

## Safe Enough to Sink

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| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander &amp; Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Subdrop</a> , <a href="#">Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Sub Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">Sleepy Cuddles</a> , <a href="#">Bathing/Washing</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-15 Words: 1,380 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

# Safe Enough to Sink

by [hollzy81](#)

## Summary

Post-sex, Shane wakes up nonverbal and floaty in Ilya's arms at the cottage.

## Notes

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

Shane woke wrapped in warmth.

Real warmth. Solid and steady. He was lying on his side in the crook of Ilya's neck, his front pressed fully into Ilya's bare chest, tucked close and held on all sides. Ilya's arms were wrapped around him, one forearm secure across Shane's back, the other hand splayed flat between his shoulder blades, warm and grounding. Skin to skin. No space. No distance.

Shane did not move.

His body felt heavy and loose at the same time, as if gravity had softened. Subspace still held him, thick and gentle, smoothing the edges of thought and sensation until everything felt distant and close all at once.

He breathed in.

Ilya.

Clean sweat, soap, pine from the trees outside the cottage, lake water drifting in through the open window. Shane's cheek rested against Ilya's collarbone, curls brushing his throat. Ilya's breathing was slow and deep, his chest rising and falling beneath Shane's weight in a rhythm that felt safe enough to sink into.

A thumb moved slowly along Shane's spine, tracing a steady, repetitive path from his shoulder to the small of his back and up again.

Shane blinked.

Light filtered through the curtains, pale and late afternoon soft. The room came back in fragments. Wooden beams overhead. The familiar dresser. The quiet hush of water outside, lapping against the shore.

He tried to speak.

His mouth opened, but nothing came out. The effort felt enormous, like pushing sound through thick air. His throat was tight, words far away, language something theoretical rather than usable.

"That's okay," Ilya murmured immediately, his voice low against Shane's hair. He must have felt the change in Shane's breathing. "You don't have to talk, moyo solnyshko."

The Russian settled warm and heavy in Shane's chest.

Ilya's arms tightened just a little, drawing Shane closer until there was nowhere else for him to go. His bare chest pressed firmly against Shane's front, steady and sure.

"I've got you," Ilya said softly. "Lyubimyy."

Shane made a small sound instead, barely more than breath, and pressed himself closer without thinking. His fingers curled weakly against Ilya's side, nails grazing warm skin, a reflexive grasp for something solid.

Ilya felt it immediately.

"There," he whispered, kissing Shane's hair. "That's it. Just rest."

They stayed like that.

Time slowed to the pace of Ilya's breathing. In and out. Steady. Unrushed. Ilya never stopped touching him. His hand continued its slow path along Shane's back. His thumb traced small circles just below Shane's shoulder. Every movement was deliberate and calm, as if he were reminding Shane exactly where he was.

Safe. Held. Here.

Shane drifted.

Eventually, he shifted slightly, muscles trembling with the effort. His body still did not quite feel like his own. Movement lagged behind intention, coordination fuzzy and imprecise.

Ilya noticed at once.

"Easy, sweetheart," he murmured. "You passed out for a minute earlier. Just went soft. I held you the whole time."

Shane's brow furrowed faintly, confusion flickering through his unfocused eyes. He swallowed, throat working.

"I," he tried. His voice came out slurred and quiet, the word dissolving before it could finish. He stopped, frustrated.

Ilya pressed a kiss to his temple. "Shh. You're doing perfect. No thinking required."

Shane exhaled, long and shaky, and let himself melt again. His forehead tipped forward against Ilya's chest, eyes half lidded, unfocused.

"There you are," Ilya said softly. "My brave boy."

The praise landed deep. Shane's mouth curved faintly, the smallest hint of a smile.

Ilya adjusted them carefully, shifting his grip so Shane was fully supported, still chest to chest, arms secure around him. Shane let himself be moved without resistance, trusting completely.

"Stay," Shane whispered at last. The word was soft and needy, pulled from him with effort.

"I'm not going anywhere," Ilya promised immediately. "Not now. Not ever."

He kissed Shane's hair, then his cheek, then the corner of his mouth. Each touch was slow and grounding, affectionate without asking for anything in return.

"Let me take care of you," he murmured. "That's what I'm here for."

Shane's eyes drifted shut again, relief washing through him.

After a while, Ilya shifted slightly.

"Sweetheart," he said gently. "I'm going to move you, okay. Just a little."

Shane made a small protesting sound, something between a whine and a hum. His fingers tightened against Ilya's side.

"I know," Ilya murmured at once, tightening his hold. "I've got you. I promise."

He lifted Shane with ease, one arm under his knees, the other secure across his back. Shane barely registered the movement. He tucked closer, face pressing into Ilya's neck, breathing him in.

"Such trust," Ilya whispered, kissing his temple. "Moya lyubov."

The bathroom was already warm, steam fogging the mirror. Ilya set Shane carefully on the edge of the tub, one hand steadying him while the other turned on the water. He tested the temperature and adjusted it until it was perfect.

Shane slumped forward slightly, blinking slowly, curls falling into his eyes.

"Hey," Ilya coaxed, brushing his thumb under Shane's chin to lift his face. "Look at me, moyo solnyshko."

Shane's eyes found his, dark and unfocused.

"There you are," Ilya said fondly.

He guided Shane into the bath and settled behind him, legs stretched out on either side. The water lapped warm and comforting against Shane's skin, and he shuddered, a quiet, involuntary sound leaving his throat.

"Easy," Ilya murmured, wrapping an arm around his chest. "Just relax."

He bathed Shane slowly, movements unhurried and careful. He washed Shane's hair first, fingers massaging gently at his scalp, shielding his eyes as he rinsed. Shane leaned back against him, completely pliant.

"Mmm," Shane mumbled faintly.

Ilya stilled. "That's good," he said softly. "You don't have to say anything else."

"Warm," Shane slurred a moment later.

Ilya smiled. “Yes. Warm.”

He washed Shane’s shoulders, arms, chest, grounding him with every touch. Shane’s head lolled slightly, eyes drifting shut and open again.

“You’re doing so well,” Ilya told him quietly. “Such a good boy for me, lyubimyy.”

That earned a soft sound from Shane, something like a quiet laugh.

When they were finished, Ilya lifted Shane from the tub and wrapped him immediately in a thick towel, drying him carefully. He pressed kisses to damp skin as he worked, murmuring reassurance.

“All clean. Safe. Taken care of.”

“Lya,” Shane murmured, voice thick and soft.

“Yes, malysh.”

“Don’t drop me.”

Ilya’s chest tightened. “Never.”

He carried Shane back to the bedroom and eased him onto the bed, keeping a hand on him the entire time. He pulled soft boxers onto Shane slowly, narrating each movement.

“There we go. Just these.”

Shane whimpered softly when Ilya straightened.

“I know,” Ilya said instantly, leaning back down. “I’m right here.”

“Ilya,” Shane whispered, eyes wide and glassy.

“I’m here.”

“Stay.”

“I will,” Ilya said gently. “I just need to get you something. Water and snacks. I’ll be right back.”

Shane shook his head weakly, a small distressed sound leaving him.

Ilya kissed his forehead. “One minute. I promise.”

He moved quickly, pulling on loose sweatpants as he went downstairs. He grabbed water, crackers, a granola bar, something sweet. When he returned, Shane was exactly where he had left him, curled on his side, eyes fixed on the doorway.

“There,” Ilya said warmly. “See. I came back.”

Relief washed over Shane's face.

Ilya helped him sit up, propping pillows behind him. He guided the water to Shane's lips, encouraging him to drink slowly. Shane ate obediently, crumbs scattering across the sheets.

"Good," Ilya praised softly. "That's it."

Afterward, he gathered Shane back against his side, pulling a blanket over them both. He turned on a familiar movie, something gentle and well worn, the volume low.

Shane rested his head on Ilya's shoulder. His eyes slowly sharpened as the fog lifted. His breathing evened out. His body settled back into itself.

"Ilya," Shane said again, clearer now.

"Yes, moyo solnyshko."

"I love you."

Ilya smiled, heart full, and kissed his hair. "I know. I love you too, lyubimyy. Always."

The cottage stayed quiet around them. Outside, the lake reflected the fading light.

And Shane, warm and grounded and safe, let himself come all the way back, wrapped securely in the arms of the man who would always bring him home.

## End Notes

trying to get over the club scene ....

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