With Him

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76709536.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Yuna Hollander, David Hollander
Additional Tags:	POV Ilya Rozanov, Established Relationship, Emotional, Explicit Sexual Content, Aftercare, Soft Shane Hollander, Protective Ilya Rozanov, Hurt/Comfort, Shane Hollander's Cottage, Tenderness, Vulnerability, Introspection, Inner Dialogue, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Happy Ending, Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Between the Lines
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 4,107 Chapters: 1/1

With Him

by steadyhands

Summary

Set during and after episode six.

Ilya goes with Shane to Yuna and David's house expecting discomfort, tension, and restraint. Instead, he finds warmth, awkward honesty, and something he never thought he'd be offered so easily: acceptance.

"To be looked at fully. To be recognised. And to be loved anyway."

A fic about being chosen, being seen, and the quiet certainty of knowing where you belong. With him.

Notes

I was curious about how this moment might feel from Ilya's perspective - particularly what it means for him to be seen and chosen so openly, so this fic lives firmly in his POV.

They pulled up outside Yuna and David's place, and Ilya could feel the tension radiating off Shane like heat.

"Maybe you should stay in the car," Shane said, already regretting it. The concern on his face was almost painful to look at.

Ilya didn't say anything. He just looked at him — *are you fucking kidding me?*

"Fuck. Sorry. Never mind," Shane muttered.

They got out together. Shane's hands stayed buried in his pockets, shoulders hunched, like he was bracing for impact. He pushed the door open without knocking.

"Hey. It's me. Shane," he said, wary.

David appeared immediately, sheepish, uncomfortable, launching into a ramble about how he'd left his only phone charger at Shane's.

Ah, Ilya thought. *So that's how.*

That was why David had seen them together at the cottage. Why they'd been found there at all.

Ilya felt a brief flicker of sympathy for him and then let it go. His focus snapped back to Shane.

All he wanted was to be there for him. However Shane needed. Whatever that meant.

"It's okay, Dad. Sorry. You shouldn't have found out that way."

Ilya watched confusion move across Yuna's face, slow and genuine. Whatever she'd been expecting, this wasn't it.

He noticed things like that. He always had. His childhood had trained him to be both perceptive and invisible. To read a room without ever becoming the focus of it.

"Found out what?" Yuna asked, still clearly lost.

There was a brief pause. Too long.

Ilya wanted, suddenly and acutely, to reach out. To ground Shane. To give him something solid to lean against while the words caught in his throat.

"I'm gay," Shane said finally. "Which I was going to tell you soon. I just—sorry I didn't tell you earlier. And, um—this is Ilya. Rozanov. But you already know that."

His voice shook on the last part.

"Hi," Ilya said, because it seemed like the right thing to offer. Small. Neutral. Safe.

“He’s visiting,” Shane went on, “and we’re—”

Ilya finished it for him, placing a steady hand on Shane’s shoulder.

“Lovers.”

The word felt faintly formal on his tongue. Old-fashioned. Something he associated more with Russian, with novels and poetry and things that burned quietly rather than announced themselves.

Shane made a face. “Ew, Ilya. That’s gross.”

Ilya smiled to himself, just a little.

“But you hate him,” Yuna said, still clearly trying to make sense of it all.

“No—” Shane shook his head. “I mean, I get why you’d think that, but no. Actually… I love him.”

The words knocked the breath clean out of Ilya’s lungs.

Shane would probably never understand what that simple sentence meant to him. Not just that he’d said it, but *where*. To the two people Shane loved most in the world. Openly. Without qualifiers. Without apology.

Ilya had never been offered love like that. Not publicly. Not safely.

He felt the urge to reach for Shane, to pull him close and kiss him senseless, to anchor himself to the certainty of it.

He didn’t.

He stayed where he was and let the words sink into him like something settling into place, solid and permanent.

Ilya could see the confusion written across Shane’s parents’ faces. Shock, yes, but also care, the kind that stayed even as they tried to catch up.

“I didn’t want this to be how I told you,” Shane said, his voice unsteady. “I’m sorry. Can we just… sit down, please?”

They gathered around the dining table. Shane and Ilya opposite Yuna and David. Yuna brought tea, setting the cups down carefully in front of them, like the small normality might help.

As she sat, she said, “I think we thought maybe you were gay.”

Shane blinked. “You did?”

“I think we thought it was certainly possible,” David said gently, nodding.

“For how long?” Shane asked.

Yuna considered it. “For a while, I guess.”

“We know you pretty well, Shane.”

The words sank deeper than he expected, warm and unsettling all at once — to be truly seen, imperfectly, and still loved.

His father had never wanted to know him. Knowing would have meant accepting, and acceptance had never been on offer.

His mother had seen him. He was certain of that, her love fierce and uncomplicated, even if it hadn’t been enough to keep her.

This, though — this was different.

To be looked at fully. To be recognised. And to be loved anyway.

The possibility of it opened inside him slowly, like something he’d never known he was allowed to want.

The thought left him unsteady.

David cleared his throat, still visibly recalibrating.
“What we didn’t expect,” he said carefully, “was that you were so… friendly with Rozanov.”

“Ilya,” Ilya corrected quietly, offering a polite nod and a small smile.

“Ilya, sorry,” David said immediately.

“I know it’s a long story,” Shane said, his eyes flicking to Ilya and then away again, like eye contact might undo him.

“When did this happen?” David asked.

The silence that followed was unmistakable.
Ilya and Shane both stared at the table, neither one volunteering the truth. Nearly a decade of something that had never been simple, never been neat. Ilya was fairly sure this was not the answer Shane’s parents were braced for.

“Wait,” David said suddenly, brightening. “The All Star Game. You two had so much chemistry.”

“No,” Shane said quickly. “It was before then.” He shifted in his chair, already regretting engaging at all.

“Wow,” David said. “Well—”

“So when?” Yuna asked, clearly uninterested in circling the point any longer.

“Since our, um… rookie season,” Shane said, wincing slightly as the words left his mouth.

Ilya shook his head. “No. That’s not true. It was before that.”

Shane didn’t look at him. “Not helpful.”

“Summer before,” Ilya added anyway.

Yuna’s eyebrows shot up. “So you’ve been in love since…?”

“No, no, no,” Ilya said quickly, laughing as he shook his head.

Which was mostly true.
Love, if it had happened, hadn’t announced itself. It hadn’t arrived with rules or clarity. It had slipped in somewhere between a gym session and bad decisions and the slow realisation that Shane had begun to feel inevitable. Ilya had never named it. Certainly wasn’t about to now.

“Just, ah…” He gestured vaguely, hands useless, searching for a version of the truth that wouldn’t immediately combust.

Yuna tilted her head, understanding dawning. “Just… oh.”

She glanced at David. “Just lovers.”

“Okay,” Shane said immediately, arms folding tight across his chest, head dropping toward the table. “No one is allowed to use that word again.”

Ilya bit the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling.

“Well,” Yuna said decisively, setting her tea down with purpose and standing, “I would love a drink.”

No one argued. Whatever this was, tea was no longer sufficient.

David reached for a bottle and poured them each a glass of vodka. The choice didn’t go unnoticed. Of all the things they could have served, they’d picked that. Ilya felt a quiet warmth bloom in his chest. The kind that had nothing to do with alcohol. It felt intentional. Considerate.

He took a sip when the glass was handed to him and paused, pleasantly surprised. It was good. Smooth. Proper.

“I try to get the Russian stuff,” David said, almost apologetically.

Ilya nodded, faintly amused. That made sense. Why would anyone buy anything else?

The conversation carried on around him. Shane and Yuna asking a few more questions, carefully, kindly, while Ilya listened and sipped, letting himself settle. The tension eased, and the normality of it surprised him.

He tuned back in just in time to catch Yuna asking Shane whether he'd ever let Ilya win.

Ilya nearly laughed.

Not in a thousand lifetimes. Shane wouldn't have known how. Besides, he didn't need the charity. Ilya could win on his own merit and Shane knew that better than anyone.

"So is your plan to keep doing this in secret until you're both retired?" David asked.

Shane and Ilya looked at each other.

They didn't even need to talk about it.

"Probably yes," Ilya said eventually.

The word landed heavy between them. The years behind them, and the years that might still be ahead.

Ilya knew, with a sudden, frightening clarity, that he would do whatever it took to keep this man beside him. Whatever it required. Whatever it cost.

"Oh no," Yuna said softly. "That's sad."

"I know," Shane said, shaking his head, "But we can't just come out and announce it."

An uncomfortable silence settled over the table then, the kind that came when everyone finally understood the scope of what had been said. This thing they'd been carrying for so long. The reality of having to keep carrying it.

David glanced at Ilya. "Ilya, I have to say, I'm surprised. You have such a reputation as a ladies' man."

"That is not untrue," Ilya said mildly.

"Ilya likes both," Shane added.

Yuna and David exchanged a look, not judgmental, but concerned. Protective. Ilya recognised it immediately. Parents worrying for their son.

He found himself wanting to reassure them. To make something clear.

"It's true," Ilya said. "I've been with many women."
He paused, then added quietly, "But I've only ever been in love with one person."

He looked at Shane as he said it.

"Same here," Shane replied without hesitation. "Only one."

Ilya felt it everywhere at once. He leaned in just enough to brush his foot against Shane's beneath the table, a quiet claim, a reassurance he couldn't offer any other way.

It was not just the words, but where Shane said them. To whom. Without flinching. Without pulling them back.

The love he felt in that moment was almost too much to contain. He held himself still, barely breathing, afraid that if he moved at all he might break open right there at the table.

Ilya was pulled from his thoughts when Yuna stood and began clearing the table. She moved a little too quickly, eyes bright in a way that suggested she was very close to tears.

She didn't say anything as she carried the dishes toward the sink and then stepped outside.

Silence settled in her absence.

Ilya, Shane, and David sat there for a moment, none of them quite sure what to do next.

Shane pushed his chair back slowly, drawing in a steadying breath.

"I should go check on her," he said.

He picked up Yuna's sweater as he passed and followed her outside, the door closing softly behind him.

For a moment, neither of them spoke.

Ilya took another sip of his drink, then glanced at the bottle.

"This is the kind of vodka that convinces you everything is fine," he said mildly. "And then tomorrow, it disagrees."

David laughed, the tension easing from his shoulders. "So… that's good or bad?"

"Good," Ilya said. "Very."

The tension loosened, not gone, but softened, like a knot finally given permission to slip.

They drank quietly for a beat.

"Is he okay, do you think?" David asked.

"He will be," Ilya said. It came out steady, certain. It had been a big couple of days — a lot to take in — but he knew Shane would be okay.

"Well," David said, clearing his throat, "this is not how I thought my day would pan out when I went looking for my phone charger this morning."

Ilya huffed out a quiet laugh. "It has been a memorable day."

"That's one word for it," David said, the corner of his mouth lifting. Then, more simply, "I'm glad you're here."

The ease of it caught Ilya off guard.

“Thank you,” he said, realising he meant more than just the words.

David’s shoulders relaxed, just slightly. “How do you like the cottage?”

“I like it very much,” Ilya said. “It’s quiet. Comfortable. Easy. Shane is more like himself there.”

David smiled. “That place has always been Shane’s reset.”

They fell into an unexpected rhythm after that.

Hockey came up — inevitably — but without edge. Travel schedules, brutal road trips, the strange logic of living out of hotels and airports.

“It’s the waiting that gets you,” Ilya said. “So much waiting. You start to forget what normal time feels like.”

David snorted. “Shane used to say the same thing when he was younger. Hated layovers.”

“He still does,” Ilya said. “He probably just complains less.”

David smiled. “That checks out.”

Another sip of vodka. Another pause, comfortable now, not tentative.

“I’m moving to Ottawa,” Ilya said then, like the words had been sitting there waiting for space.

David looked up. “Yeah?”

“When my contract’s up in Boston,” Ilya went on. “I want to be closer to Shane.”

The table went quiet again, but this time, it was different.

David studied him for a moment. Not suspicious. Not startled. Just… seeing.

“That’s a big decision,” he said finally.

“Yes,” Ilya agreed. “But an easy one.”

Something shifted in David’s expression. Subtle, but unmistakable. Recognition. Respect.

“Well,” he said after a moment, his voice warm, “they’d be lucky to have you.”

Ilya looked down and smiled, surprised by how much that meant.

The conversation flowed on. A joke about Shane’s stubbornness. A shared laugh over how much he worries, even when everything is fine. Ordinary things.

It felt natural. Uncomplicated. He hadn’t realised how prepared he’d been to be assessed, interrogated, weighed. None of that was happening.

David wasn't testing him. He wasn't tolerating him.

He was talking to him like someone who mattered to his son.

Ilya watched him for a moment — the steadiness, the quiet attentiveness — and felt a sudden, unexpected swell of gratitude. For this man who had loved Shane so well. Who had shaped him into someone kind and brave and impossibly good.

Shane was lucky.

And, impossibly, so was Ilya.

The back door opened then.

—

Later, they were all back around the table, eating spaghetti David had made. It was genuinely good, rich and comforting and Ilya had to stop himself from eating too quickly, from abandoning manners entirely.

Yuna and Shane talked through logistics and brand deals, voices low and practical. Shane asked her to take a step back for now, explaining that he wasn't ready to come out publicly yet. He said he just wanted a future for them. Yuna listened, nodded, and accepted that without pushing.

She turned her attention to Ilya then, asking — not unkindly — about Boston. About loyalty. About how someone could switch teams so easily.

Ilya didn't hesitate. There was nothing to weigh. Nothing to justify. Whatever brought him closer to Shane was where he wanted to be. It was the simplest decision he'd ever made.

Shane joked that his mum cared a little too much about hockey.

Ilya smiled at that, because it was obvious. Endearing. He could see it clearly now, where Shane's intensity came from, where the focus and love of the game had been shaped.

He liked it here. Sitting at this table. Eating good food. Listening to the rhythm of Shane's family. Feeling, quietly and unmistakably, like he belonged.

—

They said their goodbyes, Yuna and David promising to come by the cottage for dinner soon. Ilya and Shane reminded them — lightly — to text first, unless they wanted to walk in on something they couldn't unsee.

Once they were in the car and driving away, Shane let out a long, slow breath. Ilya felt it more than he heard it. The release of something Shane had been holding tight all afternoon.

Ilya reached for him, fingers settling at the back of Shane's neck. He knew the spot by instinct now. The touch was grounding, familiar, a quiet *I'm here*.

“You okay?” Ilya asked softly, thumb moving in slow, steady circles.

“I think so,” Shane said. “I just… can’t believe they know now. It feels surreal. Like — is this actually real?”

“Yes,” Ilya said without hesitation. “It’s real.”
He paused, then added, dryly, “Your parents met your boyfriend for the first time. And I think they already like me more than you.”

Shane laughed, and the tension eased a little beneath Ilya’s hand.

“Let’s go home,” Shane said.

Ilya smiled to himself and kept his hand right where it was.

—

The cottage was dark when they came back, quiet in the way that only familiar places ever were. The door clicked shut behind them and for a moment neither of them moved.

Shane stood there, keys still in his hand, shoulders loose now in a way they hadn’t been all day. Ilya watched him, felt the echo of everything that had happened still humming between them.

“Come here,” Ilya said softly.

Shane didn’t hesitate. He crossed the space between them and leaned in, forehead resting against Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya’s hand came up automatically, sliding to the back of Shane’s neck, fingers spreading there with intention. He felt Shane breathe out, long and slow.

“I’ve got you, tell me what you need.”

Shane’s hands came up instead, gripping Ilya’s shirt, pulling him closer. The answer was physical, immediate. Ilya understood it without asking again.

He tilted Shane’s face up and kissed him, slow at first, grounding, letting Shane set the pace. Shane kissed back harder almost immediately, mouth opening, breath breaking as the day finally caught up with him.

Ilya deepened it, hands sliding under Shane’s shirt, palms warm against bare skin. Shane made a sound at that, low and unguarded, hips shifting closer pressing his already hard cock against him, his body asking for more.

“Okay?” Ilya asked, mouth brushing Shane’s jaw.

“Don’t stop,” Shane said, immediate and sure.

That was all the permission Ilya needed.

He guided them toward the bedroom, never breaking contact, hands exploring familiar ground with renewed focus. This wasn't rushed, but it wasn't tentative either. Every touch landed with intention, like reassurance written directly into skin.

Shane let Ilya press him back onto the bed, trusted the weight of him there. Ilya stayed close, foreheads touching, breath mingling.

Clothes were pushed aside, forgotten. Ilya paid attention to every reaction. The hitch of Shane's breath, the way his body arched into touch, the way his hands tightened when Ilya slowed, loosened when he pressed closer.

"I love you," Ilya said quietly.

Shane's breath caught. "I love you too," he said, voice rough. "So much."

Shane pulled back then, just enough to look at him, eyes dark and earnest. "Thank you," Shane added softly. "For today. For all of it."
A pause. Then, almost disbelieving, "You were incredible."

Before Ilya could respond, Shane shifted, rolling him onto his back with an ease that felt familiar and deliberate. Shane followed him down, kissing a slow path over Ilya's chest and stomach, unhurried, reverent — stopping just long enough to make Ilya inhale sharply.

"I can't believe you're mine," Shane whispered, like it was something precious. Something he was still afraid might disappear if he said it too loudly.

Ilya hissed out a breath as Shane moved between his thighs, hands tightening reflexively in Shane's hair. He focused on sensation instead, the warmth, the rhythm, the way Shane's attention narrowed so completely it left Ilya unsteady.

It always did this to him. The eagerness. The focus. The way Shane seemed determined to give him everything.

Too much, too fast.

Ilya stilled him gently, fingers tightening just enough to slow things down. He took a breath, grounding himself, forcing control back into his body.

He guided Shane back up, hands firm and sure, keeping him close. Shane's breath was already uneven, eyes dark, unfocused. Exactly where Ilya wanted him.

After today. After everything.

Shane needed this. Needed to be pulled out of his head, out of the spiral of it all, even if only for a little while.

And Ilya knew exactly how to do that.

He turned Shane onto his stomach and took his time kissing down the length of his back, slow and deliberate. Every press of his mouth was intentional, meant to steady them both.

He spread Shane open and lapped at him exactly the way he knew Shane liked. Slow at first, then deeper, more insistent. It was always dangerous like this. The sounds Shane made, the way his body reacted, pulled at Ilya's control until it felt thin as thread.

Ilya loved bringing him to the edge. Loved the way Shane rocked back against him without thinking, chasing more. It tightened something deep in his chest, made his grip firm, every instinct urging him to take what was offered.

But he didn't.

Not yet.

He wanted to draw it out. To pull Shane out of his head, inch by inch. To give him exactly what he needed, not all at once, but slowly enough that he stayed right there in his body, present, grounded.

Just when Ilya knew Shane was close to the edge, he pulled away and reached for the lube in the drawer. He slicked himself up quickly, hands unsteady now, then turned Shane onto his back.

Shane's eyes were dark, wide with want, his body already arching in anticipation. Ilya positioned himself, breath ragged, control hanging by a thread.

"Tell me what you need," Ilya said, his voice rough. He already knew — but he still wanted Shane to say it.

"Ilya," Shane said, breathless and wrecked. "I need you. Please. Fuck me right now."

That was all it took.

Whatever restraint Ilya had left shattered. He drove into Shane hard, fast, the force of it sending the headboard knocking against the wall. Shane cried out, the sound sharp with pleasure, hands clutching at Ilya like he might disappear if he didn't hold on.

"Oh my god—yes, Ilya. Don't stop," Shane gasped.

Ilya set a hard, relentless pace, driving into Shane exactly where he needed it, over and over again. He could feel Shane tipping closer, body tightening, breath breaking. He knew it wouldn't take long now.

"Fuck—yes. Right there," Shane rasped.

Shane reached for himself then, moving in time with Ilya's thrusts, chasing the edge without restraint.

"Ilya—oh my god—I'm going to—"

"Oh fuck, Shane," Ilya said through ragged breaths. "Come for me. Yes."

They watched as Shane came, spilling across his stomach and chest. Ilya felt the way Shane clenched around him, the sudden intensity almost unbearable. He didn't think there was anything more beautiful than watching Shane come apart beneath him. His throat tightened, his vision blurring as the pull of it dragged him under too.

"Oh god, Shane," he gasped. "I love you. Fuck."

He shuddered as he followed, coming hard, pressed deep and unmoving while it passed through him.

They stayed like that for a while afterward, bodies close, breath gradually slowing. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane's shoulder, eyes closed, listening to the way his breathing evened out beneath him.

Ilya shifted carefully, easing his weight, drawing Shane in instead of away. He wrapped an arm around him and held him there, firm and sure, the way he knew Shane liked best when the intensity faded.

He slipped off the bed and returned with a warm, damp towel, moving back into Shane's space without hurry. He cleaned him gently, unspoken and attentive, staying close enough that Shane never had to reach.

Shane watched him through half-lidded eyes, spent and soft, and gave him a small, grateful look.
Ilya leaned in and kissed his temple, one hand steady at his hip, the other still warm from the towel, before settling back beside him.

—

Shane fell asleep quickly after that, the way he always did once he finally let go. His breathing evened out, deep and unguarded, one arm heavy across Ilya's waist like it belonged there.

Ilya stayed awake a little longer.

The familiar lines of Shane's face softened in sleep, the tension of the day finally gone. It struck him, not for the first time, how much had shifted in so few hours. How the day had unfolded into something he never would have dared to imagine. Openness instead of secrecy, warmth instead of fear, acceptance offered without conditions.

It had been one of the happiest days of his life.

Ilya brushed his thumb lightly along Shane's shoulder, careful not to wake him. He felt a swell of something steady and overwhelming in his chest, love, yes, but also gratitude. For this man. For this life they were building together. For the quiet miracle of being held and holding back.

It still didn't quite feel real, being here, being with Shane, all of it.

Ilya drew Shane a little closer and let his eyes close at last, the cottage silent around them. He knew this was where he was meant to be. With him.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!