

Do i wanna know? ୨୫ (hoziar version)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76703216) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76703216>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 1,878 Chapters: 2/2

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by [Angelinlove](#)

Summary

Ilya's at the bar, and the drinks his teammates keep ordering for him start making him think of soft puppy eyes and stupid, stupid freckles.

Notes

Hey ୨୧ I made a playlist of songs that reminds me of them (every song basically) and I'll add more !!

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/0KqmovcdwEMDsyXsej3yHQ?si=VKpYbivRTIGd5UNbCNmqFQ&pi=sUL8l-0ASh-tu>

Chapter 1

Ilya doesn't remember a time in his life when he didn't *know* how he's supposed to feel exactly. Back at home, in Russia, it was easy to put on a mask, to cover his messy feelings with clean ones, to replace frustration with politeness, to overcome all-consuming rage about everything and everyone by thinking about things he loved, things only he could call his own. And there wasn't many, but just enough for Ilya to remember why is he doing all this for.

But right now, In this dimly lit, old bar that his teammates dragged him to after the long flight to Montreal, for the first time in his life, Ilya Rozanov didn't *know* what he's supposed to feel. And he didn't consider himself to be a sentimental person, but tonight all seemed to blur his vision and imagine one thing, one person instead. It wasn't as rare as Ilya would like to think. Lately, Shane Hollander has been physically away, but peeked out of every conner in Ilya's mind. Those stupid, stupid big puppy eyes. And that boring dark, soft hair. Those horrible full, pink lips. And *fuck*, those dumb, useless freckles that covered his cheeks so ~~beautifully~~ boringly.

Shane Hollander, Ilya thought to himself, bittersweet, clearly already a little tipsy from the drinks the teammates has been ordering for him, being the captain if the team.

Always so perfect. Perfect and boring. Can never be mine forever.

999999

As hours pass, Ilya only drinks more, his accent getting thicker and heavier with each shot, and he often returns to his mother tongue, Russian, instead of sticking to this stupid English he's not even good at. The guys cheer him on, and he feels good, but something in his chest is hollow, calling out somebody's else name. Ilya runs a shaky hand through his messy blonde hair, suddenly getting up from the high bar chair and stumbling outside with his pack of cigarettes clenched in his sweaty hand, mumbling a "be back after" to the guys and litting a cigarette outside, exhaling shakily. He picks up his phone, scrolling through his contact list of phone numbers quickly, his heart start to race when he gets to this specific one, to *Shane*. It's been a long time since Ilya changed Shane's contact name from that stupid name, Jane, into just *Shane*.

Maybe from million different reasons, but mostly because it gave him a sense of having Shane as more than just those stupid night-stands he's longing to simply because they give him the excuse of holding Shane when they both finish, of inhaling his scent like an addict when they're both flustered and Shane doesn't noitce. Maybe because Ilya got tired, so tired, of waiting nervously for some person to expose them, that he's became reckless. And when he drunkenly presses the call button, he's definitely being careless, but he can't bring himself to give a fuck about that anymore, not when *the love of his life* isn't there with him to celebrate wins and loses with him. Not when almost every teammate is drunkenly calling their wives and girlfriends too.

Ilya lets out a giddy giggle when he hears Shane's gentle, ever worried voice while talking to Ilya. *Shane sounds sleepy, Ilya decided. He wants to sleep with Shane too. He deserves it. To just hold Shane and fall asleep with a closed hole in his chest.*

"Ilya?" Shane mumbles into the phone, sounding so far and so close that Ilya's heart starts going *boom, boom, boom.*

"*Malysh, you...where?*" Ilya trips over his words, putting his cigarette out and staying still, waiting to hear Shane's voice back.

"*Are you drunk? Fuck, where are you? We have a game tomorrow, asshole*" Shane sounds worried, and there was rustling sounds, like Shane's was getting out of bed and wearing clothes. Ilya likes it, he wants to see Shane. Now, all the time, forever.

"*Me...not wanna drink, but they gave me, so drink. And miss you. Tomorrow game, but not same.*" Ilya babbles, playing with his lighter in the cold air of Montreal, making *flicking* sound that he likes.

"*Is that a lighter that I'm hearing? Put it away, dumbass!*" It sounded like Shane was rushing, maybe downstairs his apartment, where he kissed Shane last time and he couldn't shake the feeling off for all of those months. Ilya put the lighter down, sitting down on the cold, hard ground.

"*You...boring. Shane Hollander is boring.*"

"*so boring that you had to call me up at 3am? Yeah, sounds right.*"

"*Who else...I call?*"

There's silence on the phone for a few moments, and Ilya frowns, hitting his phone lightly to hear Shane's voice again. He doesn't like it when Shane is silent.

"*I'm coming to get you, Ilya. I'm hanging up now, okay?*"

No! Not okay! Ilya wants to scream. Instead, he settles for:

"*no fucking okay, no. You stay.*"

"*You can't walk straight, can you?*"

"*I miss you, moyo solnyshko. You...you care.*" Ilya mumbles, playing with the hem of his button up shirt that's suddenly annoying him. "*You answer when I'm drunk.*"

"*Why did you even let yourself get so drunk when we play tomorrow?*" Shane sounds worried again, and Ilya could imagine his face all scrunched up in concern. Cute.

"*Because miss you, baby. I said. They...call their wives, I call mine.*"

A black SUV stops in front of blinking Ilya who's still outside in the cold, narrowing his eyes and then relaxing when he sees Shane coming out of the car and walking towards him with

worry etched all over his face.

"You...came" Ilya mumbled in disbelief.

"You called."

Chapter 2: 12 to 12 ☞

Chapter Summary

Shane may never know it, but Ilya, although not reaching out to God often, has been praying lately. To keep Shane. To be a good man for Shane. To deserve the sunshine that he was so convinced, his mother sent.

Shane fought the urge to frown at the messed up situation he was at, feeling a little overwhelmed; he somehow ended up in Ilya's arms who was stumbling towards Shane's apartment, after the blonde has mumbled something about "keeping you safe from monsters, *solnyshko*." Shane moved his head left and right in order to try and get rid of Ilya's warm hand that was on the back of his head, with not much success. Shane never knew Ilya was so stubborn while drunk. But maybe Shane didn't know much about Ilya at all. The thought consumed him at once, and he shuddered as he stopped resisting Ilya's drunken yet gentle grip.

The stairway was quiet and dark as Ilya climbed up to Shane's apartment, and Shane thought about how he Ilya kept silence all along their way, how usual that was for Ilya.

As they reached Shane's front door, Shane slipped out of Ilya's warm arms, and unlocking the door, then turning back only to find Ilya's intense gaze already on him, looking full of shadows Shane couldn't name, and couldn't ask.

It was like running into a bricks wall and waiting for it to open a secret door, only for me, Shane thought.

As they walked in the dimmly, warmly lit place, Shane notice that some tension has eased in Ilya's broad shoulders, as if even in his drunk haze, Ilya could still recognize something that brought him a sense of peace. Ilya's blue eyes soften when they landed back on Shane after scanning the place, suddenly reaching a large hand and grabbing Shane's waist, mumbling a soft "*you're pretty. i wanna fuck.*"

Shane buried his face in Ilya's neck crook that smelled like his best nights and his gateway to heaven, dark and masculine. He sensed that something was wrong with his Ilya. The urgency in his voice was different from any other time, all glossed over with the need to prove to Shane, to make himself worthy in aspects Shane didn't understand. He just know it's not right, and something that only lately begin to bloom in his chest, has opened up again at the closeness to Ilya.

"Something happened, something you don't tell me. And maybe i don't deserve to hear about it, maybe I'm the last person on earth that you want to tell it to." Shane pulled back a bit,

wanting to see Ilya's face when he speaks, wanting Ilya to see the emotions that were gushing in his eyes but he was not able to say out loud.

"but i care, Ilya. i care, and you can tell me if you'd want, because it's not going to change, I'll probably always care too deeply about you. i think you know it already."

Ilya's gaze seemed full of fog, so hazy yet his emotions suddenly so clear to Shane. *Such sadness was in those baby blues*, Shane thought. Ilya leaned in, rubbing his face against Shane's slightly and taking a deep breath, pulling the brunette closer to him, as if the closeness would be enough to close the hole in his chest. Shane could feel one warm tear, then another, fall down his own cheek, because Ilya was crying. For the first time, since so many meetings, so much lovemaking and kissing and rage and frustration that couldn't be vented, Shane felt that Ilya *knew now* he was safe enough to be vulnerable with him, and the knowledge made his throat tighten.

Shane doesn't speak, he doesn't pull away like he would usually do when anyone was crying next to him due to his easily triggered overstimulation, because it wasn't just any other person, it was *Ilya*. He doesn't wipe any tears away, not Ilya's nor his own that started rolling down his cheeks too. He doesn't press and doesn't ask, he embrace Ilya and leads him to the sofa carefully.

"it hurt" Ilya snuffles, blurting out in an ever soft voice, snot lingering on Shane's hoodie as the Blonde bury his head deeper into the brunette's nape. *"i miss her, Shane. Mama. All those dreams end up the same way, solnyshko. She never stay. you...she sent you, but i can't send her anything back, she's alone there"*

"And it's fucking killing me to keep you a secret, you're the only one that makes sense, solnyshko. i look for you every place i go. you never stay too."

Shane takes a shaky breath, his hand gently getting in the Ilya's hair, making the boy bite back a growl and immediately lay on top of Shane, pushing the brunette back into the sofa, caged between two arms. Ilya leans closer to Shane's face cautiously, the light eyelashes that frame his eyes all wet, and his gaze so desperate suddenly, seeking reassurance in the puppy eyed gaze that belonged to the only one he couldn't ever shake off, the only one that got his sarcastic exterior to melt so easily.

Ilya press his lips softly to Shane's mouth corner, pulling back immediately to see Shane's reaction. The blonde tilts his head as the brunette doesn't run away screaming, like he half expected, as after all, sex was all they had until now, no kisses under dim lights on sofas.

Ilya tries again, pressing his lips on Shane's without moving for a moment, then kissing him ever so gently, ever so carefully. Slow enough to hear Shane's voice mumbling 'I'm not going to leave, idiot' before returning the kiss just as gentle, as if they both found something so delicate they could never afford to lose.

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