

At the end of the story (you're holding me tight).

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76041726) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76041726>.

Rating:	Not Rated
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
Additional Tags:	Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Fluff , Angst and Feels , Shane Hollander in Love , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , POV Shane Hollander , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander is a ray of sunshine , Shane shows up , Heated Rivalry episode 5 , domesticity at the end
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Heated Rivalry fics <3
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 3,122 Chapters: 1/1

At the end of the story (you're holding me tight).

by [iwritesometimes777](#)

Summary

After the call where Ilya sounds too raw and vulnerable and honest, Shane shows up.

(or)

Shane catches a flight on impulse because he wishes he was there with Ilya. Lots of feels and impulse.

[a love letter from my side to the already perfect episode 5 of heated rivarly <3]

Notes

i wrote this because the way Shane said "I wish you were here." And Ilya replied "I wish I was there too." i died. i just had to write this.

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

Shane Hollander is going insane.

It isn't new really, he always has thoughts that make him feel like he should bury himself in isolation before his brain decides to have coherent and reasonable feelings again.

Maybe go on a run, or count his steps on a long walk, or something that distracted him enough to not focus on his misery.

And usually, he did that. He avoided everyone, he didn't go out of his way to do something painfully obvious or borderline weird.

Yet here he is.

On a fucking plane. Going to Moscow, Russia. At two thirty in the night, it would be three, almost morning if he reaches.

He really should be at his hotel right now. Sleeping soundly and what not. He didn't even know if Ilya wanted him there with him, *he probably didn't*. Especially when their last talk had been about Shane was starting to like him more than he would admit and Ilya had said they can't.

He was right too, they can't.

And Shane really should've stayed put, texted Rozanov that he's there for him if he needs him, or gone out with his teammates for a drink or two, at least then they wouldn't be curious about where Shane is going.

He had briefly texted the group about some family emergency, he needed to attend suddenly.

Family emergency.

Ilya Rozanov wasn't his family. Even if sometimes he wished he could be.

But then, the Russian had sounded so broken on the call, like he was holding a goddamn dam of tears back. Even when he was telling Shane about what's weighing him down in Russian, he sounded devastated.

Shane couldn't understand anything from his talk, only that Ilya felt like he needed a hug, and Shane wished he could be there to give him that. Or anything he needed.

So avoiding all the actual logics and facts and the cruel what if you make it worse?, he decided he'll just stay a night there, then leave. And if Rozanov didn't want him there, then he'd leave too. He can risk this.

For Rozanov, he can risk this, just one time. Just one time.

He leans against the plane window, the cold of it grounding him rather than making him flinch. Shane could not stay put when anyone he cared about sounded wrecked while talking to him. He wishes he could. So, it won't be complicated or weird or too much.

But everything was already complicated.

They were already in this beautiful labyrinth, Shane only hopes when he comes out of it, out of this looped maze, Ilya would be by his side.

He knows the blonde's family isn't ideal. At all. Isn't sunshine and rainbows. He also knows even though the man acts tough sometimes and never—only rarely—talks about them, he genuinely cares. He is affected too. And now, on his father's funeral, Shane wants to be present. Even if it's just because he needs to see personally if Ilya's okay. Selfish, stupid, maybe even unwanted, but Shane will be there.

The plane lands and Shane gets off, already doubting this rash decision made on a whim.

But he'll assess the damage later, think rationally later, everything comes second when Ilya Rozanov was on the list.

This time, he won't be stuck with the I should've done this or I should've done that thoughts, no, this time he would rather do it and regret later. He is always prepared for rejection anyway, he wouldn't take it to his heart and if Ilya didn't want him here, he would leave. Without questions.

But for now, he gets off the plane with some foolish hope and painful concern for a guy that made him ignore all the reasonable facts and focus just on him.

||||

Ilya is in the bed of a hotel.

He didn't want to go back to his apartment—not his anymore. His brother's apartment, so he settled for a nearby hotel.

It felt disgustingly empty.

Everything around him feels empty. Empty, hollow, whichever negative word he can remember about it.

The TV screen plays something he does not give a fuck about, his mind only remembers his previous fight with his brother. The mean but all true words. Mean because Ilya had done everything he could, everything that mattered. True because it wasn't enough.

It wasn't even close to enough, it seems. He should have been in Russia more. He should have checked on his father more, it was his responsibility. He could pretend all he wants but at the end of the day, he should have done more. So much more.

He could never do enough, could he?

He had tried. He called his father every two weeks, checked off the bills every week, but somehow when it came to his brother, he did not have the strength to pick up his calls. He should have picked up. If only to tell him to fuck off.

He should have lots of things. Maybe if he did do more, he would not be this pathetic or on the spot right now.

But in the bigger picture of it all, an ant can never stand a chance against a boot, he supposes.

He stretches the blanket towards him, suddenly feeling cold and strange. The bed beside him looks like a blank canvas. Meaningless and undervalued. He remembers Svetlana's offer of staying the night with him, but he had declined that.

He did not want anyone with him.

The only person he wanted was across countries, probably sleeping right now.

He wonders if he texts Hollander, would he be awake?

But no. That is stupid. He already has talked to Hollander, admitting more than he ever thought he would. Even said that, he was in love with him. For the first time, he was thankful for the language barrier between them. He had been brought to tears while saying all that, he did not want to do that again no matter how much he wanted Hollander with him.

Shane Hollander was very easy to love.

Somewhere in between all the good sex and freckles and Shane's chaotic but caring energy, Ilya couldn't pinpoint the exact moment, but he had fallen for him. In a way that made him want to continue to live and bang his head on a wall at the same time.

He picks up his phone wordlessly, ignoring the chatter on the TV and the empty couch of the hotel room in front of him that only seemed to mock him more than ever, he opens the text thread with Hollander. His finger hover but he never really types anything. Nothing feels worth disturbing his sleep. He would not disrupt Hollander's life because he can not sleep like a baby.

The phone buzzes in his hands.

He blinks at the text.

Jane: Where are you?

He blinks again. Why was Shane awake?

Jane: ?

Lily: In Russia? Moscow?

Jane: Of course I know that, idiot.

Jane: I meant, are you at your apartment?

Lily: Why are you asking?

Jane: Can you just answer like a nice person for once?

Lily: No. 'Am at a hotel.

Jane: Which one?

Lily: Starshine.

Jane: Okay. Room number?

Lily: 1919. Are you ok, Hollander?

Jane: No.

Ilya stares at the text. Why is Hollander asking him his location this late? Did he suddenly have the urge to know if Ilya was fucking someone or?

No, Shane would not do that.

He scrambles his brain to find reasons for why Hollander would be awake at three in the night. Or as to why he would be asking Ilya "Where are you?". Ilya sits up in his bed, running a hand through his tangled curls, is he dreaming?

Or is he finally gone mad enough to dream about the Canadian he wants to see?

Before he can think about his now hallucinating—probably—brain, he hears a hurried knock on his room.

Did he order something?

He looks at the table adjoined to the couch, the whiskey sitting there untouched with some snacks he did not want, he was not expecting anyone.

So who is at his door this late?

There is a knock again and Ilya stands up, his face scrunched in confusion and tiredness. If the stupid hotel staff was at the door, he was going to kill them. Yell too. Same thing.

He opens the door in one go, holding it wide as his hazel eyes scan over the person standing at his door.

He blinks. Then blinks again. No. Seriously, is he dreaming?

Shane Hollander is at his door.

Shane Hollander.

At his hotel room.

In Russia.

At almost dawn.

What the fuck?

“Are you going to invite me in or...?” The nervous voice of Shane makes him stop in his thoughts, he stares. Tilting his head a bit to get a clearer view, is his eyes okay?

Is he okay is a better question.

“Rozanov! I don't want to complain but it is very cold outside.” Hollander says, in a rush, half his words would not make sense if Ilya was not used to his fast speaking.

“Hollander?”

The name comes out dumbly, too frozen and too deep. His voice is raspy and his eyes are probably glossy. He does not focus on those facts, only looking at the man in front of him as if he would disappear.

“Yes? What are you—I'm getting mixed signals here! Should I leave? Did I come at the wrong time? I can leave you know. I just wanted to see if you are okay. Okay enough? Shit. I did not think this through.” Shane is rambling now and Ilya hears every word.

Every nervous but soft word coming out of his mouth sounds like a faded echo of his favourite song.

Ilya does not reply, only reaches out his hand to pull him inside the room and the door shuts automatically with a thud. Shane is looking at him now, with those big doe eyes that Ilya never wants to see turned down. His gaze is questioning, anxious like it sometimes got after a match when he is left wondering if he did good or not.

He holds Shane by his waist, carefully, like he is in a fever dream that might break any second and Shane comes closer.

Ilya kisses him, softer than he ever has, Shane exhales a sigh of relief before kissing him back.

For a moment, all of his worries vanish. Every thought of how he should be doing more, every feeling that he does not like just gone. Only the hold of Shane's hand on his neck, one in his hair is present. Only touch he craves is offered freely, with Hollander in his hands like he belongs there. With Ilya.

They both pull back for air and Ilya rests his forehead against Shane's.

A small smile, reverently, taking space on his face. He could not stop it and it was the first smile he had in the week. So he just lets it show and Shane is there. Absorbing every second of it.

Ilya's voice does not seem like his when he asks, "You come here?"

"Yeah." Shane breathes out. "Yeah. Fuck."

"You took a flight." Ilya says and his hand hovers over Shane's jaw.

"I took a flight." Shane nods, just repeating the words of the blonde who feels lighter than before.

"Why?"

"I, uh, I wanted a hug from you." Shane pulls back, just a little, to perhaps see the expression of Ilya. Ilya does not know what Shane is looking at, only that his curls are messy and his lips

aren't outright smiling but they're not down either. His eye brows might be relaxed and his hazel eyes definitely feel water-y. Water-y? Is that a word? He does not care.

“A hug from me?” He says it like a forbidden prayer hidden in his deep accent.

“Yeah. I was feeling down, and your arms are strong. Freakishly strong. Really. So I'm here.”

“You're here.” Ilya hums, wrapping his arms around Shane, engulfing him in a hug, tight and Shane's hair touches his collarbone, leaning in, completing without hesitation.

Ilya leans in too, resting his face against the Canadian's shoulder. Closing his eyes. He knows Shane did not need a hug from him.

Ilya needed this.

They both know this. But no one says it, much less Hollander who came all the way here over a sad phone call.

Ilya does not know how he deserves Shane, or how Shane cares about him, but he will take what he gets. Honestly, Shane is already offering affection and hugs and messages, all alongside sex, everything basically, and Ilya does not take it for granted.

He can not. Not when Shane looked so worried at his door or how he said I can leave, you know, as if debating if Ilya would want him here when all Ilya ever wanted in his future and present was Shane. He blinks again, hoping the tears are not shining in his eyes now.

Is hard when Shane just moves back kissing Ilya on his cheek before breaking the hug.

Shane moves around his massive hotel room, squinting his eyes. “Why are you staying at a hotel?”

“Is not up to your standards, Hollander?”

He gets his reply by a pillow thrown at him that he dodges laughing. “Fuck you.” Shane rolls his eyes, settling in the bed and gesturing to his opposite side for Ilya to come and Ilya does. He sits though. Not feeling the need to lay down.

Shane sees it, and decides this is the moment he wants Ilya to never forget.

Only explanation as Shane just shifts from his side, laying his head down on Ilya's lap and closing his eyes. Ilya stares at him. Trying to form words but is impossible since Shane has decided Ilya's legs are the perfect pillow now.

He just moves on to the next topic because if he delved into this, into how Shane's freckles are so gorgeously visible from here and how his hands reflexively run through Shane's detangled hair, he thinks his heart would give out.

“I gave my house to my brother. Is his now.” He lets out the answer to the question Shane asked.

It seems futile now, like something so small he did not care about when he has this stupid and pretty guy in his hold.

“Oh. Will you buy another here then?” Shane asks, leaning in to Ilya's touch on his cheek.

“Have not decided yet.”

He can go house hunting, or buy a random villa in Russia after all but it never feels like home. So it is a waste eventually.

“Mhm.” Shane closes his eyes and Ilya smiles, teasing.

“Are you just going to sleep, Hollander?”

“Why? Do you want to fuck?”

Truthfully, he can never say no to Shane. But right now, Shane's eyes were half droopy. Obviously he is tired after his random and unplanned flight.

He knows this man enough to remember that Shane Hollander never did things out of routine.

Hell, if it was his call, he probably would schedule sex too. He has done that before. It was his idea of control. Always in routine, always doing something familiar, when anything out of the blue appeared Shane would retort by shutting down usually.

And still.

Still, he is here.

“Nope. I am tired.” Ilya says. Then adds as an afterthought, “And you do not look like you came here for a fuck wearing that.”

Shane looks up at Ilya, eyes narrowing in an offended gesture then looks down at his pajamas and a black half sleeved shirt. Did he mention his pajamas have doodles of milkshake on them?

“Fuck you, okay. I was in a rush!” Shane's ears go red and his voice seems whining almost, Ilya would focus on that if only Shane was not glaring at him with a little embarrassment and angle.

“No, Is very pretty is all.”

Ilya gets a response by a hard hit on his stomach by Shane's hands and he groans. “Ow!”

“You are so dramatic, Rozanov.” Shane huffs and Ilya glares at him before deadpanning.

“You literally ran after I called you Shane. You are dramatic.”

“I did not run—that was—I hate you.”

Ilya laughs at the antics, only leaning forward to capture Shane’s lips in a long kiss muttering, “Yeah. Yeah. Whatever.”

Ilya leans back in the bed after and Shane follows, adjusting and ending up on his side, now claiming Ilya’s arm and resting there. Basically everything except a damn pillow.

But Ilya would be lying if he said he minded.

He did not.

He recalls the hard week he had, everything piling up on one another like a never ending pencil with a sharp opening that was hurting him every second.

The only thing consistent was Shane.

With his messages and calls and questions.

And now, he showed up too.

Showed up when Ilya needed him the most but could not say it or ask for that because he was the one saying they did not do that.

But Shane Hollander still showed up.

Ilya's lips twitch as Shane's breathing evens out. The exhaustion catching up probably, he just holds him tight. Never letting go.

Maybe tomorrow, when Shane leaves he would feel sad again or maybe he would be remembering the positive points until the next time he could see him again.

For now, he just lies in the bed with Hollander and the bed does not feel empty.

Only filled in, as if someone had placed the exact last piece of a messed up puzzle and ended the turmoil all together.

He kisses the asleep man's forehead.

Realising even if he had no one, Shane would show up. Even in his stupid pajamas and the beautiful stubborn frown.

And Ilya will cherish that every moment he could.

"You know." Shane murmurs sleepily and Ilya's attention goes to his frame. "I thought you were not in mood for company. Or I was doing too much."

Ilya freezes, his eyes shine like that one sky he remembered with all the stars making constellations everywhere. His voice is low and small and he does not think Shane hears or even understands him. But he utters it, almost on default like he can not stop it. Whispered like a prayer he begged to never be changed.

“я тебя люблю”

Shane does not reply, only nuzzling closer in his sleep with a smile that ruins Ilya more than he could admit.

Fuck, Ilya Rozanov is in too deep. And he would not have it any other way.

End Notes

thoughts?

i'm going to write a Christmas two shot of them being cozy and domestic and upload it before Christmas soon. Maybe after i write a follow up chapter to my previous fic of them.

But until then, if you liked it, leave kudos, comments anything. love you, thankyou for reading♥

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