

Slip

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78486476) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78486476>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander & Shane Hollander & Yuna Hollander
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship , Relationship Reveal , Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Meltdown/Shutdown , Misunderstandings , Embarrassment , Second-Hand Embarrassment , Loss of Control , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Awkward situations , Shane Hollander's no good horrible very bad day , Parts of this are meant to be funny in an oh no poor Shane kind of way , Shane is living author's worst nightmare , The Mortifying Ordeal of Being Known , Happy Ending , Coming Out , Shane Hollander is Trying , shane hollander is loved , Good Parents David Hollander/Yuna Hollander , Sexual Freak Shane Hollander , Set during their situationship , They are fully in love but don't quite know it yet , Protective Yuna Hollander , neurodivergent author
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-28 Words: 3,402 Chapters: 1/1

Slip

by [CC99trialanderrorgirl](#)

Summary

Shane accidentally sends a screenshot of his most recent sexts with Boston Lily to his mom and Yuna mistakenly thinks Boston Lily might be treating her son badly based on several texts talking about making Shane cry during sex, choking him, etc.

Shane has to come out as several things at once: gay, Ilya Rozanov's fuckbuddy, and, most mortifyingly, a *freak* in bed.

This goes about as smoothly as you'd expect, but in the process Shane learns he's very, very loved by his family.

Notes

For anyone who would like to know, there is NO abusive or unhealthy dynamics going on in this fic at all, Yuna just makes an incorrect assumption about texts between Shane and Boston Lily involving kinky things like choking, crying during sex, and orgasm delay/denial.

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

“Shane, do you remember the CCM commercial you did with Rozanov a few years ago?”

Privately, Shane thinks it’s safe to say that yeah, he fucking remembers it. He grabs his gear bag with one hand and shuffles the weight of his phone in the other. He hates back-to-back games, especially when they’re both away games; it always throws him off and he’d rather sleep in his own bed to reset between each one, but normally he handles it with his careful routines and rituals.

“You know, the one with the fake face-off?” his mom’s voice says in his ear. Shane blinks and tries to refocus. At least tonight he’ll be able to sleep in his old room at his parent’s place, that usually helps him. He startles as someone else brushes past him and looks around, but there’s no one directly in front of him; a lot of the players must already be on the bus. He groans quietly; he hates being late or last, which is why he almost never is.

“Hollzy, let’s go!” Hayden whoops from somewhere behind him. He whips his head around and tries to smile. His mom is still talking in full-on manager mode in his ear. Another one of the guys jostles his shoulders as he brushes past; Shane fights the urge to physically shrug it off.

“Shane? Are you listening to me?”

“What? Yeah,” he answers his mom absently as he stows his own bag in the compartment outside the bus.

“Hollzy!” It’s J.J. this time.

“F—uh, Mom, listen, I gotta go, okay? We’re getting on the bus.”

“Oh right, of course, I’ll get to the point then, can you send me Rozanov’s contact info? You must still have it, right? From the proofs they emailed you directly from the shoot? I know you save everything...”

“Uh, yeah. I, um, I have it. Probably. Yeah.”

“Okay, great, if you can send it—”

“Hollander!” Coach this time, fuck.

“Mom, I really gotta go, I—”

“Oh of course, just please send the—”

“Yup, yeah, I’ve got it.” He ends the call, shoots Coach an apologetic glance, and throws himself up the steps and down into his customary seat right beside Hayden in the second row from the front. Hayden already has his Beats on and is scrolling through his expansive video library on his tablet. He looks up and winks as Shane huffs into his own seat. He takes one look at Shane and immediately pulls the headphones halfway off.

“Whoa, you don’t look so good.”

“I’m fine, just—I just gotta text my Mom real quick.”

“Mama Hollander, say no more. She’s a beast! That’s why you get them big bucks.”

“Hayden?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut up.”

“Shutting up!” He grins and presses play on what looks like an extremely violent, very non-kid-friendly movie with a grin.

Shane angles his body carefully out of habit, then pulls out his phone. His head is buzzing and he feels off. His mom called at the worst time, messing up his pre-bus ritual. Usually she’s so good about not doing that, it must be a really great brand opportunity for her to forget. She sounded so excited. He’s probably going to make a lot of money — he should probably buy another property with it, invest it — and the prospect of another opportunity to see Ilya is not...unexciting. He decides to just share Ilya’s contact with her really quickly, then he can get it off his mind and focus on getting in as much of his pre-game ritual as he still can. There’s no reason he can’t still do the meditation part on the bus, he’s got his noise-cancelling headphones in his go-bag just like he always does.

Still, he’s distracted and rushing as he surreptitiously thumbs open his text thread with “Lily.” That gives him pause. He doesn’t know how to change the contact name to share it as a saved contact. But maybe that would look weird? Maybe he should just send the phone number itself in a text? That might work. The world is speeding by outside the window and Shane is feeling increasingly rushed; he doesn’t want to run out of time to do his bus routine. He knows his hands are shaking but he ignores it; he just needs to power through and get this done and then he can take care of himself so he can fucking beat Ottawa and not embarrass himself.

Fuck!

In the end he decides to just send a screenshot of the original email from CCM, which he did keep. But he can’t get Ilya’s name and his contact information to show up in the same graphic space and it’s weird to send two different screengrabs. Frustrated and increasingly panicked about his diminishing time to get his head right for the game, he forces himself to take a quick screenshot and then types Iyla’s full name into a text and sends both to his mom.

There. He’s done.

He fumbles for his noise-cancelling headphones, yanks them on, and throws his head back against the seat. *Finally*. The noise of the bus disappears, the chatter cut off completely, the sound of the engine reduced to the dullest of roars. He focuses on a breathing technique he learned from his yoga practice and tries to recenter himself. That was a fucking nightmare.

That was *not*, he finds out when he heads to his childhood home to have dinner with his parents that night after the game, the fucking nightmare. The fucking nightmare is his mother and father sitting on the couch waiting for him with clear intent of...something bad. He frantically thinks through all of the potential reasons for their seriousness. Did a sponsor drop him? Are they stripping him of his titles and awards? Oh God, did he somehow get embroiled in a doping scandal? He's never done drugs in his life, he barely even drinks. Or — oh God, did a family member die? He forces himself to breathe and step further into the house. And then his mother is looking at him with frighteningly gentle eyes and saying, "Shane, is there something you want to tell us?"

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! He can't guess. He's bad at it at the best of times and also he's keeping so much a secret already. *Yes, Mom, actually I'm gay and fucking Ilya Rozanov.* Yeah, no, he needs to write about 50 versions of that speech before he gets it anywhere near good enough to actually say out loud. He doesn't think he could force the words past his lips right now even if he'd been planning it for months. Which he hasn't, so his chances of the words right now are basically zero.

"Shane, I saw the texts."

He swallows and tries to make his face neutral, normal. "Um. What?"

"When you sent me Rozanov's number, you must have also accidentally sent me a screenshot of your most recent texts with someone named Lily. And Shane...the messages sound...they sound abusive, baby. Are you...you can talk to us. Is she your girlfriend?"

Shane can't breathe. The room seems to be spinning around him, but he is one-hundred percent sure he is standing stock-still, because every muscle in his body has locked up in pure, blinding panic. He frantically tries to think back to what his most recent texts with "Lily" are...horrifically, he doesn't need to think hard. They're burned into his brain, because last night he and Ilya were sexting about what "Lily" was going to do to him after the game in Boston next week.

"Oh fuck," he whispers.

His mom hears him. "Oh Shane, baby, it's okay. It's okay."

"You can talk to us, Shane," his father says. "You know you can tell us anything."

"I—It's not—"

"Shane, we're not mad at you and this isn't your fault. If it's okay, I'm going to read the texts out loud to you, just so we're all on the same page, okay?"

His mom's voice is soothing, gentle, caring. If the situation were really what she thinks it is, he would feel so safe and cared for. But it's not, so this is not calming Shane down. At all. But he can't quite get his mouth to open up and tell his mother to stop, so he just stares desperately at a spot on the floor — the carpet is a little darker in one spot than the rest,

why?! — as his own mom begins to read his filthy texts with Ilya fucking Rozanov. Only she doesn't know that's who they're from. Fuckkkk.

"Can't wait until you play Boston, baby." Okay, that's not so bad, but he knows — oh, he knows — that it gets worse.

"I'm going to drag you to my place right after." Still not *too* horrific.

"I can't wait to see you crying for it." Fuck, that's bad.

"You look so pretty when you cry for it." Worse. So much worse. Shane is now actively holding his breath.

"I'm going to choke you until you're sobbing for it." Jesus fucking Christ, Ilya, why?

"And I'm not going to let you come for hours." That's it, his life is over. But he knows that's not the end.

"Are you going to be good for me?" Hearing his mom read that sentence out loud almost kills Shane, because he knows it's the one he blew his load to last night.

"And then there's just one text from you," his mom whispers. "It says, 'Yes.'"

"Oh Jesus Christ," Shane throws both of his hands over his face.

"Oh, baby, it's okay. It seems like this girl is hurting you, but you're not alone now, okay?"

And all of a sudden it dawns on him — the horrible, horrible truth. He's going to have to *correct* them, isn't he? He's going to have to tell them the fucking truth.

"I—no—it isn't like that, really," he tries. And in this case, it's really not. But he knows how it sounds and he's really panicking now, because he's not sure how to tell his parents that he really is okay, he just likes kinky sex and getting talked down to by his archrival. Fuck.

"Baby, you don't have to lie. This isn't your fault and you don't owe Lily anything. We're here for you, okay? David?"

"Absolutely, son," David says, no hesitation.

"It's...consensual," Shane grits out. He does not remove his hands from his face.

"I—what?" His mom's confusion only freaks Shane out more.

"H—it—*Lily* is not, um, treating me bad or, um, abusing me. Sorry for accidentally sending those texts and making you think that." Fuck, so many words, but he got them all out of his mouth. There. It should be settled now. Unfortunately, he has a loving mother and she doesn't let it go.

"Oh Shane, no, it's okay baby, please know that you can open up to us." She keeps saying kind things and Shane is starting to spiral and he's so *afraid* and he doesn't know how to get

the information across and suddenly, he just *snaps*. He drops his hands from his face and starts screaming.

“I *like* it, okay? I *want* it. Fuck, sometimes it’s all I can think about. I told you it’s fucking consensual and it *is*. It fucking *gets me off*.”

Oh dear Jesus.

He can’t believe he just said that to his parents. He slaps his hands back over his face, but not fast enough to avoid seeing his mom’s stricken expression. His father just looks blank.

“Fuck,” he moans. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” He slowly sinks to the ground, hands still firmly planted over his face, moaning and rocking back and forth in a little ball. He’s not breathing right, he can tell, but he can’t figure out how to fix it. Fuck, this hasn’t happened since he was a teenager. Not this bad, anyway. He can’t figure out how to make it stop. Not on his own. But he’s not...

Fuck, his mom is talking again.

“Oh, Shane, baby, I’m sorry, I’m so, so sorry.” He can tell she believes him now and feels awful, and that makes *him* feel awful, because she was just trying to be a good parent and it’s not her fault her son is a fucking *freak*, and...and...He can’t think anymore. He officially can’t function. He’s just rocking and gasping and whining and fuck, he doesn’t want his mom to touch him right now, it feels wrong, he feels dirty, and the only thing he wants in the world is for Ilya fucking Rozanov, whose irresistible charm and dirty mouth got him into this mess in the first place, to just lay on top of him until he calms the fuck down. He whines again and he can tell from the energy in the room that his parents are panicking.

“Shane, what do you want?” his mom asks softly, so softly. “What can I do?”

Shane shakes his head, because she can’t do anything, not right now. She didn’t mean to, and he *knows* it’s no one’s fault, it really isn’t, but hearing his mother read his dirtiest sexual fantasies out loud made him feel *gross* and he just doesn’t want her to touch him right now. The only person he wants to be touched by is...

He’s starting to panic now, himself, because this isn’t slowing down and he needs... something...someone...to help. He briefly points at his phone where he knows it’s sticking out of his backpack, which he vaguely remembers dropping on the carpet a few feet away. His mom grabs for it and holds it out, but he can’t really see with his hands over his eyes, so he shakes his head.

He can sense his parents having some sort of silent conversation over his head and can almost feel his father nodding. His dad has always been such a steady presence. He can’t stand what his own father must think of him now.

“Shane,” his dad says quietly, almost like he’s read his son’s mind, “we love you and we are not judging you.”

Shane just gasps harder.

“Shane,” his mom says quietly, “do you want me to call Lily?”

Fuck, yes, that is what he wants. His mom and dad know him so well. But...fuck, if Yuna Hollander dials that phone, he knows who is going to pick up the other side of the line.

His breathing gets worse *again* and he’s really starting to panic that it won’t end now, that he’ll just be stuck like this forever, no hockey, no joy, no Ilya, just gasping, blinding overload, so he nods. His mom holds the phone near his face and he carefully removes one half of one of his hands from his hiding pose to unlock it.

“Thank you, baby,” she says softly. Shane wants to die, because he’s heard that exact same phrase out of Ilya’s mouth before and *got off on it*. Oh fuck, what is *wrong* with him?

The fucking phone is ringing.

“Shane?” The voice is unmistakably male and the accent is unequivocally Russian.

“Fuck,” he whispers to himself.

“Shane?!” Ilya sounds panicked now. He can just picture his parents looking at each other over his head, having one of their silent conversations that he never totally understands.

“Um, this is Ilya Rozanov, correct?” Shane hears his mom say bravely.

“Is Shane okay?” Is all Ilya says.

“He’s panicking because I saw some of your, um, his and Lily’s texts.”

“Ah,” Ilya clicks his tongue over the line.

“Give him phone, please?”

“I, um, I can’t right now, but he can hear you.”

“Okay,” Ilya doesn’t hesitate. “Shane. I know your parents are with you. They love you. I know this. I am sorry this has happened. Is not end of world. They are good people, yes?”

“Yes,” his parents answer at the same time.

“See? Is okay. You are safe. And now is less pressure to keep secret. Is maybe...good?” Ilya blows out a breath. “Or maybe not. I do not know. Maybe they hate me.”

“We don’t,” Shane hears his mom say, nearly inaudible and sounding a little...impressed?

“Shane, can you breathe for me? The yoga one you do on bus, yes? Four in, four out, I think it is, yes?”

“Y-yeah,” Shane chokes out and starts doing it. Relief floods his system as Ilya breathes with him. Eventually, his parents pick up the pattern and start doing it, too. He drops his hands

from his face and stares at the phone in his mom's hand. The display reads: Lily 4:41, 4:42, 4:43... He watches the time on the call tick up and listens to Ilya's voice and just *breathes*.

"Thank you," he says finally. He's still rocking a little, but it's soothing rather than frantic now.

"You are welcome. You will call me later, yes? Let me know you are okay?"

"I—yes," Shane confirms.

"Okay, I will say goodbye now. And sorry to Hollanders for...okay, goodbye now."

He hangs up and Shane is left alone with his parents and the deafening truth of who he is.

His mom sits down on the floor about a foot away from him, her legs crossed delicately. It makes him feel safe, like a little kid.

"So, Ilya Rozanov?"

Shane nods. "Uh, yeah. I'm, um, gay."

"That's great, Shane," his dad says from his spot on the couch. "We love you."

"Thank you for telling us, Shane, we're so happy to know this about you and we love you so much."

"I-um, thank you. Fuck," he drags a hand down his face. "I wanted to tell you so many times. I just couldn't figure out..."

"Rozanov?" His dad says quietly. Shane nods.

"How long...?" His mom asks.

"Since right before our rookie season, probably. But, um, do you remember the CCM commercial...?"

"Oh. Oh!"

"Uh, yeah. It's, um, casual."

His mom just nods. He's too exhausted to figure out why she doesn't respond verbally to that fact.

"So now, you, um, know."

"I'm so sorry about the texts, Shane," his mom says sincerely. "That was private and I didn't mean, I would *never* have..."

"It's okay, mom, I know. I'm sorry I'm such a f—"

"Hey!" his mom cuts him off. "There is nothing wrong with you. I love you."

“I love you, kiddo,” his dad cuts in.

“See? It’s all okay, I promise. Why don’t you go take a shower, I made sure to get that eucalyptus shower gel you like, and your towels are all clean and ready to go, and your dad will make protein pasta and we’ll have a nice night, okay? *You can rest, now, honey.*”

“Okay, mom,” he chokes out, and then throws himself into her arms.

“Oh, I love you, honey,” she says quietly, catching him.

“I love you, too,” he mumbles into her shoulder.

His dad helps him up off the floor with a steady hand and pulls him right into a hug. “Love you, Shane,” he says quietly. Shane clings for a moment before moving off toward the shower, dragging his bag along with him. Over the sound of the spray, he doesn’t hear the close of his parents’ conversation.

“Well, that was a lot,” Yuna Hollander blows out a breath.

“Didn’t see that coming,” David Hollander agrees.

“Do you think it’s...okay?”

“The texts?”

“Yeah,” Yuna nods once, firm.

“Really?”

“That’s *not* casual, David, did you *hear* Rozanov’s voice? He was so worried, he picked up right away, and he knew exactly how to help Shane and was respectful the whole time. Isn’t that what we always wanted for him in a partner?”

“You’re very smart,” David smiles.

“And I married a smart man,” Yuna returns. “So I know you clocked that, too.”

“Oh, I did,” David smiles. “They’re in love, aren’t they?”

“Very deeply, I would say,” Yuna confirms. “*They* just don’t know it yet.”

“So what do we do?”

“I think we just bide our time, look out for them where we can, and wait.”

David kisses her and Yuna kisses back before they separate.

“Our son is pretty amazing, isn’t he? It’s no wonder Rozanov fell for him.”

“He really is,” Yuna grins. “Like I’ve always said: Ilya Rozanov never stood a chance.”

End Notes

A/N: Kind comments are very welcome! And also sorry for the level of second hand embarrassment this fic probably caused!

Also I wanted to add that if you need any kind of support at all with any of the things touched on in this fic, please reach out to a safe person/resource in your life and know you are deeply loved

Also: thank you SO MUCH to everyone who has commented. The support means so much! I read every single one and I'm slowly responding to them all.

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