Sleepover

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/90261056.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Alexei Rozanov | Andrei Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Childhood Friends, Alternate Universe - Teenagers, Hurt/Comfort, Cuddling & Snuggling, Dysfunctional Family, Physical Abuse, Homophobia, Homophobic Language
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-08-10 Words: 1,834 Chapters: 1/1

Sleepover

by stargirl321

Summary

“I like how long your hair is getting. You look pretty,” Shane’s blush intensified.

“Fuck off,” he scoffed, although there was no mockery in Ilya’s voice, only genuine affection. This was the voice only reserved for Shane, usually when they were in the dark, able to tell themselves that they were the only two people in the world.

Another snarky comment died on Shane’s tongue as Ilya moved his hand, brushing Shane’s freckles with his thumb. Slowly, Shane’s eyelids fluttered closed, letting himself focus on nothing but the gentle touch of Ilya’s fingers on his face.

Suddenly the touch on his skin vanished, but it was quickly replaced by Ilya’s thumb rubbing against Shane’s bottom lip. He opened his eyes to find Ilya staring down at his mouth, and he couldn’t help his own gaze from wandering down, fixating on Ilya’s lips.

or: Alexei is an asshole and Shane is Ilya's safe space

There was a rerun of some hockey game still playing on the tv, but the school day had exhausted the boys so much they had dozed off during second intermission.

They had been sitting next to one another, Ilya's legs stretched out in front of him, feet sitting on the coffee table. Somehow in their sleep they had rolled closer to one another. Shane had landed with his head rested between Ilya's shoulder and chest, while Ilya's arm had snaked itself around Shane, hand rest on his head.

It was the sounds of fast and angry Russian that shook them both out of their slumber. Alexei was standing in front of the coffee table, his face contorted in disgust as he continued to shout words that Shane couldn't understand. Ilya had jerked away, basically shoving Shane off of him, and started rapidly replying, his face pale. Shane managed to capture a few words, "Pedik" spit from Alexei's mouth, "luchshiye druz'ya", Ilya seemed to plead back. Alexei had started shouting something else when he seemed to notice that Shane was still sitting there, fearfully watching the exchange between brothers.

"I think it's time for you to go," Alexei said coldly. Shane stood up and rushed past the large man, sparing a glance back at Ilya who was adamantly not meeting Shane's eye. As Shane closed the front door to Ilya's house he could still hear Alexei shouting.

Shane had texted Ilya an hour later, checking if he was okay, but he got no reply. Throughout the night he continuously checked his phone, waiting to see Ilya's name pop up, but there was radio silence. He tried to brush it off, figured Ilya needed time to deal with the nightmare that was his brother. Shane was sure he'd be okay at school tomorrow.

By lunch the next day, Ilya still hadn't shown up to school or answered any of Shane's texts that had gotten more frantic by the hour. Shane barely listened to any of his teachers throughout the day, constantly checking his phone and staring at the classroom door. He was waiting for Ilya to walk in, slide in the seat behind him, and whisper some asshole remark in his ear.

After school, Shane debated going to Ilya's house, but he feared that Alexei would be home and not happy to see him. Instead he once again spent the night desperately looking at his phone, willing a text from Ilya to come through. His parents asked him several times during dinner if he was okay, but he just shrugged them off and offered some excuse about his classes stressing him out.

A few hours later Shane lay in his bed, attempting to read, when he finally heard his phone ping.

"Open your window", Ilya had sent.

Quickly Shane scrambled to the window and looked out to see Ilya crouched on the roof. He opened the window and gestured Ilya to hurry inside.

"What the fuck are you doing? You know we have a front door, right?"

“Oh come on, you know you love when I come through your window,” Ilya smirked as he climbed in, “It makes you feel like you’re breaking the rules.”

Shane rolled his eyes, refusing to deny his friend’s statement. As Ilya stood up Shane noticed the distant look in his eye, a look that Ilya was trying to mask with his cheeky grin.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked softly.

Ilya shrugged, “I’m fine, just didn’t feel like dealing with school today.” He walked past Shane and crossed to the other side of the bed. “I’m sleeping here, Alexei and his friends are high and refuse to let me sleep.” He kicked off his shoes and lifted the covers before crawling in.

Shane sighed in mock annoyance, although he was mostly just relieved Ilya was here and okay, and that Shane could make sure he stayed that way. He grabbed his pillow off the bed and tossed it on the ground before grabbing a blanket from the bottom of his bed.

“What are you doing?” Ilya raised his head, “Come here,” Ilya leaned over and pulled back the covers on Shane’s side of the bed.

“We’re not little kids anymore Ilya,” Shane argued, although he offered no other objections as he returned his pillow to his bed and laid down. He turned on his side so he and Ilya were facing one another.

“What happened with Alexei yesterday?” Shane asked gently, not wanting to push Ilya too far.

Ilya shook his head, “Nothing, he’s just an asshole,” his voice was calm but Shane could hear the anger and bitterness that coated the words. Shane knew that Ilya’s relationship with his brother was fraught, it had been that way since they were kids, Alexei belittling Ilya in an effort to hide the resentment that Ilya was their father’s favorite. Not that that benefitted Ilya much. Now that they were older, Alexei was out of the house more and more, but when he came around his presence was a weight that dragged Ilya down somewhere that Shane struggled to pull him out of.

Shane opened his mouth but before he could ask anything else he yelped, feeling Ilya’s cold foot against his leg.

“Fuck off! Your feet are freezing,” Shane complained, although he didn’t push Ilya off. Instead he moved his other leg so it was wrapped around Ilya, their limbs tangling together.

“Is your skin always this warm or only around me?” Ilya raised his eyebrows, a mischievous smirk on his lips.

Shane rolled closer to shove his shoulder, “You’re an asshole, you know that?”

Ilya’s face fell slightly, a sad softness settling there, “Yes, I know,” his mouth curled up, “You like it though.”

Shane rolled his eyes again, still not objecting to his friend's words. They lay there for a while, neither speaking, just the sound of their breathing filling the quiet night. They were almost close enough for Shane to feel Ilya's breath on his skin. Shane could feel a blush spreading across his face, one that he knew Ilya clocked, but luckily said nothing about. Instead Ilya raised his hand and twirled his finger around a strand of Shane's hair.

"I like how long your hair is getting. You look pretty," Shane's blush intensified.

"Fuck off," he scoffed, although there was no mockery in Ilya's voice, only genuine affection. This was the voice only reserved for Shane, usually when they were in the dark, able to tell themselves that they were the only two people in the world.

Another snarky comment died on Shane's tongue as Ilya moved his hand, brushing Shane's freckles with his thumb. Slowly, Shane's eyelids fluttered closed, letting himself focus on nothing but the gentle touch of Ilya's fingers on his face.

Suddenly the touch on his skin vanished, but it was quickly replaced by Ilya's thumb rubbing against Shane's bottom lip. He opened his eyes to find Ilya staring down at his mouth, and he couldn't help his own gaze from wandering down, fixating on Ilya's lips.

As Ilya's brushed his thumb against the corner of Shane's mouth, Shane opened his lips and pulled Ilya's finger onto his tongue. He closed his eyes again and sucked deep, drawing his thumb deep into his mouth. They lay like that for a moment, Shane sucking on Ilya's finger, small sounds crawling out of his throat, noises somewhere between a whimper and a whine.

Slowly, Ilya pulled his thumb out and rested his hand on Shane's hip. Shane opened his eyes again and met Ilya's gaze, a look of hesitation and desire resting there. Shane lifted his own hand to rest on Ilya's face. He stretched his fingers, letting them bury themselves within Ilya's soft curls.

Ilya's used the hand on Shane's hip to pull him closer, their bodies curling into one another now. Ilya moved his head forward on the pillow, so that his lips sat right in front of Shane's, a vulnerable offering that neither boy fully knew what to do with.

But the usually anxieties swimming in Shane's head had quieted, now there was nothing but him and Ilya, here in his room, in this bed. Without any hesitation Shane moved his face forward, pressing his lips against Ilya's.

At first, it was a gentle kiss, both boys testing the waters, but they quickly melted into it. Shane opened his lips so Ilya's tongue could snake in, licking at the seams of Shane's mouth. A moan escaped Shane as he pushed his hand further back into Ilya's hair, clutching the curls between his fingers, holding on tight as if Ilya would disappear if he let go.

Ilya pulled Shane even deeper into his body, wrapping his arms around him and letting a guttural noise rise from his stomach. As the kiss deepened, their hands started travelling, both boys trying to grab as much of each other as they could. Ilya's hands travelled to Shane's ass, pulling his leg even further atop of him. He smiled into Shane's mouth and gave a small bite to his lower lip. Shane responded with a small growl, although his lips were curved up as well.

Shane moved his hands down from Ilya's head and landed on his waist. He slowly pulled his body further atop of Ilya's when Ilya pulled back and winced.

"Are you okay?" Shane asked nervously as he pushed himself up.

Ilya grimaced, "I'm fine." But he avoided meeting Shane's eye.

Slowly Shane pulled back the covers and held the bottom of Ilya's shirt. After Ilya offered no resistance, Shane lifted up the fabric to see a large bruise blooming on Ilya's ribs.

Shane looked up but Ilya still had his head turned down, "Was it Alexei?" He asked quietly.

"It's nothing," Ilya shook his head. Shane put his shirt down and wrapped his fingers around Ilya's chin, lifting his head so their eyes met. The distance in Ilya's eyes was back, and a look that only Shane knew was a look of guilt. A sense of shame that Shane knew only Ilya's family could plant there.

He opened his mouth, but then knew that there were no words he could offer that would protect Ilya from his brother. Instead he leaned back down and placed a gentle kiss against Ilya's lips. He nudged Ilya to turn over, making sure to avoid putting weight on his ribs. He wrapped his arms around Ilya's stomach and pulled him close once again. With Ilya's back flushed against Shane's chest, he could feel the gentle thump of Ilya's heart that moved in beat with Shane's. Slowly Ilya moved his arms, letting them rest atop of Shane's. One of his hands intertwined with Shane's and as Ilya let out a heavy breath Shane felt some weight melt out of Ilya's body.

Shane leaned forward and placed another gentle kiss on the back of Ilya's neck before they both drifted off to sleep, finally safe in one another's arms.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!