

all day in the sun, just you and me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76062321) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76062321>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Anal Sex , Rimming , Teasing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 1,251 Chapters: 1/1

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by [manon_lovebot](#)

Summary

and i could be, part of your world

shane watches ilya swim, hair soaking wet, he's dripping. next thing you know, shane's soaking wet too.

Notes

ilya's finest form is when he's soaking wet, just saying.

this is my first omegaverse fic, so be nice

please leave a comment if u enjoy, i love reading them!!!

title from: part of your world (reprise) from the little mermaid

thank you, i love youu

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It didn't help that it was so hot outside, and Shane was already sweating. No, not because of the hot day.

Shane was sweating at the sight of Ilya, who was swimming in the ocean water. He was clearly having the time of his life, playing with his teammates' kids, splashing them and laughing.

Meanwhile, Shane was desperate for it. He knew he couldn't just go up to Ilya in front of everyone and tell him that the sight of him in his swim shorts was making him soaking wet. But once he saw how Ilya's ass looked in those swim shorts, he seriously considered it.

Shane was in such a daze that he didn't realize when Ilya was walking towards him. Once he reached where Shane was sitting on a beach chair, Ilya shook his head like a dog to get the water out of his hair. And that only made Shane feel worse.

“You should come in the water,” Ilya said to Shane, smiling, completely unaware of Shane's growing problem.

Shane just sat in his beach chair, waiting for Ilya to notice the change in his scent.

As Ilya got closer he realized that beneath Shane's usual scent of lavender and vanilla there was something more.

“What is it Shane?” Ilya asked, concerned that something was wrong.

“It's you.”

“Me? Did I do something?” Ilya asked, worried he had done something to upset Shane.

“No. Well yes. I need you.”

“Oh,” Ilya now realized what Shane wanted, under that innocent look in his eyes he was filled with desire for Ilya and his body.

Ilya quickly looked behind him, seeing all the people still on the beach.

“You need to go,” Ilya told him seriously. Shane whined at that, feeling needy.

“No, I mean, go to your hotel room and I will meet you there soon. I promise,” Ilya reassured him.

Shane sighed, pouting he said, “Fine, but be there quick.”

“I will. Now go.”

By the time Ilya opened the door to Shane's hotel room, Shane was completely disheveled. Lying on the bed, remembering Ilya's body and his dripping wet hair, causing slick to run down the insides of his thighs.

Ilya fell on top of Shane, pushing him into the bed, making him moan as he felt the heat from the sun still on Ilya and the smell of sea salt on his skin.

Shane desperately pulled Ilya in closer, kissing him deeply, licking into his mouth. When Shane hugged Ilya close, he rubbed his nose against his scent glands, breathing in his scent of cinnamon and smoke. Shane took a sigh of relief into Ilya's neck, happy to finally have him to himself.

"Why are you so needy today?" Ilya asked Shane, not trying to tease him, he was genuinely curious.

"I think you put me into pre-heat. Something about you in the water, with your hair wet, did it for me I guess." Shane replied, shyly.

"You like the way I look soaking wet hmm?" Ilya smirked back, fully teasing him now.

"I couldn't help it," Shane admitted, as he leaned in to kiss Ilya again, feeling their tongues slip into each other's mouths, making Shane dizzy. They parted and Shane whined as he saw the string of spit connecting their lips.

Ilya let his hand trail down Shane's body, till he reached the wet spot in his shorts, lightly pressing into Shane's wet hole. Shane let out a sigh, feeling more slick drip out as Ilya rubbed his fingers back and forth. His scent got smokier and Shane prayed he'd take his shorts off soon.

"How bad do you want it?" Ilya asked slyly, "Tell me."

"Oh gosh Ilya, I want it so bad," Shane admitted, getting desperate now.

"Okay baby, I will give it to you," Ilya replied, with a kiss on the cheek.

Ilya finally peeled Shane's damp shorts off, exposing him to the air causing him to let out a loud whine.

"Please Ilya, please," Shane said, begging for it, feeling embarrassingly needy.

At that, Ilya flipped Shane over and began to lick at his wet hole, fucking into him with his tongue.

Ilya took a handful of Shane's ass, spreading him open to further expose his wetness, and he let out a loud moan as another glob of slick came out of Shane's hole and he tasted it.

Ilya thrust his tongue in and out of Shane's increasingly slick hole, wanting to get a quick taste before he fucked him.

"You taste so good baby," Ilya told Shane, pulling away, making him whine loudly.

"I told you you'd get it, be patient, " Ilya reassured him, planting a kiss on Shane's lower back before flipping him back over.

“Do you want me to prep you first?” Ilya asked, knowing that Shane was already wet but wanting to make sure.

“Please Ilya, please just put it in,” Shane said breathlessly.

“Okay baby,” Ilya complied, as he pulled his own swim shorts off. Then he pushed Shane’s leg up and gently rubbed the head of his cock around Shane’s hole, teasing him even more.

As Ilya saw tears start to form in Shane’s eyes, he slowly pushed his dick inside Shane’s hole, finally giving him what he wanted.

“Oh fuck,” Shane cried, nuzzling into Ilya’s neck, biting at his scent glands as Ilya thrust all the way in.

“I love the way you feel baby,” Ilya told Shane, running his hand through Shane’s hair and kissing him on the corner of the mouth.

“Fuck me, Ilya. Please fuck me,”

Ilya then pulled his cock out, then roughly pushed it all the way in so he could feel him deep in his stomach, just the way he liked. As he pulled himself out again, Ilya felt Shane’s hole gripping him, trying to keep his cock inside.

Then Ilya pulled out and pushed in even deeper, causing a wet, slick, slapping sound, which made them both moan out loud. Ilya took his hand and pulled Shane’s other leg up, fully folding him in half, as Shane gave up control over his body to Ilya.

At this point, Ilya was no longer pulling his cock all the way out. Instead, he stayed inside Shane, grinding slowly while still deep inside his hole, hitting his prostate with every grind. Shane’s walls were squeezing Ilya’s cock so tightly, making them both groan, Shane’s tongue lolling out as he did.

“You’re so pretty for me Shane, my pretty omega,” Ilya told him, inhaling his scent and biting at his neck, definitely leaving a mark.

Both of them were getting closer, so Ilya thrust in as deep and hard as he could, hitting his prostate, making Shane cry out loudly, with tears falling from his eyes, letting his orgasm wash over him.

Ilya continued thrusting inside of him, causing Shane to cry at the overstimulation of Ilya’s cock nudging at his prostate repeatedly, but Shane’s desire to please Ilya and have him inside his hole was stronger than the sensitivity he felt.

As Ilya came with a shout, Ilya felt Shane wrap his legs around him, forcing him to keep his cock inside Shane, watching him smile at the feeling of Ilya’s come inside him.

“You did so good for me, Shane,” Ilya said softly, proud of Shane for being patient and taking him so well.

“You fucked me so good,” Shane responded, exhausted but thoroughly satisfied.

“I should go swimming more often, if you will always react like this.”

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