

it's all the little things

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76956081) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76956081>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship , Coming Out , At the cottage , they're so in love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 3,120 Chapters: 1/1

it's all the little things

by [spacemanearthgirl](#)

Summary

Shane really hopes that Hayden doesn't notice the shirt that he is currently wearing, which is slightly too big and comforting in a way that Shane can't quite describe.

Or the outside world crashes in on them again when Hayden shows up at the cottage.

Notes

Full disclosure I haven't read the books, I've only seen the show but I needed to write something just to get some feelings out because I have too many feelings for these characters and this show.

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

Shane is half asleep, his head pillowed in Ilya's lap, gentle fingers threading through his hair. Ilya is talking, telling him about a game he'd played recently (like Shane wasn't watching) but Shane is only half listening, letting the sound of his voice wash over him.

Shane's content. He's not sure he's ever been this content in his life. But here he is, on holiday with his boyfriend, feeling more relaxed and happier than he's ever felt.

The knock at the door shatters all that, Shane immediately sitting ramrod straight, wide eyes on the door.

"Are you expecting someone?" Ilya asks. He places a comforting hand on Shane's knee, but Shane barely notices through the panic.

He knows it's not his parents, they're on holiday. They haven't ordered anything, so nothing is going to be delivered. There should be absolutely no one who would be knocking on his door right now.

There's a knock again, followed by a voice that makes Shane freeze in terror, his heart kicking into overdrive.

He's too young to be having a heart attack, right?

"Shane? Are you there? Open up. It's me, Hayden," Hayden calls, through the still closed door.

It takes a nudge from Ilya to kick him into action.

"Fuck," Shane swears, before raising his voice and calling towards the front door. "Just a second!"

There's no time except to shove Ilya towards his bedroom, cursing the fact that he wanted so many windows in this house. "Hide."

"You want me to hide?" Ilya asks.

Shane sees the hurt in Ilya's eyes and hates himself a little when he pleads. "Please? You know--"

"I know, I know," Ilya says and follows Shane's orders.

They'd both gotten so used to not having to hide the past two weeks that it suddenly feels wrong to hide it again.

His parents had been so accepting, opening Ilya into their family with the proverbial open arms. He'd forgotten for a moment that outside the cottage, no one knew.

Shane has just enough time to see Ilya's Boston Raiders shirt on the floor and toss it to him before he disappears into the bedroom.

Shane straightens his shirt, runs his fingers through his hair and hopes he looks somewhat normal as she opens the door. He's met with the concerned face of his best friend, some of the concern melting away when Hayden sees Shane standing there.

"Hey man, are you okay?" Hayden asks.

Shane swallows. "Yeah, I'm fine, are you? What are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to make sure you were okay. I saw you hadn't read any of my messages and I tried calling but it kept going straight to voicemail and I got worried. I tried your parents too but they didn't pick up either."

"Shit, I'm sorry." Shane says. "Yeah, my parents are out of the country and I don't even know where my phone is, it must be dead." Shane glances behind him to see if he can see it. He doesn't even remember the last time he used it. He knows his parents went out of town to give them a bit more privacy after seeing them so often this past week. He hopes they haven't tried calling and he's missed them too.

"I'm sorry man, I didn't mean to worry you."

Hayden doesn't look angry, he just looks relieved. "No worries, as long as you're okay. That doesn't sound like you though, since when do you not use your phone? You're practically glued to it all the time, texting Lily."

Even just hearing Ilya's fake name, Shane's heart does a stupid little somersault in his chest. Shane knows he's in deep, but that's okay, because he knows Ilya is too.

Shane has to try very hard not to smile. "Uh yeah, I just wanted to take a break, you know? Get off the grid and relax."

His words end up coming out stilted in what definitely sounds like a lie.

"Tell me that next time, okay? So I don't worry?"

"Of course," Shane smiles. This time he doesn't need to hide it, because all of this is his best friend caring about him so much that he came to check in to make sure he's okay.

"Do you want to come in?" Shane asks, belatedly realising they're still in the doorway. And then he realises something even more serious and it makes him feel extra shit about not checking his phone and ignoring his best friend. "Shit. Amber. And Jackie. I'm sorry I took you away from them."

Hayden waves him off. "Don't worry, Jackie understands. Her Mum is staying at the moment so she's helping out too. And I'll head back soon now that I know you're okay. But first, I need a tour of the cottage I've only seen on TV because this looks amazing."

Shane feels guilty again, that he's invited Ilya, but has left his best friend out of so many important things in his life.

Shane follows Hayden into the cottage as Hayden glances around. Shane sees his eyes linger on the hoodie hanging over the back of a chair. He hopes he doesn't notice the blanket half hanging on the floor and the hat and sunglasses sitting on the table, and the many other small signs that Ilya has been here. Like the shoes toed off by the front door that aren't tucked away or the two cups sitting in the sink.

They mean nothing on their own, they give nothing away, except to people who know Shane, know how tidy he likes things, and how scattered items around the room are very unlike him.

Shane really hopes that Hayden doesn't notice the shirt that he is currently wearing, which is slightly too big and comforting in a way that Shane can't quite describe.

"So, you've just been relaxing up here for the last two weeks by yourself?" Hayden asks, as he turns his attention out at the lake. "It's a great spot."

Shane knows Hayden isn't asking for any particular reason other than the fact that he's checking in on him. He doesn't suspect anything, there's nothing that has given them away, and Shane could very easily make up some lie, go along with it until Hayden leaves.

But he doesn't want to. He's sick of lying, he doesn't want to lie even more to his best friend. He's enjoyed these two weeks with Ilya, with his parents, being out and open and wishing so much that this wasn't just a bubble, that they could be something out there in the real world too.

"Shit," Shane says, scrubbing his hands down his face.

The sudden anxiety catches Hayden's attention, a confused crinkle in this brow. "Are you okay?"

Shane nods. "I'll be right back."

Shane doesn't give Hayden the chance to question further as he makes a beeline for his room.

He walks in to find Ilya lying down on his bed, so they're lucky they barely started the tour or else they would have been found out anyway.

"Comfortable?" Shane asks as quietly as he can.

Thankfully, when Ilya replies, he matches Shane's volume. "Are you okay?"

Shane nods, but he knows that Ilya has clocked that he's not okay because he sits up and swings his legs over the side of the bed and reaches out to take Shane's hands, pulling his twisted fingers apart. He tugs Shane forwards until he's standing between Ilya's thighs.

The touch is grounding.

"I don't want to lie to Hayden anymore."

"Then don't," Ilya replies, like it's the simplest thing in the world.

“Are you okay if I tell him?” Shane asks, letting out a shaky breath.

“It is your secret to tell,” Ilya says, dropping Shane’s hands in favour of running soothing hands down his sides instead.

“It’s your secret too. If I tell him I’m gay, he’ll figure it out.”

“I do not think you need to worry about that, he is not very smart.”

Shane shoves Ilya’s shoulder but the words are enough to make him smile, some of the tension leaving his body.

“So you’re okay if I tell him?”

“Of course.” Ilya catches Shane’s hand again and places a kiss on his palm. It’s enough to send fire through his body and make him wish they were alone.

“Not just about me, but about us too?” Shane confirms.

“Yes,” Ilya smiles.

Shane takes a deep breath, gazing down at Ilya for a moment, letting his soft eyes and smile calm him.

Shane leaves Ilya with a lingering kiss, one where he has to use great self restraint to step away because it would be so easy to just forget Hayden and fall into him.

Shane schools his features before he returns to Hayden but when he catches the look on Hayden’s face, he knows it’s not a good sign.

“What?”

“Should I pretend I didn’t hear voices coming from the other room just now?” Hayden asks.

Shane stills. “Fuck. Did you hear what we said?”

Hayden shakes his head, glancing towards the room.

“Did you hear who it was?”

Hayden shakes his head again, but his curiosity is clearly piqued.

Shane flails for a moment until he remembers that Ilya is just in the other room, and while that’s a source of anxiety right now, it’s also comforting to know how close he is.

“Come and sit?” Shane asks. “I need to talk to you about something.”

Hayden follows his lead and takes a seat on the couch beside him. Hayden waits patiently for Shane to talk, realising that this is something serious, even though it’s clear he wants to say something.

“There’s something I haven’t been honest with you about. I…” Shane trails off, his breaths becoming quicker. What he’s about to say could change things between them. He’s pretty sure that Hayden will be cool with it but what if he’s not, what if-

“Hey,” Hayden says, cutting into Shane’s spiralling thoughts. “Whatever it is, we can-“

“I’m gay,” Shane blurts, the words spilling quickly. He feels a sudden swell of relief as soon as they’re out there, but as quickly as that happens, it fades, and he starts rambling. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner, I was figuring some things out, but you’re my best friend and I want you to know. I was going to tell you next season, or at least I was thinking about it, but I was worried things would change if you knew and I didn’t want that but-“ Shane takes a stuttering breath, and it’s enough to slow him down and make him realise that Hayden hasn’t responded.

Not that he’s been given a chance to.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you and I’m sorry I lied,” Shane repeats.

Hayden shakes his head. “You don’t need to be sorry, thank you for telling me. It’s your thing to tell, and you should only do it on your own terms.”

Shane huffs out a laugh, relief properly flooding through his body this time. “It feels really good to say it out loud to you.”

There’s no warning before Hayden pulls him into a hug. It’s quick, but it means everything to Shane that Hayden doesn’t seem to care that he’s gay.

“I can’t believe I spent years trying to set you up with women.”

Shane laughs. “To be fair, I didn’t know I didn’t like them back then.”

“Wait!” Hayden says, sitting up straight, confusion furrowing his brow. “What about Lily? Because you still talk all the time and you are 100% in love with that girl, anyone who has seen you text her knows that.”

Shane winces. “Right. Now for the part you might not be so happy about.”

Hayden narrows his eyes. “What do you mean? Oh, shit, I almost forgot you have someone hiding in the other room.” Hayden glances back towards his room.

“Lily is a guy,” Shane says, because that hasn’t seemed to click for Hayden yet.

Hayden’s eyes widen. “Okay, that makes much more sense. And also makes sense why you would never tell me anything about her. Or him, I mean. Okay, so who is he?”

Shane nods. “He is…” Shane tries but the words fail. He’s not sure the best way to break it to him. Would it be less shocking to hear Shane say his name, or if Ilya were just to walk out of his bedroom?

“Now I’m starting to worry,” Hayden laughs, sounding nervous. “You said I know him, so he’s another hockey player?”

Shane nods. Maybe it’ll be easier if Hayden guesses it. He’s not ashamed of Ilya, not at all. In fact, he wants to shout to the world that he’s in love with the man, but Shane knows that Ilya and Hayden aren’t on the best of terms.

“Someone on our team?”

Shane shakes his head. “No.”

“Someone on another team? Interesting.” Hayden doesn’t wait for confirmation before he continues. “As long as it’s no one on the Boston team, then we’re good.”

Shane chews on his lip and that’s enough of an answer for Hayden.

“Oh my God, he plays for the Raiders!?”

“It’s Ilya.”

Shane can see Hayden pause and process what Shane has said. And then he can see when it clearly sinks in.

“Rosanov?”

“Is there another Ilya on the team?”

“Fuck me,” Hayden says in response. He slumps down into the couch. “I can safely say that’s the last person I was expecting you to say, I thought you hated him.”

Ilya has clearly been listening because he chooses that moment to make his appearance. Shane can’t help but roll his eyes as he sees Ilya has changed into the Raiders shirt he’d tossed at him earlier.

Shane knows he’s just doing it to wind both him and Hayden up.

Shane shakes his head, eyes on Ilya as he says his next words. “I don’t hate him.”

“Shit, you weren’t joking,” Hayden says, following Shane’s gaze. Shane sees the way Hayden’s eyes narrow in on the Raiders shirt too.

“Hello Hayden,” Ilya says, and it shoots thrills through Shane’s entire body. Here is his best friend and his boyfriend, in the same room, and he doesn’t have to hide.

“Uhh...hey, Rosanov,” Hayden replies but it comes out more like a question.

“Ilya,” Ilya corrects, walking over to join them. Ilya stops at the side of the couch where they’re seated and places a comforting hand on the back of Shane’s neck.

“Ilya,” Hayden parrots, still looking shocked.

The moment stretches and Shane doesn't know what to say to fill the silence. How is he meant to bridge the gap between two people who mostly likely hate each other, while he loves them both.

Luckily, he doesn't have to.

"You stay for lunch Hayden? I will make food," Ilya asks, punctuating his sentence with a slight squeeze to Shane's neck.

Hayden looks unsure, glancing between them. "Uh sure man, that'd be great thanks."

"Okay," Ilya says, giving Shane's neck another squeeze.

Shane looks up, and finds Ilya already looking down at him. "Thank you."

Shane's not just thankful for the promise of food, but also because Ilya is behaving himself.

"It is no problem," Ilya replies.

Ilya leans down and gives Shane a quick kiss before he leaves. Shane watches him go, his heart doing stupid things in his chest. He doesn't even try to fight the smile that lands on his face.

"Holy shit, you really do love him," Hayden says, drawing his attention back to his best friend.

"Shut up," Shane says, but the words carry no weight, his smile too big as he shoves at Hayden's shoulder, earning a laugh from his best friend.

Lunch goes surprisingly okay, Ilya being on his best behaviour, for the most part at least.

"Text me when you get home?" Shane asks as they stand in his open doorway as Hayden is about to leave. He needs to get back to his wife and kids.

"Charge your phone," Hayden replies.

"Yes, Mum."

Hayden rolls his eyes but they both know he'll do what he's said, he still feels bad that Hayden drove all the way here to check on him. He's not sorry he told him the truth though, far from it, and he's excited that he no longer has to hide this part of his life from his best friend.

"I will see you on the ice next season," Ilya calls from the kitchen.

"I won't be going easy on you, just because you're dating my best friend," Hayden calls back.

"Good."

Shane knows he has another stupid smile on his face but he can't bring himself to care.

Shane and Hayden say goodbye, with a promise from Shane that he'll text Hayden too.

It's only seconds after the door has closed that a solid weight presses into Shane's back. Shane immediately sinks into Ilya as warm arms wrap around him.

They stay like that for a long moment, before Shane shakes him loose and spins in his arms. As much as he was enjoying being held, it's been far too long since they've kissed.

(He knows it's only been a couple of hours and they've gone much longer than that before, but now that he gets Ilya like this, he never wants it to stop).

Ilya easily meets him in a kiss, one that takes his breath away and makes him glad that Ilya's arms are still around him because his knees feel weak.

"Thank you, for today," Shane says, when they finally pull apart again. "And for not being an asshole to Hayden."

"He may be terrible hockey player, but he is still your best friend so I can be nice."

Shane rolls his eyes. "He's a good player and you know it."

Ilya shrugs, and it's so nonchalant that it both infuriates Shane and makes him want to kiss him again.

Ilya goes into for another kiss but Shane shoves him back. "No, you can't just say shit about my friend and then expect to make it better with a kiss."

Ilya closes the small space between them, crowding Shane into the front door and then Ilya's mouth is on his and fingers are threading through his hair and okay, maybe Ilya can just kiss him and make it better.

They're lying on the couch later than evening, Shane half on top of Ilya as they watch a movie, when Shane receives a text. He groans when he reads it, burying his face in Ilya's chest.

Hayden: *Please don't ever do that while I'm on the phone with you again.*

When Ilya reads the text, he just grins.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Let me know your thoughts or if you just want to talk about this show



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