Breakfast Habits

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75311001.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Anya | Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), spoiler beware, Domestic Fluff, mentions of being outed, Food Issues, Shane's relationship with food is mentioned a lot, Paparazzi, Social Media, Social Anxiety, Ilya being a supportive partner, Shane is trying to step out of his comfort zone, Eating Disorders, I'm being very heavy with the tags because I don't want to trigger anyone, but i swear this is cute, Shane and Ilya slowly easing into their new reality, they are very much in love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-06 Words: 3,264 Chapters: 1/1

Breakfast Habits

by MASD_1138

Summary

The public knows about them, so why shouldn't Shane and Ilya go do their grocery shopping together?

Notes

Hello! Like a lot of people, I watched the two first episodes of Heated Rivalry and became absolutely obsessed with it and then proceeded to read the two Hollanov books within a week (I will be reading the rest when I'm not also studying for my finals, especially after ep 3). I just needed to write a little something about them because I can't stop thinking about them all the time lol.

This will contain spoilers for both of their books.

Since the tags mention food issues, I will leave a little spoiler filled explanation in the drop down section just in case someone wants more details before reading.

▶ Extra warning with spoilers

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's fine, he's absolutely not freaking out about what he's about to ask Ilya. He takes in a deep breath, looks at himself in the bathroom mirror and walks out into the bedroom.

"I have something to ask you," Shane states bluntly as he stops to stand at the foot of the bed.

Ilya, who's sitting up against the headboard, looks up from his phone and at his fiancé. "Da? Why are you nervous looking? What is wrong?"

Shane had hoped he would look confident, but as usual Ilya can see right through him with a single glance. "Nothing's wrong I just want to ask you something."

Ilya gives him a knowing look, completely unimpressed with Shane's attempt to act casual. Yet, he doesn't say anything else, just puts his phone down and crosses his arms over his chest.

"We need groceries," Shane starts, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. "I have a list ready for my meal prep."

"You want me to go shopping for food, yes? I can do that no problem," Ilya answers simply, not understanding why Shane is nervous to ask him to do something he already does for them.

They're at Ilya's house in Ottawa and he usually does their grocery shopping considering Shane can't really be seen doing it himself. Well at least that was before Hayden accidentally outed them and Shane basically told the commissioner to go fuck himself.

With the recent talks with his - their - agent and the Centaurs, there's a high chance Shane will be moving to Ottawa permanently. So it's time he gets out of his own head and they do stuff together outside of Ilya's house or the cottage.

"I was thinking we could both go," Shane adds bluntly, letting the words out before he can change his mind.

"Together?" Ilya asks, clearly surprised by Shane's offer. "You want both of us to go to the grocery store?"

Shane smiles softly at Ilya's pronunciation of grocery, finding his accent as endearing as usual. "Why not? People know about us now, we might well spend all of our time together."

They've both been eliminated from the playoffs now and there's nothing left for Shane in Montreal, so they have been spending all of their time together already. But they haven't really left the house yet, not since the Centaurs have also been eliminated.

Ilya's eyes narrow for a moment and Shane feels like he's being scrutinized by his coach for his skating form or his stick handling. "Where is my fiancé? What have you done with him?"

"You're such an asshole," Shane laughs. "I'm trying really hard to be brave right now."

“I know moya lyubov,” Ilya’s eyes soften and he sits up. “We can go get your disgusting food together. I would love to.”

Shane smiles brightly, loving the way he’s the only person that gets to see Ilya like this. “Good then, get dressed before I change my mind, I’ll go make sure Anya goes potty.”

Twenty minutes later, Shane is sitting in the passenger seat of Ilya’s Mercedes, shaking his left leg nervously as he tries to not think too hard about the fact that he’s about to go food shopping with Ilya.

Where everyone can see them.

Where a single person could just take a picture of them and post it on the internet where everyone can see it.

“You are being very good right now, barely panicking,” Ilya points out while they are stopped at a traffic light.

Shane blushes any time Ilya says he’s being good, the reaction is completely out of his control and he knows for a fact that it’s exactly why Ilya says it.

“I’m very nervous. I… I still want to do this,” Shane replies, knowing that going out together is something that Ilya’s been craving to do for months, if not years, now. “It’s important I do this.”

“I know and I am happy you are trying,” Ilya insists and reaches over the gear shift to take Shane’s hand in his own. “You will get the good vegetables today.”

Shane would point out that he’s not that difficult with his vegetables, but just last week he had complained that Ilya had not bought the right type of carrots when he got their groceries, so he keeps his mouth shut.

“What is the worst case scenario that could happen today?” Ilya asks simply.

It’s something they’ve been doing since going public, an easy activity that Ilya had brought up himself to Shane after a pretty bad anxiety attack. He had explained to Shane that it’s something his therapist does with him during his sessions and that maybe it could help both of them. So it’s something they do together when either of them feels overwhelmed.

“Someone yells at us? We get called slurs?” Shane says hesitantly, feeling ridiculous the moment the words leave his mouth.

“I will punch anyone who say any bad words at us,” Ilya deadpans and Shane does believe he will do it. “But really slurs in the grocery store? I do not think so.”

“I logically know that you are right, but I can’t stop thinking about it.”

Shane stays quiet for a moment and he knows Ilya is waiting for him to say something else.

“I think people will take pictures of us,” Shane finally says.

“Probably, but that is not bad, no? We are both very famous hockey players. People always take pictures, especially in our home cities,” Ilya says, not dismissing his fears, but making it sound much less scary than Shane initially thought. “And we are both very hot, I would take pictures of us too.”

The joke helps Shane calm down, something that still amazes him even after a decade and he manages to pull himself together just as Ilya pulls into the grocery store’s parking lot.

“Ready?” Ilya asks simply, squeezing Shane’s hand.

The car’s engine is still idling, a simple way for Ilya to let Shane know that if he wants, they can just drive back home. But Shane wants to do this, wants to conquer his stupid fear of being seen in public with Ilya. It isn’t fair to him that the only thing they’ve done together since coming out is going to the restaurant after the disastrous meeting with the commissioner.

“Let me grab our reusable bags,” Shane says, giving himself an easy goal that will get him out of the car.

Shane completes his first goal and before he knows it, he’s waiting by the door for Ilya to get a cart. He’s hyper aware of people around him, but pushes through it.

“We can start by the vegetables and fruits,” Ilya offers and Shane follows him easily as he doesn’t really know the layout of this store just yet. “Do not forget your list.”

That reminds Shane to pull out his phone and open his notes app where he’s written down everything he needs to food prep for the week.

***

Ilya simply pushes the cart, leaning on his forearms as Shane meticulously examines every single fruit and vegetables before placing them in their cart. He has no idea what Shane is planning to cook for them, he’ll just buy a bunch of sauces later in the store to make whatever meal taste decent, but he still smiles.

He knows Shane is trying to be better about his relationship with food and Ilya is trying to be as supportive as he can all while letting Shane navigate this new step in his life. Not to mention that he’s doing it on top of navigating their suddenly very public relationship.

They’re doing their weekly food shop.

Together.

Where people can recognize them.

Shane looks fine.

And it’s the best thing ever.

Shane spends ten minutes choosing specific packages of chicken breast, which is not really surprising. It takes a while because Shane is peculiar about his food, but mostly because how much protein they both need for their diet. While Shane is busy analyzing the chicken, Ilya wonders off to get himself some bacon since he wants to make them a big breakfast tomorrow.

When he comes back, Shane is finally done with the chicken and has moved on to the beef section. Ilya doesn't mind waiting for Shane to read or examine the food before picking if it means he's slowly reintroducing different foods into his diet.

"Do you want to eat burgers this week? I didn't put any on my list but we can do that if you want?" Shane asks as he looks at the ground beef.

The question is so domestic that Ilya could just kiss Shane, but that would be a sure way to make his fiancé panic. Instead he settles with quickly patting Shane's hip as he puts the bacon in the cart.

"Burgers are nice. I will grill with the tool David got us," Ilya agrees gladly. He's been meaning to use the new brush Shane's father got him for the grill in his backyard.

They then move on to the fish section so Shane can grab all the salmon fillets he needs for what he calls his "safe meals". For Ilya, anything that isn't expired is safe, but he can understand that Shane needs a bit more time to chose what he wants to eat or try integrating in his diet.

Everything goes fairly well until they are standing in the cereal aisle. Ilya is picking his box for the week, some sugary monstrosity he knows he will enjoy, when he notices that Shane is noticeably silent about his "bad" choices.

As Ilya places his box of Cap'n Crunch in the cart, he notices that Shane is alarming tense, clutching the the shopping cart, his knuckles white against the red plastic of handle.

"What?"

"Someone is taking pictures of us on the other side of the aisle," Shane whispers tensely, keeping his eyes on the box of Cap'n Crunch in the cart as if it's the most important thing in their life.

"Okay… It is paparazzi?" Ilya asks quietly, barely daring too look over his shoulder.

"I don't think so… it could be just a fan," Shane adds carefully.

Ilya makes a quick decision and softly places his hand on top of Shane's, slowly prying his clenched fingers off the cart.

"It will be alright Shane, fan or paparazzi, we are okay," Ilya says reassuringly.

"Yeah… we are," Shane states, his voice a bit wobbly, but still sounding determined. "I think I want to try this cereal."

Ilya looks at the box in front of Shane, surprised to see some cocoa puffs and not the usual granola he likes to eat. They're sugary, not at all nutritious and Ilya is sure Shane is picking them to distract himself from the fact that someone is either taking a picture of them or filming them.

"I think you will like it, yes. Very good," Ilya comments even though he knows he's probably going to be the one to eat the rest of the box. "Get your granola too, you will be mad without."

The rest of their shopping goes on without any further incidents and they use the self check out to avoid more interactions. Once they empty the cart into the trunk of the car, Ilya goes to put it away and when he sits back in the driver's seat, Shane is looking down at his phone with a frown.

"It's not anywhere yet," Shane says and Ilya would point out that he's shit at social media and probably just can't find it, but this not a joking situation.

"We do not care anyway," Ilya answers casually and turn on the car. "We will have a nice dinner tonight, with fresh vegetables and you will be happy."

"No, you're right. I need to let this go," Shane agrees and throws his phone into the cup holder.

Then Ilya watches out of the corner of his eye as Shane fiddles with car console for a while and then, predictably, a podcast about hockey in the 50s starts playing.

"You are very boring, put Bad Bunny on instead," Ilya groans, pretending as usual to be annoyed as if it's not a known fact now that he finds Shane's listening habits adorable.

"You love that I'm boring," Shane counters casually.

"Da, I do," Ilya can't argue with that.

***

Later that night, after they sit down at the table to eat the grilled salmon and quinoa dish Shane had prepared, Ilya watches in wonder as his fiancé puts a bit of butter on his green beans.

Leaving Montreal might be the best thing that has ever happen to Shane, Ilya just wishes it had happened in a better context. They eat quietly, simply enjoying each other's presence and not rushing through a meal because their time together isn't limited anymore.

Ilya's phone keeps buzzing in his pockets and normally they don't use their phones at the table, but curiosity gets the better of him. He takes it up and clicks on the most recent twitter notification so it can open the app.

Ilya snorts when he sees exactly what he was tagged in.

"What?" Shane asks, putting his fork down and pushing his glasses up his nose a little bit.

“People say we eat cereal like children,” Ilya laughs as he scrolls the comments on the TMZ tweet.

“So the pictures did end up online,” Shane says and reaches for his own phone.

“*NHL superstar Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were spotted in public for the first time since their relationship was revealed*… This doesn’t talk about our cereal choice Ilya,” Shane points out as he clicks on the article, if you can call anything that TMZ publishes that.

“No but the comments do,” Ilya specifies and pushes his phone towards Shane. “See, Hayden is talking about the cereal.”

Even Troy had left a comment saying *of course Cap eats Cap’n Crunch in the morning* which to Ilya’s pleasure makes Shane laugh a little.

The pictures are nothing special, just both of them standing in front of all the cereal boxes and the moment when Ilya took Shane’s hand. It’s not news worthy or anything without the bigger picture or context of it being their first time being spotted publicly.

“See nothing bad, just two very handsome men buying food,” Ilya insist, grinning at Shane.

“We’re trending on twitter Ilya,” Shane sighs. “Just because we went grocery shopping together. This is insane.”

“Good press for us, when you join the Centaurs, Harris will be very happy,” Ilya insists, quietly pleased to see both of their names trend together.

“*If*, not when I join the Centaurs,” Shane corrects, still overly cautious when it comes to talking about him joining the team even though it’s pretty much a done deal.

“No, it is *when* because my team is not stupid and will agree that you should join,” Ilya argues, having no doubts that he will be playing with Shane and not against him in a few months.

“Your team is pretty amazing,” Shane concedes since all of the meetings he’s had with them has been overly positive.

“I know, it will be even better with you.”

***

Shane’s never been a big fan of social media, he’s only used it to post things about his career or the foundation as he never really saw the point in it. Not to mention that it has been a fairly stressful part of his life, he hates being perceived by others and comments always gets under his skin.

Yet, since last night, he has been scrolling twitter and instagram, looking up his name and Ilya’s and somehow, most of the comments are positive. There are some homophobic ones of course, but most of it is fine. Even though he doesn’t use his social media a lot, he recognizes

some of the usual fan accounts defending them in the comments, which he appreciates a lot more than he can convey into words.

Maybe it's time he retakes control of the narrative again.

So when Ilya gets out of bed and stumbles into the kitchen only wearing a pair of sweatpants low on his hips with his honey brown curls tousled from sleep, Shane can't help himself.

He takes out his phone and snaps a quick picture of Ilya, box of cereal in hand and looking particularly handsome in the morning sun as he sets it down on the counter. A few moment's later, when Ilya turns back around to get the milk and protein powder of choice out, Shane snaps a couple more pictures.

If the internet thinks they are eating children's cereal, they aren't ready to actually see how Ilya eats his breakfast. Ilya makes his protein shake quickly, only taking a break to bend down and give Anya a quick kiss on the head which Shane also immortalizes with a picture, then the weird ritual begins.

Shane switches to record because the world needs to see what he's been the sole witness to for years now.

Ilya reaches into the cereal box, grabbing a handful of cereal and shoves it in his mouth, chewing for only a moment before he washes it down with his protein shake. He repeats the steps for a few times before noticing that Shane is holding his phone up.

"What? What are you doing lyubimyy?"

Shane snickers because Ilya looks so adorable, standing right there in the middle of the kitchen with his plastic protein shaker and a handful of cereal, with a lopsided smile on his beautiful face. After a moment, Shane stops recording and quickly looks down at his nice little collection of pictures.

"You are being sneaky," Ilya comments, but Shane can see how pleased he is with the attention he's getting.

"Just give me a few minutes and I'll let you see," Shane replies cryptically as he starts looking at all the pictures he has.

Three minutes later, Shane puts down his phone and waits.

Ilya's phone pings and Shane can see the exact moment he realizes what Shane has just done.

"You post me on your instagram now? So romantic Hollander," Ilya says, looking just so pleased and happy that Shane knows it was the right decision to push through his own anxiety. "People are cooking me in comments already."

"Roasting, but yes," Shane can't help but correct.

Shane had picked a couple of pictures of Ilya that depict his breakfast ritual properly and put it in a single grid post that ends with the video of Ilya eating and spotting the camera with the

simple caption *A captain eating his Cap'n Crunch* .

"Thank you for posting me, it makes me happy," Ilya adds and comes over to kisses Shane softly. "Even if I look crazy."

"I like making you happy," Shane replies against his lips.

"I will make you your breakfast now," Ilya says before turning around.

As Shane sips on his usual breakfast smoothie while looking through his emails, he sees an instagram notification come in. He should have expected this from his devious fiancé. It's not a grid post but just a story containing a zoomed in video of him gulping down his green smoothie with the caption *he likes to pretend his breakfast isn't disgusting*.

Shane laughs loudly, waking Anya up from her nap in her fluffy bed in the corner of the living room.

Maybe being out is going to be less stressful and a lot more entertaining Shane thought it was going to be.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading and I'm pretty sure I will be writing more of them because I am obsessed. If you feel like leaving a nice comment or a kudos, it would mean a lot to me!

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