

Pillow Talk

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76522236) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76522236>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Established Relationship , Fluff , with just a sprinkling of angst for flavour , Cuddling & Snuggling , Intimacy , Shane's insomnia vs Ilya loving and cherishing him , Hand Jobs , Because it's them , also Ilya vs loons
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 2,810 Chapters: 1/1

Pillow Talk

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Summary

"We have been here three nights," Ilya continues, and his heart immediately starts beating faster, just the thought of three nights with Shane Hollander enough to get it running ahead. But no. Ilya tells his heart to stop it, he has a point, he will not let it distract him from his point.

"Three nights I wake up and you are awake," he tells Shane. "You are like bullfrog?"

"What?"

"You do not need sleep?"

Shane has insomnia. Ilya is totally chill about it.

Notes

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

Ilya half wakes with white light in his eyes, his heart racing. A wolf, he thinks, thick grey fur and snapping teeth, howl echoing in a crowded stadium, everyone watching silently while he tries and tries and tries to run. He doesn't have his skates. Why doesn't he have his skates? Or his stick? A puck, anything. He reaches out wildly, grasping at nothing, but they can't be far, they're never far, they have to be here, he just needs—

Another piercing howl, right outside the window.

Ilya jerks back, pain shooting through his shoulder when it smacks into the nightstand beside the bed.

The bed. The window. Shane's cottage. Wolf birds.

"Fuck," Ilya breathes.

There are no stadium lights shining on him, only the bright glow of a full moon above the trees. Ilya stares at it, breathing hard. He presses his hand against his chest and wills his heart to slow down. It was just a dream. Just a stupid, embarrassing dream.

He rolls over, careful so he does not wake Shane and have to explain his stupid dream, but when he sees the other side of the bed, it is empty. Ilya frowns. It's late. Or maybe early. Maybe that time of the night when it is both late and early. The other side of the bed should not be empty. Ilya should be able to roll over and rest his head on Shane's chest. He should be able to hear the steady beat of Shane's heart under his ear. It's unfair, actually, that he can't.

Ilya sits up and swings his legs out of bed. The floor is cold against his feet. He sits there for a long moment, considering socks, not thinking about polished stadium ice and the persistent stalk of paws. He knows Canada has wolves; he looked it up, not that he is ever telling Shane that. It's probably why he is having freaky wolf dreams.

He leaves the bedroom without socks. There is no light to follow, no sound except the frogs and insects and creepy birds around the lake, but Ilya knows where he is going. Shane would deny it, probably, but he is a creature of habit. Ilya should know; he has been one of those habits for a decade.

There is enough space on the couch for an entire hockey team, but Ilya lifts the edge of Shane's blanket and tucks himself into Shane's side. Shane pulls the blanket tight around both of them and hugs him close, his breath a warm tickle when he bends to kiss the top of Ilya's head.

"Sorry," he says quietly. "I tried not to wake you."

Ilya shakes his head against Shane's chest. "No, was stupid bird."

He can't see, not with their positions like this, but he knows Shane is smiling.

"You know," he says, and yes, definitely smiling, "the loon is more afraid of you than you are of it. I mean, probably. Usually, anyway. I've never met anyone scared of a loon before."

Ilya digs his fingers into the soft flesh under Shane's ribs and Shane jerks away, cursing through a laugh. Ilya doesn't let him get far, wrapping an arm around Shane's waist and putting his head in his lap. Shane goes still, so still. Ilya presses a kiss against his thigh and Shane's fingers find his hair, scratching lightly through the curls. It feels nice. Good.

It would be so easy to make them both feel good, Ilya thinks. It's a familiar thought. Comfortable. A thought that doesn't actually require any thought. He would only have to turn his head, mouth at Shane's dick a bit, it would take hardly anything, probably he could get Shane off without even removing his pants. It's a tempting thought. Sex is always a tempting thought with Shane.

Ilya closes his eyes instead, keeping his mouth to himself.

"This is bad habit," he says, hand tracing idle patterns over Shane's knee.

"Hm?"

"We have been here three nights," Ilya continues, and his heart immediately starts beating faster, just the thought of three nights with Shane Hollander enough to get it running ahead. But no. Ilya tells his heart to stop it, he has a point, he will not let it distract him from his point.

"Three nights I wake up and you are awake," he tells Shane. "You are like bullfrog?"

"What?"

"You do not need sleep?"

Shane huffs. It is not his amused huff, which Ilya knows. Not his annoyed huff either, which Ilya also knows well. This is new. This is... something soft and blurry at the edges. He can't find the word. There is another wolf bird howling nearby, which does not fucking help.

"How do you know bullfrogs don't sleep?" Shane asks.

"Documentary," Ilya answers easily. "You are avoiding question."

Another huff; annoyed one this time.

"I sleep."

Shane sounds exasperated. It is a good word: exasperated. Ilya rolls it around in his head a few times. He wonders if Shane's cheeks are getting red, his face always so expressive, always so quick to warm with emotion. It's good, Ilya thinks, that they are so good at annoying each other, otherwise Shane's face would have given them away years ago.

Or maybe, if they didn't annoy each other, they never would have been anything to give away. Shane Hollander was like a thorn in his mind long before Ilya got a hand around his dick. Annoying. Exasperating. So fucking perfect to everyone else, but Ilya could see what he was hiding, could see what Shane didn't even know he was hiding. He could see the way Shane looked at him too; the way he wanted him. Ilya used to tell himself that it was just the

trouble they could get in that made that want so addictive. He knows telling himself that was the smart thing to do, but he can't help but feel now that it just wasted time.

This is what you could have had, his brain keeps whispering. And Ilya thinks that's not true; they would have had phone calls and texts, hotel rooms in different cities, an hour here, maybe two hours there, and Ilya would have gone back to Russia every summer because his father was still dying and his brother was still an asshole. They would have had exactly what they already had, except. Except.

Ilya shakes his head.

"You distracted me," he accuses Shane.

"What?" Shane sits up straighter. He is full body emotion, not just his cheeks. Ilya wants to map all his feelings with his tongue. "You mean I woke you up?"

"Exasperated," Ilya says, more to say the word than to answer Shane's question. He already told him it was the howling bird that woke him up.

"You're exasperated?" Shane echoes. If he was a bird, he would be one of those ones in funny videos that repeats everything it hears. Ilya can't remember what they're called. He'll have to find one later, tell Shane that's what he is and watch his face scrunch up, so cute when he is annoyed.

"No," Ilya says. "Your freckles get darker when you blush, did you know?"

Shane, predictably, blushes.

"You're not making sense, Ilya."

Ilya opens his mouth to reply, but he yawns instead, so wide it squeezes his eyes shut. When he blinks them open, Shane is still hovering above him.

Ah, Ilya thinks, there's that word he wanted earlier: fond. Shane is fond. It goes so nicely with exasperated.

"Maybe you should go back to bed," Shane suggests, his knuckles skimming over the corner of Ilya's eye, along his cheekbone. Ilya flicks his tongue out and licks his thumb when it gets close.

Yes, bed is a good idea.

"You're coming?" he checks.

Shane rolls his eyes. "You were falling asleep a second ago."

Ilya swallows another yawn. He is not the one thinking with his dick, but sure, why not.

"You can do all the work," he suggests. "Is only fair."

"Fuck off."

Ilya smiles. He reaches up so he can touch Shane's face. It is a little awkward, his shoulder twisted uncomfortable, but it is worth it for the way Shane leans into the touch. Ilya feels the warmth under those beautiful freckles, the flutter of Shane's eyelashes, the shape of his breath when he whispers, "Ilya."

This is dangerous, Ilya thinks for the hundredth or thousandth time. This is something he could get used to. Something he might not be able to live without, one day.

He sits up so he can stop thinking thoughts like that and kiss Shane instead. Shane kisses back enthusiastically; always so enthusiastically. Even like this, when it is soft and unhurried, kissing for the sake of kissing, Ilya can feel how much Shane enjoys it. He can feel how much Shane loves him. He was an idiot for ever pretending he couldn't see that love is what this is (was, could only ever have been).

"Ya tebya lyublyu," he whispers against Shane's lips.

"I love you," Shane whispers back.

Ilya barely even jumps when another bird howl echoes through the trees. Barely, but enough to make Shane laugh.

"Don't worry," he says, running a hand down Ilya's side, "I'll protect you from the big, bad wolf bird."

Ilya is so fucking gone because somehow it feels nice when Shane makes fun of him like this.

"Maybe you would protect me better from bed," he says.

Shane shakes his head, but he's still amused. "Anyone ever tell you you're bossy?"

"Yes. You."

Ilya tugs playfully at Shane's arm to get him to his feet. Shane rolls his eyes but lets it happen. The blanket falls away when he stands and Ilya gets a good look at the shirt he is wearing. Boston Raiders. Ilya bites his lip to stop a grin, but it comes out as a cheek-aching smile anyway.

Shane notices.

"What?"

Ilya shakes his head. "Nothing."

Shane narrows his eyes, not believing that for a second, but he doesn't push. Probably because he knows exactly why Ilya is smiling like an idiot. He folds the blanket over his arm, conveniently covering up the shirt.

"I thought you were going to bed," he says, and there it is again: fond.

Ilya takes Shane's hand to make sure he follows. And because he wants to, and he's allowed to want, which still doesn't feel quite real.

"You should leave shirt on," he says when Shane starts taking it off in the bedroom.

The t-shirt flies across the room to smack him in the face. Ilya grins.

"Next time, then," he says.

"Are you going to wear a matching metros shirt?" Shane laughs at whatever expression is on Ilya's face. "Yeah, that's what I thought."

"Would your mom like me more or less if I wore metros shirt to next dinner?" Ilya asks because it's fun to make Shane's nose wrinkle up, but also because he is curious.

Still, after all these years, Shane Hollander finds new ways to make him curious.

"Probably less," Shane admits. "She'd spend the whole meal thinking you're an asshole. Because you are."

Ilya shrugs. Not like it isn't true.

"And what would you be thinking?" he asks, hands finding Shane's hips and pulling him close.

Shane shoves at his shoulder because he knows that Ilya already knows the answer is, "Taking you out of it. Obviously."

"Obviously."

They get in at opposite sides of the bed, but then Ilya rolls over and drapes himself over as much of Shane's body as he can. He kisses him because he can; on his lips, on his cheek, over his heart. Shane kisses his temple and Ilya hugs him, content just to hold and be held. Content with that contentness, after denying it for so long. It is easy to fall asleep like that, but Ilya resists. Shane's fingers are moving in his hair, back and forth and around, which means Shane isn't falling asleep.

"You can talk about it," Ilya says against his chest.

Shane's fingers go still, then deliberately start playing with Ilya's hair again.

"The thing that keeps you awake," Ilya adds, as if Shane doesn't know. "Maybe talking will help."

Shane is quiet for so long that Ilya thinks he isn't going to respond. It's okay; Ilya can be patient. He can be pushy too, when Shane is ready to be pushed, but not yet. He rubs patterns over Shane's ribcage with his thumb and waits.

"I don't know if I'm going to be any good at this," Shane says eventually. "I mean, my last girlfriend broke up with me because I'm gay."

Ilya tries not to scowl at the reminder of Rose Landry.

"Good thing you have boyfriend now."

"I'm being serious," Shane says, exasperated again.

Okay. Ilya can do serious.

"Do you think I'm good at this?" he asks. "I'm not. I don't think anyone is."

"That's cynical."

Ilya groans. "No. It's." He shakes his head. Words. English. Fuck. "There is no good, or bad, only not giving up. That is love, yes? You keep trying even when you fuck up—especially when you fuck up."

Shane is quiet again, but not for as long as before.

"Do your teammates know?"

Ilya is pretty sure he is walking into a trap, but he still says, "Know what?"

"That you're a secret romantic."

Shane's grin is clear in his voice. Ilya nips at his pec in retaliation. It's not hard, not the kind of bite that leaves marks, but he runs his tongue over the skin to soothe it. Shane inhales sharply, hand tightening in Ilya's hair.

"Ilya."

"Mm."

"Fuck," Shane breathes. He pushes Ilya onto his back and straddles him, kissing him hard.

Ilya has to break the kiss because he is laughing. Shane Hollander, always so fucking easy.

"Shut up," Shane groans, but he's laughing too, still trying to kiss along Ilya's jaw while his shoulders shake.

They've had fun with sex before—of course they have; sex is fun—but Ilya has never felt joy go straight to his dick the way it always seems to now. It will probably be a problem soon; he's going to be back in Boston getting boners every time Shane texts him about his day.

He sucks on Shane's earlobe and Shane shudders, grinding against him. Ilya digs his finger's into Shane's ass and they rut together while they kiss. Ilya loves kissing him. He loves all of it, but now he can admit how much he likes just kissing. Shane has a very good mouth.

Very good hands, too, Ilya is reminded when Shane reaches between them and starts jerking them off. He knows exactly how Ilya likes it and he doesn't waste any time.

"Fuck," Ilya moans. "Shane."

“I fucking love you,” Shane pants into his mouth. “Ilya, fuck—”

It doesn't take long for Shane to come, so fucking beautiful in the moonlight, and what is Ilya supposed to but follow? Pleasure rolls through his body, Shane's hand still working him until it's too much and Ilya pushes him away. They lie next to each other, heavy breathing slowly evening out, until the pleasure of release turns to the unpleasantness of being sticky.

“I can—”

Shane starts to sit up, but Ilya gently pushes him back down.

“Stay,” he says, half convinced that if Shane gets out of bed now, he won't come back to sleep. He punctuates the word with a kiss, then gets up and comes back with a washcloth to clean them up. He can't help kissing Shane then, too, because Shane smiles up at him so softly that Ilya thinks his heart might burst if he doesn't do something.

He throws the washcloth in the hamper, then crawls back into bed and wraps his arms around Shane. Shane relaxes against him, limbs loose and warm and, hopefully, sleepy. Ilya kisses the back of his neck.

"Wake me when you get up for yoga."

"Are you going to join me?" Shane asks. "Or just ogle me?"

"Yes."

Shane huffs, amused. *The trifecta*, Ilya thinks, smiling to himself.

“Go to sleep, Ilya,” Shane tells him.

Ilya squeezes him. “Mm. You first.”

Shane takes his hand and tangles their fingers together. They're going to wake up sweaty and stuck together, probably, but Ilya doesn't mind. It's not like they haven't been sweaty and stuck together before. And it will be a good excuse to drag Shane into the lake, splash him with more cold water, maybe press him up against that rock and kiss him until they're both breathless.

Shane's thumb caresses his knuckles; back and forth and back and forth.

Ilya smiles. *Goodnight, my love.*

The moon disappears behind a cloud and, this time, when Ilya dreams, there is a warm kitchen and Shane's smile and no fucking wolf.

End Notes

First time writing for these guys (new characters, scary 😨), but they have utterly bewitched me. I hope you enjoyed this little story, I had fun playing with them like dolls.

Tumblr is [here](#).

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