

## The Cottage

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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>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Domestic Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander's Cottage</a> , <a href="#">Anxious Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ficlet</a> , <a href="#">One Shot</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Sex</a> , <a href="#">Baking</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 2,007 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |

# The Cottage

by [thesmutgoblin](#)

## Summary

One-shot where Ilya comes to visit Shane at his family's cottage, where he finds Shane baking his Grandmother's cookie recipe and rails him.

## Notes

Posting a few days before Episode 6 "The Cottage" comes out, so we're about to find out what actually happens at the cottage, but this is what I want to happen.

Canon divergence: in the fic the cottage is a family property instead of something Shane had built.

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

## **The Cottage**

“Do you want some tea?” Shane asked.

“Do I want some— tea?” Ilya repeated incredulously. He’d been sexting the man incessantly for months leading up to this moment and his first question is about tea?

“That's what I said.”

“No thank you.” There was a beat of silence. “Why are you wearing an apron?” Ilya glanced down at the intricate lace-trimmed checkerboard fabric tied around Shane’s waist. Hollander’s family’s cabin was filled to the brim with things like that: all floral wallpapers, lace trim, and antique furniture. Ilya had been there for all of two minutes and already felt like he was going to vomit.

“I was just— er— baking. I didn't want to get my clothes dirty.” Shane looked away, drumming his hands against the apron which released a small cloud of flour into the air.

“You bake, Hollander?” Was he blushing? God, Ilya loved it when he blushed.

“Well I found my grandmother’s recipe cards, and you took a long time getting here, so I just started making her lemon crinkle cookies.”

Ilya had already crossed the room, bridging the gap between them. “What I hear is that I took too long getting here? You missed me.” Wrapping a finger around each strap of the apron, he pulled Shane closer, pressing his body against his. The scent of fresh baked cookies, powdered sugar, and citrus filled the air.

“Your shirt is going to be covered in flour.”

“Shut up, Hollander.”

“Make me.”

Ilya steered Shane toward the counter, pushing him against it before their lips crashed together and the edges of his vision blurred. This— this is what he’d been missing. The inexorable hole in his life that was filled only when Shane was there. Every time Shane was there. And now he had him to himself for an entire week.

Breaking the kiss just long enough to pull his shirt off and throw it on the floor, Ilya trailed a line of kisses down Shane’s neck. “The shirt is not a problem. Now admit you missed me.”

Groaning, Shane tried and failed to hide how much he’d been looking forward to this. How much he needed this.

“Admit you missed me or I stop.”

His back straightened, and a flash of panic washed over him. “Don’t.”

Ilya tugged on the bows around Shane's waist and neck, and the apron fell on the floor.  
"Then say it."

"You're making a mess."

"I'm going to make a mess of you." Ilya pulled Shane's shirt off, then trailed his lips down his neck to his collarbone—then to his chest—and his abs, pausing only to smirk up at him with that self-satisfied smirk Shane was all too familiar with.

"Fuck. You're such an asshole."

"Those aren't the words I'm looking for." His fingers rested at the waistband of Shane's sweatpants. Teasing. Promising.

"Fine. I missed you."

Ilya's face lit up, the smile transforming his entire demeanor in an instant. Shane knew it was the type of smile he saved only for him, and he allowed himself to sink into the pleasure as Ilya tugged his pants down and teased the head of his cock with his thumb before running his tongue up and down the base.

He pulled away, his hand still pumping up and down on Shane's cock. "Say it again."

"I missed you."

"Is this what you've been thinking about while you were here by yourself, baking in your apron?"

Shane's hands gripped the sides of the counter as Ilya took him into his mouth—no longer teasing but still torturous in how quickly he ramped up the sensations. "Yes."

He focused in, bobbing his head up down on Shane's length, determined that Shane would make an utterly pathetic sound by the time he was through with him, and he did. A light pop sounded as he pulled back.

*"Mm. Ya tozhe skuchal po tebe."*

"What does that mean?"

"It means take off your clothes and get on the fucking bed."

"I have a batch of cookies in the oven," Shane protested.

"You can't be fucking serious."

Shane glanced toward the oven timer. Four minutes.

"You want me to fuck you in the kitchen so you don't burn your cookies," Ilya deadpanned.

"Well—" Maybe? He did spend a long time on them; It would be a shame to just ruin them.

"I wait months for this. Now you care about cookies more."

Shane kissed him. *I don't. I love you. I can't tell you because it'll scare you away but the words are going to burst out of me at some point this week. It's like my brain's overflowing with the same sentence over and over and it's not going to stop until I tell you.*

"I do care about them more," he lied.

"Fuck you."

Shane raised an eyebrow.

"I'll stay in kitchen as long as you suck my cock until the timer goes off. Then I'm taking you to the bed and fucking you."

Shane nodded, on his knees before Ilya had even finished his sentence. Shedding the rest of his clothes and kicking them across the floor in a heap, Ilya wrapped his hand around the back of Shane's head, threading his fingers through his hair before gripping onto it and guiding him down.

*"Fuck. Hollander. You feel so fucking amazing."* A groan escaped his lips. It was too good with him. It had always been too good with him. He had to focus to just avoid coming embarrassingly quickly every goddamn time.

Shane's tongue flicked over the sensitive base of his cock and Ilya groaned, pushing his head further. He'd gotten so good at taking him deeper, like his throat was made for Ilya now. Everything about him was made for Ilya.

It felt like an eternity of suppressing the cresting pleasure before the timer finally went off, Shane took his ridiculous, yet equally delicious smelling cookies out of the oven, and Ilya pushed him into the bedroom.

"I need to be inside you now."

Wordlessly, Shane nodded, taking the rest of his clothes before folding them. and placing them on the dresser.

"Get on the bed," Ilya said, pausing for a moment to admire Shane's perfect fucking body before climbing on top of him and kissing a trail from his abs to his wanting mouth.

Ilya pushed into him, kissing him and feeling the hum of his lips as his moan was stifled before pulling away. He wanted to hear every sound Shane made for him.

*"Hollander."* He said it, like every other time he'd said it while inside of Shane, with a desperate need behind it. *I need you. I need this. When I can't have you I do nothing but think about the next time I'll be inside of you.*

The answering *"Rozenov,"* made him quicken his pace. Shane was here, and he wouldn't be leaving as soon as they were done, or even after they woke up in the morning. He'd have him to himself for an entire week, but he wanted an eternity.

He let Shane climb on top of him, rolling his hips and slowing to an agonizing pace as he kissed him. Wrapping his hands around his back and gripping him so hard he knew it would leave marks, Ilya pulled him down to lay against his chest as he thrust deep inside of him. Shane's moans were like music to his ears and he needed more.

Gripping onto Shane, Ilya flipped him over onto his back and pushed his cock further inside him. "You like when I fuck you into the mattress, Hollander?"

"Yes."

"You want me to keep you in bed fucking you like this all week, don't you?"

"Yes. I never want you to stop."

His breaths were coming heavy, and Shane was looking at him like he was the only desirable thing in the whole world. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

Shane pushed his lips against Ilya's so hard that he thought maybe he'd made a mistake. Maybe he'd been learning Russian in his off time. That would be the exact kind of nerdy, overachieving thing Hollander would do.

"Ilya."

"Take all of me," he growled, pace increasing as waves of pleasure began to crash over him. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.*" He thrust into him again, savoring the little whimpers Shane made.

Shane's eyes locked with his. "Say it again."

Elation surged in Ilya's chest and he pushed Shane's knees up further, straightening so he had room to push his cock deeper inside of him, but never breaking eye contact. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

"I love you too." Shane moaned the confession into Ilya's ear, and that's when Ilya felt his self-control go out the window.

*Fuck.*

Ilya thrust into him again and again, losing himself in the intoxicating scent of him, in his eyes—locked on him in a way that said he meant it, that he'd been waiting for this as long as Ilya had. The sensation of their sweaty bodies slapping against each other as Ilya's pleasure crested.

*Harder.* Shane's eyes pleaded. *Faster. Don't stop.*

Ilya let out a shuddering breath as he plunged his cock deep inside him and he filled him with warm cum. Shane's glassy eyes were still locked on his with the most blissful look on his face that made Ilya sink down to kiss his forehead.

After several moments gasping for breath, Shane pecked Ilya on the lips and moved to roll him off to the side, but Ilya didn't budge. "No. Stay. I'm not done being inside of you yet."

Desire flashed across Shane's face. "Oh, you're not?"

"I could stay right here forever, fucking you."

Shane kissed him, not with urgency or lust, but slowly, like they had all the time in the world. "You should."

\*\*\*

Ilya woke with Shane's arm draped over him and the light pouring in the window of the cottage. His eyes darted around the room for the first time—he'd been so focused on fucking Hollander into the mattress he had barely taken in his surroundings.

The bed was covered in an intricate blue and purple quilt, the small imperfections in the stitching told Ilya it hadn't been bought in a store. Perhaps his grandmother or his mother made it; Being boring was a genetic trait of theirs, after all. He pictured a three-foot tall version of Shane running around the kitchen table while his Grandmother ran this quilt through the sewing machine over and over. Or maybe he'd been curled up in the family room on the tufted pink sofa, reading a book or some other insufferable activity.

Shane yawned, stretching and turning to his other side, leaving Ilya shivering and bereft of his presence. He got up and made breakfast, popping a lemon cookie into his mouth as he set up over-easy eggs and toast on a tray for Shane. A divine combination of flavors overcame him—citrus and powdered sugar with a soft and chewy center. They were the best fucking cookies he'd ever had.

"What do you think?" The voice startled Ilya, who jumped, almost knocking over Hollander's orange juice on the tray.

"Mm— Is okay."

"Just okay?"

"Yes. I could have made them better," Ilya lied.

"Fuck you." Shane was wearing his boxers and sweatpants again, *a damn shame*, thought Ilya. He didn't see the point in either of them wearing clothes at all this week, with the cottage being nearly a mile from the nearest neighbors. Hollander popped a cookie in his mouth, closing his eyes in a moment of unfettered bliss. "Don't belittle my craft. I'm a literal fucking artist."

"Anything you can do I can do better," Ilya said, reaching for the band on Shane's sweatpants and pulling him close for a long kiss. "Now get back in bed. I'll bring you this."

Shane kissed him again and whimpered when Ilya bit his lower lip. Finally, reluctantly he nodded and backed away, retreating into the master bedroom. "Bring cookies."

"I promise I will not forget about cookies, Hollander."



## End Notes

Thanks to my amazing boyfriend for beta reading this for me and telling me that he needed closure in the form of them trying the cookies. (I had it ending before the second scene.)

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