

## You are okay, I got you

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| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Mentions of a Panic Attack</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">more cuddles</a> , <a href="#">cute shit</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Needs a Hug</a> , <a href="#">Sub Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">but not used in a sexual way</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub Undertones</a> , <a href="#">Sub Drop</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Implied Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">No Smut</a> , <a href="#">Not Beta Read</a> |
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# **You are okay, I got you**

by Anonymous

## Summary

Shane sub drops and texts Ilya the "we didn't even kiss" and then Ilya helps him :)

## Notes

First heated rivalry fic :)

Mentioned panic attack, there's no smut but it's sorta referenced because of the sub drop. If you don't like it don't read.

this was written in like two hours but I'm in love hope you enjoy!

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

Shane doesn't know why he is panicking so much. It wasn't like he and Ilya were even a thing, right? Right? They fucked sure, but it wasn't like feelings and shit, right? Well, it was for Shane, and right now he's standing in the elevator staring at his phone for a text he shouldn't have sent.

Me: We didn't even kiss 2:45 AM

Fuck. He really didn't mean to send it. Now Ilya's going to think he's needy and clingy and horrible because this wasn't a feelings thing. Shane's phone buzzes again, and Ilya's name flashes up on the screen. Shane doesn't read the text, instead sinking to the floor of the elevator. He feels fuzzy, his head is spinning, and his breathing is picking up. If Shane weren't in this state, he would register that he was having a panic attack. And dropping. Shane picks up his phone and finally looks at the texts Ilya sent.

Ilya: Shane where you go 2:51 AM

Ilya: I am worried 3:00 AM

Ilya: Stay where you are. I come find you 3:02 AM

Ilya: Shane where are you 3:02 AM

Ilya: Tell me where you are and I give you kiss 3:03 AM

Shane smiles down at his phone and curls tighter around his legs. Ilya doesn't really mean that right? He should tell Ilya where he is, but he can't seem to bring himself to text him back. He feels all floaty and shaky, and all he wants is Ilya here with him. To hold him. Shane opens his contact and types out the response elevator and hits send.

Me: Elevator. 3:09 AM

Shane looks down at his screen and almost cries because why can't he even type right? He hopes that Ilya understands him because all Shane wants right now is Ilya. That's all. The elevator shifts and starts moving upwards. Shane suddenly realises he can't breathe, and it's cold, and why would Ilya even want to see him. The door to the elevator dings open, and a body comes down and crouches in front of him.

"Hollander. You need to breathe. It's not good if you not," the Russian voice says in front of Shane, and Shane looks up and is met with Ilya's worried face. Everything is cold and blurry, and Shane tries to lean into Ilya, but his body won't fucking move to what he wants.

"It okay Hollander, I am here," Ilya says, and wraps his arms around Shane's shaking body. "You need to take a breath for me, please sweetheart," Ilya lifts Shane up and exits the elevator, heading toward the room they were in before this all happened. Ilya opens the door and sets Shane down on the bed.

Shane is still floating when Ilya grabs him and takes him to bed, although it is less so now that Ilya is here and holding him. Shane is somewhat aware when his shirt is gently pulled off

his body, and Ilya pulls off his sweatshirt off his own body, setting it down on the bed before pulling Shane into his arms. Shane can't understand much of what Ilya is saying, both because of his own hyperventilating and the fact that Ilya is speaking in Russian.

With the comfort, tears start to fall down Shane's face, and he buries himself in Ilya's arms, only partly aware that he is talking. The tears fall faster, and Shane is aware that Ilya is wiping the tears away, pressing kisses across his forehead, cheeks and nose. Ilya lies down and pulls Shane with him, resting Shane's head on his now shirtless chest so Shane can hear his heartbeat and feel him skin to skin. Shane sighs and melts into Ilya's body, feeling comforted that Ilya is here and Ilya is with him and he's not alone.

"You are okay, Shane I got you. You are right here," Ilya says as he threads his fingers through Shane's hair, pressing kisses atop Shane's head. Shane melts even more, only wanting the comfort of Ilya. The contact calms him, and slowly, the fuzziness begins to fade, and slowly Shane can feel himself coming back into his own body. His ears are ringing, but he can feel Ilya's body heat soaking into him, leaving him feeling fluffy. He is vaguely aware of Ilya rubbing a hand through his hair, and another up and down his back, shirt discarded somewhere.

"Ilya?" Shane whispers, now coming back into his own body, although his body is still a bit floaty.

"Yes, моя любовь (my love)", Ilya responds, brushing his hair up and kissing Shane's forehead.

"Whazzat mean?" Shane asks, smiling up at Ilya.

"Was that your question?" Ilya responds.

"Noooooooo, but I wanna know" Shane says, still smiling.

"It means uh my love" Ilya says, kissing Shane again.

"You're sweet. My actual question was what happened," Shane says, smile faltering.

"You had a uh... I do not know the word in English, but it is like you are falling. Drop, you know? Пост-сценовый отходняк" (loosely translates to sub drop). It is like when I fuck you hard and then do bad and not take care of you after," Ilya says a frown on his face.

"Oh, so I sub dropped", Shane says, tucking his face away from Ilya, embarrassed.

"Yes. That. Don't be embarrassed. It is okay. It is my fault, though. How do I fix?" Ilya says, his Russian accent thick

"I...I don't know. Just this, I guess. It's nice, and I don't wanna be alone," Shane says, his heart breaking at how much Ilya blames himself. "And it's not your fault, Ilya. I didn't tell you either."

"But it is. I should notice, and I did not. Don't blame yourself, Hollander."

“But it’s not all you Rovnov. I didn’t tell you so let's just say we both messed up, but we can fix it now, yeah?” Shane smiles up at Ilya, still upset with how much he is blaming himself for something he shouldn’t blame himself for.

“Okay. Now what do you need from me?” Ilya says as he pulls Shane closer.

“Just you, Ilya. You're perfect for me,” Shane replies, snuggling his head into the crook of Ilya’s neck, wrapping his arms around the Russians waist. Ilya makes a sound of contentment, pressing kisses all over Shane’s head and forehead before hugging Shane tighter.

“Oh Shane...of course I am perfect. I am the most perfect.” Ilya responds smiling.

“That’s not very good grammar you know. Your welcome for boosting your ego more.” Shane replies looking up at Ilya. “Also...does this mean first name bases now.” Ilya blushes, and tucks his head ontop of Shanes, trying to hide it.

“I guess so Shane we are on first name bases. Does this mean I get to kiss you more now. With out always having to fuck you” Ilya says. At this, Shane blushes, still smiling up at Ilya though.

“Of course Ilya your always welcome to kiss me”

“Yay! Now Shane Hollander, you get some sleep, you are tired. I will be here in morning” Ilya says, laying down some more, and adjusting Shane so they are still cuddling.

“Promise?” Shane asks, tilting his head up to try and kiss Ilya. Ilya leans down and meets him halfway, pressing a soft kiss onto his lips.

“I promise”

## End Notes

Kudos and comments are always appreciated!

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