

like a dog with a bird at your door

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75802626) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75802626>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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:	Panic Attacks , Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Light Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-15 Words: 1,228 Chapters: 1/1

like a dog with a bird at your door

by [flowerylanguage](#)

Summary

Shane leans his head against the elevator wall, wanting nothing more than to cry. His eyes are red rimmed, he knows, and the pressure behind them is building.

They didn't even kiss.

He just has to wait until he's back in his hotel room. Then he can turn on the waterworks, maybe turn on a bath and sink beneath the surface so he can't feel the hot tears slipping from his eyes.

The elevator dings at his floor. He reaches in his pocket for his keycard, but doesn't find it. He searches his other pocket, then the pockets of his jacket. Nothing.

Or,

Post episode two, Shane loses his key and has to go back up to Ilya's room. And has a panic attack about it.

Notes

my first heated rivalry fic! so obsessed with this show

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

Shane leans his head against the elevator wall, wanting nothing more than to cry. His eyes are red rimmed, he knows, and the pressure behind them is building.

They didn't even kiss.

He just has to wait until he's back in his hotel room. Then he can turn on the waterworks, maybe turn on a bath and sink beneath the surface so he can't feel the hot tears slipping from his eyes.

The elevator dings at his floor. He reaches in his pocket for his keycard, but doesn't find it. He searches his other pocket, then the pockets of his jacket. Nothing.

Fuck.

He'd stopped at his room before heading up to Rozanov's, so it has to be there.

Shane can't handle it. Tears leak from his eyes before he can stop them. His only consolation is that it's late enough that the hallway is empty and silent.

He could go bang on his parent's door, but then he'd have to explain what he'd been doing, and how he lost his key. Besides, they only have the one bed, and he's not exactly small enough to sleep curled up between them like he used to as a kid.

Trying to control his breathing, Shane tries to think of another solution. He could go down to the front desk and ask them for another key, but it's past 2AM and he's pretty sure the desk closes sometime after midnight.

Fuck.

As much as he doesn't want to go up there with a tearstained face, Shane doesn't see another option.

He wipes his face hastily with the rough cuff of his shirt and turns around, back to the elevators. He presses the up button and waits. The doors open and a couple, clearly drunk, gets out. Shane pretends to scratch at his face, hoping they don't notice him. He steps into the elevator and presses the floor for the penthouses.

It's not too long of a journey up, but Shane agonizes over his decision the whole ride. Rozanov already seemed annoyed at him when he left. Suddenly, a great gasping sob wrenches itself from his chest, and all he wants to do is sink to the floor. What if Rozanov doesn't let him in? Or, worse, what if he closes the door in Shane's face? What a funny joke that would be, letting your rival tough it out on the floor outside your room for the night.

The elevator doors open and Shane stumbles out, searching through blurry eyes for the door to Penthouse 1. He tries the door. It's locked. He knocks, softly at first but louder when Rozanov doesn't respond.

Finally, Rozanov opens the door, looking exasperated, just in sweatpants. “What, what is it?” His expression changes to confusion. “Hollander?”

Shane says, through choking sobs, “My key, I must have left my key in here, it must have fallen out of my pocket—” *While I was folding my stupid pants*, he wants to finish, but a hiccup wracks his body and he doubles over, gasping.

Rozanov ushers him inside, clearly concerned. He deposits him on the couch and disappears, returning with a glass of water. “Hollander, you are having panic attack.”

Shane remembers the first time Rozanov said that. “Fuck off,” he grits out, not willing to put up with any of his bullshit right now.

Rozanov puts his hand on Shane’s chin and turns his face toward him. “I am not joking. You are having panic attack right now. You need to calm down, control your breathing. Breathe with me, yes? One, two—”

“I just need to find my key,” Shane cuts him off, pulling himself from Rozanov’s grip and standing. “Then I’ll be out of your hair.”

“Fine, fine!” Rozanov says, standing as he pushes Shane back down onto the couch. “I will look. You drink water,” he says, pointing at the glass on the coffee table.

Shane takes the glass with shaky hands and sips at it between panting breaths. Rozanov walks around the couch and checks under it. “I do not see it,” he announces.

Placing the glass back down before burying his head in his hands, Shane says, “Fuck.”

“Is okay, Hollander, can ask for new key at desk.” Rozanov sounds sort of desperate, like he’s anxious to get rid of Shane. Maybe he has a girl coming over.

“They’re closed, I can’t until the morning.” Shane stands again. “I’ll go bang on my parent’s door, I guess.”

“No. Cannot go out like this,” Rozanov says firmly.

Shane tries to scoff, but it gets buried under a sob. “Why, worried that I’ll embarrass the whole MLH?”

Rozanov sighs, shoving his hands in his pockets. “Worried that you’re having panic attack in the middle of the night, yes. I do not care about the MLH right now.”

Taken aback by that statement, Shane says, “Well, what do you want to me do, then?”

“Stay.” Rozanov steps closer. “Here. Get key in the morning. Sleep here tonight.”

“With you?” The tightness in his chest is beginning to subside at the thought of a solution.

“If you want to sleep on couch, sleep on couch. But yes, with me.”

His breath is still coming in pants, but the tears are no longer flowing quite so freely. Even so, he has to be sure. “I’m not... putting you out or anything?”

“Putting... out?” Rozanov asks.

“Like, if you have someone else coming up, or whatever.” Shane knows Rozanov gets around, has a carousel of girls he takes out.

But Rozanov just laughs. “How many times you think I can fuck in one night, Hollander? You wear me out.”

At least there’s that. “Well, thank you. I—” He looks around. “Is there a blanket, or something I could borrow?”

“For what?” Rozanov looks confused.

“For the couch.”

“For— Hollander, your cock has been in my mouth. We cannot share a bed? Is big bed, even.” Rozanov raises an eyebrow. “You are calm now? Good, can sleep.”

“I— yeah.” Shane’s breathing has evened out, but he wants to wash his face and maybe even shower.

“Good,” Rozanov repeats, then turns and walks toward the bedroom. Shane follows, helplessly. “Extra toothbrush in bathroom. Go crazy.”

Shane takes a short shower in the bathroom before brushing his teeth. He’s expecting Rozanov to already be asleep when he gets out, but he’s still awake, scrolling on his phone.

“I’m very popular on Twitter. People love me, they hate me. Whatever.” He puts his phone down and beckons Shane over, folding the blanket back. Shane sets his neatly folded suit down on the chair Rozanov had dragged in earlier before climbing in bed.

He’s expecting a cold “Goodnight, Hollander,” and for them to stay to their separate sides, but Rozanov slides a hand over his waist as soon as Shane turns to face the windows.

“What it is called in English?” Rozanov asks. “Cuddle? Is good for you.”

“Cuddling, yeah,” Shane says, bewildered. This is not how he expected his night would end, cuddling in the room he had been unceremoniously kicked out of less than an hour earlier.

“Shh, Hollander, you are thinking so hard. Sleep.” Rozanov fakes a snore. “Will not be hard for me, you are so boring, put anyone to sleep.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says, without any heat behind it.

It’s not hard for Shane to fall asleep, either.

End Notes

find me on [tumblr](#)

leave a comment if you feel so inclined :)

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