

shed some light

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76047871) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76047871>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Rimming , Porn with Feelings , Romance , Shane Hollander's Cottage , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Barebacking , Anal Sex , Domestic Bliss , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 1,332 Chapters: 1/1

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by [leaveanote](#)

Summary

The day after they talk to Shane's parents, Ilya wakes in Shane's arms, deeply in love and wholly unafraid. Great sex follows.

Especially when monogamy means...maybe calling it quits on condoms.

Notes

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

Morning light comes warm through the cottage windows. Ilya wakes in Shane's arms, unhurried and unafraid. Nothing has ever felt so beautiful. Shane knows all of him, and so do his parents now, and they have a *plan*.

Shane smells like the shower, and still a little like sex. He smells like sleep, too, soft and sweet and sticky. Ilya buries his nose in the nape of Shane's neck, taking in as much of his scent as he's always wanted.

Ilya holds him like that for several dreamy moments. Or hours, he can't be sure, save for how still the warm sun feels.

How still the world feels, for maybe the first time ever. It's so perfect it almost doesn't feel real, when Ilya thinks about it too long.

He focuses on returning to the truth of his senses when his mind strays toward anxious. Shane's scent in his nose, Shane's soft sleeping breathing in his ears, Shane's body pressed to Ilya's.

Presently, Shane stirs. Ilya almost pretends to be mid-wake again, as a habit, but catches himself in time. Thank goodness, because Shane waking to Ilya's gaze is a sight Ilya wouldn't want to miss.

"Good morning, I love you," Shane says in one breath. Ilya grins like an idiot.

"I love you too," he murmurs. "*It is* a good morning." The words get half-lost in Shane's kiss, and then they're tangling lazily, giddily together—sweetly at first, but just as Shane starts to get needy, Ilya's stomach growls unmistakably.

Shane grins into his mouth.

"C'mon, I'll make you breakfast." He pushes off the bed, reaching out a hand to drag Ilya with him. Ilya groans even as he knows Shane's right, and Shane flashes him a wink. "You're gonna need your strength today."

Oh.

...*Jesus.*

Ilya's eyes widen.

"Race you to the kitchen," he says, taking off, and Shane's right behind him, laughing.

Ilya chews as fast as reasonably possible without giving himself a cramp, downing half of Shane's little macrobiotic breakfast sandwich thingie. Shane, cheeks flushed pink but jaw set, doesn't eat, just fussily cleans the kitchen, muttering something about *later*.

"Bedroom," Ilya says, wiping his mouth. "Clothes off. I'll be there in two minutes."

Shane's blushing so hard Ilya can't wait to kiss him. So he doesn't, yanking him close and getting crumbs on his face.

"Love you," Shane says, and Ilya watches as Shane goes to do what Ilya's told him to.

Ilya finds Shane sitting on the bed two minutes later, clothes off. He strides across the room to climb on the bed and kiss him. Shane grins into his mouth.

"You didn't need to go brush your teeth. *I* made you the sandwich, I knew what I was getting into."

Ilya hums. "Wanted a clean mouth."

"I don't think you've *ever* had a clean mouth," Shane teases. So fucking cute. "Besides, I've still got morning breath. I thought we were in this morning breath thing together. I could've brushed."

"Shut up," Ilya says, kissing him gentle but firm. "I love your fucking morning breath. I love you. And I'm going to eat your ass now. And I brushed my teeth because all I want to taste is you."

"*Jesus fucking Christ.*" Shane goes tight and then quivery beneath him, pupils blown.

"Get on your stomach. On your stomach," Ilya says, and spreads him when he obeys. Breathes him in. Opens his mouth against Shane, drags the flat of his tongue against his boyfriend's crease, and feels Shane ripple with fresh pleasure beneath him.

"Oh my God," Shane says, his voice higher, creakier than usual.

"You like this," Ilya asks in a low rumble, licking him, "yes?"

"*Yes.*"

Ilya kneads the beautiful cheeks of his ass, lapping at his perfect little hole.

“I like this,” Ilya tells him, between thrusts of his tongue. “I like every fucking way I can take you apart.”

“Oh god, Ilya, *Ilya*. ”

“Mmm.” Ilya twists his tongue inside of Shane, burrowing as deep as he can. “*Mine*. ”

And as he hoped and expected, that’s all it takes. His boyfriend clenches helplessly on his tongue, rocking on all fours—though not, mercifully, hard enough to bonk Ilya in the jaw this time. He cries out and the sound is almost enough to push Ilya over the edge, as is the thick smell of Shane’s cum spilling onto the bed.

When Ilya pulls away at last, Shane doesn’t hesitate to surge into a kiss. Pink-cheeked and panting, he yanks his drawer open for a condom and lube. Rips it open with his teeth, rolls it onto Ilya, and rides him tiredly but hard for all of thirty seconds before Ilya’s gasping and coming for him.

“Good job not knocking me out this time,” Ilya says presently. Shane chuckles, his voice fuck-drunk and pleased, just as Ilya likes it.

“Good job with, um. All of that. *Fuck*. ”

“You know,” Shane says. “You said you haven’t been with anyone else in months. Yeah?”

“Mhm,” Ilya says lazily, half-asleep still with Shane’s fingers in his hair.

“And neither have I. And I’ve been, um, tested, and I’m clean. So if you were clean, um, or even if you weren’t and with the right medication—”

Ilya sits up, meeting Shane’s eye to try and make sure he’s following.

“I got tested as usual with my last round of bloodwork. I’m clean too.”

Shane’s mouth twists in a way Ilya struggles to understand. And then he realizes Shane’s other hand is toying with a bit of dried cum on the bedspread, and Shane’s dick is growing hard.

Ilya swears colorfully in Russian. Shane couldn’t possibly know what it means, but he seems to get the point, turning a deep red.

“Shane,” Ilya growls, grabbing Shane’s ass. “Are you asking me to fuck you raw right now?”

Shane makes a plaintive sound, rolling into Ilya’s body. He drags his wet tongue over his palm, strokes Ilya’s half-hard dick needily.

Ilya shakes his head, heart thundering.

“Tell me,” he grits out. “Tell me what you want.”

Shane lets out a little sob, digging his teeth into his lip as he thumbs Ilya’s wet slit. Ilya groans and rocks into him, stiffening again remarkably quick even given his own notable stamina.

“Yeah,” Shane says, barely more than a whisper. “Yeah, I want you...raw.”

“*Fuck*, Shane.” Ilya grabs for the lube and shoves Shane’s hand away, slicking himself.

“I want...I want to feel your dick inside me, Ilya. And nothing else.”

“God, sweetheart,” Ilya hisses, kissing as much of Shane as he can reach, manhandling him into missionary.

“I—I want to feel it when you cum,” Shane says brokenly, tilting his hips up. “So *badly*.”

They both cry out as Ilya sinks in. Just them, skin to skin, for the first time.

Shane’s eyes roll back, jaw falling open. It’s the sexiest thing Ilya’s ever seen, so much so his own pleasure comes second, then hits him full force—the tight, vulnerable, slick and perfect clench of Shane and nothing else around his cock.

“Oh fuck,” Ilya says, managing half a smile as he starts to thrust. “You, ah. Might not have to wait very long.”

“Good,” Shane says dreamily. He reaches out a palm and Ilya licks it, watches Shane jerk himself off in rhythm with Ilya rocking into him bareback. “I’d like it all the time, I think. Holy fuck. You feel incredible like this. Ilya. *Ilya*.” He looks at Ilya in something like wonder. “I love you,” he says, and Ilya’s hips jerk helplessly, his brow furrowing, trying to warn Shane for some reason—but Shane only locks his ankles around Ilya’s back, nodding with what feels like true bliss. He brings his free hand to Ilya’s jaw, caressing him with impossible, steady tenderness. “Come on, baby. Fill me up.”

Ilya cries out and spills hot and deep inside him. Shane shudders, shaking, and then he’s coming too, clenching so tight, their pleasure boundless, and shared.

End Notes

comments sustain me through the season finale and beyond ty in advance ❤️

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