

Light of the Sun

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by [mistresscurvy](#)

Summary

"So you're my boyfriend," Shane said when they got back to the cottage.

Notes

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“So you’re my boyfriend,” Shane said when they got back to the cottage.

"What, you don't like lover—what else can I call you?" Ilya watched as Shane's face got slightly pink, his beautiful boy transforming before his eyes. He'd thought that Shane had been transparent to him before this past week, his emotions so easy for Ilya to read on his face—even when he hadn't wanted to see what was there, couldn't allow himself to believe it. But now that he knew what Shane looked like when he wasn't hiding anything, it was like staring directly at the sun.

"I don't—I wasn't expecting it," Shane muttered.

Ilya went to the sink and got a glass of the admittedly very good well water. "Oh, yes, I will abandon my team for you like a fool, or so your mother thinks—"

"—Boston's an original six—"

"—but is only for my fuckbuddy, yes, you're right," Ilya finished, loving the happiness he could see beneath Shane's apparent outrage.

"You're such an asshole," Shane said, shaking his head and grinning the whole time.

"Maybe I call you that." Ilya stripped off his t-shirt, no longer wanting Boston's name on him, and dropped it on the floor. "A good pet name. Or should I have just called you mine in front of your parents?"

Shane went suddenly still, his lips parting as he stared at Ilya from the other side of the kitchen island. Ilya's heart began to pound. His cock, half-hard the whole drive home from Shane's constant casual touches, sprang fully to life as he put his glass down and circled around the island.

"Would you like that?" Ilya asked, and boxed Shane in against the counter, rubbing his cock against Shane's. He grabbed Shane's jaw and nosed against his throat, smiling at Shane's sharp inhale.

"Fuck," Shane breathed, his hands tight around Ilya's shoulders.

Ilya pulled back to kiss him, still holding his jaw. "Yes, I will fuck you," he murmured against his lips before kissing him again, grinding their hips together. "I will fuck what's mine."

Shane moaned into his mouth, little shivers running through his body. Ilya decided he didn't want a quick fuck in the kitchen, he needed Shane in their room, in the bed that they'd been making their own this past week, every time Ilya fucked him there. The buttons of Shane's shirt came undone easily enough and he had both hands down Shane's shorts before he could pull them to the bedroom, though; his need to touch him everywhere was overwhelming.

"Come, come," he said in part to Shane but mostly to himself, getting his hands out of Shane's shorts and tugging on his hands to get them to the bedroom. He shucked out of his shorts and briefs as fast as he could, his dick springing back up as soon as it was freed, and

pushed Shane onto his back on the bed before getting his hands on the back of Shane's thighs and looking at all of him.

"Oh, there it is," Ilya said. He pressed Shane's hips open further, grateful for his years of frog stretches so that he could hold this position for as long as Ilya wanted him to. "That's my little asshole," he said, licking his fingers and then gently stroking over it.

"Shut up," Shane gasped, and Ilya looked up at him while his fingers continued playing with him.

"It's not mine?" he asked innocently, sucking his fingers into his mouth before working on him more. "Oh. My mistake." He smoothly pressed a finger inside, running his free hand up Shane's belly. "But I think maybe it is."

"God, why are you talking?" Shane asked, and tossed the bottle of lube down the bed at him.

"Because you like it," Ilya said, and bit at Shane's inner thigh and sucked on his balls. He clicked the bottle open and got too much on his hand, but that was fine, he liked it messy and Shane would let him. Shane would let him do anything, because he loved him, and Ilya shuddered and pushed two lubed-up fingers back inside. "You going to say you don't?"

"I—" Shane's voice broke as Ilya fucked him with his fingers.

"I think you do," Ilya said, and moved up Shane's body, his fingers working steadily. Ilya kissed over Shane's chest, pressing Shane's arm down against the bed. He got his mouth around his nipple and sucked, feeling Shane shudder as he did. He loved him so much he wanted to mark him here, wanted to crack his ribs open and curl up inside of Shane's chest next to his heart. But he couldn't quite say that, even now, so instead he sucked a livid bruise right above Shane's heart and nosed his way up to his exposed armpit, breathing in deep and then licking there too.

"Gross," Shane said, but his dick twitched against Ilya's arm, and anyway he was Ilya's and that meant all of him.

"No," Ilya said, shaking his head, and then nuzzled and kissed his armpit again. "Smells like hockey glove—"

"Shut up, I do not," Shane protested.

"Mmmm," Ilya said against his skin, and then dragged his lips and tongue over and up Shane's neck. "Not like hockey glove?" he asked, and then kissed Shane deeply on the mouth. He let his fingers slide out of him and pressed his cock against Shane's asshole, waiting.

"When are you going to fuck me?" Shane asked against his mouth, and kissed him again.

Ilya bit across his jaw and over to his ear. "Whenever I want," he breathed against him, and fucked in with one stroke.

"God," Shane gasped, head tilting back, and Ilya got one hand behind Shane's knee and pressed it to his chest while he fucked him.

His heart felt like it was pounding out of his chest, the sight of Shane taking it and loving it too much for him. The late afternoon sun made Shane's skin glow, and Ilya gripped his face, slipping his thumb into Shane's mouth. Shane let him in, as deep as he could go, in every way.

Ilya pressed his face against Shane's neck and murmured, "Moyio solnyshko," over and over, until he felt Shane shake and then shudder beneath him, crying out as he came around Ilya's dick. He fucked the orgasm out of him, holding it together for just a little longer before he slammed in with a grunt and came.

He collapsed on top of Shane, the sounds of their breathing the only thing he could hear, and ran his hand over every part of Shane he could touch, tugging on his pec and stroking his fingers over his face. Shane said something against his neck. "Hmmm?" Ilya asked.

"What were you saying?" Shane said again, this time clearly enough that Ilya couldn't pretend not to have understood.

He took a deep breath. "Moyio solnyshko," he said. "It means, I don't know, my little sun."

"Oh." He could hear something that sounded like surprise in Shane's voice. "I thought it might mean asshole."

"You—" Ilya pushed him away and started wrestling with Shane when he saw that Shane was laughing. "No, when I want to call you my little asshole, I will call you moya popochka, okay?" He got them back into a cuddle, Shane's head on his chest, his hand in Shane's hair.

"What should I call you?" Shane asked after a moment. "Is there something that—I don't know." His voice trailed off.

Call me anything, Ilya almost said. It wouldn't only be a deflection, because anything that Shane wanted to call him would sound like the sweetest words Ilya could imagine. But it wouldn't be what Shane was asking for, either. "You should call me Ilyusha," he said finally.

"Ilyusha," Shane repeated, and Ilya's eyes welled up.

"Yes, just like that. But only here," he added. "Private for us."

"Just for me," Shane said, and Ilya nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"Okay, I'll stick to Ilya in front of my parents." Shane got a smug look on his face. "Or I'll just talk to them about my boyfriend."

"Oh, not your lover?" Ilya said innocently, and laughed and laughed when Shane groaned and smacked him.

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