

we kissed

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76531576) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76531576>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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:	Episode: s01e02 Olympians (Heated Rivalry) , Implied Sexual Content , Kissing , the fear of one's own feelings , Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 1,160 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

We didn't even kiss.

Shane stares at the words on his phone, tempted to send them but ultimately decides against it as it just feels awkward.

He sighs and shakes his head slightly before locking his screen. He presses his forehead against the elevator's wall and allows himself to close his eyes for a moment. He's not quite sure why the fact that he and Rozanov didn't kiss bothers him that much, but he finds himself genuinely upset about it.

or; shane accidentally sends the text.

Notes

episode 2 feels so far away but whatever i still wanted to post this drabble i wrote.. there's no such thing as too late when it comes to new hollanov content!

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

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He can still feel the aftertaste of Rozanov's body in his mouth, buried deep under the disgusting vodka he's been given afterwards. But even then, it's different. He remembers the time Rozanov came to his apartment building in Montreal and the kiss he gave him before he left for his cab. Shane had felt the ghost of that kiss in the staircase, his lips tingling, for hours after the other man left.

He pulls himself together when he hears the elevator bell ring and straightens his body up. An old lady steps in about four floors down, Shane nods politely at her and moves to the side to give her more space. She smiles at him warmly and he allows himself to breathe a little.

It's no big deal, he tries to reason. Kissing is not mandatory for two people to have sexual intercourse. He and Rozanov are nothing more than... *fuck buddies*? He doesn't really like that term but he doesn't know how else to define them. All in all, he shouldn't feel that way. It's no big deal.

The elevator bell rings again when it reaches the sixth floor and Shane has to swallow back an annoyed sigh. He really wants to get out of this hotel as fast as possible so he can try and put real distance between himself and his last memory of Rozanov. He's tempted to just get out here and take the staircase for the remaining floors. He's an athlete after all, it wouldn't be too much effort.

"Hollander!" Shane hears the second the elevator's doors open. He almost jumps out of his skin at the sudden call of his name in that same voice that fills his dreams. He's not even entirely sure if he's not just imagining things.

He lifts his head instantly and, true to what he just heard, Rozanov is in front of him. The latter is leaning forwards, hands placed on his knees and panting heavily as if he ran all the way here.

Which he did, Shane realizes. He gulps.

"Ro—" He stops himself when he remembers the old lady next to him and clears his throat instead. He turns to her to nod politely again and steps out of the elevator.

Rozanov straightens up, although still slightly out of breath, and the two men stare at each other in silence while waiting for the elevator's doors to close.

"What are you doing here?" Shane asks the second the doors close.

Rozanov tilts his head to the side, looking at him curiously. "I got your text."

Shane frowns. "My text? I didn't—" He gets his phone out of his pocket to check and his blood turns cold when he notices how the last text he typed has indeed been sent. He must have clicked on it by accident when locking his screen earlier.

"I—"

"I had to see you," Rozanov interrupts him. "I didn't want you to be um— What's that word when you're pouting?"

Shane tilts his head to the side, trying to hide his amused smile. "Moping?"

"Yes. Moping. I didn't want to leave you moping."

Shane has to bite back his bottom lip to not smile. "I wasn't moping. Or pouting."

"Mmmm false. You pout a lot."

"Oh, do I?"

"Yes," Rozanov nods. "And we can't have that. That would make you even more boring."

This time, Shane can't help the snort he lets out. "Wow. Of course."

"Hm, yes." Rozanov nods again. His expression would be dead serious, if it weren't for the way his eyes are glinting with amusement.

Shane chuckles and shakes his head fondly. He looks left and right in the hall and, when he spots the door leading to the staircase, he grabs Rozanov's arm with more force than necessary and pulls him there.

He is pressed against Rozanov's body, his lips clashing against the other man's the second the door closes behind them. The light isn't even on, and yet Shane finds that he has memorized every single millimeter of Rozanov's face and body. He knows exactly where to touch and kiss ; and if the way Rozanov is touching his body like he can't get enough of him, it looks like he's just the same.

A small moan escapes his mouth when Rozanov licks his bottom lip, he can't find it in himself to care. He must look desperate, but Rozanov kind of feels the same against him so Shane doesn't say anything. He slips his fingers in Rozanov's curly hair, loving the way the other man reacts whenever he does. Rozanov's hands travel down his back until they settle on his ass and squeeze. Shane hums pleasantly against the other man's lips and he can't help but smile in turn when he feels Rozanov smile against him.

They break apart when the light suddenly turns on from a floor somewhere above them. The two men's eyes widen for a second before they break into a soft laughter. Rozanov's face is flushed. Shane has no doubt his own face must look the same.

He can't help but take a moment to admire the beauty of the man in front of him. He most likely will never tell him, but that's okay. It can be yet another secret he keeps to himself.

"I, um. I gotta go," Shane clears his throat awkwardly.

"Yes," Rozanov nods. "I also have to get ready for my plane."

"Yes."

They stare at each other for another moment and then Shane forces himself to take a step back before he does something crazy like jump him again, when he can perfectly hear the footsteps of whoever turned the lights on coming closer and closer as they go down the stairs.

"Goodbye, Hollander," Rozanov says, voice softer than usual. Shane forces himself again to not think of the sound of it.

"Goodbye, Rozanov."

They study each other's face for a few more seconds during which Shane feels like he's suffocating. Then, he turns around and goes downstairs. He doesn't know if Rozanov leaves immediately too, he doesn't dare turning back.

Shane somehow feels lighter than when he left Rozanov's room, if the way his cheeks start to hurt from smiling is anything to go by. But Shane also somehow feels like his heart weighs more than it used to and he's not sure he knows what to make of it. He's not sure he wants to start questioning it, he doesn't think he's ready to.

End Notes

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