

something only you can have

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77011601) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77011601>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anxiety , Explicit Sexual Content , Mutual Pining , Praise Kink , Phone Sex , Dirty Talk , Drunk Texting , Light Angst , Masturbation
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 3,484 Chapters: 1/1

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by [bluerosebouquet](#)

Summary

You look so pretty when you're angry.

Shane blinked, his insides pooling inside him, like hot wax inside the end of a candle. He glanced around at Rose and Miles, who were chattering loudly, paying him no mind.

He hadn't heard from him since he had left, or well, fled, his house that day. Shane had checked the thread between them more than once, just to see if maybe his phone was glitched, that he had sent him a message and it just didn't make its way through.

Shane's traitorous heart thumped faster as he tapped on the message, half-hoping it was a mirage, some kind of delusion from one too many blows to the head.

He was always met with the same two messages, the last ones before Shane had run, and everything had settled like a rock sinking into the calm surface of a lake.

Or, Ilya drunk texts Shane.

Notes

In the middle of long ficcing and this idea pops into my head and won't take no for an answer.

Timeline wise, pre Tampa, post Rose breakup!

Title comes from [this song](#)

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

Shane loved Rose. Really, he did; he loved whenever she was in town and they had a rare night together.

But he hated that she always dragged him to a club downtown, filled with music that made his brain rattle inside his skull, and beer that he pretended to like when he drank it.

It was January, bitterly cold, but the place was packed, wall to wall with bodies dancing and moving to and from the bar.

Shane was caught up thinking about the game that night. They had lost a close one to the Admirals, and he was replaying Scott Hunter's last goal over and over in his mind, trying to think of a way he could have prevented a clear shot, when his phone vibrated in his pocket.

He extracted it with difficulty, grinning at Rose, pretending like he had heard anything that she had just said.

You look so pretty when you're angry.

Shane blinked, his insides pooling inside him, like hot wax inside the end of a candle. He glanced around at Rose and Miles, who were chattering loudly, paying him no mind.

He hadn't heard from him since he had left, or well, fled, his house that day. Shane had checked the thread between them more than once, just to see if maybe his phone was glitched, that he had sent him a message and it just didn't make its way through.

He was always met with the same two messages, the last ones before Shane had run, and everything had settled like a rock sinking into the calm surface of a lake.

Ready to lose in like four days?

See you soon.

Shane's traitorous heart thumped faster as he tapped on the message, half-hoping it was a mirage, some kind of delusion from one too many blows to the head.

Instead, there it was, seven words sent to him as though the last few months had not happened at all.

If Shane were a stronger person, he would hold out, not respond too quickly, but leave the message opened for hours, until he was home alone, and Ily- *Rozanov* was waiting for his reply, maybe turning his phone over in his hands.

That was how things used to be, all those years ago, before things got tangled and twisted into a knot that Shane was sure he could never undo. He would text something suggestive, and Shane would leave it alone, mostly because he was terrified.

But there was that small part of him that liked, even then, riling him up by not responding.

This time though? This time, Shane couldn't help but tap back a response immediately.

What are you talking about?

Rose's laugh made him jump, and his eyes met hers, smiling widely and crinkled at the edges. He was lucky to have her, even if she did make him come out to clubs he had no interest in whenever she was in town, and even if she was always pushing him towards Miles, dropping hints that she would love for two of her best friends to get together.

Miles was incredibly handsome. And funny. And smart. And clearly very into Shane. He should jump at the chance.

His phone buzzed in his hand, and his eyes flicked down.

You get that scrunched up look on your face. I see it during face offs.

Okay, this was weird.

What was he supposed to say to that?

Thanks...?

He deleted the message quickly, and tried again with,

Okay?

It was a little mean, but he sent it anyway, thinking that that would probably be the end of it, that Rozanov would stop responding to him, and that Shane would be able to go home later and jerk off to the thought of him.

He was probably going to do that either way, whether he had texted him or not.

Shane set his phone down on the table, face down, resolving to focus on the conversation Rose and Miles were having. Unfortunately, they were talking about a costar that Shane had never met, and it wasn't long before his attention was wandering again.

Had he texted back?

Would he text back?

Did Shane even want him to?

Okay, that was dumb, of course he did. But that was bad too, because Shane shouldn't want to hear from him, almost as much as Rozanov shouldn't want to hear from Shane.

Shane had burned it all down when he had run out of his house and then immediately gotten a very famous girlfriend, so he was splashed across the pages of every tabloid and every gossip headline.

Rozanov had not spoken to him since, not even during face offs.

If he was being honest with himself, which he was trying to do more of since he and Rose had split, he missed him, so much that it sometimes felt like pushing on a fresh bruise.

But he had no idea how to go about bridging the gap between them. He didn't feel like he was allowed to, that he had earned it.

What if he shut him down? What if he had moved on with Svetlana, the "regular woman" that he had talked about so often? The one whose name sparked jealousy in Shane's chest like a lit match to a pile of dry kindling.

He waited an entire five minutes before picking up his phone again, and thought, privately, that he should be congratulated for this.

I saw it today, with stupid old Scott Hunter.

Shane's brow furrowed. Had he been watching the game? Before he could come up with any kind of answer or reckon with the feeling that rocked through his chest at the idea that he was watching Shane play, another message came through,

Made me wish I had you in my mouth.

Shane's heart dropped to his stomach, and he looked around, checking for...fuck, he didn't even know what.

Months of silence and now...this? What the fuck was going on?

Are you drunk?

It was the only thing he could really think to say, there was really no other explanation for why he was texting him, and texting him like this after so long.

"Shane, you met Miles' sister when she came to that game, didn't you?" Rose's voice broke him out of his focus on the phone, and his head shot up, overtly thankful for the low light of the club that hid the blush that was rapidly spreading across his cheeks.

"What?" he said stupidly, before giving his head a little shake and continuing, "Oh yeah. Yeah. She's great."

"See," Rose downed the rest of her champagne, her throat bobbing as she swallowed, "I told you."

Shane should ask what they were talking about, jump back in the conversation, set his phone down and leave Ilya Rozanov to whatever he was doing.

He should be smarter.

His phone buzzed again, and he looked down at it at once,

Maybe, only a little.

And then, immediately,

Are you hard?

“Fuck,” he muttered. He was *now*, and he couldn’t do this here, not in front of Rose and Miles and the two hundred other people in this club in downtown Montreal.

He had to get out of here. Right now.

“Hey,” he tapped Rose on the shoulder, and she turned loosely towards him. She was drunk too, it seemed to be a theme tonight, “I’m beat, I should go.”

“Aww,” she shook her head, even as Miles was pulling her out of their booth, towards the dance floor, “No, you have to stay!”

“Nah, I have an early practice tomorrow,” he lied, hoping that she couldn’t see that he was squirming in his seat, “But I’ll text you.”

“Okay,” she relented, pulling him out of the booth and wrapping him in a tight hug, “We’ll get dinner!”

“Right,” he would agree to anything if it meant that he could leave, “Night.”

“Bye Shane,” Miles said, his eyes dragging down his body in the way they always did when they were together.

He should really try and see if he could get something going with Miles...

But the text from Rozanov felt like the pull of a magnet, and he waved awkwardly to the two of them before ducking out into the frigid air outside, and hurried down the sidewalk, calling an Uber as he went.

You are drunk.

He responded as he waited for the car on the nearest corner, one hand in his pocket, pinching his side to try and calm his dick down.

And you are hard.

How do you know that?

He jumped in the car the moment it had pulled up in front of him, giving a hurried greeting to the driver before buckling his seatbelt and turning back to their messages.

Because I know you, Hollander.

He *did* know him, and that was the problem, wasn’t it? That Roz- *Ilya* knew him, maybe better than anyone had ever known him. That he knew how he liked his cock sucked, that he knew exactly what position he liked to be fucked best in, that he knew how much Shane loved to suck cock himself.

That he knew what brand of ginger ale he liked, what cities he liked to play in away from Montreal, and how everything scared him. Absolutely everything.

His hand came up to rub his chest unconsciously, the dull ache there an ever present thing every time he thought about him, about *them* for too long.

Where are you?

Ilya's text lit up Shane's face in the back of the car.

In an Uber, on the way back to my place.

How long?

He squinted at the phone of the driver in the front of the car; it was hard to see without his glasses.

Ten minutes. Why?

He received no response for the rest of the ride, and resolved to throw his phone off his balcony the moment that he was upstairs. He couldn't believe how easily he had fallen right back into this, and how easily he had left him wanting.

He was so stupid. So fucking ridiculously stupid.

Shane stormed inside his building ten minutes later, stomping up the steps towards the clear glass doors, and punching in the code with more aggression than was necessary. He rode up to his apartment in the elevator, leaning back against the cold metal bar, letting it dig into his skin, the slightest punishment for his idiocy.

He pushed open his own door a moment later, flicking on some of the lamps, and moved towards the windows, staring out at the sprawling city below him.

He thought about all the people that were living their lives down there. In their cars, in hotel rooms, in their apartments, even some still in their offices.

How many of them held secrets that felt like sticks of lit dynamite against their chests? How many of them felt consumed with their fear and the pressure of their lives?

And how many of them were trying as hard as he was not to fall for someone that they could never really have, even if they had already been shoved off the cliff and were hurtling towards the bottom of the canyon with no parachute?

Shane was jolted out of his thoughts by the repeated vibrations of his phone, signaling a call.

He looked down at the screen and nearly dropped it in surprise.

Lily was calling him.

He swiped at the screen, and it took several attempts to actually answer, before he was finally pressing the phone to his ear with a shaking hand.

“Hello?”

“Hollander,” his voice was deep, slurred slightly, confirming to Shane that he was very, very drunk, “*Hollander*.”

“Having a good night?” Shane pressed the phone between his ear and his shoulder as he moved to sit on the couch, relaxing instantly, and doing his best not to think too hard about that.

“So good,” he could tell he was smiling, slow as molasses and thick, like his accent was now, “Good game. Even though you lost.”

“Yeah, thanks,” he said, clipped and irritated. He hated losing, especially to the Admirals, almost as much as he hated losing to the Raiders, “Appreciate it.”

He laughed, warm and heavy, and Shane wanted to crawl inside the noise, live there.

Fuck, he had *missed* him.

“I guess you didn’t play today?” he already knew that, he knew their schedule almost the way he knew his own.

“No,” there was a pause, and he could hear him swallowing on the other end, probably taking a sip of his drink. Vodka, he assumed, “the good stuff” that tasted like antifreeze to Shane, “Had the day off.”

“So you decided to get drunk and watch me play?”

“I always watch you play,” he slurred, and Shane froze, knowing that he had no idea what he had just admitted, “Even if it is just highlights.”

“Oh,” he said awkwardly, “Right.”

“Svetlana says you are best player in the league,” his English was a little choppy than normal, but Shane didn’t mind. He liked it, actually, even with the mention of Svetlana, “Says you have good hands.”

“Right,” he repeated, once again having no idea how to respond when he brought up one of the people that he saw and fucked and maybe loved.

“I always want to tell her about your mouth,” he continued, apparently not needing Shane to say anything, “Perfect mouth, perfect eyes, perfect freckles. Perfect- Fuck- Cock.”

Shane inhaled sharply, and realized he could hear something else too, behind his words. Something slick. Something-

“Are you-” his voice pitched upward in surprise, “Are you jerking off?”

“Hollander,” he said his name again, more of a moan than anything, “Fuck.”

Involuntarily, without thinking about it, his hand inched towards his own hard cock, rigid from lack of attention.

“Touch yourself,” Ilya said, voice low and crackly through the phone, like he could read his mind, and Shane’s breath caught, shaking slightly as he closed his eyes, “For me.”

Shane would do anything, anything for him.

He unzipped his pants, letting them pool at his feet on the floor of the living room, and teased himself through his briefs, hissing through his teeth at the feeling. Slowly, not wanting to come too fast, he pushed his underwear down his hips and took his cock in his hand. His listened, moving in time to Ilya, and squeezed his eyes closed, imagining him sprawled out on his own couch or his bed, naked and perfect, fisting his cock, a bottle of lube on his bedside table or on the coffee table, drunk and loose and gorgeous.

Shane whimpered, unable to contain it, bursting like a soap bubble in the air, and he threw the phone down next to him, pressing blindly until the call was on speaker.

“Are you touching yourself?” Ilya asked, and Shane wanted him on top of him, inside him, all over him.

“Yes,” his voice was tight, like there was something was wrapped around his vocal cords, “Yes I- Fuck me.”

He said something in Russian, something dark and with an edge of promise to it.

“Can only come thinking about you,” he said in English, and Shane moaned, his words alone may be enough to make him come. It was always like that with Ilya, “No one else even comes close to you.”

“Fuck,” he moved his hand faster, catching the precum at the head, using it for lube, wishing his hand was Ilya’s wet, hot throat, “Fuck. Me too. Only you.”

Ilya groaned, and Shane could hear the obscene noises of him fucking his own hand on the other end of the phone.

“Looked so good playing today,” he said, “Hot to watch you, made me want to bend you over right there, in front of everyone.”

“Yeah,” it was what he wanted too, a secret he harbored, shared with no one. Ilya fucking him in public, proving to the whole world that Shane belonged to him, and him alone, “Yeah I- Shit, I want that too.”

“So good,” he purred, and the sound burrowed under Shane’s skin, lighting his senses on fire, “Always so good, Hollander. You gonna come for me, all over your hand?”

“Yeah,” his voice was breathy, “Are you?”

“Only if you make me.”

“I want you to,” he babbled immediately, not caring if he sounded stupid, or if his words didn’t come out quite right. He just wanted to make Ilya feel good, make him come. “I want you to come for me, please. Please please, it’s all I ever think about- Fuck- Your cock and your eyes and your- Everything. Everything I-”

“Fuck Hollander I’m going-” his voice was coiled like a spring, mirroring Shane’s own muscles as he teetered closer and closer to that perfect edge, “Come for me, yeah?”

“Yeah I- I’m coming, fuck-”

He heard Ilya’s perfect moans through the phone, and he finished all over himself; ribbons of hot cum hitting his stomach before immediately cooling in the air of his apartment.

Shane pumped himself through the aftershocks, twitching and sighing as he listened to Ilya do the same. It almost felt like they were together, next to each other on the couch, knees touching as they jerked off in front of each other.

It was only a fantasy, but Shane kept his eyes closed regardless, wanting to live in it for a moment longer.

“Miss your mouth,” Ilya said after a moment, sighing dreamily, still coming down from his high, still drunk, “Miss you.”

“I miss you too,” Shane whispered, perfectly sober.

The silence stretched, twisting around the hundreds of miles between them.

“Hollander-”

“Shane,” he interrupted him, “I liked it when- When you called me Shane.”

“*Shane*,” he sighed his name like it was a relief, a balm to a burn, “Fuck.”

“Ilya,” he whispered back, tasting his name like a sweet berry bursting on his tongue.

They let their names hang there, in the air.

“I am tired,” Ilya said, and Shane could hear the sloshing of a bottle being set down on a surface, “If I do not sleep I will have a hangover.”

“You won’t have a hangover anyway?”

“I am Russian, Hollander, hangovers do not happen to us.”

“Oh of course,” Shane said sarcastically, “That should be obvious.”

Ilya laughed, deep and pretty and Shane might be able to get hard again just from the sound of it.

“Good night,” he said easily, groaning a little on a stretch.

“Night,” Shane responded quietly, hanging up the phone and letting his hand fall back onto the couch, letting out a long breath as he stared up at the ceiling. He took stock of the sensations in his body; the buzzing that lingered in his fingertips, the gross feeling of half-dried cum on his stomach and his shirt, and the lightness that permeated his heart.

He was terrified of that lightness, even as much as he craved it.

“Jesus,” he scrubbed a hand down his face, and pulled his shirt off carefully, hoping it could be saved with a good wash.

He crawled into bed half an hour later, freshly showered and with his dirty clothes sitting at the bottom of the hamper in his laundry room. He settled into his soft bed, against the pillows, and reached over to plug his phone in. As the screen lit up one last time, he saw that he had another message.

You drive me crazy, Hollander.

He smiled, rolling onto his side, and tapping a response before he could start overthinking.

You're drunk, Ilya.

Not so much now, you sobered me up.

Probably a good thing.

He paused, before adding.

I'm glad you called me.

So am I.

See you in Tampa, then?

He waited, not sure if he would respond to that. It felt like making a plan, and Shane still wasn't sure if he was allowed to make those plans with him anymore.

Hope so, you will be a great wing for me.

In your fucking dreams, Rozanov.

You will be there anyway.

Shane's heart skipped into his throat. It was a crossroads, one that he had been so afraid of for so long that he had remained stationary in the middle of the road, afraid to move one way or the other. But he didn't want to be afraid anymore, he wanted to take, to move forward, no matter the cost.

You too. For me, I mean.

Neither of them said anything else, but it was like a weight had been lifted off Shane's chest.

He was dozing, his eyes heavy, when his phone lit up again. He picked it up, his mouth lifting preemptively.

Good night, Shane.

He smiled more widely, tapping out a response before he drifted off to sleep, more at peace than he had been in months.

Good night, Ilya.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Thank you for reading! <3

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