

What You Want

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76566841) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76566841>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Scene , Shane Hollander is in too deep , Shane Hollander loves kissing Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Sends the "We Didn't Even Kiss" Text , Fluff? Ish?
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-28 Words: 1,820 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

An alternate ending to episode two in which Shane actually sends the "we didn't even kiss" text. Or, Shane Hollander is down so bad for Ilya Rozanov and is big mad about it.

Bye, Hollander.

That was it, after everything. After good vodka, after the best view in the city, after quite literally opening himself up to him. And really, by now, he should be used to it. That this is how they operate, that it's how they *must* operate. He should be used to the quick roll over in bed and the slam of the invisible door between them. No use crying over spilled milk.

But the hole in Shane's chest isn't something to be sopped up with a paper towel. It's alright, kid, they told him in the ballroom, you'll get the cup next year. You should still eat, they told him in the dining room. Get big, strong, come back swinging next year. The gasp after downing three shots in a row next to Scott fucking Hunter misinterpreted as fervent excitement for the night when it was really just to remind him he's still alive.

Yes, he'd have liked to have won the cup. Of course he'd have liked to win MVP. But there's something to be said about the way the gold had complimented Ilya's hair when he held it up and the way his accent had thickened in excitement in the interview.

None of that matters now in the dim lighting of the hotel hallway. He walks with a purpose towards the elevators, but not because he wants to. He'd have stood in front of Ilya's door, jacket draped over his arm, bow tie hanging around his neck, looking for all the world like a scorned lover. But this reality doesn't allow for that. This reality is going back to his room, too cold because he left the air conditioning running the whole time, and ordering greasy room service food to try to stop the hangover before it happens. This reality is his nose crinkling as he waits for the elevator because he can smell cigarette smoke on his clothes, in his hair, and feel the budding bruises on his hips in the shape of Ilya's fingers. This reality is cold and cruel, Shane's body nothing but a canvas for Ilya to paint on and discard for the evening.

The elevator is too warm and smells of citrus cleaner, and the doors take too long to shut, and the whole time, Shane stares at the hallway in front of those doors and wonders if he's making a mistake, if he's been making mistakes. There's a clear line in the sand; oh, yes, Ilya's been very good at remaining on his side of it. But Shane has never much liked the beach, though he used to cheer when he was young and a wave would erase the pictures he drew in the sand with his father.

The doors slide shut with a ding, and he presses his floor number. Then another, and another. Four floors are lit up before he stops what he's doing. His hand trembles slightly as he pulls out his phone. Party invites, goodnights from his parents, an Amazon order notification. He swipes them all away and opens his conversation with Ilya. *Lily*. The name mocks him in cold, blue light that intensifies the headache beginning to make his eyes throb. The doors slide open behind him, making him jump, but no one joins. He has three more ghost stops before his actual floor.

< **Jane [draft]:** *We didn't even kiss*

His thumb hovers over the send button. The elevator wobbles beneath his feet. He wonders what it would feel like to crash to the bottom floor in a matter of seconds, untethered. The doors open and close again. The chime is distractingly pleasant, momentarily snapping him out of his melodrama.

He edits the message. First deletes 'even,' thinks it makes him sound desperate. But he is, isn't he? That's where the sick feeling low in his gut is coming from? Because his body knows that after something like that, you're meant to fall asleep in the still warm bed, sit in a bath, have a drawn out glass of wine. Something, *anything* other than shoving shaking legs back into suit pants and buttoning up a shirt with fingers sore from being clenched around the sheets.

< **Jane:** *We didn't even kiss*

"Fuck," he mumbles, squeezing his eyes shut. He shoves his phone back into his pocket as the elevator doors finally open to reveal the identical hallway of his floor. He's only two steps onto the carpet when his phone buzzes. It's embarrassing how quickly it's back in his hand.

> **Lily:** *Why type for so long for small message?*

Shane stops, standing stupidly in the elevator's alcove. The implications of the message alone make his head spin. Someone's TV in their room is much too loud nearby. The ice machine down the hall hums.

< **Jane:** *Are you serious?*

> **Lily:** *No, I am known for my jokes*

< **Jane:** *Fuck you*

> **Lily:** *Already? I don't think your stamina is so good*

< **[Read]**

> **Lily:** *Do not be a baby*

< **Jane:** *See you next season*

> **Lily:** *What about your kiss?*

Shane is still standing in the hall like an idiot, cheeks flaming. Indignant rebellion rises in his throat, hot enough to choke on. He digs his heel into the carpet and shakes his head as his movement releases another waft of cigarette smoke. He's pretty sure you're not supposed to smoke in any of the rooms.

< **Jane:** *What about it?*

> **Lily:** *Well you want so bad, you type a long time for it. Come.*

Shane's ears are ringing. His stomach twists with irritation. The *nerve* of Ilya. Waves him off without so much as a goodnight, and then claps his hands, tugs on his puppet's strings to drag him back up to that ridiculous suite with those ridiculous views to kiss that ridiculous *fucking* mouth. Every lick of good sense in Shane's body tells him to turn his phone off and lock himself in his room. Take a steaming shower, wash that man off of him, be done with it all.

The elevator chimes. He looks over his shoulder, and the man who exits offers a polite nod as he passes. He can see his reflection in the polished steel, which means he can see the desperation in his eyes when he reaches his hand out to stop the doors from shutting at the last minute.

This is stupid. It's all so stupid. The elevator is stupid, and the top floor is stupid, and the way he knocks twice is stupid. He almost turns around, but the door opens before he can, and a hand yanks him back into the suite. He smacks it away, though, because he has something he wants to say.

"Fuck you Rozanov. What are you playing at here? You already won the cup, you won MVP, you got what you wanted here from me. You always get what you want. Why am I here? I don't even know why I came back up here." The last few words come out more hurt than he means them to.

Ilya folds his arms over his bare chest. He hasn't bothered to put any clothes on, but he did wrap a towel around his waist. "Wow. Big speech. You practice in elevator?"

"Fuck you." Shane turns, reaching for the door. He's humiliated, angry that he fell for Ilya's rage bait again.

"That is not why you are here. You are here for a kiss, no?"

Shane would have continued storming out, but there's something in Ilya's tone that makes him falter. He turns slowly, expecting that raised eyebrow, the smug curl of Ilya's lips when he knows he's successfully backed Shane into a corner. He doesn't see that. Ilya's head tilts slowly.

"Is that what you think of me, Hollander?" Ilya takes a step forward. "I always get what I want?"

Shane steps back, but Ilya still moves closer. "Well. Yeah. You're- you're Ilya Rozanov. Russia's... golden boy or whatever." His eyes dart to the side because Ilya's are too bright to handle.

“Golden boy,” Ilya muses, even as he crowds Shane back against the door, pinning hips hardly covered by the towel to Shane’s. “You have no idea what I want, Hollander.” His voice is low enough to send a shiver down Shane’s spine.

“Maybe not,” he concedes, tilting his head back against the door with a soft thunk. His jaw is set hard against the defensive word vomit that threatens. “But I know what we a- this is now. Don’t worry.”

And Rozanov fucking *smiles*. “You know nothing, Shane Hollander.”

“F—”

Ilya’s hand curls around Shane’s jaw, thumb pressing into his cheek to force him to unclench it. The other hand comes to Shane’s shoulder, keeping him pressed back against the door. It doesn’t feel great, the handle digging into the small of Shane’s back, but it reminds him he’s playing with fire.

“Fuck you?” Ilya whispers. “You are so predictable.” His thumb roams down to Shane’s bottom lip, tugging it down to expose his teeth. “You are here because you want to kiss me. So kiss me.”

“I’m not a charity case.”

“No.”

“So I don’t want a pity kiss.” Shane’s cheeks flush high with color.

“But you came.”

Their eyes lock, and Shane feels trapped. Ilya's hand on his cheek is so warm, his fingers kneading into his shoulder the way that always makes him melt. He's trapped, and the worst part is he doesn't want to escape.

Just as his head lowers in defeat, Ilya surges forward, knocking Shane's face back up with his nose against his jaw. It drags up his chin, up to his nose, briefly pressing against it and making it hard for Shane to breathe. But when he kisses him, it's soft enough to remember why Shane did come back up. It carries, almost, an unspoken promise that releases some of the tension in Shane's head and makes him roll his shoulders forward as he finally kisses him back. Both of Ilya's hands are on Shane's face now, cupping it in an entirely too intimate way but Shane can't focus on that.

"Do not be a baby," Ilya whispers into his mouth. "Ask for what you want next time."

Next time.

Shane's mind is reeling by the time they pull away from each other. Ilya wipes his mouth slowly with the back of his hand, eyes dark.

"Are you satisfied?"

Shane blinks stupidly. "Are you?"

Ilya glances at the fireplace, shadows dancing along the rug in front of it. "No." When he looks back to Shane, there's a tiny smirk on his lips, but it fades as he leans in to press a fairly chaste kiss to Shane's lips.

"Get some sleep, Hollander. You will never beat me if you are tired."

Shane leaves the room in a daze. He can taste nicotine on his tongue, Ilya's chapstick. Again, he stares at himself in the elevator door's reflection.

Next time.

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