

Addiction

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76950016) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76950016>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Angst with a Happy Ending , Slow Burn , Character Study , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov-centric , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , and he gets one , I love him , Love , Fluff , Angst , Smoking , heavy stuff but everything is canon , I Wrote This While Listening to Hozier's Music , tbh I just love that bi angry russian kiddo and wanted to write about it , thats it , That's the fic guys
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 2,335 Chapters: 1/1

Addiction

by [Akay19](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov has always been good at wanting things too much.

Nicotine. Sex. Alcohol.

People, though? People are temporary.

Then he meets Shane Hollander.

Or, Ilya loves Shane

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

He is twelve years old the first time he picks up a cigarette.

It isn't cinematic. There's no rebellion in it, no friends egging him on behind a building, no laughter. It happens in a stairwell that smells like piss and old paint, in a building that hums constantly, like it's sick and no one is fixing it. The cigarette is stolen. Everything important in his life will be, from now on.

It's only been a few days since his mother died. Not enough time for the world to look real again.

He remembers holding her. How fragile she felt, how wrong it was that she fit so easily in his arms. A body shouldn't become lighter when the love stays heavy. He thinks that something must be broken about physics for that to happen.

Alexei keeps saying he needs to eat. Keeps saying Ilya is too thin, all wrists and collarbones, like a bird someone forgot to feed. Alexei says it gently, like he isn't scared too.

He used to be gentle, Ilya remembers. He used to be a child too.

They always said Ilya looks like his mother. Same eyes. Same mouth. Same way of standing very still, like if he doesn't move, the world might pass him by.

So he lights the cigarette wrong. Burns the pad of his thumb. The pain is sharp, he welcomes it. Pain that announces itself is easier than grief, which sneaks up on him in doorways and mirrors and the smell of laundry detergent.

The smoke hits his lungs. He coughs until his eyes water. He doesn't stop. He doesn't drop it. He learns, right there, that endurance can be mistaken for strength.

That night, when he goes to bed, his clothes smell like smoke. It clings to him. He presses his face into his pillow and breathes it in until sleep finally takes him. It's the first thing that stays.

After that, cigarettes become punctuation marks in his life.

One after a talk with his father. One after doctors' offices. One behind the rink when the cold makes his teeth chatter and his hands feel like they don't belong to him. He grows taller, broader, sharper. The grief doesn't grow with him.

It stays twelve years old and angry.

By fifteen, he smokes like it's muscle memory. Fingers, lighter, inhale. Exhale. Repeat. He likes how it gives him something to do with his hands when he doesn't know where to put them. He likes how it makes people back off.

Addiction stops feeling like a word with edges. It becomes a soft background noise. Something constant. Reliable. Something that doesn't die in your arms.

He tells himself it's fine. He's functional. He's excellent, actually. On the ice, he is brilliant. Untouchable. A thing built for speed and violence. People chant his name. People want things from him. He gives them just enough.

Cigarettes remain the one constant. The thing he does alone. The thing that belongs only to him.

By the time 2008 arrives, he is used to the burn in his lungs. Used to the way his chest tightens when he pretends to laugh too hard. Used to the way his hands shake if he waits too long between one cigarette and the next. He tells himself it's just nerves.

The first time he sees Shane Hollander, he has a cigarette between his fingers and he can't light the fucking thing.

It's winter, Ilya is familiar with it too.

He flicks the lighter again. And again. Swears under his breath in Russian.

When he finally looks up, it's only because the silence has shifted.

Pretty, he thinks.

Pretty freckles. Too many of them, scattered across a face that looks open in a way Ilya doesn't trust.

Shane Hollander.

The offered hand catches Ilya off guard. He shakes it, distracted, irritated, more by the cigarette than the man.

"Oh," Hollander says, tentative, almost apologetic, "I'm not sure you're supposed to smoke here?"

Ilya doesn't answer. He turns his shoulder slightly, shielding the flame, finally he lights up the cigarette.

Only then does he look back at Hollander. He knows he should say something. Anything. But English feels slippery in his mouth, and all he wants is to be left alone with the smoke.

"Okay," he says instead, flat, continuing to inhale.

Hollander doesn't take the hint.

"You're an awesome player to watch," he adds, smiling.

It's awkward. Ilya lets it be awkward. For a second he thinks that might be the end of it.

Then Hollander starts to turn back toward the building.

“You will not be so nice when we beat you,” Ilya says, the words coming out rough, accented.

Hollander pauses.

“That’s not happening.”

“See you in final.”

This, he doesn’t know yet.

This will be the addiction that costs him.

-

Sex is as easy to get addicted to as cigarettes.

Ilya has slept with men and women long before Shane Hollander enters his life. Bodies have always been accessible and uncomplicated. Desire is everywhere if you don’t look too closely at the faces attached to it.

It’s like lighting a cigarette—friction, heat, a spark. Simple. Familiar. The flame catches before you can think about it.

Hollander is easy to read. Too easy. His eyes give things away before his mouth has time to lie and that alone should have been a warning.

The first time Hollander sinks to his knees for him, reverent and shaking, Ilya remembers how much he likes sex. How grounding it can be. How it pulls him back into his body, makes everything else go quiet.

The first time they fuck, he takes the lead, as he always does. He knows the steps, the angles, the timing. He is good. He is precise.

Sex is good. He is good at it. He has always been good at it. He makes people feel wanted, alive, safe. He asks, checks, reassures. That is his rule. That is how he survives intimacy. That is how he convinces himself it isn’t dangerous.

So when he asks Hollander again—twice, three times—if this is okay, if he still wants it, he tells himself it is just habit.

Is okay? You still want?

He tells himself this is no different from Sasha, from Svetlana, from the others.

There isn’t much at first. Hollander is nervous. That’s fine. That is normal. Ilya can handle normal. He fills the space with attention, with questions, with steady hands and patience. He leans into the known. He controls the flame, the heat, the rhythm.

But control does not stop his chest from tightening when he sees Hollander's careful movements. The way he looks at him, the way he hesitates, the way he seems almost afraid to take up too much space. It is quiet, almost invisible, but Ilya notices.

When he leaves, he presses one last kiss to Shane's mouth on the stairwell. A reflex, he tells himself, is meaningless.

He lights a cigarette. The flame dances against the cold. Smoke curls and drifts and settles into the night. It is familiar. It is grounding. It is safe.

He will tell himself that's why he smiles, because cigarettes after sex have always been his favorite.

(Ilya Rozanov is also addicted to lies.)

-

Alcohol is god-given.

He has drunk more vodka than water in his life, more shots than meals, more swallows than breaths. It has always been there. Tiny glasses with Svetlana in Russia or Boston. Quick sips in the company of his father or a senator, because some things are easier to swallow than words.

He doesn't care about the taste. It's just fire in his throat, something to steady trembling fingers or fill the hollow of a hand. He can measure it, contain it, predict its effect.

Shane doesn't drink. Not really. Ginger ale, boring, like everything about Shane is.

Ilya buys it. A six-pack, stacked in the fridge, ice-cold, waiting.

It is a small thing, but he thinks it matters. That it might matter. That maybe it will matter.

He sets it on the counter next to the ingredients for the sandwich, next to the fork he's wiped with a napkin twice. He tells himself it's nothing. He tells himself Shane will drink it because he's polite. He tells himself he doesn't care.

And then Shane looks at it.

His eyes flare in a way that sets Ilya's chest on fire. Flames he didn't know could exist in daylight, in a kitchen, in the mundane, everyday act of handing someone a drink. He notices the way Shane's lashes catch the light, the way he smiles.

They eat. His father calls. Alexei flinches. Ilya yells, wants a cigarette, wants fire in his hands to burn the edges off the panic clawing up his chest. But instead, he does the only thing he can think of. He goes back to Shane, half-hugging him like a lifeline, pretending he isn't inhaling Shane's scent, pretending he isn't leaving invisible marks of his mouth, pretending he isn't trying to memorize the curve of his jaw, the slope of his shoulders, like a map he will never unlearn.

Then Shane leans in, on top of him, and it's perfect. Too perfect. Like gravity shifted to pull him under Shane Hollander. He feels slippery, losing the little control he has over anything, over himself. Everything else falls away into static, leaving only heat and breath and *Shane*.

"Shane," he moans, and it sounds like surrender and confession all at once.

"Ilya," Shane whispers back, soft and low, a rope thrown into his chest, wrapping around his ribs and his lungs and pulling tight.

And right there, right in that moment, Ilya realizes he has another addiction. Not cigarettes. Not alcohol. Not even sex. *Shane*. Shane's voice, Shane's skin, Shane's look. He craves it, wants it, wants everything, wants it over and over until it consumes him.

Then Shane pulls away.

"I'm sorry," he says, voice breaking. "I can't—"

The words stumble over themselves, half-formed, unfinished. Ilya catches fragments, fragments that twist in his stomach. He's not fluent in English, not fully, but he knows Shane Hollander like a mother tongue. Panic clings to Shane's teary eyes.

"Hollander," he breathes, voice cracking, and if he weren't drowning in shame and want, he might cringe at how pathetic it sounds. He wants to beg. Wants to pull Shane back. Wants to know where it went wrong, why it went wrong, why everything that felt perfect is unraveling like smoke in wind. He tries to breathe. It doesn't help.

"Hollander," he says again, lifting his arm like he could hold Shane in place, like flesh could tether someone's soul. He feels it then—a stab of panic.

Shane leaves.

The door clicks shut, and the world becomes nothing but weight pressing down on him. He wants to call him. Wants to speak the name that has become a prayer, a curse, a magnet pulling him into himself and away from sanity. Not Hollander. Not Shane Hollander. *Shane*.

Shane.

Shane.

Shane

He lights a cigarette.

-

He hates Rose Landry. Hates the way her laugh cuts through the room, the way her perfume clings like smoke he can't blow away. Hates that he finds himself pressed against a stranger, body too warm, too soft, while vodka burns a trail down his throat and licks at his veins. The liquid courage doesn't steady him—it fuels the panic, makes the room spin, makes his own skin itch with memory.

Shane is on the ice. Unmoving. Pale. Untouchable. Watching him, Ilya feels twelve again, small and hollow, staring up at a world he doesn't understand, a world where everything hurts and nothing can be controlled. He wants to cry.

He smokes. And smokes. A pack, maybe two. The smoke curls into his lungs, into his chest, into the hollow spaces where courage should be. It burns, it anchors, it numbs, but it does not quiet the ache that Shane left behind.

He waits until the last cigarette is finished, until his hands tremble less, until his stomach stops twisting in knots, and only then does he have the courage to go up to the hospital room.

-

He arrives at the cottage, and the ridiculousness of his own happiness hits him like a punch to the chest. It's too bright, too warm, too alive, and he almost laughs at himself. Happiness is a foreign language for Ilya Rozanov. He hasn't spoken it in years, hasn't recognized it since his mother died.

It scares him. The way Shane says *I love you too*, for Ilya it is like a spark dropped into gasoline. To be loved. To be safe. To feel... joy. It terrifies him more than sex, more than vodka, more than cigarettes. Happiness is dangerous.

He hasn't sat at a table that felt like family in years. And now Yuna's eyes are wet, David's smile soft, the air itself almost trembling with warmth. Ilya wants to fold himself into it, wants to inhale it like smoke, wants to disappear into it and never leave.

Early morning stretches thin across the cottage.

Ilya thinks of a cigarette, a shot of vodka but even imagining it feels wrong.

Shane comes in, a blanket slung over his shoulders, two cups of coffee in his hands. He sits next to Ilya carefully and lets his head drop into his shoulder.

He leans down, kisses the top of Shane's hair, feels its warmth press against his lips. He sips coffee. He thinks of his last cigarette, and well, he doesn't feel like smoking, and Shane hates the way it smells, so—he quietly grabs it and snaps it in two.

He smiles to himself.

“Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“I love you too.”

This addiction isn't dangerous. It doesn't burn him, doesn't make him tremble or ache. It doesn't steal. It doesn't wound.

It feels like home, though the feeling is almost foreign, a memory of warmth he thought he had lost forever.

End Notes

for all my moots waiting for hangster fic im sorry the gay hockey players got me :p hehe

first time writing these two ! im just fucking obsessed with them

i don't think I made Ilya justice lol that's why this doesn't have much dialogue bc I havent quite figured out how to make him TALK with his lil angry russian accent but uh yeah hope u guys liked it mwah <3 (oh also i think there are some typos pls ignore them I was just too excited to post it lol)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!