

MINE

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/67284895) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/67284895>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Married Life , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Beautiful Shane Hollander , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Only Ever You
Stats:	Published: 2025-07-08 Words: 955 Chapters: 1/1

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by [dntat](#)

Summary

Shane may be unaware of exactly how beautiful he is, but Ilya isn't.

Neither, to Ilya's frustration, is the overeager reporter who is currently interviewing his husband.

Good thing Ilya has no problem reminding everyone exactly who Shane belongs to.

Notes

Helloo! I just finished this series and of course the boys have me in a chokehold so I had to put some words together for them.

My vision of Shane's beauty is based on [this steamy artwork by the artist erlie on tumblr](#).

Sept 2025: Now with an improved ending!

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

Shane Hollander was stunningly beautiful, and Ilya Rozanov was painfully aware of it.

There were the obvious things. His dark hair. His intense eyes. His lithe yet muscular physique. *His freckles.* (Ilya could write fucking sonnets about Shane's freckles.) But his beauty went beyond the surface. It was the way his unguarded smile, when finally freed from his anxiety, could light up an entire room. It was the way he gave the entirety of his focus to whatever he was working on. It was the way he moved, all easy confidence and grace, unaware of how people were staring at him.

Wanting him.

But Ilya knew.

And right now, some asshole reporter in was looking at Shane like he wanted to peel him right out of his clothes and devour him.

Ilya was across the room, leaning against the hotel's bar while he nursed his beer. The reporter (What was his name? Daniels? No, David.) had been circling in on Shane for weeks now, ever since the season had started. His crush was obvious to everyone except Shane, it seemed. Even Troy had shot a raised-eyebrow look at Ilya during the last team press conference, after David had asked Shane a particularly simpering question.

And now, here David was, leaning across the table like Shane wasn't wearing a fucking wedding ring. Like he wasn't *Ilya fucking Rozanov's husband*.

Shane, of course, was oblivious. He was nodding along to whatever David was saying, his expression open and friendly, completely unaware of the way the man's gaze kept raking across him.

Ilya's grip tightened on his glass.

Shane was too trusting, too *good* to assume someone would disrespect him like this. But Ilya knew a ring on Shane's finger wouldn't stop everyone from shooting their best shot.

Especially since Shane was even more gorgeous than usual today. His long hair was tied up, away from his face, making his angular cheekbones looked even more pronounced. He was wearing a silk shirt that clung to his shoulders and narrow waist. Ilya could see David's eyes flicking from Shane's pink lips, down his throat, to the open collar of his shirt, where, Ilya knew, it revealed the sharp line of his collarbone, the faintest hint of his toned chest.

It was beyond flirtatious. It was overly suggestive. It was practically pornographic. Ilya couldn't believe Shane had worn it to meet this *reporter*.

(It wasn't. Shane had thrown the shirt on this morning without a second thought, oblivious of the way it would tease and tempt every damn person he came across.)

David said something with a twist of his wrist and an arch of his eyebrow, making Shane laugh softly. Ilya released his glass.

Enough. He'd had enough of this. Pushing off the bar, he crossed the room in long strides.

"Moya lyubov," he murmured, sliding into the seat beside Shane, close enough that their thighs pressed together. He dropped Shane's phone on the table with a deliberate clack, which made Shane frown in irritation. He left his hand out on the table for a moment longer than was necessary, making sure his black wedding band caught the light. "You left this."

Shane patted his pockets uselessly. "Oh. Shit, thanks."

David smiled at him, but it didn't reach his eyes. "Rozanov. I'll just need a few more minutes of your patience. We're just finishing up."

Ilya draped an arm over the back of Shane's chair and tangling his fingers into the hair at the nape of his husband's neck. "No. You are finished." He turned to Shane. "We are late."

Shane shot him a look. "For what?"

"Our dinner reservations."

There was an edge in Ilya's voice that made all of Shane's attention immediately focus on him. His eyes travelled over Ilya's face. Then he exhaled, his hands down his front before standing. "Right. Uh. Okay. We're done here. David, email me if you need anything else."

David nodded stiffly. Ilya didn't miss the way the man's eyes trailed over Shane as he stood and stretched. He could see the hunger in them. The frustration.

He walked Shane out of the restaurant with a hand on the small of his back, across the hotel lobby and into the nearest stairwell before crowding him against the wall.

"You," he growled, "are trying to kill me."

Shane's breath hitched. "I was just—"

"He was undressing you with his eyes."

"He was doing his job."

Ilya scoffed, fingers tightening on Shane's hips. "You are not seeing what is right in front of you."

Shane rolled his eyes, but his lips twitched as he held back a smile. "You're overreacting."

"Am I?" Ilya leaned in, his mouth a breath from Shane's ear. "He was practically drooling on the table for you."

Shane tilted his neck to give Ilya better access "Maybe a little," he admitted.

Ilya pulled back just enough to meet his eyes. "You are mine."

Shane swallowed. "Yeah," he whispered. "Yours."

Ilya kissed him, hard and possessive. Shane immediately surrendered to it, going soft and pliable in his arms. Ilya could feel Shane's burgeoning erection beginning to grow against his thigh when the door to the stairwell opened. Shane gasped, and hid his face in Ilya's neck. Ilya looked up.

David stood there, frozen.

Ilya smirked. Good. He could see this. He slid his hand down Shane's back and grabbed his ass, pulling him even closer. He allowed his smirk to widened into a grin as the door slid shut, cutting off David's view.

That asshole reporter wouldn't be forgetting who Shane belonged to anytime soon.

Putting a finger under Shane's chin, Ilya tipped his head up so he could see his flushed, breathless husband. "Now," he said, "where were we?"

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Kudos and feedback are greatly appreciated. 💕

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