escape the cold

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75734291.

Rating:	Explicit
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:	Post-Canon, vacay smut, Smut, Fluff and Smut, escape to somewhere warm on a break, taking advantage of a lil longer break between games, boys in luv, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, they're so fucking in luv
Language:	English
Collections:	12 days of ...
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 1,620 Chapters: 1/1

escape the cold

by mae, onthewaytosomewhere (mae)

Summary

Florida felt illicit.

Their hotel had been on the beach, steps from the sand. Hallways had smelled of sunscreen and salt water. The view from their balcony had been sky and ocean, shades of the same blue. Everything had glistened. Everything had pulsed.

Ilya had worn the skimpiest pair of swim trunks Shane had ever seen in his life. Neon blue, nearly nonexistent, low on Ilya's hips, so Shane had spent at least five minutes every hour blinking back the shock.

He had tried to read by the pool—he really had. He'd stretched out on a lounge chair, book on his chest, sunglasses on, telling himself he was being relaxed. He'd even gotten in two whole pages before the sun had vanished.

"You are ignoring me," Ilya had announced.

Then he'd climbed right into Shane's lap. Not beside him. Not over him. Straddling him. Shane's book had sailed off his stomach and onto the pool deck. He'd reached toward it reflexively but halted when Ilya cupped his face, and his thumbs rubbed the edges of Shane's sunglasses.

or
hollanov take a lil pre-holiday break in the sun

Notes

FOR THE 12 DAYS OF EVENT — DAY 9 — WINTER IN THE SAND

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane almost couldn't believe they got away with it.

They'd won that Thursday night in Chicago. Flown home with the team. Then disappeared. No one had formally asked where they were going, or what their plans were for the days off, so neither of them had actually lied. They had just woken up before dawn and shoved their bags in the car. Flown south until winter was left behind and palm trees took its place upon landing.

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"I'm literally right here," Shane had tried, but it had come out grotesquely halting.

Ilya had tilted his head. His smile was already smug. "Yet you ignore me."

"I was reading."

“A tragic choice.”

Shane had laughed, helpless, and set his hands on the backs of Ilya’s thighs. His fingers had trailed slowly, reverently, over the smooth heat of Ilya’s skin. He’d felt muscle shift and tense beneath his palm, felt Ilya shudder.

“That better?” Shane had murmured.

Ilya had lowered himself just enough that their noses had touched. “Closer.”

They had kissed right there, slow and sun-warmed, until the rest of the world simply fell away—chlorine scent of the pool, the muted splashing, the buzz of vacation conversations. The only taste in Shane’s mouth was salt and ginger ale—because, of course, Ilya had stolen his drink earlier.

Later, just before sunset, they had walked the shoreline. Ilya had trudged through the wet sand barefoot, water curling around his ankles, waves flecked with orange. He’d found shells, declared them all treasures, and promptly forgot them. Shane had watched the light move across Ilya’s shoulders, down the long slope of his spine.

They’d chosen a beachfront restaurant strung with warm lights. The music had drifted from inside—soft, twangy guitar. They’d ordered grilled fish and tropical drinks and eaten like it was summer, even though back home they were probably receiving wind chill advisories.

Shane had not been able to stop touching him. A thumb had brushed Ilya’s wrist. His knee had bumped Ilya’s under the table. Fingers had traced along Ilya’s palm underneath the menu.

Ilya had stared at him like he was something precious.

Back at the hotel, they had left the balcony door open. Moonlight had stretched across the sheets, soft and silver; curtains had breathed in with each ocean gust, like the room itself was inhaling. The bed had smelled faintly of sun on cotton, faintly of skin still warm from the afternoon.

They had undressed slow and lazy, kissing between each piece of clothing—Shane pulling Ilya’s shirt over his head, Ilya tugging Shane’s shorts down just because he could. A laugh had been trapped between them, buried in their kisses, vanishing on their tongues.

Then Ilya had climbed into Shane’s lap, straddling him the same way he had by the pool earlier, thighs warm and loose around Shane’s hips.

“Stay like that,” Shane had murmured, voice scraped low.

Ilya had nodded, eyes half-lidded, lips flushed from kissing.

Shane had slid his palms up along Ilya’s thighs—slow, reverent—and fished blindly for the bottle of lube left on the bedside table. Ilya had kissed him again, slow and hot, then lowered his forehead against Shane’s as Shane slicked his fingers.

“You want me to open you like this?” Shane had asked quietly.

Ilya's breath had hitched. "Yes," he'd answered, soft but sure.

Shane had cupped Ilya's jaw with one hand, holding his face close, while the other hand had slid down between their bodies. Ilya had shifted, knees loosening at Shane's hips, body offering itself without prompting.

Shane had found him by feel—slick fingers trailing over the heat of him, teasing light at first down his perineum, coaxing his body to relax. Ilya had let out a breath against Shane's mouth, hips rolling forward with more instinct than thought.

"That's it," Shane had whispered.

He'd eased a finger in.

Ilya's forehead had pressed harder against Shane's, breath catching, chest rising fast and uneven. His thighs had tightened, but not from resistance—from sensation.

"Good?" Shane had murmured.

Ilya's response had come out on a broken exhale. "More."

Shane had kissed him at that—slow, thorough—and worked his finger gently, letting Ilya open around him. He'd rubbed his thumb over Ilya's hip, grounding him, coaxing him into each stretch.

"Give me another," Ilya had whispered against his mouth.

Shane had slid in a second finger. Ilya had shuddered—whole-body, uncontrollable—and bitten down lightly at Shane's lip, breath shaking through his teeth.

Shane had curled his fingers, prodding at the spot he knew made Ilya melt the occasional times they did this.

"Oh—" Ilya had gasped, hips jerking down, chasing it.

His hands had tightened around Shane's shoulders; his body had folded closer, chest pressed firm to Shane's, mouth moving along his cheek.

"You're perfect like this," Shane had whispered, kissing just below Ilya's ear.

Ilya had trembled, thighs shaking around him. His voice had been no more than breath. "Don't stop."

Shane hadn't. He'd slid in a third finger and moved slow and purposeful, until Ilya had opened completely—hips loose, breaths deepening, body giving without reservation. Then he'd added a third finger. Ilya had inhaled sharply, face mashed into Shane's neck, sound muffled but bright.

"You're doing so good for me," Shane had whispered, kissing along his temple.

Ilya's voice had been broken when he'd lifted his head. "Shane—please—"

Shane had withdrawn slowly, making sure every part of him remained open. Then Ilya had reached between them, wrapped his hand around Shane, guided him beneath himself with trembling steadiness.

"You ready?" Shane had murmured.

"Yes," Ilya had said, voice fracturing down the middle.

Still straddling him, Ilya had sank down—slow, controlled—inches at a time. His breathing had splintered, eyes fluttering closed, and Shane's hands had gripped his hips instinctively, steadying, holding, anchoring.

"That's it," Shane had whispered, voice scarcely there.

When Ilya had settled full, seated deep and shaking, they had remained still—just breathing, close, foreheads together again. Ilya had cracked his eyes. They had been dark, undone, reverent. "Look at me," he had whispered.

Shane had looked. And Ilya had begun to move—slow at first, controlled, rolling his hips in a motion that was nothing short of claiming. Each drag, each sink, each lift sent heat dragging through both their bodies.

Shane's fingers had dug into his waist, not to guide, just to hold on.

"You feel—" Shane had started, but his voice had shattered on the word.

Ilya had kissed him, long and deep, moving through it, into it, taking Shane with every shift. Heat had pooled thick and heavy; sweat had dampened their skin; the wind had cooled every exposed inch of them; the ocean had murmured its constant hush beneath it all.

Then, it had come through Shane, too unbridled to contain. "I love you," he had said, low and ragged and real.

Ilya had stilled, whole-bodied stillness, eyes held on his. Something in him had cracked open—visible in the softness, in the relief, in the knowing. He had leaned down, lips brushing Shane's. Not dramatic. Not trembling. Certain. Ilya had stilled—not entirely, just enough that Shane had felt the certainty of it. Ilya had blinked down at him, eyes gentled by moonlight and sea-soft air. One hand had slid up, cupping Shane's jaw, thumb brushing the edge of his cheek like he was memorizing him.

Then, quiet but unwavering, he had whispered it back. "I love you."

No performance. No dramatics. Just truth.

It had landed in Shane like a steady flame—one that didn't burn, only warmed, spread, and settled.

And then Ilya had moved again—slow, deep, with purpose—and Shane had lifted his hips to meet him, hands gripping, breath splintering, everything inside of him opening in the space where love and want folded into the same shape. He had let himself be undone in the hands of someone who already knew exactly how to hold him together.

Outside, waves had kept coming, soft and regular. Inside, so had Shane—pulled deep, held there. Loved there.

Afterward, Ilya had stretched half on top of him, cheek resting against Shane's heart. Shane had slid a hand through Ilya's hair, slow and absent, while outside the ocean kept moving—persistent, unhurried.

Salt had clung to their skin. Sand had lain forgotten at their feet. They had fallen asleep with the breeze drifting over them, sheets cool again beneath their backs.

Florida had felt stolen. Borrowed.

But Ilya, curled against him, had felt indelible—something that would follow them home, into colder days, games under winter stadium lights, and the long season ahead.

End Notes

gotta luv a sexy getaway
and who can blame them for wanting to escape the cold lolz

hope ya enjoyed! thanks for reading
kudos and comments feed a soul

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