

Lovers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76458411) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76458411>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-26 Completed: 2025-12-28 Words: 2,766 Chapters: 2/2

Lovers

by [Lydia_Eve](#)

Summary

“Why are you smiling?” Shane asks him.

“I met your parents,” Ilya answers. He’s definitely not going to be able to explain this one.

“I know it was weird—”

“Shut up,” Ilya says. “I loved it.”

The look Shane gives him says Ilya in no way made it clear, but since it’s only half clear to him, too, he decides to kiss Shane instead. A slow, lingering thing. Just as sweet, but with the heat of a promise behind it. Shane slips his tongue into Ilya’s mouth, and it lights a fire beneath his ribs.

After meeting Shane's parents, Ilya and Shane return to the cottage.

Notes

Originally this was just one chapter, but I had more to say. Chapter one still stands alone if you want it to.

Chapter 1

“Thank you,” Shane says when they reach the cottage.

Ilya, still laughing from teasing Shane about the word lovers on the car ride, needs a second to figure out the change in tone. “For what?”

“For being there at my parents’ . For — fuck, for everything?” Shane says, looking over at Ilya. “It helped having you there.”

Ilya gives a smile. “I am glad.”

“It made me think about what it would be like to have you there on all the hard days,” Shane continues like he’s not turning Ilya’s world upside down. “I think I’ll always want you there.”

“When my father died...” Ilya says. “I wanted you so badly. Like — yes, like that, but you were the only one I wanted to talk to. I wanted you to be there the whole time. So, yes, I know what you mean. I am glad you want me, too.”

“I do,” Shane says quietly. “Like that, but also like that.”

Ilya huffs a laugh. “I am looking forward to being there on your hard days, Shane Hollander,” he says, hoping it comes across.

And it must, because Shane leans over the gear shift and kisses Ilya so sweetly in a way Ilya is fast becoming addicted to — a kiss that clearly isn’t a prelude to sex, a kiss just because. A kiss because they’re in love. It feels unreal.

They head back into the cottage, and the weight of the day makes everything seem new. It feels like a year has passed since Shane was asking him what he wanted for dinner and Ilya kissed him up against the glass.

“Why are you smiling?” Shane asks him.

“I met your parents,” Ilya answers. He’s definitely not going to be able to explain this one.

“I know it was weird—”

“Shut up,” Ilya says. “I loved it.”

The look Shane gives him says Ilya in no way made it clear, but since it’s only half clear to him, too, he decides to kiss Shane instead. A slow, lingering thing. Just as sweet, but with the heat of a promise behind it. Shane slips his tongue into Ilya’s mouth, and it lights a fire beneath his ribs.

When Ilya pulls him close, Shane responds beautifully. This ridiculous Canadian who Ilya can’t get enough of, he thinks as he unbuttons Shane’s shirt.

“I have a bed close by,” Shane reminds him.

But Ilya needs him here. Now. It must show in his eyes, because suddenly Shane is pushing Ilya against the wall by the front door and dropping to his knees, and, oh, Ilya loves when Shane does this, when he sucks him like he’s going to die without, when — fuck—

“Shane I’m going to—”

Ilya comes hard in Shane’s mouth. He’s babbling something in Russian, hopefully Shane thinks it’s smooth or charming, but it’s just horny nonsense this time. God, he loves this.

Sliding down the wall, Ilya joins Shane on the floor. “Is not fair,” he declares.

Shane grins. “What?”

“I can no longer fuck you now,” Ilya says, kissing Shane’s smile.

“Really?” Shane asks. “I thought I heard Ilya Rozanov was all right in bed.”

Ilya laughs, delighted like he always is by Shane’s sense of humour. “I am more than *all right*,” Ilya insists.

“Says the man who can’t even fuck me.”

Taking the bait, Ilya pulls Shane into his lap and brings their mouths together. He could kiss Shane all afternoon, but his reputation is on the line. He opens Shane’s shorts and pushes his hand inside.

“What are you doing?” Shane asks, kissing Ilya’s jaw.

Ilya reaches back through Shane’s legs. “Fucking you.”

When Ilya pushes his finger inside, he gets to hear Shane’s gasp in his ear. A delicious sound, one Ilya will never tire of hearing.

“Does that feel good?” Ilya asks.

“Yeah,” Shane breathes. “Fuck.”

Smiling, Ilya kisses him again. That he gets to be the only one to touch Shane like this is still sinking in.

“I am happy,” Ilya says inadequately. God, what he’d give to have Shane understand Russian.

“Yeah?” Shane asks, rolling his hips.

“You make me happy, Shane Hollander,” Ilya says. “I love you very much.”

It doesn’t come out as romantic as he’d like, but he still gets a kiss for it. A kiss and a moan. Shane’s breathing speeds up.

“I love you too.”

It’s a beautiful thing, hearing it from Shane’s lips. He loves him. They’re *lovers*. It’s still too new to be anything but a revelation. Ilya feels his eyes filling with tears.

“Hey,” Shane says when he sees this.

“I do not know how to describe today,” Ilya says. “It felt important meeting your parents—

“It was.”

“And we were — *real*,” Ilya says. “Around them. The world cannot know, not yet, maybe not ever, but two whole people saw us for who we are. They saw me kiss you. They heard you say you love me. I think — I have never been so happy.”

The declaration makes Shane happy, too. He takes Ilya’s face in his hands and kisses him until it’s no longer clear who started crying first. Maybe one day Ilya will be able to express his feelings for Shane without being reduced to a shaking mess, but today is not that day. He’s not sure he even wants that day to come.

Ilya brings Shane higher and higher. “Are you going to come for me, Hollander?”

“Make me.”

Ilya brings his other hand to Shane’s cock and strokes it as he fingers him. “Do you like that?”

Shane’s head tips up to the sky as he rides Ilya’s fingers. It’s impossibly beautiful. Ilya has no idea how he got this lucky.

“Fuck, Ilya.”

“Come for me, my love,” Ilya says, and Shane does.

After, they don’t move from where they’re holding each other against the wall. Ilya is perfectly happy to live right here if it means getting to keep Shane warm and boneless in his arms like this.

“I am sorry if it embarrasses you,” Ilya says after a while.

Shane kisses Ilya’s neck and doesn’t move. “What does?”

“The word,” Ilya says. “Lovers.”

Shane laughs. “God,” he says. “It’s just so... much. I definitely preferred when you called yourself my boyfriend. Lovers means — like, something else.”

Ilya liked the word boyfriend, too, but he can’t resist teasing Shane. “Oh?” he asks. “My English is not as good as yours, perhaps you could teach me. What do you call someone who runs? A runner?”

“Yes.”

“Someone who swims?”

“A swimmer.”

“Someone who loves?”

Shane finally lifts his head. He’s smiling like he’s in love.

“A hockey player.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Years down the line, Shane still doesn't like the word

Chapter Notes

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

Later — after he came out, after his wedding, after hockey legend Shane Hollander finally retired — he would go to Ilya's games.

They'd talked about retiring at the same time, of course, but Shane kind of liked the idea of Ilya having a season of his own. Ottawa was a better team now. They even had a chance of winning the cup.

"They have no chance," Svetlana said from her seat next to Shane in the box. "Ilya's backchecking has improved, but he's not twenty-four anymore. Colorado has all these fast players, and he doesn't stand a chance."

Shane doesn't take his eyes off the ice. "No one thought they'd make the play-offs either."

"My wife is never wrong," Rose says on Svetlana's other side.

"Neither is my wife, and she's saying this is Ottawa's year," David adds from where he's rocking William in his arms.

Svetlana looks over at Yuna, and they both size each other up.

"We'll see," Svetlana allows graciously.

Game six ends in overtime. Ilya assists the winning goal by their young superstar. Shane screams in applause, only belatedly remembering his toddler. William, already used to his dad getting too passionate about hockey games, opens his eyes for a second, then goes right back to sleep on his grandfather's shoulder.

Ilya finally joins them in a back hallway with all the other players' families.

"Hi," he says to everyone, leaning to kiss his husband. William is awake now in Shane's arms, and Ilya boops noses with his son. "Georgie smotrel igru?" he asks about the toy shark in William's hands, and William nods.

"Great game," Yuna says.

“Yes, it was,” Ilya says with a pointed look at Svetlana. “I think we are making even the non-believers question themselves.”

Svetlana rolls her eyes, but she’s fighting a smile.

“Ready to go?” Shane asks.

William falls asleep in the car ride home. Shane and Ilya chat in low voices. It’s a warm spring in Ottawa. Shane had thought he’d have mixed feelings about retiring, but as much joy as he found in the sport, it’s been eclipsed by this new chapter of his life.

Ilya carries William into bed while Shane lets the dog outside and waits on the deck while she does her business. Shane closes his eyes. He can hear the river beyond the edge of their property.

When the dog finally trots back to the door, Shane turns to see Ilya watching him from the other side of the glass.

“Hey,” Shane says, surprised.

The look in Ilya’s eyes is soft. Nearly twenty years, and it still makes Shane melt inside.

“Hey,” Ilya returns.

Their mouths come together gently. Ilya smells like the bodywash he stole from Svetlana when she and Rose stayed with them last time. Probably why they got a hotel this time.

Though maybe that wasn’t the only reason. Ilya slips his tongue into Shane’s mouth, and they both gasp as the heat blossoms between them.

“Loved watching you tonight,” Shane says as he moves to kiss Ilya’s jaw.

“I like it when my husband comes to my games.”

“You say that like your husband hasn’t been at every game this season,” Shane says.

“Mmm,” Ilya says. “No, he was late for a game in November. I was devastated. Could not take a single shot until I saw him in the stands.”

“Five minutes.”

“A major penalty.”

“You still won the game.”

“At what cost?”

Shane lifts his head, grinning. “Well, your husband is very sorry about that. Do you think there is anything he can do to make it up to you?”

Ilya lifts his nose. “No,” he declares. “We will have to divorce. Maybe my next boyfriend will not be so incompatible with me.”

“Incompatible,” Shane says flatly.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I need someone who might share my interests. Someone who values hockey and lets me call him my lover.”

Rolling his eyes, Shane pulls Ilya’s shirt over his head.

“Is husband not enough for you? You still need the grossest word in existence?”

Suddenly Shane finds himself being lifted onto the kitchen counter. Ilya’s mouth is all over him. Shane’s head tips back as he moans.

“Calling you my husband has been the greatest honour of my life,” Ilya whispers into Shane’s skin.

After that, they can’t undress fast enough. They make it as far as the long bench in the kitchen that usually sits all their friends. Shane throws a leg over Ilya’s hips, and guides himself slowly down onto Ilya’s cock.

“Fuck,” Ilya gasps.

“You like that?” Shane chokes out. It feels so good.

“God yes. Fuck yourself on me,” Ilya begs.

Starting slow, Shane does exactly as he’s asked. Ilya’s cock inside him, filling him up. It’s always better than the previous time. The heat in Ilya’s eyes as he watches him is nearly unbearable. Scorching. It’s never cooled for a second between them.

Sometimes Shane thinks life can’t get better than this, but he keeps being wrong.

Bouncing in Ilya’s lap hard now, Shane tangles their fingers together. “You feel so good,” he says, getting close.

Before he can reach his peak, Ilya lifts Shane with a growl. Suddenly Shane finds himself flat on his back on the kitchen table with Ilya sliding back in and bringing their mouths together in a searing kiss.

“You make me crazy,” Ilya murmurs as he starts fucking Shane hard. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” Shane manages to say before he’s coming hard on Ilya’s cock, feeling his husband follow behind him a moment later.

They lay like that a moment, catching their breath, and kissing. Shane can’t get enough. He licks into Ilya’s mouth, holding Ilya’s head so he can go as deep as he’d like. Ilya moans his appreciation.

“Was once not enough for you?” Ilya asks, amused.

“Not tonight,” Shane says. “I want you til the sun comes up.”

Ilya’s answering grin is brighter than tomorrow’s sunrise. “Whatever my lover desires,” he agrees.

Shane groans, and pushes Ilya off him. “Trying to kill the mood?”

“Never,” Ilya says. Then he opens a cupboard to get out the disinfectant wipes, and cleans both the table and the bench. The mood comes roaring back.

Shane has never seen anything sexier.

Game seven is in Colorado. William is staying at his grandparents’ in Ottawa, but Hayden and Jackie flew out for the game.

At the end of the second period, it’s 3 - 2 for Colorado. Shane’s not nervous. He’s not.

“He wants to make us worry,” Jackie offers.

“Such an asshole,” Hayden agrees.

“He’s had scarier comebacks than this,” Shane reminds them.

And then, to prove Shane right, his husband assists the tying goal fifty seconds into the third period. Shane is on his feet cheering as Ilya blows a kiss up into the stands.

“He’s not winning yet,” Hayden mutters. “He needs to keep it in his pants til then.”

Shane returns the kiss because Hayden is wrong; Ilya always played better when he got to flirt.

In the end, Ilya isn’t even on the ice for Ottawa’s winning goal. Shane applauds, watching Ilya cheer from the bench. The young goal-scorer finally skates to the bench for high fives, and the Ottawa captain pulls him into a fierce hug. Shane can’t hear what Ilya says, but the other player nods and grins.

The buzzer blares out, and it’s over. Ottawa has won the cup, and Ilya Rozanov retires a champion like his husband did the previous year.

“Come on,” Jackie says a while later, and they all make their way down to the rink.

Shane goes onto the ice with all the family members, and Ilya collides with him, lifting him off his feet for a second. They kiss right there on the ice, not setting a single record; the game has already been changed.

“Congratulations,” Shane says, fighting tears a little. He’s so happy for Ilya.

Ilya beams back. “Thanks.”

Hayden and Jackie are still waiting on the other side of the boards, and Ilya waves them onto the ice. They walk carefully over to Shane and Ilya.

“Congratulations, Ilya,” Jackie says.

“Thank you,” Ilya says, letting go of Shane to hug Jackie. Then he turns to Hayden. “Ah, my biggest fan.”

“Go fuck yourself, Ro— *argh!*”

Ilya pulls back from having kissed the side of Hayden’s head. “Thank you for your support.”

“I’m going to fucking kill you.”

“I love you too.”

There are photographers and reporters everywhere, but Shane still gets a few of his own on his phone. He wants to remember this moment forever. Ilya smiling, Ilya with his teammates, Ilya shining brighter than the sun.

“Shane Hollander,” a reporter says at last. “Do you have a second for a few words on your husband’s win tonight?”

“Sure.”

Shane’s in the middle of an interview when Ilya finds him again. In his skates, he towers over Shane as he wraps his arm around Shane’s shoulders.

“Is he saying something flattering about me?” Ilya asks.

“He was just saying how proud he is,” the reporter answers.

“Oh,” Ilya says. “Please go on.”

Shane grins. “Yeah, it’s been great watching Ilya all season,” he continues.

“And what do you think about him retiring?”

“Well, Will and I are going to be glad to have him home more,” Shane says, wrapping his arm around Ilya’s waist in turn. He wants to say something that lets the world know how important Ilya is. He wants to say something that lets Ilya know. “It’s been incredible getting to see him play this year, and I’m looking forward to seeing what’s next for him. There’s no cup for fatherhood, but he would have won it every year if there was. He’s an incredible husband and father. A phenomenal hockey player. A supportive teammate, and a beautiful human being. He’s my best friend.”

The reporter gives a smile. “Is that all?”

Shane squeezes Ilya’s waist. “And lover.”

Chapter End Notes

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