

You, all over me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76534321) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76534321>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Sharing Clothes , Secret Relationship , Texting , Teasing , time jumps , I didn't label them but you get the gist , Shane is a little shit , no beta we die like ilya's dad
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 4,987 Chapters: 1/1

You, all over me

by [streetsofmercy](#)

Summary

“Shane?” Hayden waved a hand in front of his face, snapping him back to reality.

“Who’s the girl that Rozanov t-shirt belongs to? And, stop me if i’m overstepping, but does she wear it in the bedroom? Is that what you’re into?!”

Or, the story of an old Rozanov t-shirt and the effect it has on both Shane and Ilya.

Notes

This was initially supposed to just be a bit of silly, sexy shenanigans. Then I gave them feelings. Oops.

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

*I want to wear his initial on a chain 'round my neck,
not because he owns me,
but 'cause he really knows me.
Which is more than they can say.*

“Shane, dude!” Hayden exclaimed as he walked over to the kitchen, where Shane was grabbing some drinks from the fridge. “You, my friend, are some guy!”

Shane looked around him, wondering what could have happened during the few minutes Hayden had been away to cause such a commotion.

“I gotta say man, it took me by surprise, but wow!”

Shane’s eyes darted across the room once more, going back over his every last step. He was in the living room with the rest of the guys when he noticed they were running low on drinks, so he went into the kitchen and saw Hayden come down the stairs.

Shit.

Hayden used Shane’s bathroom, because the others were busy and he needed to get cleaned up after someone spilled a beer on his shirt.

He was cleaning up. In Shane’s bathroom. Which was in Shane’s room.

His breathing sped up as the panic kicked in, his mind going to all the wrong places as he tried to figure out what his friend had seen that had taken him by surprise.

“I didn’t even know you were seeing someone!” Hayden lightly punched his arm.

“I’m—” Shane started, but closed his mouth before he could accidentally say the wrong thing.

Hayden moved in closer. “I swear I wasn’t going through your stuff dude, I was just looking for a towel when I saw it hanging out of the hamper.”

Shit. Fuck. No. *Nonononono*. That wasn’t supposed to happen. No one was supposed to see, no one had *ever* seen. It was his second best-kept secret that had survived for years, none of his guests or cleaning staff had ever come across it.

If he hadn’t been so goddamn busy on the phone right before everyone arrived, he might have put it in its actual hiding spot instead of just shoving it into the hamper under the sink.

“At first I was like, dude, there’s no way he owns this. Like, *no way*! And then I saw how small it was and I realized, that is *definitely* not Shane’s.

Shane awkwardly laughed along, “Definitely not mine!” He knew his voice was shaky but he hoped the two? three? beers he’d seen his friend have were enough to overlook that terrible performance.

Hayden looked around him, as to make sure no one could hear them. “So…” He leaned in. “Who is she?”

Now it was Shane’s turn to look around, wondering if he had gotten the whole thing wrong, if maybe it was just the panic talking, and Hayden had found something else entirely.

“W-what?”

Hayden’s grin grew wider with every word. “Who’s the girl?”

Shane didn’t follow and just furrowed his brows in reply, making Hayden laugh a little before explaining himself.

“Who’s the girl that Rozanov t-shirt belongs to?”

“I can’t believe you’ve ripped another one of my t-shirts, Rozanov.” Shane stood at the end of Ilya’s bed, half dressed, inspecting the ripped collar of the shirt he’d worn on the way over.

Ilya watched him with a shit eating grin as he lay across the bed, sheets merely covering his privates while a cigarette dangled from his lips.

“Not my fault, you provoke me.”

Shane balled up the shirt and threw it at Ilya’s chest, who just pushed it beneath the sheets and between his legs.

“Not funny.” Shane crossed his arms over his bare chest and tried his best to give Ilya a serious stare.

Ilya took a long drag and pointed at the rest of Shane’s clothes that were folded at the end of the bed. “Just wear hoodie.”

“I can’t just wear my hoodie without a t-shirt underneath.”

“Why?”

“Because,” he took a deep breath, “Hayden might be in the room, and if he sees me wearing something different then when I left, he’ll know something is up.”

Ilya put the cigarette out and lay back down across the bed, looking up at Shane with his arms crossed behind his head.

“He is man, he will not notice.”

“He *might*.”

They stared at each other for a moment, until Ilya sighed and got out of bed, walking over to his closet. He began rummaging through different drawers, until something caught his eye.

“Your t-shirt, what color was it?” he asked, not looking up from where he stood.

“Black,” Shane replied, definitely not checking him out as he bent down to look for some clothes.

He was caught staring just seconds later, when Ilya turned around with another grin across his face, holding something behind his back.

“I have t-shirt for you,” he said taking a step closer towards Shane.

“Thank—” Shane began, but was interrupted.

“It’s black.” Ilya said, “Will look exactly the same under hoodie like other one.”

“Okay...” Shane suspected there was more than meets the eye.

“Is a little bit small, I got it when I was rookie. But you will look hot.”

When he was standing closer to Shane, Ilya held out the t-shirt he was holding behind his back. It was, indeed, quite small, and would definitely be tight on him. But it was a black t-shirt after all, and that’s all he needed to avoid any suspicion.

“Thank you, Rozanov.” Shane said sarcastically and snatched it from his hands. He couldn’t help but wonder what was so funny about a slightly too small black t-shirt. That was, until he turned it around in order to put it on.

“Fuck, no!” He exclaimed, throwing it back at Ilya, landing right on his face this time.

”You need black t-shirt, I give you black t-shirt, what’s the problem, Hollander?”

Ilya held the t-shirt out in front of him once more, trying to get Shane to put it on.

“What’s the problem?” He took the shirt and flipped it around again, so both him and Ilya could see it. “The problem is it has ‘ROZANOV’ in huge yellow letters across the back, asshole.”

The anger in Shane’s voice just made Ilya more giddy, getting closer and closer to him.

“What? Okay, I got it from team, but it doesn’t say Boston anywhere, you won’t betray Montreal.”

“I can’t wear this, Rozanov.” Shane whispered, his face just inches away from the other’s.

“You can.” Ilya said as he ran his fingers through Shane’s hair. He leaned in towards his ear and whispered. “I want you to.”

Shane’s knees were already shaking, he hated the power that Ilya had over him when he talked to him like that. He wanted to stand his ground, demand a plain t-shirt and walk out of there with his pride untouched. However, while staring into Ilya’s eyes, all he could do was forget everything he should do and let himself get carried away, once more.

“Now?”

“Now, later, on the plane, yes. I want you to wear it.” Ilya said and began leaving a trail of kisses from Shane’s ear down towards his collarbone. When he reached his shoulder, he nipped at the skin and looked up into his eyes.

He watched as Ilya’s big blue eyes looked up at him while his tongue drew circles over his skin, and before he knew it, he was wiggling into a way too small t-shirt with his rival’s name on his back.

“It’s a bit tight,” Shane said, looking over at Ilya like he needed his approval.

“Doesn’t matter, you look hot.” He licked his lips as he looked Shane up and down, his eyes fixating on the parts where it wrapped around his toned body. He specifically struggled to look away from the skin it exposed right above his waist.

“When do you have to go?” Ilya panted into his ear, desperately pulling at Shane’s pants.

“Now.”

“Like *now* now or *I can fuck you one more time* now.”

Ilya knew he had time when Shane kissed him instead of answering. It was just as desperate as he was, clawing at him for another round. Shane pulled Ilya down onto the bed as he took off the pants he had just put on, when Ilya commanded him to lie down on his stomach.

Shane instinctively obeyed, when suddenly, it hit him.

“Wait a minute,” he connected the dots between what he was wearing and the position he’d been asked to take. “You self-absorbed, narcissistic—”

“It’s not about me, Hollander.” Ilya interrupted from behind, kissing his neck as he pressed his hard dick up against his back.

Shane laughed, but made no effort to stop Ilya from what they were setting out to do. “You’re trying to fuck yourself, Rozanov.”

Ilya grabbed the back of Shane’s hair, pulling his face closer to him, causing him to let out an exasperated moan. “No, I’m trying to fuck *you* wearing *my* name. Are you going to let me?”

“Please, Hollander, I know you still have it.” Shane was still recovering from the first round when Ilya began looking around Shane’s bedroom from beneath the sheets. “I want to see you wearing it.”

He rolled his eyes in response, turning over on his side so he wasn’t facing Ilya. “No.”

He felt the other man wrap around him and kiss his shoulder. “I threw it away.”

“Liar.” Ilya mumbled as he continued to leave kisses across his neck.

Shane rolled over and climbed on top of him, ready to shut him up because he had no intention of playing into Rozanov’s twisted, egotistic, fantasy. He was expecting a smirk, a wink even, the usual tricks that usually worked on him. But instead, he got a new tactic that he wasn’t expecting.

Shane couldn’t believe his eyes, Ilya was actually pouting.

“Give me a good reason.” Shane tried to say as seriously as possible, hoping it would hide the blush he could feel in his cheeks. Before Ilya could open his mouth, he added: “Don’t just say because I look hot.”

There it was, that Rozanov grin he was expecting. “Because you look *very* hot.”

Shane’s phone buzzed.

Lily:
You fly today?

He rolled his eyes before throwing it back on the bed to focus on finishing his packing. Of course he was flying that day, and Rozanov should know better than to expect Shane to find time to see him right before they played against one another.

Jane:
Yes. Getting in late though.

No chance he could, or would want to, sneak out late at night when he had practice early in the morning.

Lily:

Are you packing right now?

Shane looked around him, as if he was being watched.

Jane:

Yes. Why?

Lily:

I want my t-shirt back.

Now, that made Shane cackle. Rozanov was out of his mind if he thought Shane was going to run the risk of putting that thing in his suitcase. What if TSA had to check his luggage? Someone could grab his case by accident; it was a stupid risk.

Jane:

No way.

Lily:

I can hear you panic about someone finding it in your suitcase from here.

He hated how well he knew him. The way he could see right through him, in a way no one had ever been able to see him before. It was awful, horrible, and ridiculously intimate.

Lily:

You can bring it back without putting it in suitcase.

Jane:
You want me to FedEx it?

Lily:
Wear it on the plane.

Jane:
You can't actually think I would wear it on a plane in front of all my teammates

Lily:
Wear it under a sweater.

That's not the worst idea, Shane thought. Then immediately regretted it. No, that was dangerous territory, and Shane did not do dangerous.

Well, mostly. Except for the years-long sleeping with his arch-rival thing, he did not do dangerous.

Once again, it was like Ilya could hear his every thought, and sent a follow up text.

Lily:
Zzzzz. You are boring.

Jane:
Fuck you.

"Hey man, do you mind if I close this?" Hayden pointed at the air vent above Shane's seat. "I'm not feeling great, and the cold air isn't helping."

"Yeah, sure, whatever." Shane replied, trying not to sound like he'd been losing his shit for the last few hours and was counting down the minutes until they landed. He focused on the music coming out of his earphones and the rhythmic nervous tapping of his foot as he looked out of the window, hoping time would pass as fast as possible.

He had managed to kind of distract himself, when he started feeling himself begin to sweat. Fuck. He wished he could turn the air back on, but he knew it was unfair to his teammate.

Said teammate just so happened to look over, and notice the color in Shane's cheeks as well as the drops of sweat that were beginning to collect on his forehead.

"You okay man?"

"Yeah," Shane lied, "Just a bit hot."

"Take your sweatshirt off?" Hayden suggested, and Shane really did appreciate how kind and helpful he was, but in that moment, his good intentions were like knives digging straight into Shane's back.

"Uhhh," he mumbled, "Not that hot." God, he was a terrible liar.

"Oh no," Hayden looked worried, "Hope you're not coming down with the same thing that I am."

Are you also secretly sleeping with a man, Hayden? A man you're supposed to hate? One who consumes your every waking thought? Have you also come down with a case of Ilya Rozanov-itis? was what he'd like to say.

"Yeah, that must be it," is what he said instead. "I'm gonna go splash some water in my face."

Shane walked over to the toilet and checked three times that he'd locked the door before taking off his sweatshirt and staring at his reflection in the tiny mirror. He was bright red and the hair that fell over his face was damp with sweat.

Ilya's t-shirt was clinging to him, defining every curve of his body. Why he'd agreed to wear it on the plane was a mystery to him. *Because you'd do anything he asked*, that all-knowing voice in his head reminded him. It was so ridiculous, and ridiculously risky that he couldn't help but laugh. Shit, he sure as hell wasn't going to cry.

So, he splashed some water in his face and let himself cool down for a minute. He pulled his phone out, and found the smile on his face growing even wider as he read the last few messages from 'Lily'.

Fuck it, he had already committed to getting caught. He might as well get some more evidence.

He turned his back to the small mirror and opened the camera app, snapping a shot of the back of the shirt in the reflection before putting the phone back in his pocket and the sweater back over his head.

He pressed 'send' later that night in the ensuite bathroom before he took a shower, as he folded the shirt inside out and folded it into his other clothes, ready to hide it at the bottom of his suitcase.

Lily:

Fuck.

You don't know what this is doing to me

Jane:

Show me.

A photo response came just seconds later, and a few minutes after, Shane came as well.

“The photo you sent me,” Ilya panted as he pushed Shane against the hotel room wall.

“You liked it?”

“Like is not strong enough word,” Ilya said, guiding Shane’s hand towards his crotch. “Look what it does to me.”

Shane kissed him as he felt his erection over the fabric of his pants. He knew the effect they’d had on him, and why. But it wasn’t enough to hear, or feel, how aroused they’d made him. He needed to hear exactly why.

He needed Ilya to say it, out loud, when he wasn’t inside of him.

“Tell me,” Shane whispered, “tell me what it does to you.”

“It gets me so hard, Hollander.” His hands were running through Shane’s hair as his mouth kissed every inch of his face. “To know I am with you even when I’m not.”

“Yeah?” Shane replied, slipping his hands into Ilya’s pants as a reward for giving him what he wanted to hear.

“I saw pictures of you at the airport that day,” He was making his way down Shane’s neck, still pressing him against the hotel wall. “With your stupid Voyageurs coat, and your stupid team around you.”

Shane stopped touching him and gave him a disapproving look at the insult, but Ilya only rolled his eyes before continuing.

“Others, they see the great Hollander, the Montreal hero. But me, I know that underneath all that, you have my name.”

If only he knew, that it was so much more than his name.

“I’ve got *you*, Hollander.”

Ilya bit his earlobe and wrapped his hands around his face, tracing Shane’s freckles with his thumb.

“You think you have me because of what I wear?”

“And other things, like how you scream my name when I make you cum. But yes, I like to think I do.”

You do, he wanted to say. *You have all of me*.

He didn’t exactly make a habit out of it, per se. But he did start wearing it out from time to time, always underneath a hoodie or sweater. But he outdid himself on the day he had a photoshoot for Sports Illustrated.

They were coming to his cottage, mostly to take pictures of the property, but there’d be one of Shane next to the lake.

It was a chilly spring day, so he could get away with wearing a hoodie as well as a jacket for the pictures. And even if they’d ask him to take one inside, he could go to his room and get changed, it was a foolproof plan.

When the article came out a few weeks later, Shane took a picture of the spread and sent it to Ilya.

Lily:

Yes I have seen boring magazine article.

Jane:

What about me?

Lily:

You look hot.

But also boring

Jane:
Is this boring?

He attached the mirror selfie he had taken that day, pulling up the sweater and jacket to show what he'd been wearing underneath it.

Lily:
I am at practice
Fuck you
Fuck!!!

Shane woke up to a faint sound coming somewhere from the bed, but the first thing he noticed was that his neck was killing him. And that the light was on. And why the fuck was he wearing his glasses— Oh.

Ok so he fell asleep reading, that explained the ache in his neck. But what was that sound? It seemed too dark for his alarm to be going off. Shit, his phone was ringing. He patted the sheets until he found it and put it to his ear to answer. Whatever it was, had to be urgent.

“Hello?” Shane mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

“*Hollander*” the voice on the other side slurred. Surely it wasn't — it couldn't be. They hadn't even texted in over a month, why would he — “Hello? Why is it dark? Are you showing me ear canal?”

There was no doubt who the voice belonged to.

Shane looked at the screen, and realized he was on FaceTime with none other than Ilya fucking Rozanov.

“What's up? It's like the middle of the night.” Shane adjusted his glasses as he sat up against the headboard.

“It is 1 AM do not be so dramatic,” Ilya mocked as he took a sip out of the glass he was holding. “You were asleep?”

“Yes. Obviously,” it was Shane's turn to mock him now. “What are you doing?” *And why the fuck are you calling me*, he'd like to add.

“I was at party but it was *so* boring.”

Shane watched Ilya move around the apartment before lying down on what he could only presume was his bed. He was staring straight into the camera, a curl falling over his forehead in the dim light.

“So you’re calling me because you’re bored?”

Ilya took a second to think the question over. “Yes.” *No*. Shane knew that was not the reason.

“I thought *I* was boring,” he teased.

“You are. So you can imagine how boring that party was.”

Shane couldn’t help but chuckle at that. Alright, Ilya won. He was wide awake now. He sat up straighter, moving the sheets out of his way and holding out the phone to look at Ilya’s face on the small screen.

He still had that cocky smile plastered on his face as his eyes darted across the screen, like he was trying to look past Shane’s lit up face and take in the entire image. Something caught his eye, because he furrowed his brow and brought the camera closer to his face.

“What are you wearing?” Ilya asked.

Fuck. He completely forgot about the pity party he had been throwing for himself earlier that evening. Faced with yet another evening by himself while friends and teammates were with their girlfriends or wives, he had decided to torture himself with the thought of his eternal rival-slash-hookup and the feelings he evoked in him.

In one such spiral, he had found himself going through their texts, which reminded him of all the times he’d worn that goddamn t-shirt for him. In turn, this brought back memories of how turned on Rozanov had been when he opened the door for him, knowing he was wearing it under his clothes.

Which then led to him recalling all the things they’d do, and before he knew it, he was going through the box in the back of his closet to put on that fucking t-shirt and make himself cum.

But he couldn’t tell Ilya that.

Even though he’d been caught, there was no chance he was telling him the full extent of his evening with that stupid thing.

“Show me the back,” Ilya purred.

“No.”

“Hollander...”

Goddamn it.

He lied down on his stomach across the bed and lifted the phone so the back of the t-shirt was in the frame.

When he moved the phone back, he caught Ilya biting his lip while staring at the screen. He was expecting to see a hungry, lustful look in his eyes, but there was something else instead.

“We haven’t spoken in long time,” Ilya said, softer than before.

“I know.”

That’s exactly why, Shane wanted to say. *Because I needed to feel you were still close.* He wondered if he’d had the same amount to drink as Ilya, he’d be brave enough to actually say it out loud. He didn’t know if he’d ever be brave enough to say any of the things he thought about Ilya out loud, and he certainly didn’t like thinking about it. He’d done enough spiralling about that for a lifetime.

But he couldn’t help but notice the way Ilya’s eyes shimmered even through the camera on his phone, the way there was a softness to them that he’d only seen when they were together. He wondered if Ilya, despite his ego and bravado, was also biting back words.

And if so, were they the same ones he was withholding?

Regardless, he did not have the time to dwell on those feelings because something changed in Ilya’s expression, and before he knew it, that sweet, kind smile was shifting into a playful grin.

“Take off your clothes, Hollander.”

The knock on the penthouse door came just minutes after Shane texted him his room number. He must have run out of the reception to make it there so fast.

But for once, there was no immediate ripping each other’s clothes off as soon as the door closed. Instead, Shane guided Ilya into the bedroom and had him sit on the bed as he watched him undress. He had just begun to unbutton the black shirt when he saw Ilya’s jaw drop.

“You wore this under your suit? All night?”

Shane nodded. It had been the reason he had been sweating profusely all night, but seeing Ilya’s mouth falling wide open made the whole thing worth it. He watched as the Russian sat on the edge of the bed.

“Armani...” he said, taking off his pants and hanging them off the back of a chair. “Rolex,” as he took the watch off and put it by the clothes. “The NHL,” he nodded towards the general area where the awards ceremony was taking place. “They all think they own me.”

He walked over to Ilya, who he’d never seen looking so surprised. His eyes were as wide as he’d ever seen, and not even the hand he was holding over his mouth could hide his utter shock and disbelief.

Shane stood in front of him, staring down at him in just the t-shirt and his underwear. “But they don’t.”

Ilya just faintly nodded, lost for words, watching as Shane took the reins.

“Because underneath it all,” he turned around to let Ilya read the back of his shirt as he pulled it up from below.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Ilya’s was on him. He licked up his spine as the t-shirt was pulled over his head, and then he dug his teeth into Shane’s neck while his hand traveled over his body, desperately looking for something to grab.

“You’re mine.” Ilya panted into his ear, “*Mine, mine mine.*”

Shane turned around to straddle him, breathing heavily against his lips. “I’m all yours.”

The sun had set about half an hour before, and had taken with it the last bit of warmth. Despite the cold air and darkness, neither men had wanted to move from the spot overlooking the water outside Shane’s cottage.

They hadn’t said much to one another, but they didn’t need to. They had done a lot of capital-T talking that day, it was good to just embrace one another and stare out into the world.

That was, until Shane noticed that Ilya, whose head was on his lap, was starting to shiver.

“Are you cold? Let me go grab you a jacket.”

But Ilya got up instead, saying he would go inside and get it himself.

“Lie back down, I’ll go,” Shane insisted.

“No, you have bad taste. You will bring me boring sweater. I choose.”

Shane shook his head and laughed as he watched the other man walk towards the bedroom. He didn’t keep many clothes at the cottage, mostly stuff he didn’t wear in his day-to-day life that had ended up there throughout numerous trips. So good luck to Ilya finding anything not boring.

He zipped up his own hoodie as a gust of air picked up, watching the way the moon glimmered across the water. Soon enough it would be too cold (and dark) to stay out there, but there was something so special about that moment, he couldn’t bring himself to letting it end.

He heard the sound of the cottage door closing but didn’t realize what Ilya was wearing until he was standing right before him in a fluffy, white fleece with... a red maple leaf on the

sleeve. Wow, was that —

“My Olympics Team Canada fleece?”

“You like?” Ilya grinned at him, hands in the pockets, striking a pose for him.

“I didn’t even remember I had it.”

“You know why I picked it?” Ilya took a step closer towards Shane.

“It’s really warm?”

Ilya smiled and then turned around, showcasing the bold, red, letters splayed across the back. HOLLANDER.

Holy shit.

Suddenly, it was like the cold didn’t exist, like they were standing in the sun in the middle of a summer day. Shane felt his cheeks turn red and a rush of adrenaline shooting through his body.

He needed to rip Ilya’s clothes off, *quick*. No. He needed him to keep that jacket on. He wanted to see him wearing it every day for the rest of his life. He wanted everyone to see *his* name, on *his* man.

Fuck the rivalry, the league, their national teams, he was his.

This is what Ilya must have felt like with that stupid t-shirt.

It clicked, it made sense.

His jaw was still hanging open when Ilya spun back around, a devilish grin on his lips. He realized, in that exact moment, what he wanted.

“On your knees, Ilya.”

“Shane?” Hayden waved a hand in front of his face, snapping him back to reality. “Who’s the girl that Rozanov t-shirt belongs to? And, stop me if i’m overstepping, but does she wear it in the bedroom? Is that what you’re into?!”

Shane was still utterly speechless.

“Fine, don’t tell me!” Hayden exclaimed, putting his hands up and admitting defeat. “I won’t say a word...” Hayden tried again, but Shane wasn’t giving him anything to work with.

Mostly, because Shane was trying to get his breathing to steady after thinking he'd been caught in a years-long secret he had spent every waking minute trying to keep hidden.

"Don't tell anyone," Shane swallowed. "Please."

He could feel the panic dissipate as he realized that Hayden was completely oblivious, not even close to figuring out the truth. Hayden just laughed and lightly punched his friend in the arm.

"Alright dude, your secret is safe with me." He began to walk back towards the rest of their teammates when he turned around and added "Fuck, Shane, that's kinky!"

It was kinky, alright.

As soon as Hayden was out of sight, he practically ran into his bedroom with the intention to hide the t-shirt. But as he stood there, alone, with the door closed, he let the adrenaline rush turn lustful instead of shameful.

He locked the door and changed his white linen shirt for the t-shirt once more and texted a picture of himself to the one person who understood what it really meant.

End Notes

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