

we didn't even kiss

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75590706) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75590706>.

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
Additional Tags:	Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Gentle Kissing , pathetic yearners , POV Shane Hollander , Episode: s01e02 Olympians (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 1,698 Chapters: 1/1

we didn't even kiss

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Summary

We didn't even kiss.

He stared at the message for a moment further, the words blurred from his unshed tears, before violently shaking his head to clear it and pressing his thumb on the delete button.

Except that's not what he did.

Shane watched in horror as the message went from just a draft to something he actually sent. He sent it.

He sent it.

OR

Instead of deleting the message in episode 2, Shane accidentally sends it, prompting an entirely different ending to the entire scene.

Notes

I'm so normal about this show. So fucking normal.

We didn't even kiss.

It looked pathetic even to Shane's own eyes. There was no way he could send it. Rozanov would laugh in his face the next time they saw each other, and he'd have every right to do it.

Except that Shane actually felt awful right then. Used and worthless and soft in all the ways that being with Rozanov wasn't supposed to make him feel. They had a deal. It was just sex, just this sickening game that they both indulged in only when it was convenient.

No kissing was better. It was *safer*. It was cleaner and easier and something that the Shane from just a season ago would've welcomed and preferred. So what the fuck was wrong with him now?

He rubbed his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt and ignored the faint traces moisture left on the soft, luxurious fabric. Unsteady and breathing hard, he almost ran to the elevator and slammed his hand on the button.

He needed to get out of there as soon as possible.

What did he expect? For Ilya to wrap him in his arms and kiss his cheek and caress his face and then softly press their lips together as they fell into bed all over each other, legs tangled up, every bit of Shane flush against every bit of Ilya?

That was ridiculous. It was laughable and impossible and not even something Shane *wanted*. He was just too raw from their activities and he needed to snap out of it. Enough was enough.

But his eyes started filling with tears again, and this time he couldn't stop a few from escaping. Why couldn't he be cool about this? Why couldn't he be as collected and calm as Rozanov? He felt like the biggest idiot in the world, and like the smallest, most insignificant person in the entire city.

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Except that's not what he did.

Shane watched in horror as the message went from just a draft to something he actually sent. He sent it. *He sent it.*

"No no no no—fuck," he whispered frantically, trying to delete it. But there was no way to delete it for both himself and Rozanov, and now he'd see it and call Shane desperate and needy and even though he *was*, it wasn't something he wanted Ilya to know or acknowledge.

Shane pressed the elevator button again, desperate to get the fuck out of the hallway and this goddamn hotel. Maybe this was a sign from the universe that he needed to delete Ilya's

number and forget that any of this had ever happened. It would be for the best. He'd save himself from the embarrassment and have some time to get his shit together before he'd have to see Rozanov again.

It was the perfect plan, the best incentive to let this go and finally cut himself loose. So why did just the thought of it make him feel nauseous? Why were his hands shaking? Why were tears actively streaming down his face?

The elevator door finally opened, and Shane let out a shuddering breath of relief at seeing it completely empty. Of course it was. The only one skulking around the empty hotel hallways was him, desperately trying to find at least a shred of his dignity on the way.

Shane walked in and quickly pressed the button for the lobby. The sooner he was out of there, the better. He leaned his head back on the elevator wall and tried to take deep breaths as the doors slowly closed. But just before he could hear that perfect click and feel the floor move taking him down, a pale hand stuck its way between the doors, and a low hiss of *Hollander* hit his ears.

Shane watched, breathless and stunned, as the doors opened and Ilya forced his way in, eyes trained on him. He had a cocky smirk on his face, mouth half open and undoubtedly ready to mock him. But he didn't.

As soon as he saw Shane's face, the mask slipped, and Rozanov sucked in a low gasp. Shane felt his cheeks heat. He couldn't even imagine what he looked like, all disheveled with tears still smeared on his cheeks and his shirt wrinkled despite his best efforts to keep it smooth.

Shane was about to tell him to leave, lie and say he's fine, insist that the message was a joke, do *anything* to make Ilya go back to making fun of him. Because Shane couldn't take the way Rozanov was looking at him at that moment, his eyes concerned and his mouth pressed in a thin line. It looked wrong to see his beautiful face contorted like that.

"Hollander," Rozanov breathed out, taking a few steps to close the distance between them just as the elevator door closed.

"Someone could walk in and see—" Shane whispered, anguished, and Rozanov simply pressed the STOP button, eyes never leaving Shane's. The elevator stuttered to a stop immediately, leaving them suspended between floors.

Rozanov slowly cupped Shane's face in his hands, sweeping the faint moisture from his cheeks with his thumbs. To his horror, Shane felt his eyes welling up again.

"You are crying." Ilya said, stunned, like the fact personally offended him. He looked stupefied for a few seconds, breathing hard as his eyes swept over Shane's face again and again.

Shane had never felt so embarrassed.

"No, ah, it's just—allergies," Shane stuttered, though it sounded hollow even to his own ears.

“Still bad at lying, I see.” Rozanov whispered, catching the fresh tears slipping down Shane's cheek with his own skin. As mortified as he was, Shane couldn't help but soak up the way Ilya was looking at him.

There was so much care in his eyes, so much gentleness. Rozanov held his face in his hands like it was absolutely precious, and Shane realized that this was not going to help him stop crying *at all*.

Luckily, he didn't have to give it much thought. Suddenly, Rozanov was closing the distance between them and tilting Shane's head back to capture his mouth with his own.

The kiss was unlike any others they had shared until then, and Shane knew it from the very first touch of their lips. Ilya gently coaxed Shane's mouth open and slipped his tongue inside slowly, letting it brush against Shane's own over and over again. There was no rush, no heat that threatened to swallow Shane alive.

Instead, they moved together unhurriedly, lips warm and wet and soft against one another. Ilya was caressing Shane's jaw and cheeks with his fingers, in tune with every move of his mouth, making Shane melt into him and finally allow his hands to land on Ilya's broad chest, fingers gripping the material of his still unbuttoned shirt.

He had thrown it on in a hurry, Shane realized. He had chased after him without thinking of being seen or noticed. Just because Shane had sent a stupid text. Just to kiss him.

The thought made Shane whimper into Ilya's mouth, and the Russian moaned softly in response. And yet, neither of them escalated the kiss, content to just brush against each other over and over again, soft and languid and as intoxicating as the vodka still lingering on both of their breaths.

It was Ilya who pulled away first, but he didn't go far. He leaned his forehead against Shane's and tried to take a deep breath. It was more of a wheeze, and it made Shane smile. Ilya's eyes were different, somehow, more unguarded and open, and it both terrified Shane and made him feel inexplicably giddy.

“No more crying, yes?” Ilya said quietly, sweeping his thumbs over Shane's cheeks once again, almost absentmindedly.

Shane didn't trust himself to speak, so he just nodded. He wanted Ilya to kiss him again. He wanted him to take his hand and bring him back to his room and hug him as they fell into bed and let sleep take them.

It was a terrifying thought, one that had no business emerging in Shane's mind. But he was so tired and he felt like his chest had been carved open tonight. He couldn't fight it.

“I do not like to see you...upset.” Rozanov added, his voice gruff, and Shane just nodded again. It was common decency, he knew, but it still made his traitorous heart give a pathetic stutter.

“You will be okay?” Ilya pressed on, and Shane took a deep breath before responding.

“Yes,” he whispered, and his voice sounded almost normal, all things considered.

Ilya nodded, eyes going over Shane's face again and again. He leaned in and pressed their lips together again just once, deep and gentle and quick, and he was pulling back before Shane could even get a chance to deepen it. He had to stop himself from chasing after Rozanov's lips pathetically.

It was for the better. It still made Shane's heart ache.

Ilya took a step back slowly, almost reluctantly, and dragged a hand through his messy hair before pressing the button for his floor once again. The elevator lurched to life and the door opened way too quickly, reminding Shane that they hadn't gotten that far down.

“See you next season?” Rozanov said, winking at him from the elevator door.

“See you next season,” Shane replied softly, feeling his lips lift in a small smile. It was worth it, because Ilya answered with a brilliant grin of his own.

“Don't miss me too much, okay?” he teased, and Shane rolled his eyes.

“Fuck you, Rozanov,” he said, grinning and letting his head fall against the elevator wall once more.

“Ah, but I'd rather fuck you, Hollander,” Ilya whispered, and it was the last thing Shane heard before the door closed for good. He chuckled and buried his head in his palms, pressing the heels of his hands into his eyes.

He was so fucking *screwed*.

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