

Under the Sun

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76773456) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76773456>.

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 , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Ilya is a good husband , Kissing , Boys Kissing , Oral Sex , Hand Jobs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Moon, Sun and Stars
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 2,327 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Strange_johnlock](#)

Summary

“I worry that I’m choosing hockey over my family, Ilya.” It is a ridiculous notion, and they both know it. Still, the words need to be said.

“No.” Ilya pulls back a bit to look at Shane, and god, those eyes are going to kill him one day with how deep they are, with how many emotions they hold.

“No?” Shane echoes. There is a question in it, and Ilya is happy to answer it for him.

Shane is going on his first road trip with the Centaurs since their daughter was born.

Notes

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

Ilya wakes up alone. He wakes because he is alone, the sheets next to him already gone cold. He finds his husband in the living room, rocking gently back and forth, strong arms wrapped around their tiny daughter, her head resting against his elbow.

It is Ilya's favourite thing to see, Shane holding Luna. The love between his two favourite people makes his heart ache, thud just a little bit louder. It is only when he presses his chest to Shane's back, brushing a kiss against his cheek, that he notices that his husband is the one crying, not the baby.

And Ilya knows Shane. He does not have to ask what this is about, not when he almost fell over the travel bag in the hallway. They had packed it together last night. Well, Shane had packed it and Ilya had made fun of him for the ten pairs of socks and underwear, while he had sat on the bed and fed Luna her night bottle.

It's road trip time. Shane has to leave in four hours, which also means he should be asleep right now.

"Did she wake you?" Ilya asks gently, easing into the conversation that they need to have.

Shane shakes his head, the side of his face bumping into Ilya's, and he turns a bit to rub his nose against his cheek. It is a touch so sweet, Ilya wants to converse it forever. In his attempt, Ilya rests a hand on Shane's other cheek, pulling him closer.

"Couldn't sleep," Shane mumbles, voice watery, eyes wet. "I miss her already."

In his chest, Ilya's heart breaks just a little. His gaze drops to where Luna is sleeping, unaware of her father's emotion. He follows the movement of Shane's hand, as he runs a finger along the side of her head and over her cheek.

"I tell myself it is only a week, but then that is so much if you think about the fact that she is only 7 weeks old," Shane's voice is quiet, and he swallows around the tears that are threatening to spill from his eyes, hanging onto his dark lashes. "I don't want to miss out on such a large part of her life."

"That's because you love her, Shane," Ilya tightens his grip on his husband just a bit, holding them both. "Is good thing, to love her. You remember when you worried about that, not bonding with her."

He feels the nod, hand stilling against Luna's tiny nose.

"And now, you love her. You see, you often worry about things, and then is nothing."

"It could have been possible, Ilya. Many parents struggle with that, and I am not known to make connections to people easily," Shane argues.

"But you did. And now you worry about what you miss, but honest, it will be sleep, and cry and poop, same as last seven weeks, yes?"

The chuckle is worth it, and Ilya eats it up, kisses it right off Shane's lips, a break in the war he is fighting against his husband's brain. A war he will win.

"I worry that I'm choosing hockey over my family, Ilya." It is a ridiculous notion, and they both know it. Still, the words need to be said.

"No." Ilya pulls back a bit to look at Shane, and god, those eyes are going to kill him one day with how deep they are, with how many emotions they hold.

"No?" Shane echoes. There is a question in it, and Ilya is happy to answer it for him.

"No. You love hockey. You love your family. Both at same time. Many parents, most parents, have a career. Because they want to, not only because of money. That does not mean you choose job over family."

He is cupping Shane's face now, making his husband look at him. "Your job means travel, yes? You go away for few days, you come back to her. I'm here, I take care of her. That's why I retire."

Shane adjusts his grip on Luna, all his touch so gentle, so loving. "I just wonder if I should have retired, too." He says to her, before his eyes return to Ilya.

"You would hate it. You are not ready to let go of hockey, yes? Not yet. Maybe in few years."

Another small nod.

"Luna needs you to be happy. That's all she needs. She does not care if you are away for few days if you come home to her, and you are happy because you got to spend time on the ice."

The war is almost won, but Shane's brain is firing off one more shot.

"Just... with you, I can call, or text. But with her, I can't. She just wants to be held, right?" And Luna must be in cahoots with her Daddy, because she makes a content little sound just then, and she stretches, before snuggling closer against Shane. For a moment, they just focus on her.

"She also loves your voice, Shane. She loves when you read for her, this book you always read."

"The little prince," Shane smiles.

"Yes. Too complicated for a baby, and you read it in French, too. But she loves it," Ilya tucks a strand of hair behind Shane's ear. "You take it with you. You call us at the end of day, and you read to her, yes? Give her routine even when you are away."

Another nod, then a small smile. "Okay, yes." Shane leans in for a soft kiss. "Thank you."

"Now, you put baby in her bed, and then you get in bed, and let me show you why you should miss me too, Hollander." Ilya places a trail of kisses along his hair line, then follows along the blush that spreads across Shane's cheek.

“Okay,” he breathes, already stepping back. Their marriage, Ilya thinks, must be very healthy if he still has this effect on him after all those years. More importantly, he had been able to ground Shane, and that was the greatest privilege.

They didn’t have sex that night, because Luna woke the moment Shane tried to put her down, and there was a nappy to be changed and then Shane fed her, sitting against the headboard next to Ilya.

He wakes a second time that day, thankful for the few hours more sleep, blinking against the sunlight spilling in from the window. He tightens his arms around Shane, just feels him for a moment. Even in the past few years, waking up with his love in his arms, has been a rare little treat because Shane is an early riser and tends to already be done with his first work-out by the time Ilya crawls out of bed. Now, he is still dead to the world, and Ilya is only a man, he takes full advantage. His lips find the spot behind his ear, nuzzling there. His mouth follows the line of his jaw, until their noses bump together, and Shane hums, shifts, but does not wake. He needs rest after this night of interrupted sleep, and Ilya does the humanly impossible and drags himself away, slips out of bed.

Ten minutes until the alarm clock. It is a wonder that the human alarm, in the form of Luna Hollander-Rozanov, hasn’t gone off yet.

Ilya checks on her, then makes his way to first the bathroom, then the kitchen. He makes coffee for himself and starts on Shane’s breakfast. He lets Anya out so she can run around the garden for a bit. He disinfects bottles, makes one for later. This has become routine now, muscle memory. And he manages to do all of that still, with a warm and tired husband attached to his back.

“Good morning,” Shane mumbles, breath hot through the thin fabric of his shirt, hands already finding their way under it, soft lips pressing just above the seam over and over.

“Hmm, you got time to start something, Hollander? Because I will finish it,” Ilya can hear the effect Shane is having on him.

“I set the alarm a bit early. And with my breakfast already made and the bag packed...” Shane’s hands wander further down, and that part of Ilya’s body is very happy about what is about to happen. “I can have my smoothie in the car, so that gives me some time.”

“You got it all planned out, I see.” Ilya places the bottle on the counter and turns in Shane’s arms. “Very efficient, as always.”

“Indeed,” Shane reattaches to him, mouth against his throat, hands at the small of his back, slowly dipping under the hem of his boxers. “It is important to schedule in blowjob time for your husband, you know.”

“Ah, yes, blowjobs and schedules, your two favourite words,” Ilya grabs his chin, guides their mouths together in a kiss, slow like the morning, playful, but already laced with the goodbye that is to come. Ilya is going to miss that warmth, that small smile, the way they tease each other, making each other better. And if he is honest with himself, he will spend

most of his time this week at his in-laws' house, because no matter how sweet Luna is, she is a baby, and she is a lot of work, and Ilya would be lost without Yuna and David. If being part of the Hollander family has taught him one thing, it is asking for help and accepting it.

Ilya tips Shane's head up a bit more, lets his tongue slip into his mouth, swallowing Shane's moan, keeping it for himself. It will have to last him a bit. Their kiss ends, and Ilya closes his eyes as Shane makes his way down his body, eyes always fixed on him. As always, he is torn between pushing him down to where he wants him and pulling him up for just one more kiss.

"That's it, Hollander. Make me come, yes? Make me miss you even more." He tugs at soft strands over hair that have slipped out of the bun, watches wet lips wrap around his dick, dark lashes fluttering as Shane starts to lose himself in their favourite rhythm. Not for the first time, he wonders which of them loves this more, as his husband moans around him. "Yes, sweetheart. Take what you need. I'm all yours."

Shane does. God, he is greedy today, desperate. All Ilya can do is hold on to the counter, and to Shane's hair, and enjoy the ride. God, he wished they had time to drag this out, to take their time. He wants to spread Shane out on their bed after a nice, long shower, to watch him as he opens beneath his fingers, to make love to him the way he deserves. Soon. In a week. He will make sure they have time for it.

"Hmm, fuck, Hollander," the last name slips past his lips, and maybe it is falling back into hold habits. It is some sort of shock as Shane opens his eyes, brown irises shimmering with arousal, framed by those impossible lashes. Their beauty punches the breath right out of Ilya, it escapes in a loud moan, then a curse.

"Close. So close." He warns, giving Shane the chance to move away, but his husband surprises him by staying just where he is, hand wrapped around his base, lips dragging along the shaft. Those eyes hold Ilya's gaze, piercing him right to the soul.

Ilya comes, and he is already dragging Shane up before he is even capable of breathing again, needs a kiss more than he needs air. He wraps his arms around Shane, holds him, feels the weight of his erection against his hip. Ilya takes a moment to kiss him, then turns them around, lifts Shane onto the counter.

"Gonna make you feel so good, солнышко." He drags kisses along his jaw, hand already in Shane's pants, wrapped around his cock. Shane is so wet for him, and Ilya knows he will not last long. "My sunshine. I cannot get enough of you."

They share a deep kiss as his fist flies over his husband's dick, only breaking his rhythm to cup his balls, or run a finger along his perineum, teasing him, making a promise for things to come. Fingers dig into his back, bordering on painful. Not that Ilya cares, as he will happily be carrying those souvenirs for the next week, until Shane can scratch him up all over again. "You need this, солнышко? Need to come for me?"

Shane does come for him, hips stuttering as he attempts to fuck up into his fist, mouth hanging open against Ilya's.

They stay close, chest against chest, temple against temple, holding each other close. Ilya takes his fill of his husband, his scent, his warmth, his small sounds. He buries his nose in his hair, kisses his ear. "You win two hockey games for me, yes? And when you come home, I will have you on this counter again. Make you feel so good. Show you how proud I am of my husband."

He feels Shane nod, knowing just the way he is smiling, now, lips dark and wet. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too, Shane. I call every night, yes? Be annoying."

"Never annoying. I love talking to you. And I want to see Luna."

"Yes, I know. She is your favourite person, now. Can't blame you. Much cuter than me." Ilya pulls back to witness Shane's annoyed, little face, and to kiss it. "Go shower, солнышко. Twenty minutes until you have to go."

Shane grumbles but hops off the counter after a final kiss. Ilya watches him walk to the bathroom. One week. He can do one week without him, right? He's done that before, gone months without Shane Hollander.

But he has never gone a week without his husband, his sun.

End Notes

Oh the joy of being in an active fandom again. Thank you for the warm welcome <3

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