

picture perfect

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76765101) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76765101>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	The Hollander Family , Summer Vacation , much love to yuna but vacationing with her would be hell
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 2,930 Chapters: 1/1

picture perfect

by [whir](#)

Summary

The Hollanders go on a family vacation. Shane is having the worst time of his life. Ilya is having a blast at his expense.

Notes

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

Shane's eyes were about to roll out of his head.

When his parents presented him and Ilya with cruise tickets, Shane thought they were going to have a chill family vacation. There wasn't much to do on a cruise other than eat, sleep, and eat and sleep some more.

But *oh*, how wrong he was. He should've known better. Years of family vacations had taught him that if there was something to do, his mom was doing it. Hell, when Shane was a wee little lad of three years, their first trip to Disneyworld was condensed into two full days of back-to-back activities. Shane knew this because his mom had an entire album filled with photos of them going from ride to ride, stall to stall. His dad looked absolutely obliterated by the fifth page.

Shane was getting there himself, and they weren't even *in* the cruise yet.

"Look, there's an ice skating show tonight." Yuna shoved her phone in his face. "It works perfectly. We'll get checked in, unpack, grab an early dinner, then head to the show. I hear it gets filled quickly, so we should aim for 30 minutes before it starts. Then there's this comedy show after—"

"*Mom.*"

"Sounds like good plan." Ilya, *who was supposed to be on his side*, leaned over to peer at the phone. A quick scroll through the day's events got him looking quite impressed. Shane called bullshit. There was no way Ilya was actually interested in watching shows with his parents when he, Shane Hollander, his boyfriend, was *right here*. "Ooh, ballroom dance show."

"I was between that and the comedy show, but the comedy one is tonight only, so I propose we go to that show today then tomorrow, we can go to the ballroom dancing one. It's later in the night, which works perfectly since our dinner in the Main Dining Room starts at six. Shane, did you remember to pack for formal night?"

"Yes," Shane answered, exasperated. "You only reminded me a hundred times." That was an understatement.

A smile broke across Yuna's face as she patted his cheek. "Good. I was worried that you would forget with the excitement of it all." She glanced over at Ilya. "Did you pack yours?"

"Of course," Ilya replied pleasantly. *Traitor*. "It was the first thing I put in my suitcase."

She patted his cheek too and moved up in line. "Knew I could count on you—passports? Yes, of course, give me a second."

While his mom dug out a clear plastic bag containing their passports—yes, all of them, even though they were adults who could handle themselves—Shane threw his boyfriend the nastiest look he could muster ... which wasn't very nasty at all because Ilya looked stupid in his palm tree Hawaiian shirt and straw hat. And by *stupid*, he meant *hot as hell*.

“Seriously?”

“What?” Ilya asked, oh-so-innocently. “It will be fun.”

“You have no idea what you just got yourself into.”

Or maybe *Shane* was the one who didn’t know what he’d gotten himself into. Don’t get him wrong, he was grateful that his parents put him and Ilya in a separate room, all expenses paid. He just didn’t expect that room to be right next door ... and connected by an interior door ... that his mom was now asking the staff to unlock.

“Absolutely not.” The staff glanced between him and Yuna before landing on Ilya, who gave an unhelpful shrug. Wow. Just *wow*. “Mom. You can just call us with the in-room phones if you need something.”

“But it’s easier to open the door to talk. I will knock before entering. I promise.”

Shane was about to lose his head. “No. It stays locked. I just want some privacy with Ilya. *Please.*”

“*Privacy,*” Yuna echoed, giving him an open-eyed knowing look.

“Oh, *my God.*”

“Like cuddling,” Ilya offered. Unhelpfully. Shane swore the bastard was doing this on purpose. “Shane gets very cute and affectionate when he is sleepy. Acts like big baby. Maybe too embarrassing for Mother to see.”

Shane was going to throw him off the side of the ship the first chance he got, quote him on that. *What did he mean, very cute and affectionate?* If there was anyone who was acting like a cute, sleepy baby, it was Ilya. The audacity of this fucking guy.

“Ah, I see.”

And the audacity of his mom to believe him! As if she didn’t spend the first ten years of his life tucking him into bed. She should know that once he laid down, he was out like lights, no bed time stories, no whining, and definitely no cuddling.

Shane could only stare, completely flabbergasted, as the staff nodded at them all and excused herself for a quick getaway. Great first impression! He’d have to tip her extra for putting up with them.

“Well, then,” Yuna chirped up resolutely. “How about you boys unpack and meet us in the dining hall in an hour?”

“Will do,” Ilya said, sing-song. He took Shane by the shoulders and turned him away just in time to hide his eye roll.

This was going to be a very long week.

*

“Okay, everyone squueeeze in!”

Yuna had her arms wrapped around her husband, her son, and her son-in-law-to-be, and she was pulling them closer so that their faces would all fit in the decorative lifebuoy. Shane hated it here. It was only the second day of their five-day cruise, and he swore, they’d taken enough pictures of and around the ship for an architect to draw out the blueprint. Mind you, this was nothing new. He knew his mom loved taking pictures, and he knew his dad was going to painfully smile through every one of them, but he thought maybe, *just maybe*, with Ilya here, they’d focus more on doing things.

But as it turned out, Ilya loved the camera. While his mom was berating Shane for looking grumpy in their “first ever cruise photos” (it was not their first cruise; it was just the first with the four of them), Ilya was brightening up the entire ship with the most dazzling smile. He grinned his way through every photoshoot session—because that was what it was, let’s be honest—and was thorough in his review when getting his phone back from the poor strangers they’d looped into being their photographer.

Shane just about had it.

“When did you start liking pictures?”

His parents had stopped to take pictures with some statues, which finally allowed Shane to have a moment alone with his boyfriend. Except he was reconsidering that title. He thought he was dating Ilya Rozanov, hockey star and local hotshot, not his mom’s mini-me.

Ilya smiled and turned his phone camera on him.

Shane swatted his hand away. “Enough.”

“You don’t like picture?”

“We’ve taken over a hundred today.”

“Different background.”

“It’s the same background.” Shane made a wild gesture at the sea. “It’s just water. You’ve seen the ocean before.”

“Okay, okay,” Ilya surrendered, pursing his lips in a stupid little pout. He tucked his phone away and reached for Shane’s hand. “Back to room?” His lips brushed against Shane’s knuckles. Hazel eyes flicked up, softer around the edges as if asking for forgiveness.

Shane resigned. “Yeah, let’s head back.”

Only, Shane was still a bit irked, and he made that painfully obvious while sitting back against the bed frame, his arms folded over his chest. Across the room, Ilya was entertaining him with two more ridiculous Hawaiian shirts: a flamingo one and a flower garden.

“Flamingo for Mexico? Flower for island?” He turned to Shane and held up a bright pink shirt to his torso. “Flamingo for Mexico, so you can find me.”

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

“Yes. Immensely.”

“Great.”

Shane pressed his lips together and glanced away. A few seconds later, the bed dipped next to him. Ilya laid his head down on his lap and peered up at him. He was no longer smiling, but his eyes remained happy.

“Does my enjoyment bother you, my love?”

“No, it’s just—” Shane let out a sigh and unfolded his arms so could run a hand through the brown curls. It helped a little. “Every time I go on a family vacation, it feels like a job. We always have to get up early so we can ‘get a head start’ and do everything Mom planned for us. It’s just go, go, go with no breaks. I never actually get a chance to relax. The only time we stop is to take pictures. I don’t mind a couple, but Mom’s got albums of every trip we’ve ever been on, and no one goes through them. So what’s the point?”

“For memory.”

“Memories can be captured in one photo. I don’t need to remember what I did every minute of every day on this cruise.”

“Is family picture really that bad?”

“It’s annoying, and I don’t know why you’re pretending that you’re so into it. You don’t have to do everything my mom wants you to do so she would like you, y’know? She likes you just fine.”

“I’m not pretending.”

“We’ve taken a million family vacation pictures, Ilya.”

“But this is my first.”

Shane’s hand stilled. He stared down at Ilya who had turned away. *Oh*. Right. He never considered that.

“I, uh. I didn’t—”

“Forget it.” Ilya sat up.

Shane grabbed his shoulder. “Wait. Look, I’m ... I didn’t realize.”

“You think family pictures are annoying. Okay. We don’t take.”

“I didn’t think it was that important to you.”

“It’s whatever.”

His brow furrowed. “Ilya.”

When Ilya didn’t respond, Shane rested his chin on his shoulder. Ilya’s eyes remained forward, his jaw locked. He said nothing.

“Look at me.”

Still, no response.

Shane inched closer to wrap an arm around him. “Please.”

Finally, Ilya turned his head. The brightness in his eyes had dimmed, and all Shane wanted to do was kick himself for not considering the possibility that this was Ilya’s first family vacation. He just thought that—well, that it was a shared childhood experience that everyone had. But Ilya never really had a childhood. Nor did he really have a family. So. *Fuck*.

“I’m sorry. If I knew—”

“What would change?” Ilya asked, tone quipped. “Knew, not knew. You do not like family picture, so what would change?”

“I don’t—I mean. I guess. I could smile more. In pictures. I’ll go along with whatever you and Mom want to do.”

“But you do not want to. I will not force you.”

“I want to, now that I know that it’s important to you.” Shane tightened his hold, pressed in a little closer. “All I want is one day with you. Just you. To do whatever the hell we want without having to be on a schedule. After that, I can take pictures until I go blind from the flash.”

That got a laugh out of Ilya. It was short, but it was enough. Ilya relaxed into him, tilting his head just a bit so he could bump Shane’s temple.

“Have you told your mom that?”

Shane scoffed. “Have you met her? She would never agree.”

“I can try.”

“It’s fine.”

“No.” Ilya turned to face him fully. He kissed Shane’s forehead, the warmth of his breath lingering long after. “I want that too, so I will go talk.”

*

“She said yes.”

“What?”

“She said okay. Be safe. Look out for pickpockets.”

“What?” Shane asked again, shifting upward. The book he was reading slid off his thigh.

“How’d you get her to agree?”

“I told her we were going to have hot sex on the beach, and that it would forever be burned in her head if she came along.”

Shane hurled the book at him. And Ilya, the absolute fucker, caught it. He grinned as he read the back cover. “It’s a joke. Lighten up. I told her what you said.”

“And she didn’t argue?”

Ilya made a nonsensical gesture. “Nothing I cannot handle—*but*, since I do you favour, you will have to do me favour.”

“What favour is that?”

There was a mischievous glint in Ilya’s eyes. Shane did not like where this was going. Ilya set the book down and wandered over to their closet and—

“Absolutely not.”

“You wear flamingo for Mexico.”

“Hell no.”

“What if we match?” To Shane’s horror, Ilya pulled out an identical pink shirt. “It will make cute pictures.”

“It would make national hockey headlines.”

“You don’t want to match?”

“Not in that ridiculous thing.”

“It’s not ridiculous.”

“It’s *ugly*.”

“*Hey*.” Ilya tucked the two shirts close to his chest. “Don’t speak bad about Scott and Hunter.”

“You named our flamingos *Scott Hunter*?”

“No, no. Scott *and* Hunter. You have Scott. I have Hunter.”

“... Give me that book.”

*

Shane stared at himself in the souvenir shop window. Somehow, Ilya had gotten him in the shirt. *Somehow*, because Shane didn’t know exactly how it happened. One moment, Ilya was sucking his dick, and the next, he was the proud owner of Scott the Flamingo.

“We look stupid.”

Ilya hugged him from behind and swayed him side to side. “We look hot.”

“Fine. *You* look hot. *I* look stupid.” The world was actually fair, Shane decided then. Ilya had the worst family, but hey, at least he got the best genes out of them. *You win some, you lose some*, as the saying went. “I’m going in.”

And that’s what they did for their entire excursion. Souvenir shopping and bar hopping and kicking around in the water that they were *most definitely* not supposed to be in. In Shane’s defense, he couldn’t read Spanish. But Ilya had no excuse; he told him it was fine because it was a weekday. They both knew that was bullshit, but well, three shots of tequila down, and Shane no longer gave a fuck.

(They had to answer to the police.)

(Yes, in their drenched flamingo shirts.)

Some hours later, Shane stumbled into their stateroom. He should shower. That was the first thought he had, but somewhere along the way, he found himself tangled up in Ilya’s legs on their bed with many other thoughts. A tiny bunny made out of a wash cloth sat beside them. “Cute.” He nudged Ilya’s cheek with it.

Ilya hummed and propped his chin on Shane’s chest. He took the bunny and held it by Shane’s face. “Looks like you.”

“I do not look like a bunny.”

“Mm, beg to differ.”

Shane did not answer, and instead, let his head fall back against the pillow. He closed his eyes. A breath escaped from parted lips. He was mostly sober now, but at what cost? He could only wonder if anyone recognized them in their tourist disguise and snapped a picture of them getting reprimanded. To be fair, it wouldn't be the worst news to come out; the hockey world had seen their fair share of scandals. He would just have to answer to his mom, who would most definitely—

“Stop thinking.” Ilya poked his forehead.

His brow scrunched around the finger before relaxing. “Can't help it.”

“It was fun. That is what matters. Shame we didn't get picture.”

Shane couldn't help but laugh at that. “Yeah, no. I don't need a picture to remember this.” He cracked an eye open. Ilya was smiling at him, and fuck. *Fuck*, Shane was so in love with him. He smiled back. Couldn't help that either. “If Mom asks, we spent our entire time shopping for souvenirs.”

“With nothing to show.”

“You can talk our way out of it. You're good at that.” That was how they managed to wiggle their way out of the police's clutches on a warning.

“So you finally recognize my talent.”

Shane gave him a light shove, asked, “Now what do we do?”

“We have dinner in an hour.”

God. “What's on the menu?”

“Pork chops, prime rib, pasta ... or.”

“Or?”

Ilya slid up to face him, and there it was—that stupid hot little smirk.

“*Or*,” he continued, voice lowered to a purr. “We can have dessert first.”

“Dessert, huh?” Shane shifted his knee and pressed it right up against Ilya's dick. “I can go for that.”

They did not make it to dinner.

“It’s a grey Toyota, license plate ending in 4G3. He’s 200 meters away—is that—4G3, that’s the one. Come on, boys.”

Yuna hauled her bags toward the Toyota, the rest of the family falling in line quickly after. As the driver helped them put everything in the trunk, Shane glanced over his shoulder at the cruise ship. It looked larger than life from where he stood, but he could still easily map out every hallway.

“Everyone got everything in?” Yuna called out while opening the door to the passenger seat. “Phones, keys, I have your passports in my purse—”

“Wait.” Shane took out his phone and motioned them over.

Yuna blinked. His father and Ilya traded looks.

“What? Hurry up.”

They didn’t need to be told twice. His family crowded around him. Shane held out his phone to their driver. “Do you mind taking a picture of us?”

“Yeah, sure thing.”

Shane threw an arm around his mom. She knew exactly what to do and pulled her husband and Ilya in. The four of them beamed at the camera.

“Okay, three... two... one.”

Flash!

Later that night, Ilya’s phone lit up with a notification. Shane didn’t mean to look, but he couldn’t help it.

Staring right back at him was the family picture they took.

End Notes

[their couple flamingo shirt](#)

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