kiss it better (don’t leave me uncovered)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76156216.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
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, Angst with a Happy Ending, Subdrop, Panic Attacks, Hurt/Comfort, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Anxious Shane Hollander, Overthinking, Episode: s01e02 Olympians (Heated Rivalry), I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, Spiraling, Feelings Realization, No beta we die like ilyas father, we didn't even kiss
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 4,265 Chapters: 1/1

kiss it better (don’t leave me uncovered)

by Wurmblau

Summary

Too caught up in their own heads, both Shane and Ilya don't realize that Shane has dropped until he has already left the suite. Rozanov fixes it whilst also discovering a thing or two.

Or: Shane gets the kiss.

Notes

Finally coming out of my comfort zone and actually posting something on here rather than only ever being the reader - and all it took was that damn hockey show.
It's my first fic, so feel free to tell me what you think in the comments.

Also English isn't my first language

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn’t the first time Shane felt cold and floaty after an encounter with Ilya, head fogged and the edges of his thoughts blurry.

This time though, this strange feeling didn’t submerge after a few minutes like usual, no, even after he put on his suit pants, devastatingly slow, muttered some inaudible words to Ilya and stumbled, more than walked to the elevator, he still couldn’t shake the feeling, that something was off.

He couldn’t place a finger on it, but it felt similar to waking up in cold sweat in the middle of the night with the agonizing realization of getting sick. Nothing to be done against it, just the steady spiraling until you hit rock bottom. He was probably getting a headache soon, which would be followed by heavy limps and a running nose. Maybe he had gotten the flu.

Yes, that's how he was feeling and Shane, finally being able to put a name on it, almost let out a sigh of relief.

In the same instance, the elevator doors closed and he was caged with his own thoughts again in nothing but a tiny, unmoving room. He thought back to the last few hours he spent in the luxurious penthouse together with Rozanov – had it been hours? He wasn’t even sure about the simplest facts like that. The second he saw the Russian leaning against the window frame muttering, demanding to take off his clothes, his understanding for time and space began to falter.

Sure, it hadn’t been the first time they hooked up, but tonight was different, more intense in the most phenomenal way.

Shane’s breath shuddered when he pictured himself on the far too big bed, Ilya watching him like he wanted to tear him down, layer by layer until nothing was left but raw desire.

It had been the hottest thing he’d ever seen, the whole situation feeling charged with energy one usually could only find between them on the hockey field. To distract the Boston player of his own, obvious arousal, he threw his boxers directly into Ilya's face.

What he didn’t expect him to do was fucking breath them in, looking at him with such a heating gaze, Shane almost came on the spot.

Thinking back, it was the best sex he had ever had and he wasn’t sure what to make with that realization.

The more and more Shane dug into the events of the night though, replaying every glance and touch shared between the two of them, one thing became unconvincingly clear:

They hadn’t even kissed.

Leaning on one of the walls of the dimly lit elevator, the Montreal player kept searching for a forgotten moment when Ilya's lips might have brushed his, but he still came up with nothing.

Not that it even mattered. After all they'd done today, kissing was probably the most uninteresting part of them all.

It didn't bother him.

It shouldn't.

But if it didn't, then why did his eyes sting suspiciously all of the sudden? Before he could even realize, Shane had his phone in his hands and opened Ilya's - Lily's chat with trembling fingers.

'We didn't even kiss', he typed down and stared at the screen until it went blurry before his eyes.

The elevator still hadn't moved.

It was then that he felt the coldness again. It was completely quiet in the hotel, most of the guests were probably already asleep and Shane just couldn't stand it. He was used to a hectic and loud world, always moving and never quite coming to a halt, that now, being in this microscopic room with no sound but his ragged breathing, he felt far from comfortable.

He didn't know for how long he was standing there, but he knew he had left the penthouse quite some time ago.

He was still on the same floor.

His thoughts distinctly drifted to those dreams he had once every so often, where he, no matter how badly he wanted to run, only could take painstakingly slow steps forward without ever reaching his destination. He tried to loosen his tie to get some better air, but to his confusion and then slowly blooming terror, found it already unfastened around his neck.

Shane could feel the panic rising in his body, slowly creeping up from his stomach, painting his neck a flushed red and making a halt behind his now closed eyes. To say he felt uneasy was an understatement. His fingertips were starting to tingle, just like they did when he was

about to make a shot on the ice. But there wasn't a net to push forward to, there wasn't the undeniable smoothness of his skids against the ice.

His thoughts kept coming back to the same sentence again and again, like a mantra chasing him:

We didn't even kiss.

We didn't even kiss.

We didn't even kiss.

A terrible idea began to form in his head, what if Ilya hadn't liked it? What if Shane was far too gone to realize that his rival didn't enjoy it the same way he did? It was the only explanation, his panicking, fogged mind came up with and the more he thought about it, it began to cling to his memories as well. He'd been fucked from behind, he wouldn't even have had recognized, if Rozanov hadn't liked it.

God, here he was claiming it was his best hookup so far and Rozanov hadn't even enjoyed it. It also explained the awkward aftermath of sitting together on the bed, Ilya smoking, not saying more than a few vague words and himself drinking that dreadful vodka.

How should he look at him the next time? Would there even be a next time? Surely not, Ilya could get a better company anytime, anywhere – woman or man. That meant that this was likely their last time together and at that thought, Shane let out a breathless whine, anxiety making its way in his head.

Slowly, he began to sink down on the wall until he could rest his head on his bent knees. A shiver went through him, the feeling of his body and mind drifting further away from another.

Distinctly he grasped the fleeting thought, that he was spiraling somewhere he had no idea how to get out of again, but his critical thinking was overshadowed by a sequence of distressing and ugly doubts.

He only felt the tears after they dripped down his chin onto the dirty floor. His mind was working on overdrive whilst also feeling like it was stuffed with cotton wool. Too fast and too slow at the same time. Too quiet and too loud.

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At the same time, two doors down the hallway, Ilya sat on the couch, waiting.

See, when he first noticed the key card laying on the floor, he himself was deep in his own thoughts about how the evening had planned out. Hollander was beautiful, even more than usual. He made all of Ilya's fantasies come true, how he laid on the bed and looked at him, господь, the way he said he needed him. It still sent goosebumps up the Russians spine. It was perfect and he loved every second of it, the only thing that bothered him was how fast it all was over. How he would have wanted him to stay a little longer, maybe go for another round or just lay beside one another, bathing in each other’s presence.

But they didn’t do that.

It was quick and simple between them, clean, no need to make it complicated. Ilya already had enough complicity in his life. His and Shane's encounter was a nice constant in the everchanging chaos.

So, when he saw the key card sitting there like a promise for more, he knew that this evening wasn’t over yet. Because it wasn’t his key card. It was Hollanders. And he would have to come back here to get into his own room.

At first, Ilya just sat there on the couch with a little smirk already playing on his lips, waiting patiently for the Canadian to come and knock shyly on his door, like he had earlier. He would open it for him and Shane would look everywhere but him while silently asking if he’d seen his card.

He would give it to him eventually, not without teasing the shorter boy a bit and maybe he would have even made him beg for it. He would have had his fun.

But that was earlier.

When Ilya himself didn’t let his thoughts drift and overanalyze every single moment of today's meetup. When he still thought that everything went smoothly.

Now he wasn’t as sure anymore. Had there been a tremble in the other man’s hands when he awkwardly dressed himself up? Had there been a slight waver in his voice when he said his goodbyes in the silent room? Had Ilya done something wrong?

He wouldn’t have been so increasingly worried if Shane hadn’t left 23 minutes ago and still hadn’t come back.

Not that he counted the minutes.

He knew Hollander could be stubborn, but he had nowhere else to go, and even if he had only realised he was missing his keys whilst standing in front of his room, he should have been back ages ago.

After another 3 minutes had passed, he couldn't pretend anymore, that he wasn't downright spiraling in his own thoughts about the possible whereabouts of the other man. In one swift motion he was striking to his front door and, without another glance, went directly to the elevator to search for fucking Hollander. When he would find him, he'd make sure that the other one would never hear the end of it.

After having pressed the button, the doors of the metal box slowly pushed open. Ilya expected to be alone at such an hour, so coming face to face with another person forced a quiet yelp out of him, before he could make out who he was standing in front of.

He looked downright miserable.

Shane was standing hunched to one side against the elevator wall, unmoving and with a glassy look, that seemed to be staring right through Ilya.

Forgotten were all the careful put together English sentences, he practiced on his couch to throw against him. Forgotten was also the reason he was searching for Hollander in the first place.

He obviously had heard of a subdrop before, had read about possible signs of it and how to prevent them in the first place. But never in a million years, would he have thought to actually experience one, well, not he himself, more like being witness to one. Especially if he was the undeniable reason for it and especially since it was Shane fucking Hollander.

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"- hear me sweetheart? How long have you been in here?", Shane distinctly heard a muffled voice say. He was pressed against a wall, now in a standing position again. He couldn't move nor talk, only blink his eyes slowly through the haze that kept surrounding him, no matter how hard he tried to fight against it.

Then there was it again, a quiet melody cutting its way into his head, "Shane, if you can hear me, nod your head once."

Logically, he knew he should just straight up tell the person in front of him - since when there was another person in the elevator he didn't know either - that he didn't feel well, but his

tongue, heavy in his mouth couldn’t seem to move even an inch allowing him to talk. Ever so slowly, he nodded his head forward, which had the consequence of him losing his newly found balance altogether, stumbling over his feet and crashing into the other person.

He was about to apologize, trying to make them understand that he was getting sick with the flu or whatever it was, when he noticed the smell. That beautiful, heavy smell he liked so much and craved the minute it was gone again, to dwell upon until the next time he had the chance to wrap his head around.

Surely he was mistaken, Ilya had no business being outside of his room, unless… God, he knew it.

Whilst he enjoyed every second of their night, Rozanov had hated it and was now on his way to someone else, another hookup, probably a hot girl he knew from the club. At that thought, Shane let out a broken sob, absently pulling the other man's shirt in his fist.

It was only then, that he noticed the two heavy arms having sneaked around his waist, keeping him firmly pressed against the other person's chest, Ilya's chest. Broad and comforting as always, which made it impossible for Shane to shy away.

The next few minutes passed in a blur, Shane only distinctly aware that they were moving out of the elevator, but it wasn’t until he was sitting on the couch back in Rozanov's penthouse, wrapped in a soft blanket, he actually felt a shifting in his surroundings. He was so, so tired.

When he looked up, he saw Ilya pacing around the room, grabbing a few things here and there, checking his phone and purposely avoiding eye contact.

Not really knowing what to do, Shane did the first thing that came to his fogged mind. “ ‘M sorry.”, he mumbled, tears already stinging in his eyes again. “Think ‘m getting the flu or som’.”

At that, the other man's stalking about the room instantly stopped and after a short pause, Ilya stood right in front of him, taking his thrumming head into his soft, soft hands and said, “No. No, you have nothing to apologize for, дорогой. I should be apologizing. I should have realized much sooner- even letting you go like that, бог, how can I make up to you?”

To say Shane was confused was an understatement, his brain worked on a 30% capacity and here was Rozanov rambling on about having to apologize to him whilst wildly throwing random Russian words into the mix. Judging by his hesitant stare, Ilya lowered himself next to him and, much to Shane’s comfort, started talking to him in a slow way to assure he'd be understood.

“You are not getting flu. You have dropped, and seeing how you were standing in the elevator, quite hard. It has not happened to you before, yes?”

“What do you mean ‘dropped’? Was sitting on the floor for quite some time, but-” He was interrupted by Rozanov's silent shushing.

“Hollander, dropping can happen after… well after a night we just had. When you feel so euphoric during sex, that after, you will kind of fall down and feel the opposite. Sorry, bad at explaining. It is completely normal to feel anxious and bad, but I’m here now. Let me make it better, please.”

Shane had no idea how to react, he’d never heard of it before, sure the euphoric feeling during sex with Rozanov had happened more than once, subspace they called it when he had read about it - yes he had informed himself about gay sex, sue him - but, that there had been a polar opposite all along, was new to him.

He sank deeper into the soft cushion behind his back and let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Ilya's presence was undeniable besides him, his steady gaze resting on him, making him feel safe for the first time since he’d left the room. Absently he reached for the other man, finding his hand and letting them clasp together between them. They sat like that for quite some time, Shane resting his head on Ilya's shoulder, breathing evenly. He didn’t feel like drowning anymore, now it was more of a comfortable floating around in his mind, the tingling of his toes and fingers having completely stopped by now. The heat of the Boston player grounded him, making him feel less and less cold.

But something still bothered him. In the back of his mind, a small but irresistible voice kept nagging about that one fact, that had him spiral in the first place.

They hadn’t kissed.

It shouldn’t be a big deal, they had phenomenal sex and now Ilya was holding him, making him come back to himself, but- well but it kind of was a big deal. No matter how much he tried to convince himself, every nerve in the places his skin touched the other man, was on fire.

Ilya noticed how the Montreal player went from being comfortably melted against his side, to a nervous, fiddly mess beside him. Not letting him go down that rabbit hole again, he grabbed him swiftly by his waist and dragged him in one smooth motion on top of him, right into his lap. The look the other gave him almost made him chuckle but he had a task to fulfil.

“Малыш, what is going in that pretty little head of yours?”, he asked carefully. The embarrassed glance he got in return made something inside of him clench, fondness creeping its way up his spine. He put one hand to Shane's cheek and noticed how the other leaned almost instantly into it. “You tell me, I am here, will make you feel better.”, he murmured, not letting him out of his sight.

The Canadian took in a shaky breath, eyes trained somewhere behind Ilya's head, “ ‘S dumb.” and after seeing the assurance in the other man's eyes, he muttered, “We di-, we didn’t even kiss” in one rushed breath.

Being met with stunned silence, he put his head into the crook of Rozanov's neck, not wanting to face the surely mocking eyes of the other man.

But Ilya, having nothing of it, gently grabbed him by the base of his neck, so he had no other way out than to look into his eyes again. Shane saw nothing but sincerity when the Russian said, “Oh sweetheart, I am so sorry. I did not realize we had not- did not kiss. Is that why you have been so anxious?”

Shane squirmed uncomfortably and nodded a small yes, looking down onto his lap.

“Hey, none of that.” Rozanov said, lifting his chin up to make him look at him again. “Do you want me to kiss you now, to make up for it?”

Under normal circumstances, Shane would have been embarrassed by how quickly he nodded his head, but he had been starving for it and Ilya so bluntly offering it to him, sent his brain into overdrive. He hadn’t even completed that train of thoughts, when he felt two soft lips against his own, not moving, just hovering right there, giving Shane the possibility and time to make the first move once he was ready.

It was different than usual, not hot and breathless, too busy exploring each other's bodies, but impossibly gentle, almost sweet and ever so slow. Shane didn’t know how long they sat there, him in Ilya's lap, mouths pressed against one another, hands holding onto each other, but he could feel himself finally calming down and finding back to himself.

Even then, he did not let go of the other man, too busy savouring every second he could get. Ilya on the other hand didn’t think he could ever stop kissing that man in front of him. He knew Shane was probably still deep under the influence of the subdrop, but he couldn’t stop himself from wishing for this to be more. At that realization, his eyes snapped open, looking right into the bright brown eyes of his opponent. It was like something snapped between the two of them, or maybe something was just starting to exist without them knowing yet, nevertheless they let go of each other slowly, gently panting into each other's mouths, foreheads knocked together.

They sat like that for a little longer, before the Russian asked in a raspy voice, “Feeling better again, Hollander?”

At the use of his last name, the spell was broken, Shane slowly gliding off of the others lap, trying to steady his balance as well as his breathing, that was still ever so much affected by the man beside him.

After clearing his throat, he said with an almost soundless voice, “Yeah, ahem… what happened with me there? I never had this happen before, well not to that extent, usually it wears off after a few minutes, but today I just kept on spiraling.”

“You had the symptoms of a typical subdrop, but- wait, you have had those before?” Rozanov's attention was now completely on Shane again.

“I am… well, yes, but not like that. I usually just feel a bit cold and woozy, but it really isn’t for long, not a big deal, I can handle that.” Under the other's gaze, the Montreal player

suddenly felt very overexposed, trying to make himself appear smaller and pulling his arms around his stomach like he always did when he felt uncovered.

“Hollander, that is not something you have to go through alone, okay? If I had known it was that bad, I would have never, блядь, Shane you should have told me. I thought you were fine with- that.”

“Sorry”, was all he could manage to say.

“Is okay, but next time you will have to stay little longer after, so I take care of you properly.” Ilya wasn’t even talking directly to Shane anymore, just staring forward, muttering those words into the quiet of the room. Then he looked at the Canadian again, asking, “You feeling better now, not cold? Is the, what do you call it, fluffyness gone?”

“Fuzziness, yes it’s gone now, thank you.” Shane was smiling fondly at him. It was too much for Ilya to handle, so standing up, he made a beeline to the hotel fridge, taking out a cooled ginger ale he absolutely hadn’t asked the room service to put specifically there for Hollander, and a chocolate protein bar he had gotten from some event earlier today.

Handing it to the other man, he busied himself with cleaning up the mess they had made, scattered pillows on the floor and crumbled blankets, something he would, under normal circumstances, never do, but with Shane's presence right there on the couch, he felt on fire with each step he took.

Putting his hand in the pocket of his trousers, he found the original reason he left the penthouse in the first place. When he looked back to the couch, Shane was mindlessly nibbling on the protein bar, staring at the black tv in front of him. Deciding to put him out of his misery, Ilya went to stand right in front of him, silently handing him his key card.

“What’s- where did you get that from?” Shane asked, confused, not having noticed that Rozanov had taken it out of his pocket.

“You really did not notice, нет? You left it in here, is why I came looking for you first place”

“Oh”, was all Shane could mutter, the confusing picture slowly clearing itself in front of his eyes. He felt embarrassed, for not having recognised something as important as his fucking key card missing and even more, that Rozanov had to basically drag him back into his room, when he surely had better plans for that night.

The plastic from his snack crumbled in his hand, whilst he was slowly standing up, painfully aware of the others' ever following, knowing gaze. Shane knew it wasn’t his place to feel uncomfortable or bad about what happened, Rozanov made sure of it, nevertheless, the atmosphere suddenly felt strange. Now, being finally in the right condition to go back to his room, he wanted to waste no time in hurrying the fuck out.

When he finally had all his things together, his key card included, he shot the other man a look that hopefully showed everything he didn’t allow himself to say.

Thank you for going after me.

Thank you for taking care of me.

Thank you for kissing me.

When he was almost at the door, he heard a faint voice telling him, not asking, “Will walk you to your room. Make sure you won’t get stuck in elevator again.”

Since he knew arguing with Ilya Rozanov was close to impossible, he just whispered a quiet “Okay” and let himself slip out onto the corridor.

They walked in silence, used the stairs rather than that godforsaken elevator and when they were finally standing in front of Shane's hotel room, not a fancy penthouse like Ilya had, but expensive enough to be of his standards - his moms words, not his - his hands were trembling again.

“You know, you can ask for things if you need them, right?” he heard Ilya press out with a serious expression. “Hollander, what is it?”

“Can you- maybe… Another kiss?” Shane felt foolish even having the nerve to think about those words let alone speak them out. They were in the middle of a corridor, someone could come out of their room any moment. Aside from that, he wasn’t even under it anymore, his thinking having cleared ages ago. But he felt himself not caring, especially when those all too familiar pair of lips found his own again, pressing themselves ever so close, caging him in, making him feel too many and too little things at once.

“Good night, Hollander” Ilya whispered hotly against his lips and like that, vanished with long strides, leaving Shane alone, thoughts swirling in his head, the phantom touch of soft lips lingering on his own.

End Notes

Translations:
1. господь - christ/lord
2. дорогой - sweetheart
3. бог - god
4. Малыш - baby
5. блядь - fuck
6. нет - no

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