start.”

“I always start,” Ilya reminds him, tucking his hand in the back of Shane’s pants. “You forget?”

“Don’t play up the accent, either,” Shane replies, giggling. “All because you know I think it’s hot.”

“Am not afraid to be very Russian for you.”

“Stop,” Shane laughs, rolling his eyes.

Ilya cannot help the grin on his face as Shane leans back in his arms, like he cannot bear to be too far away. Ilya wants to kiss his face so he does. Shane smiles up at him with eyes so

sweet that Ilya is certain he is going to lose every argument for the rest of their lives. He understands David Hollander more and more every single day.

Shane's smile is sweet. His eyes are adorable. Ilya can't help but to kiss him.

Shane slings his arms around Ilya's neck and whispers, "I love you."

"I love you too."

"Take me to bed?"

"Not drunk," Ilya says, "not when I'm sober. Feels weird."

Shane sighs like this is disappointing but allows, "Okay."

"Is there other thing you want?"

"Cuddle?"

"Can do that."

"Good," Shane slurs, dragging him back until they're standing, stumbling as one entity away from the barstools that practically fall over, Shane laughing as they stumble and the barstools stagger and Ilya loves him.

"Tired?" he asks, knowing full well how this goes.

“Yes,” Shane admits, snuggling closer. “Sleep?”

“Soon,” Ilya promises, but he wants to hold him a little closer first. Wants to feel the extra weight he leans into him for the brief period in time, the one where Shane relies on him completely and Ilya can revel in it, because Shane is so often the one with everything in mind. He is the one with a plan. Ilya is just the one who loves him enough to trust him to tell him where to go from here.

He thinks he could live like this for a long time, definitely forever. Shane could come home drunk every single night for the rest of their lives and Ilya would lovingly scoop him off of the floor and take him to their bedroom, though he likes when things are normal too. He is starting to think that he would accept most any future and inevitability when it comes to this man.

Ilya keeps them both upright. Grins down at Shane. “Okay?”

“Perfect,” Shane purrs, nuzzling into his collarbone. “Did I tell you Marielle is pregnant?”

“No.”

“With their second. They barely like their first one.”

“Have they tried condoms?”

“I thought about asking them.”

“You should have.”

“I thought about you and almost did.”

Ilya smirks. “You think about me?”

“All the time,” Shane assures him, running his hands over his face, smiling the dopey smile that tells Ilya that he means it.

Ilya loves him.

“Am putting you to bed,” he decides. He doesn’t know how much of this his heart can take. “And when you wake up, you can tell me everything.”

“Okay,” Shane says, and yawns widely.

Ilya kisses his forehead, towing him to the bedroom. “Promise?”

“Promise,” Shane replies, and pulls Ilya down into bed.

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