

a place to land

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77083161) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77083161>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	really just sweet , Not much to say , fluff but mostly just domestic squabbles , Arguing , lightly - Freeform , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , It's not that Ilya can't make a decision , he just loves Shane , he's a sap , i should shut up now
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 1,478 Chapters: 1/1

a place to land

by [normalnessissadness](#)

Summary

“I don’t know Ilya, the last time I let you pick something out I got a rash from the dish soap you bought,” Shane huffed out, scrolling through options of sleek looking chairs.

“Was not my fault, I just bought the bluest one,” Ilya admitted, completely truthful, before turning to look closer at Shane’s options. “These look like they would hurt my butt,”

Shane laughed out, turning towards him. “They’re just to have more seating when the team comes over, not for us.” Ilya looked at him perplexed.

“Not for us?” He scoffed. He looked around, raising his hands up. “This is our house, Hollander. Have you forgotten? Are you ill?” Shane met his crazed look. Ilya added, “Your parents seating at their house - all comfortable. Does not hurt my butt. And they have plenty, they want grandchildren.”

“Ilya, you are ridiculous,”

...

or Shane has a hard time giving up control and Ilya is simple.

Notes

First fanfic in a while if it sucks im sorry!!

Shane did pretty much all of the shopping for the house, Ilya did not care. He did not care what kind of laundry detergent Shane bought, the soap Shane bought for Ilya (after Ilya moved in and finished the soap he brought, he just used Shane's. And then Shane said something along the lines of "Ilya! You are a grown ass man. Quit using my soap!" which of course Ilya just shrugged and responded with "Buy two when you go to store, you go everyday," Ilya mocked. Shane did go every day...), or what kind of furniture decorated their house. He didn't care in a malicious way - no just as long as he was with Shane he didn't need all the little things.

Ilya would get sidetracked and think about how little he really needed - perhaps nothing but a shack in the woods, endless lube (though he wishes he could just use spit) and Shane Hollander, and he thinks he'd be set for life.

But alas, decision fatigue is a real thing and Ilya knew he'd wear Shane out with his lack of decision-making. So when the topic of getting a new chair for the living room, Shane was deciding a few different options.

"Shane," Ilya said, coming up behind the younger man. Shane was sitting at their kitchen bar, laptop open on at least four different furniture websites. "I can pick that out for you,"

See - this is the other half of the story. Shane, of everything bit of control he gives up to Ilya, is still a control freak. Yes he gets tired of making decisions, but he had a hard time trusting Ilya's judgement. He'd think, "Does Ilya know the difference between suede and leather?" or "He admitted to hiring someone to decorate his penthouse - does he know how to pick stuff out?", and of course wondering how Ilya would navigate a furniture store by himself.

"I don't know Ilya, the last time I let you pick something out I got a rash from the dish soap you bought," Shane huffed out, scrolling through options of sleek looking chairs.

"Was not my fault, I just bought the bluest one," Ilya admitted, completely truthful, before turning to look closer at Shane's options. "These look like they would hurt my butt,"

Shane laughed out, turning towards him. "They're just to have more seating when the team comes over, not for us." Ilya looked at him perplexed.

"Not for us?" He scoffed. He looked around, raising his hands up. "This is our house, Hollander. Have you forgotten? Are you ill?" Shane met his crazed look. Ilya added, "Your parents seating at their house - all comfortable. Does not hurt my butt. And they have plenty, they want grandchildren."

"Ilya, you are ridiculous,"

...

After many squabbles about the damn chair, Shane finally gave up control. He did, however, make note that they should buy some extra dining room chairs. In case Ilya buys something horrendous. That would meet them in the middle.

Ilya had never been to a furniture store, and who better to ask to go with him to their local one other than David Hollander? His future father in law. He looked like a man who knew how to find a comfortable chair.

David was thrilled. Yuna had to tell him to lose the tie.

“Son, what kind of chair are you guys looking for?” David asked as they pulled into the furniture store parking lot. Going with David meant that he would drive, which was good because although Ilya had passed all his canadian driving tests did not mean he should’ve.

“Not sure, Shane was looking at ones like this,” Ilya gestures to a sleek chair right in the entrance. The cushion had a light print - Ilya thinks Shane would call it beige - and an open back. The only support was a wooden beam that stretched from one arm rest to the other.

“Why would he want something like that?” David questioned. “There’s nothing to it.”

“That is what I said!” Ilya proclaimed. David shook his head.

“I’ll show you where to find a good one,”.

Both men walked around the store. David was looking for the recliners - one from David’s dreams. One of the first things Shane bought for David was a fancy recliner - all the bells and whistles and even had a USB port. David sat in it everyday.

Once they finally got to the section of recliners. Ilya’s eyes focused on this now, now these were for sitting! He was amazed. Some had remote controls, cup holders, coolers, there was even one with massage features. Ilya tracked down one that matched the rest of their furniture and started inspecting it.

“This is a good one son,” David chided, eyes lighting up as it caught his eye as well. “It’s even got the extra wide seat, then you have extra room.

That is what really sold Ilya. Him and Shane could both fit in his chair. Snug for sure, but there were things greater in his life than having Shane in his lap while they watched some brainrot on the television.

...

Two hours and some sandwiches later, Ilya and David had moved the chair into their informal living room while Shane was out. Ilya moved a throw pillow and Shane’s beloved quilt over the top, even moved one of their tables over with a lamp. Once David had left, Ilya even threw a bottle of lube into the drawer.

An hour and a half later, Shane walked in the door with his work out duffle bag slung over his arm and a paper bag of groceries in the other. He set his stuff down on the island before heading off to find Ilya. He checked their home work out studio, the patio where he would sneak in a cigarette or a blunt, and even in their master. Finally he walked into the aforementioned informal living room - different from the formal one they rarely sat in, the one with books and movies and games filling built in shelving - to find his lover.

And there Ilya was, the footrest of the recliner kicked up as he stretched out, some old hockey film running on the television.

It took Shane a second to realize the clearly obvious brow suede Lazy Boy that now sat where the old rocker was - where he'd rocked Hayden's neverending supply of children to sleep at - his eyes scanned for it in the corner, safely.

"Ilya, what... what the fuck is that?" Shane's eyes were wild as he blinked rapidly. He had given Ilya one job - bring home a chair, maybe even two, that looked just like the one he liked online. Shane had picked it out - Ilya just had to go find it. And yet, there was a supersize Lazy Boy taking up space in his living room.

"It's nice, isn't it? Da, you won't believe how comfortable it is!" Ilya's eyes were bright and happy - Shane had no idea how to respond.

"Why did you get a recliner?"

"Your dad -"

"My dad?" Shane nearly rolled his eyes. "Why would you, with the choice of either of my parents to take furniture shopping with you, would you take my dad? He let me leave the house with a camo shirt and striped red pants when I was a kid!"

"Oh Shane, do not overreact. Is just chair. Look we can both fit, come see," Ilya was almost begging. If Shane saw the potential that Ilya did they would be unstoppable.

Of course in response, Shane rolled his eyes (a response that would have him normally dragged to the bedroom), and walked over. Once he stood next to it, he ran his fingers over it. It was soft. The softness of leather without the stickiness. And of course Ilya had thrown his quilt over the back, basically inviting him in. Ilya reached out for Shane and patted his thighs twice, inviting Shane to sit on his lap.

...

Three hours, forty-five minutes, and one silly movie later, Shane was knocked out straddling Ilya. In the chair, the chair he claimed he hated.

Once he sat down in Ilya's lap, it was over. There was enough room to the side of Ilya that Shane would put some of his body weight there and lay essentially on top of Ilya, complete with his face smooshed into the older man's neck - a true sign of contentment from Shane. The quilt wrapped warmly around them as the end credits rolled and Ilya reached for the remote. Shane pulled closer, his mouth mumbling something incoherent into his Russian lover's neck.

"I told you should trust me," Ilya announced into the silence - grinning and patting the younger man's back. No response from Shane of course, but the slow breathing of the younger man was precious to Ilya. Somewhere they could anchor.

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