

crying in my head again (and i know that it's not clear)

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dom/sub Undertones , Subdrop , ilya induces it but realises his mistake and fixes it , Angst , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Anxious Shane Hollander , Autistic Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Secret Relationship , Subdrop Shane Hollander , Episode: s01e02 Olympians (Heated Rivalry) , i know they canonically fly home the next day but we do this for the plot okay , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , it isn't important to the story at all but i thought you all should know
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crying in my head again (and i know that it's not clear)

by [deadpoetry_s](#)

Summary

It wasn't that he didn't want to be in Ilya's proximity—not at all—but rather the opposite. Shane wanted Ilya to take him apart, to hold and caress and touch him—but for Ilya, it appeared to differ. After the awards, after their time spent in his hotel room, it seemed Ilya wanted nothing more than space, kicking him out at the earliest possible opportunity.

'We didn't even kiss.'

The message sat typed out, but not deleted, in their chat, taunting him with the truth of what had happened that night. Ilya hadn't kissed him, and that affected Shane. It affected him in ways he couldn't begin to imagine, the constant thought of Ilya, Ilya, Ilya running Olympian laps in his mind. Clearly their... whatever they were, was affecting Shane more than Ilya, and that was an issue. The one person he longed for—when had he started longing for Ilya?—didn't want him back, and it hurt.

Okay, maybe Shane was overreacting, but still. It was going to be a difficult 24 hours, what with his sudden illness and combined heartache.

OR

After Las Vegas, Shane Hollander falls into subdrop. Ilya is there to pick him back up.

Notes

title from the song 'i can't be with you' by the cranberries!! it's super hollanov coded and just a great song in general, definitely give it a listen!!!

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

Waking up after yet another dreamless sleep, Shane Hollander felt exhausted.

This was the second night in a row he'd failed to feel even remotely rested, even after nine hours of uninterrupted, peaceful sleep. His brain felt clouded, like someone had cast a spell that bound him to a perpetually foggy haze, unable to focus on simple, menial tasks such as making breakfast or tying his own shoes without knotting his fingers up in the laces. It wasn't often he fell sick, but there could be no other reason he was feeling so... loose—untethered.

God, he really hoped he hadn't made Rozanov sick either. Funnily enough, it had also been two days since their last 'meeting', after the awards ceremony. The lingering pit of anxiety nestled in his stomach didn't help his physical state much, but Shane couldn't help but think. He worried over the matter like a sore tooth—the more he prodded at it, the more intense the pain got—but Shane couldn't fathom what had happened. What had he done wrong for Rozanov to be so distant?

After the awards, when he and Rozanov had slept together, it hadn't been tender or caring as their encounters usually were, but instead forceful and aggressive, something he wasn't used to. Sex to Shane was intimate, and even if it was... rough, it wasn't as unfeeling and bullish as the night of the awards. He remembered the ceiling more clearly than he remembered Rozanov's smouldering face.

Now they were stuck in Las Vegas—him and all the other attendees of the ceremony—grounded by a huge IT system failure at McCarran that had resulted in cancelled flights and departures being pushed back by a day. No officials seemed to know when it would be fixed, but his mom assumed the issue would be rectified within the next 24 hours, considering the magnitude of people depending on the airport. The news of the outage had rapidly spread, becoming a nationwide headline within hours. Obviously, such a severe technical fault was a hindrance to many, but to Shane it was a huge inconvenience. He'd booked out the same hotel room he'd been staying in for the awards, and by the lack of new guests, it appeared Rozanov had done the same.

Great.

It wasn't that he didn't want to be in Rozanov's proximity—not at all—but rather the opposite. Shane wanted Rozanov to take him apart, to hold and caress and touch him—but for Rozanov, it appeared to differ. After the awards, after their time spent in his hotel room, it

seemed Rozanov wanted nothing more than space, kicking him out at the earliest possible opportunity.

We didn't even kiss.

The message sat typed out, but not deleted, in their chat, taunting him with the truth of what had happened that night. Rozanov hadn't kissed him, and that affected Shane. It affected him in ways he couldn't begin to imagine, the constant thought of *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya* running Olympian laps in his mind. Clearly their... whatever they were, was affecting Shane more than Rozanov, and that was an issue. The one person he longed for—*when had he started longing for Rozanov?*—didn't want him back, and it *hurt*.

Okay, maybe Shane was overreacting, but still. It was going to be a difficult 24 hours, what with his sudden illness and combined heartache.

God, he needed a Tylenol.

The trip to the drugstore passed by in a clammy, faint blur, Shane suffering through an abnormal chill the entire time. It was July, and he was bundled up in a fleece-lined hoodie and matching sweatpants, but despite that, he couldn't stop shaking. His hands were damp with cold sweat. *Disgusting*, he thought to himself, and even the skin on his arms had begun rising to attention with goosebumps that traced and settled all the way up the back of his neck.

Shane couldn't really remember the interaction with the young cashier, who'd definitely recognised him but, upon taking one glance at his dishevelled state, decided it definitely wasn't the right time to ask for a photo. She instead cast him a witheringly pitying look, took payment for the drugs, then began to speak. She stopped before the words left her mouth, reeling them back in and instead bidding him farewell with a polite wave and a courteous, "Bye, sir. I hope you're feeling, uh, better soon."

Starting back down the street, Shane checked his watch for the first time that morning. Well—he'd thought it to be morning, but it had somehow become 3:35 p.m. already. Raising his eyebrows incredulously at the numbers, he paused mid-step and wiped his weary eyes with

the back of his hand. The (apparently) midday sun shot daggers into his eyes, his headache worsening and slowly progressing into a migraine by the minute. He needed to get back to his hotel room as soon as possible, lock himself in a dark room, and wallow in his self-pity and loneliness.

His shivers grew more intense the longer the journey home dragged on, until eventually his hands were reduced to a trembling mess as he fumbled with the hotel door. Yanking it open and stumbling inside, Shane couldn't distinguish between the ringing in his ears and the creak of the door shutting.

"Ilya..." he weakly mumbled.

God, he was so *pathetic*. Why was that the first thing on his mind? His fuckbuddy—someone who clearly did not reciprocate the same care that Shane held for him—who'd sent him off without a second thought, or... or kiss.

We didn't even kiss.

Still lingering in the chat bar, the simple string of words was all that Shane could comprehend now. His sickness had clearly fucked with his mind, considering how Ilya seemed to be staging a siege inside it.

Shane gripped his phone tighter, attempting to drag himself back to reality. He was only vaguely aware of his thumb brushing against the screen before he dropped the device to the floor, cradling his head in his hands instead. Shane felt like a ship without an anchor, adrift and tossed about on a turbulent sea of anxiety and incomprehension. Time slowed to a stop as tremors wracked his body, minutes blending into what felt like hours. Throughout the whole ordeal, only one word made sense in his mind.

Ilya.

Ilya.

...

"Hollander, open the door."

A strong thud shook the wall, releasing a shockwave of pain through Shane's skull.

Ilya?

"Yes, Hollander. I am here. Now, open the door."

Oh. Shane didn't realise he'd said that out loud.

He lifted a clumsy hand to the door, fighting with all the strength he had to pull the handle down. The second he succeeded, the limb fell loose by his side, Shane's head lolling forward so he could look at the man in front of him.

Rozanov—Ilya—stood above him, the warm light leaking in from the hallway framing his tousled, gentle curls like a golden halo. He knelt beside Shane, his large frame managing to appear gentle once more.

"Hollander," he murmured, his voice rough with concern. "What happened? Why did you send message? What is wrong?"

He reached out, his hand hovering hesitantly before brushing a stray strand of hair from Shane's forehead.

A confused, "Huh?" was all Shane managed before Ilya's eyes flickered from the discarded phone a few feet beside him back to Shane, his gaze laced with understanding and... guilt?

Before he could realise what was happening, strong arms were lifting Shane from the floor and carrying him toward the bed. Shane couldn't help but melt into the cradling touch, a gasp escaping unwillingly from his lips.

"Sorry," he mumbled into the other man's shoulder as Ilya lowered him down.

Without really meaning to, Shane clung to Rozanov as he made contact with the bed, inadvertently dragging him down on top of him with a needy whine.

"Don't go."

Oh my God, was what really went through Shane's mind. He had officially reached a new stage of desperate, cringing inward as he realised the words that had tumbled from his mouth.

Rozanov rolled off him and lay beside him, his brow furrowed with concern. He reached out, his large hand dwarfing Shane's, and gently intertwined their fingers—what had to be the most caring gesture Shane had received from his rival yet.

"No, no, Hollander," he murmured, his voice a deep rumble. "I am sorry. I send you away that night. Is my fault you are feeling like this."

What? Maybe Shane had misheard him. Rozanov hadn't seemed sick or ill the whole night they were together—just majorly horny.

~~Hy~~ Rozanov rubbed a soothing, calloused hand up and down Shane's bare back. (*When had that happened?*) He scooted closer, resting his chin on Shane's shoulder.

"You look tired. Sick," Rozanov continued, his breath hot against Shane's clammy skin.

Biting back a scoff, Shane managed a shaky reply. "Asshole."

"Shush," he bit back, and Shane felt the slight brush of a smile against his neck. "Do you feel... what is the word, uh, floaty?" Rozanov tutted to himself, clearly irritated by his limited vocabulary. "Untethered?" he finally settled on, a satisfied lilt entering his voice.

Shane didn't say it, but pride swelled in his chest.

"Yeah, I guess." That was his first fully coherent sentence yet! No matter why, it seemed Ilya's presence was helping to unfog his mind.

"I was too aggressive that night," Rozanov said, shaking his head. "Put you in wrong headspace and left. You are in drop. Feel fuzzy, but bad, and poorly. That is why you are so hot."

Shane snorted at Ilya's poor choice of words, knowing what he really meant but still finding humour in the double entendre. "You think I'm hot, Rozanov?"

"You are burning up, Hollander. You take medicine?" Ilya bit back a smile.

Shane rolled over to embrace him further and nodded into his shoulder, the small gesture bringing him a world of comfort.

"Don't leave me yet," Shane pleaded, his voice warbling at the end. "Stay, for a little bit. I feel better."

"Better?" Ilya echoed—he wasn't sure when his mind had started calling Rozanov by his first name, sometime when his brain fog had begun to clear, but he wasn't complaining—relief and a hint of bliss coating his voice.

"Yeah. Better."

End Notes

can you tell i hate writing dialogue???

anyways, first heated rivalry / hollanov fic!! pls lmk if u liked it in the comments and if i should write more!

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