always want you

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75244546.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant, Domestic Fluff, Domestic Bliss, Both are down bad, Explicit Sexual Content, Kinda, It's in the background, Mentions Of Soulmates, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Established Relationship, Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), Anal Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-04 Words: 1,600 Chapters: 1/1

always want you

by hnjsngs

Summary

> “You’re too far,” Shane murmurs, voice still gravel-rough. It’s barely an inch of space, but it feels unbearable.
>
> Ilya’s answering laugh ghosts against Shane’s cheek. “I’m right here.”
>
> “Not close enough.” Shane’s fingers curl at the nape of his neck, tugging him down until their foreheads meet.

OR: Shane and Ilya, and domesticity.

Notes

> hi, shane and ilya currently have me by the neck... i consumed both the book + the sequel within 24 hours and my life changed... and then the tv show... well you get the gist. this is completely unedited, and i really hope i was able to capture their essence... hope you guys like it!

See the end of the work for more notes

It’s strange, coming out. Strange in the way something long-feared feels unfamiliar when it’s finally revealed. Shane knows it could have gone better, but in a way, he wouldn’t take it back. Because, it’s freeing, too.

It’s been a few months since the wedding. Shane would be lying if he said things had settled, exactly—they never really have—but in a roundabout way, they’ve become easy to deal with.

They live together now. Work on the same team. They have a dog, Anya, who’s more attached to Ilya than she’ll ever be to Shane, but still theirs.

Sometimes, Shane still catches himself drifting, halfway convinced he’s dreaming. That they’re still sneaking around, meeting in hotel rooms during play-offs, texting sparingly, never really the way he craved. Sometimes he wonders how it would feel, never knowing whether Ilya loved him. Whether Ilya *yearned* for him the same way he did.

But he knows now. He knows exactly what it feels like.

He knows how it feels to wake up to kisses pressed to the bridge of his freckles, to his eyelids, cheeks, mouth. To feel Ilya’s hands roaming over him in the early morning light, mapping the warm tan of his skin like he’s memorizing a constellation.

He knows the slow, patient drag of Ilya’s cock inside him, because there’s nothing to rush toward anymore, no hiding, no two-hour windows carved in their schedules. No wondering if they’re allowed to have each other.

They have time now.

Between games, practices and team dinners—they have all the time they need; Shane feels it every time he looks down at his hand, the slim black ring with its faint gold interior catching what little light the room offers.

He watches Ilya come, warmth spilling deep inside him, some of it slipping out, sticky and hot. Shane’s own orgasm hits him hard, his breath catching, words dissolving into choked, messy sounds as he spills onto his stomach.

“Moya lyubov,” Ilya murmurs, leaning in to kiss him; so, so tender, Shane feels the breath punching from his lungs. Shane’s lips are already swollen, his eyes unfocused, and he breathes like he’s stealing air straight from Ilya’s lungs.

Ilya gives it freely. He always does. He’d give Shane anything, as easily as Shane could lift a finger.

When Ilya pulls out, Shane hisses at the sensitivity. Ilya soothes him, whispering praise because he knows exactly how easily Shane melts at it.

And he does.

Limbs loose, face soft with the kind of pleasure that makes him boneless, as Ilya goes to fetch a warm cloth.

He comes back, lifting Shane's thighs with careful hands, cleaning him with slow, circular strokes.

Shane's breath hitches at the feeling. He's loved this for years.

The first time he mentioned it, Ilya took twenty minutes to clean him, methodical and gentle, over and over again until Shane was trembling from it.

Tonight, he does exactly the same.

"Mine," Ilya says when he's finished, voice low as he leans in to nip at Shane's collarbone, the one he broke years ago. His lips soften there, pressing a kiss that feels like an apology echoing across time. His brows knit, the memory flashing in his eyes.

Shane's pink, kiss-swollen mouth lifts into a soft smile. His voice is rough from what they just did.

"Ilya, I'm fine," he murmurs, tilting his head just enough to kiss Ilya's sweat-damp hair.

"I know, sweetheart." The word hits Shane like a pulse, blanking his mind for a second. Ilya almost never says it. Even after years, he only lets it slip in moments like this, when the love in him crests so high it spills over.

Ilya has oceans of love to give, and he pours them out in armfuls. He gives and gives and gives. And Shane tries, always, to give just as much back.

Shane reaches up, hooks an arm around Ilya's neck, and pulls him in, like he's drawing something already his back into place.

Ilya goes easily, bracing a hand beside Shane's head, the other sliding under his waist to lift him just enough that their chests press together. Shane sighs at the contact, the warmth radiating off their bodies, the weight of Ilya pressing against his.

It always settles something deep inside him. Something that runs a little too restless.

"You're too far," Shane murmurs, voice still gravel-rough. It's barely an inch of space, but it feels unbearable.

Ilya's answering laugh ghosts against Shane's cheek. "I'm right here."

"Not close enough." Shane's fingers curl at the nape of his neck, tugging him down until their foreheads meet.

Ilya's breath stutters, just a little, but Shane feels it. Ilya always gets like this when Shane asks for closeness outright; as if it's still unbelievable to him that they can have this so openly now. As if he can finally drown in it.

It punches a hole straight through his ribs, and his gaze goes soft and hungry all at once. It always does, when it comes to Shane, and Shane knows, because he's been on the receiving end of that look for over a decade.

Ilya shifts, sliding one thigh between Shane's, settling his weight slowly,until skin presses heavy against Shane's hips. Shane's breath catches, not just from the spark of arousal, though that's part of it. It's more the way Ilya touches him like it's written into him. Like he's touching something sacred.

Shane nudges their noses together. "You good?"

"More than good." Ilya cups his face, his thumb tracing the swollen edge of Shane's mouth, still damp and kiss-bitten. "I just… you make my heart hurt sometimes."

Shane huffs a quiet laugh. "Not super comforting."

"It hurts in a good way," Ilya murmurs, voice lowering into something fond. "Like there's too much of you in me. Too much love. No space left."

Shane's chest goes hot and tight all at once. He shifts under him, hands moving to grip Ilya's waist, thumbs brushing the curly trail of hair below his navel. He presses down hard, just because he can.

They're fated, in a way Shane never says out loud. Probably never will. But he feels it—threads tied between them, decades of memory and want and pain and love knotted tight. Ilya had told him from the beginning that he knew, knew from the first moment, actually, that Shane was his. That his heart recognized him instantly, and his brain only needed a second to catch up.

Shane would be lying if he said he felt the same right away. But some part of him had been caught, held fast, from that very first moment. Maybe it wasn't love at first sight, but something in him refused to let go.

Maybe his soul knew, and maybe there's truth in those stories about soulmates, two halves of one whole.

But the thing Shane holds onto most is that he chose Ilya. Chose him at the start, chose him through the mess and the mistakes, and chooses him now. Love is a decision, something he wakes up and works toward every single day.

He wants to keep Ilya happy. As long as he can. Until both of them have wrinkled skin, greying hair, and bones that ache and pop at every step.

"You don't need to make space," Shane says, half bitchy and half sincere. He doesn't like when Ilya has to share him. And Ilya doesn't either.

Ilya exhales shakily. He shifts, just enough to look at Shane, eyes half-lidded, curls flopped messily over his forehead, expression soft in a way he'd never let anyone else see.

"You're staring," Shane murmurs, voice threaded with unbearable amounts of fondness.

“You’re pretty,” Ilya replies immediately, like the thought was sitting on his tongue the whole time. His accent thickens when he’s tired, warm and lazy. “I like to look.”

Shane huffs a laugh. “I look like someone who just got railed into a mattress.”

“Yes,” Ilya says, completely serious. “Very pretty.”

Shane groans into his shoulder. “Fuck you.”

But Ilya only smiles, slow and pleased, and tucks his nose back into Shane’s neck. Shane feels the way he exhales there, and then bites down.

Shane slaps at his shoulder. “Hey, behave.”

“M’behaved.” Ilya kisses the corner of his mouth, smug. “Mostly.”

“Mostly,” Shane repeats, pretending to scoff. But his fingers curl in the back of Ilya’s hair, pulling him down for another quick kiss. “You’re the worst.”

“You love me.”

“Unfortunately.”

Ilya bites gently at his jaw for that, making Shane yelp, and then softly laugh. Shane moves next, placing a small kiss to the corner of Ilya’s mouth. Then another, to the curve of his jaw. Then lower, to his throat, tasting the faint salt of sweat.

Ilya shivers, hands gliding over Shane’s ribs. “You’re going to kill me.”

“Wouldn’t dare,” Shane murmurs against his skin, letting his lips drag lazily. “Who’d walk Anya?”

Ilya laughs before tilting Shane’s mouth up for a real kiss. His tongue sweeps gently across Shane’s lips, dipping in with such tenderness that it aches.

Shane answers with equal softness until their breaths mingle, warm skin sliding against warm skin. When Ilya finally pulls back, he presses another kiss to Shane’s cheek, right under the scatter of freckles.

“I love you,” he says.

Shane’s eyes flutter shut. The words land deep, stitching themselves in every corner of his heart. “I know,” he whispers, fingers threading through Ilya’s golden curls. “I love you too.”

Ilya hums, and nestles into the crook of Shane’s neck.

Shane wraps his arms around him and holds him there.

End Notes

and we're now at the end... created a twt account if anyone would like to be friends... need to yap... please let me know if you liked this!

twitter!

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