

You'll hear me (howling outside your door)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75621751) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75621751>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Las Vegas , Feelings , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Confessions , Crying , Explicit Sexual Content
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Words: 4,176 Chapters: 1/1

You'll hear me (howling outside your door)

by [photographer_of_thoughts](#)

Summary

Lily: You left your shoes here.

Shane frowns, looking down at his feet that are only covered by his black dress socks. Fuck. He walked out without shoes? He hadn't even noticed.

or, Shane leaves the Vegas penthouse without his shoes. He might also be having a panic attack.

Notes

I've fallen in love with this show and the books. I was inspired.

-I used Google translate for the bit of Russian in this fic. Apologies if it's wrong.

-Title from 'It Will Come Back' by Hozier

-Hope you enjoy :)

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

“Goodbye, Hollander.”

Rozanov says the words in a toneless, flat voice that makes Shane's eyes fill with tears. He's glad that Rozanov can't see him right now because he's so fucking embarrassed. He opens the penthouse door and practically flees to the elevator.

Why does it fucking matter?

It's just *sex*. They're not together. They don't mean anything to each other.

“You're an idiot.” He whispers to himself as the elevator carries him back to his own floor.

He thinks about texting Rozanov something stupid like “see you next season ;)” to try and make himself feel better. To take away from the sting of...rejection?

But Rozanov didn't reject him. He'd clearly wanted Shane. Wanted his *body*. They'd had amazing sex. What more did Shane want?

He doesn't even know, is the problem. He doesn't understand a goddamn thing when it comes to his Russian rival.

What he does know is that by the time he reaches his room, he feels like he can't breathe properly. He puts his back to his closed door once he's inside and desperately tries to fill his lungs with oxygen.

His brain is spiraling. Is he dying? His chest is tight where he rubs it between his pecs, trying to remind his body of the job it's not doing right now. Breathing. Keeping him alive. Pumping his heart at a normal speed.

“You're fine. You're okay.” He whispers to himself, but he doesn't believe it. Nothing is fine. Nothing is okay.

He feels his phone buzz in his hand. When he looks down, he's momentarily shocked out of his panic by a new message from Rozanov.

Lily: You left your shoes here.

Shane frowns, looking down at his feet that are only covered by his black dress socks.

Fuck.

He walked out without shoes? He hadn't even noticed.

No, no, no. *Shit*. That means he has to see Rozanov again, and he's still fucking *crying*.

The panic surges back into his chest so intensely he has to sit down. The world is turning a bit black.

His phone buzzes again. This time, when he looks at it, he sees that ‘Lily’ is calling him.

He can't answer right now. There's no way. He can barely breathe let alone talk.

Shane waits for the call to go to voicemail. When it does, and 'Lily' doesn't call back, he closes his eyes and leans his head back against the door. Maybe Rozanov will just shrug, mumble something about Shane being a dumbass, and get on with his evening.

They're not anything to each other, anyway, so what would he care that Shane walked out without his expensive shoes.

As the minutes go by, Shane manages to stop crying. He gets himself under control enough that he can finally take a deep breath. His hands are shaking and he feels a bit sick, but he thinks the worst of it has passed.

What the fuck is wrong with him?

He should call Rozanov back. Make up some kind of excuse about the shoes (*haha sorry I'm a bit tipsy from that awful vodka you gave me that I didn't realize I left my shoes*) and just go to sleep.

He kind of wishes he was drunk. Then he might not have to think about the fact that he's probably in love with a man who couldn't even come to the door to say goodbye after fucking Shane's brains out.

Suddenly, a loud knock comes from the other side of the door Shane is still slumped against. He startles so violently that a small sound escapes from his throat.

"Hollander?"

Oh no. Oh *fuck*.

His name in Rozanov's accent has always turned Shane's guts to mush.

He stands up, still shaky, and hastily wipes the remaining tears that are sticky on his cheeks. He must look like absolute shit right now.

Rozanov pounds on the door two more times and loudly calls, "Shane!"

Shane sucks in a breath because Rozanov has never said his first name like that before. He's only ever called Shane by his first name on the ice, in a mocking way as they'd done a face off.

Right now Rozanov sounds worried. His concern is enough that Shane quickly opens the door, no longer caring about what he looks like.

Rozanov has his arm raised like he was about to knock again. In his other hand, he holds Shane's shoes. When their eyes meet, Rozanov puts his arm down and frowns at Shane, checking his face and clearly realizing the state he's in.

"You, uh, left these. Are you -" Rozanov starts, but Shane just grabs his shoes and clears his throat.

“Thanks.” He mutters, looking at the floor. Maybe if he keeps looking down, Rozanov won't comment on his messy face.

A long, awkward silence falls between them. The hallway is empty, but Shane is still conscious of how much it would suck if someone saw them together.

“I am coming in.” Rozanov suddenly says, pushing past Shane and walking into the room.

“What? No, you -”

“Close the door.” Rozanov demands, his voice full of authority and it instantly pisses Shane off.

“No. Get out.”

He closes the door anyway because he doesn't want to be overheard, but he still fully intends to kick Rozanov out.

“You are upset.” Rozanov says, keeping his distance.

Shane knows he's still looking at the floor. He can't bear to look Rozanov in the eye right now. If he does, he's worried he'll instantly start crying again. He just wants Rozanov to leave so he can fall apart in peace.

Why did he forget his fucking shoes?

“I want you to go, okay? I'm tired and -” Shane tries, wanting to sound annoyed but he knows he just sounds small and broken.

“You have been crying.” Rozanov says softly. It's a statement, not a question.

“Just go.” Shane snaps, pointing to the door behind him. “We're done tonight. Clearly. You wanted me to leave. So just -”

“Why did you forget shoes? Why are you upset?” Rozanov asks, ignoring Shane's request entirely and coming closer.

Shane doesn't really have anywhere to go - the hotel room isn't big like Rozanov's - but he backs up anyways and his shoulders hit the door again as Rozanov crowds him. He reaches for Shane's face like he usually does - not earlier tonight, but usually - wanting eye contact.

Rozanov has always been big on eye contact, but Shane absolutely can't handle that right now. He tries to pull away, shoving Rozanov's hands off of him.

“Stop it.”

Rozanov says something in Russian, something that sounds tender. He cups Shane's damp cheeks, stroking the skin under his eyes where his stupid freckles are. He tries to get Shane to tilt his face up, but Shane really can't now because he's fucking crying again.

“Rozanov, I fucking mean it. Let go.” He sniffs, dying from the humiliation of this. It would be easier if the other man stabbed him. The awful truth is that he doesn’t really want Rozanov to let him go. He wants to bury his face in his neck.

“Postmotri na menya. *Look at me.*” Rozanov whispers, kissing the side of Shane’s mouth.

“No. I’m a fucking mess.” Shane snaps, hating how good it feels to have Rosamov’s mouth on him. After a moment of hesitation, the other man places kisses all across Shane’s face, his mouth getting wet from the tears. But he doesn’t seem to mind.

“*Shane.*” Rozanov says, moving his hands away from Shane’s face to his waist instead. He pulls Shane against his solid frame, kissing along his jaw until he’s close to his mouth.

“Fuck,” Shane whispers, moving until their lips collide in a fierce, hot kiss. He wraps his arms around Ilya’s shoulders, causing them to be even closer.

This is what he had wanted tonight. He wanted it from the moment he saw Ilya backstage. He wanted it when he stripped down and ‘showed off’ for the other man after his win; after the stupid party had ended. But Ilya didn’t give it to him. It felt like he had intentionally moved away when Shane had tried to bring their mouths together.

That’s what the rejection had been. Shane hadn’t been allowed to be close, to be intimate in the ways they had always been since they started this thing. Ilya had pretty much turned Shane onto his stomach and fucked him like that the whole time.

Earlier tonight had felt impersonal. Cold. Like Ilya didn’t even care who he was fucking as long as he had a willing hole.

But now, Ilya keeps whispering “*Shane*” between kisses, plunging his tongue deep into Shane’s mouth. He wraps his hand around the back of Shane’s neck and angles his face to the side so they can get deeper, kiss harder.

Shane’s whole body thrums to life, heating him up so much he feels sweat trickle down his back. He’s still crying but this time from the sheer pleasure of being kissed.

“Ilya,” He pants, whimpering when Rozanov cups his chin and finally gets Shane to look at him. Ilya looks wild, out of his mind with need as he strokes Shane’s smooth face.

“*Da.* Say my name like that.”

“*Ilya.*” Shane obeys, trying to bring their mouths together again but the other man stops him. He moves closer, but holds Shane back by his chin so their lips aren’t touching.

“You wanted this earlier, yes?” Rozanov asks, his gaze imploring and desperate. He looks like he truly wants to understand why Shane was so upset.

There’s really no point denying it now. Maybe Ilya will think less of him for being so utterly pathetic over what was meant to be just another hook up, but does it really matter? Ilya has never made fun of him for enjoying what they do together. He doubts he would mock him for wanting to be kissed.

“Yes. But you didn’t -”

“I did.” Ilya interrupts, taking a deep breath. “Is hard for me to tell you how I -” He cuts himself off, looking frustrated. “How I feel.”

They breathe together for a few moments, gazes still locked. Shane wants to ask so many questions. *How do you feel, then? Does this mean more to you than you show? Does your heart always feel like it’s going to jump out of your chest every time we touch?*

“You are more to me, okay?” Ilya suddenly says. “More than just fuck buddy.”

Shane inhales harshly through his nose as Ilya gently kisses him again. It’s softer this time, more tender and gentle. Shane kisses him back, trying to think of what to say.

“Me too. You’re more to me.” He whispers as Ilya wipes away more of his tears. “I don’t mean to keep crying, Jesus Christ.”

Shane’s always been sensitive. An easy crier. He cries during movies and if he’s frustrated. He doesn’t often lash out when he’s angry, either. He tends to cry. He tries to hide this side of himself during hockey games and training because he doesn’t want to be seen as weak. Hockey is a testosterone fueled, competitive game. And he’s just as competitive as the other guys who are loud and obnoxious, who flaunt their masculinity like it’s the best thing in the world. But he knows most guys he plays with or against would think less of him if he cried after losses or cried instead of starting fights.

He feels vulnerable showing Ilya this side of himself. He knows Rozanov saw his tears in the bathroom earlier, but it was nothing like now.

Even though he feels splayed open, he still somehow trusts Ilya not to make him feel like a loser for crying. It seems like Ilya likes him enough to not mind.

“You are a beautiful crier. Is okay.” Rozanov smiles, laughing a bit as Shane rolls his eyes.

“M’not beautiful.” He huffs. He’s been called a pretty boy so many times in his life that it’s gotten under his skin a bit. But the way Ilya said ‘beautiful’ didn’t feel like an insult.

“Do not argue with me, Hollander. You are beautiful. Is just fact.” Ilya shrugs, then grins his gorgeously crooked grin as Shane pulls him back in for another kiss.

Shane wants to ask more questions, wants to push a bit to try and understand Rozanov. Why didn’t he want to kiss Shane earlier? Why did he try and push him away even though he clearly wanted to fuck Shane? Why was it that the second Shane mentioned Ilya going back to Russia he was pretty much kicked out?

Most importantly, if they both consider each other ‘more,’ what does that even mean? Does that change anything?

But Shane just kisses Ilya over and over again, trying to get his fill because deep down he knows that their confessions can’t change anything right now. Ilya will still be back in Russia

for the summer. They won't see each other for a long time. They can't actually date each other. Not like normal people can.

"I want you again." Rozanov whispers, thrusting his erection into Shane's which makes them both groan.

Shane always wants Ilya. He always wants to start another round pretty much right after they're finished the first. But they've never fucked more than once in one day.

Rozanov's hands start moving to Shane's ass, cupping him firmly as he grinds their bodies together.

"You are still open for me, hm?" Ilya asks seductively, his hand rubbing Shane's hole through his dress pants. It shouldn't be as erotic as it is, but it's so damn sexy that Shane feels himself leak a little bit.

"*Fuck*. Yes. Want you, too." He moans.

"Want to kiss you as I fuck you." Rozanov says, bringing the fingers of his left hand up to Shane's mouth. He shoves his thumb past Shane's lips and into his mouth, pressing down on his tongue. It's what he did the first time they hooked up, and it still makes Shane feel a bit light headed with how turned on he is.

"Yes. *Yes*, do it."

"Get on the bed." Ilya says, just like he did a few hours ago.

Shane's face must do something weird as he remembers their first encounter today, because Rozanov suddenly adds, "I want to strip you down. Should have done that before. Want to see you, da?"

Shane nods, the idea of Ilya taking his clothes off much more appealing than what happened before. He moves quickly, unbuttoning his shirt as he sits down. Ilya is immediately next to him - not putting any distance between them like he did when he sat in a chair and watched - motioning for Shane to move his hands so Ilya can be the one to take off his shirt. And he does.

He takes off every single item of clothing Shane is wearing. As he does, he puts kisses on each new spot of exposed skin.

He leaves Shane's underwear for last, the pair that Shane had thrown at Rozanov earlier. As he pulls the fabric down, and Shane's cock springs free, Ilya takes the head into his mouth and sucks him down eagerly.

"*Fuck*, Ilya." Shane gasps, threading his fingers into the other man's hair as Ilya deepthroats him.

He's learned through their encounters that Ilya likes giving head as much as he likes receiving it from Shane. They both get off hard when it comes to oral sex, and Shane knows from experience that Ilya loves to take him apart with his mouth.

But he doesn't want that right now.

"Fuck me. Want you to fuck me." Shane whimpers, trying to pull Ilya back up to him so they can kiss. Rozanov comes easily, but he looks concerned again. There's an adorable little crease between his eyebrows as he looks down at Shane.

"You are not sore?" He asks, reaching down and rubbing gingerly around Shane's entrance. "I went...hard before." He kisses Shane as he makes circular motions with his index and middle fingers, not pressing in yet.

Shane squirms a little at the touch. He's definitely sensitive, but he wants to be filled again. There's no other feeling like it. No other man has ever fucked him before so he only associates this with Ilya. And he always wants Rozanov so fucking bad.

"Want you." He mumbles, and he absolutely hates that he's close to tears again. The desire pulsing in him is so strong, so focused on the man on top of him that it's almost too much. "I'm good. I want it."

Ilya doesn't ask him again, he just nods and reaches into the bedside table. Shane brought lube and condoms with him on the trip, despite not knowing if Ilya would have any interest in seeing him. Hell, he hadn't known when he packed them if *he'd* want to get anywhere near Rozanov after six months of one-sided silence. Ilya had everything they'd needed in his room, but Shane had left the stuff he brought in his room just in case they'd ended up here.

Despite the uncertainty leading up to today, he's glad that he brought them now. Especially as he watches Ilya get off the bed and strip himself down until he's naked again, taking himself in hand and stroking like he can't help it. His eyes never leave Shane's face.

"I think about you when I do this alone." Ilya says, breaking eye contact only so he can open and roll a condom onto his cock. He grabs the lube as he comes back to Shane, getting between his legs. Shane arches his back in anticipation, and at Ilya's confession.

"Me too." He admits, because it's the truth. He pretty much only thinks about Ilya when he's getting himself off.

Ilya kisses him as he gets his fingers wet with lube. He's great at multitasking, Shane thinks stupidly, opening his legs wider. He puts his hands on Ilya's shoulders as Rozanov starts fingering him.

It feels good, obviously, but it's not what Shane needs. "I don't need -"

"I check is not too much." Ilya interrupts, suddenly shoving in two more fingers so Shane is stretched wide.

"Oh fuck," Shane yells, feeling overwhelmed as Ilya keeps his three fingers pressed against Shane's prostate. His cock twitches between them, weeping steadily.

"Is okay?" Ilya asks, grinding against Shane. They're both worked up despite already getting off tonight.

“Yes. Get in me, Ilya.” Shane demands, leaning up for a kiss as Ilya pulls his fingers out and lines himself up. He presses in fast, apparently confident now that Shane is still ready for him.

They groan in unison as Ilya starts pumping into him, mouths still connected. Shane notices that Ilya has him caged in between his strong arms, Ilya’s hands on either side of his face as he kisses him so eagerly it makes Shane’s toes curl. He can barely breathe, but this time it’s because Ilya won’t let him breathe without it being directly into his mouth.

Shane came hard earlier tonight, but he already feels close again. He had stroked himself off before as Ilya had pounded him, but he doesn’t think he’s going to need any help this time.

“Rozanov, *fuck*.” He gasps, tugging on Ilya’s hair so he’ll move his head back enough that Shane can get at his gorgeous throat.

“No, do not call me this.” Ilya tuts at him, thrusting harder as a sort of admonishment for using his last name. “Skazhi moye imya. Say my *name*.”

“*Ilya*.” Shane shouts. “I’m so close.”

Ilya groans as he takes Shane’s mouth again, kissing and kissing and *kissing* him until Shane’s coming hard between them completely untouched.

“Yes, Shane. *Yes*.” Ilya whimpers, slamming into Shane a few more times before he’s coming too. Shane runs a hand through Rozanov’s sweaty curls, grinding his hips up so they’re as close as possible - wishing he could feel it.

He’s wanted Ilya to fuck him bare for a while now, even though he knows that can’t happen.

They continue to kiss as they come down from their highs, clinging to each other like neither of them want to let go. Shane certainly doesn’t. But he knows it’s inevitable.

“Shower with me? We are a mess.” Ilya eventually asks, pulling out with a wince. “I am sore one, now.”

Shane can’t help but laugh. “I was never sore.”

“No?” Ilya asks, pulling Shane to his feet as he walks to the bathroom. “Not even now? I fuck you again no problems?”

Shane’s smiling at him too fondly to answer. He lets Ilya turn the water on and nudge him inside the bathtub, putting his head under the warm spray. It feels fantastic on his aching muscles and on his puffy face. God, he probably looks awful after all that crying.

“I wash your hair, yes?” Ilya asks from behind him, already lathering the shampoo in his hands. Shane nods and then groans a bit when Ilya rubs it into his scalp.

Ilya takes his time washing Shane. They kiss a little bit too, but they don’t talk. When Shane tries to reciprocate and maybe wash Ilya too - he’s not entirely sure how this works

considering he's never showered with someone before - Ilya just shakes his head and kisses Shane's temple.

Ilya's full attention is on him, and he thinks it's probably meant to be soothing. Maybe an apology? As if that fuck wasn't an apology all on its own.

But Ilya really doesn't need to apologize for anything. He doesn't owe Shane anything. Shane chose to be part of what they'd made their relationship, including tonight too. He'd consented to what they'd done, even if he'd wanted more.

Shane doesn't realize his eyes are closed until he hears the shower turn off. When he opens them again, Ilya is smiling at him.

"Time for bed?"

Shane nods, even though his stomach drops at the idea of Ilya leaving. But of course he has to. It would be too risky if he stayed.

Ilya lets Shane dry himself off as they stand close together in the humid room. The mirror is all foggy and Shane is grateful because he doesn't want to see himself right now.

As they get back into the main room and Ilya silently starts getting dressed again, Shane doesn't understand why it feels like the world is ending a little bit. He's gotten more from Ilya tonight than ever before. The intimacy of what they just did is still making Shane feel fluttery and *good*. Their confessions. The first names.

But it still doesn't change anything. Ilya still has to go right now whether Shane calls him 'Ilya' or 'Rozanov.'

Shane grabs clean underwear and a t-shirt from his suitcase and puts them on, telling himself to calm the fuck down. He's taking a deep breath with his back turned to Ilya when he feels a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"I stay for a little while, yes?" He asks Shane, and the question makes Shane whirl around in surprise.

"You want to stay?" He asks, sounding desperate and stupid. He mentally chastizes himself.

Ilya looks at him for a few long seconds before he tugs Shane closer to him. Shane tilts his head up a little, their chins bumping, as Ilya lightly caresses his cheek.

"I would stay all night if I could." Ilya whispers, almost sounding embarrassed but he keeps going. "I - I am always feeling like this with you. From first time. I do not understand it, but it is truth."

The words ruin Shane. He can't help but lean in and kiss Ilya again, always so greedy for his mouth. They kiss softly for a few minutes before Ilya gets them into bed and under the covers.

Shane lets himself have one more kiss before he settles with his head on Ilya's chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heart. He's exhausted and he knows he's going to be asleep in less than five minutes, but he tries to fight it as Ilya turns the light off.

"Message me while you're in Russia?" He asks, hearing the tiredness in his own voice.

Ilya's arms hold him even closer as he says simply, "Da."

Shane is asleep a minute later. When he wakes up, morning light is streaming in through his window and Ilya is gone.

**

Later that day, as Shane is waiting to board his flight, he suddenly thinks of something he didn't last night. He pulls out his phone and finds 'Lily.'

Jane: How did you know which room was mine?

Lily: Good afternoon to you too, Jane

Jane: How??

Lily: I have my ways

Jane: ???

Lily: I may have asked favour of front desk

Jane: What??

Lily: I gave autograph for information. Is fine

Jane: It's not fine

Lily: Have good flight. I will miss you

Shane can't help but smile like an absolute doofus at his phone.

Jane: I'll miss you, too.

Lily: xo

End Notes

Comments/feedback welcome and appreciated. :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!