

Home is Wherever I'm With You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77102336) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77102336>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Domestic Fluff , Curtain Fic , Idiots in Love , Blow Jobs , Home Improvement , Canon Compliant , Making Out , Porn with Feelings , Teasing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 2,156 Chapters: 1/1

Home is Wherever I'm With You

by [miss_begonia](#)

Summary

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Ilya helps him out of his jeans, his hands immediately going to Shane's hips and pulling him down the bed. He gets Shane where he wants him and sinks to his knees, his mouth finding the soft skin of his inner thighs.

"F-fuck," Shane says.

"We will get sheets that are not navy blue," Ilya says, licking along the curve of his hip bone. "And maybe higher thread count because my baby is sensitive."

"I hate you," Shane says, his breath hitching when Ilya bites him on the thigh, light but still a pinch.

"How do you feel about air fryers?" Ilya asks. "I want one, I think."

Or: Ilya and Shane go shopping for home decor.

Notes

First fic in Heated Rivalry fandom! Please be kind. This is set sometime during the events of The Long Game, after they get engaged but before they get married/outed.

Shout out to Home Goods, which inspired this fic. Every item mentioned is one that I have actually found there.

Shane doesn't know how exactly he ended up here, but he has regrets.

Ilya is looking at some flowered curtains as if they are going to bite him. It had been his idea to come here—*we need to fix your place, is creepy to fuck around that much beige*—but so far all he's done is make fun of the tacky stuff that he finds. The Valentine's Day towels embroidered with hearts and flowers. The photo frame that loudly proclaims "OUR KIDS HAVE PAWS" that Ilya helpfully suggested they should send to Shane's parents with a photo of Anya. An entire section of decorations shaped like sparkly Christmas trees that Ilya evaluated as possible sex toys.

"Do you need ice cube tray shaped like hockey puck?" Ilya asks, lifting that very item from the clearance shelf. "You should get one, Hollander. You will be better at making goals if you know what hockey puck looks like."

"Fuck you," Shane mutters, and a blond woman in a sweater covered in teddy bears who is guiding three small blond children through the store gives him a sharp look.

"So many lamps," Ilya says. "I want you to have less lamps. So is dark, and you must wear glasses more."

Shane sighs. "That's not actually how my glasses work."

"I like you in glasses," Ilya says. "You are like slutty accountant. Makes me want to ruin you."

"*Ilya*," Shane hisses.

Ilya doesn't notice. He has found the throw pillow aisle, and hands him one that has sparkly fringe.

"I like this better than the ones you have," he says. "Matches you better. My pretty princess."

Shane huffs, feeling his cheeks heat, and Ilya grins—the crooked one that Shane hesitates to call "panty-dropping," except for how whenever Ilya looks at him that way, he somehow ends up not wearing clothes.

"Shut up," Shane says.

"So grumpy," Ilya says. "When Jackie told me about this store I thought it would be your favorite. You love real estate. You will be mogul one day. Need to decorate all those apartments, yes?"

"You're hilarious," Shane deadpans.

Ilya leans down and presses a quick kiss to Shane's lips, which makes Shane inhale. When they part, Ilya's eyes are that bright blue that holds so much warmth, ocean water under a hot summer sun.

"We're in public," Shane says.

"Mmm, yes," Ilya says. "But if a person were to say they saw us shopping together in Homesense, do you think anyone would believe them?"

This is unfortunately a fair point. It is unbelievable, in the same way that their whole relationship is unbelievable. They are not out to the world but they are engaged, commuting between their houses and traveling in between, co-parenting the world's cutest dog. Ilya left the team that started his career for Shane. Every time Shane thinks about this he gets dizzy.

Shane never thought he would have this, somehow. He thought he was too awkward, too consumed by hockey, too much of a loner oddball to live this kind of life. But here they are.

"Hey," Ilya says softly. "Where did you go?"

"I'm fine," Shane says, even though he can feel tears gathering at his waterline, and oh god, is he seriously going to cry in a discounted home furnishings store? This is so embarrassing.

"We don't have to get anything," Ilya says. "Was mostly a joke, taking you here."

He gestures to the tote bag to their left, which reads *I enjoy long, romantic walks through Homesense*.

"Is not good date?" Ilya says.

"Have we ever been on a date in our lives?" Shane asks.

Ilya's face falters a bit, and he can see him running through their relationship in his head: ten years of hook-ups and hell and hardship and heartbreak, with moments of sweetness scattered throughout.

No dates.

Ilya cups Shane's chin, his fingers light on the heated skin of Shane's neck.

"I want you to be comfortable when I can not be there," Ilya says. "Want you to have everything you like, your favorite drinks and good food and blankets to keep you warm when I can't."

Shane blinks up at Ilya, his heart rabbiting in his chest. Ilya just *says* things like this sometimes, so sweet and heartfelt, and it makes Shane want to—

"We need to go home," Shane says, his voice shaking, and tugs Ilya out of the store by the hand.

*

They are barely inside Shane's house when Shane shoves Ilya up against the door and begins to unfasten Ilya's pants.

"Whoa, whoa, sweetheart," Ilya says, catching Shane's busy hands in his own. "Slow down. What's the rush?"

Shane realizes, suddenly, that there is no rush—it's summer, there are no games in the morning or photo shoots or press to do in the near future. His body is so used to moving quickly with Ilya, speeding through all the levels of intimacy so he can cram in as much as possible before they have to be separated again for months.

Ilya lifts one of his hands up to his mouth, kissing the tips of Shane's fingers one at a time. Shane feels his pulse slow with each kiss, that incredible magic power Ilya has to make Shane feel less like his body and mind are a train always a second away from running off the tracks.

"Sometimes, when we are apart," Ilya says, "I think about how it will be when we are married. When we won't have to travel back and forth. Will you get bored of me?"

"Probably," Shane murmurs, but his words ring hollow when he moans as Ilya's lips press to his neck.

"You are already boring, so I know what I am getting," Ilya says. "But maybe I will become boring being so close to you all the time."

Shane wants to shove him away, to tell him to *fuck off*, but he knows teasing is Ilya's love language, and he's distracted thinking about getting to wake up next to Ilya every morning, to kiss him while coming into consciousness. To watch him get out of the shower, water dripping down his torso. Shane knows he never dries off completely because he likes the way Shane looks at him, eyes tracing the path of the water down into the cruel cover of the towel around his waist.

"You keep—how do you say—drifting off?" Ilya says. "We do not have to do anything."

"No, no—I want to," Shane says. "I just... thoughts are hard right now."

"Mmm," Ilya says, his big hand cupping Shane through his jeans. "Better to focus on other things that are hard."

Shane whimpers, watching the smug smile spread across Ilya's face. Shane's knee-jerk reaction is to want to punch him for being so self-satisfied, but he knows Ilya only gets that way when he's pleased about making Shane feel good.

"Let me take care of you," he says, lifting Shane up by his thighs and ignoring Shane's protests as he takes him to the bedroom.

He dumps Shane on the navy bedspread, sending him sprawling, and laughs as Shane curses him out using a creative mixture of words that do not fall within the conventions of Canadian politeness.

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"Are you trying to kill my boner?" Shane says.

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"How do you feel about air fryers?" Ilya asks. "I want one, I think."

"Will you just—" Shane says, shoving Ilya's head down.

He finally stops running his mouth so he can take Shane down his throat. He doesn't build up to it, and Shane groans.

Ilya has this way of giving head that - well, it sounds strange, but it's kind of like he is on the ice. Aggressive, efficient, driven. He can be teasing too, but sometimes he just goes for it like he is in it to win it, like there is nothing he wants more than to get the trophy that is Shane's orgasm at the end.

Shane thrusts up, not even meaning to, just seeking the wet heat of Ilya's mouth. Ilya moves with it, doesn't pause or resist, and their bodies fall into a sync they've perfected over years of learning each other. Give and take, back and forth, a smooth dance that builds and builds.

"Ilya," Shane breathes, feeling the tingling in his center that means he's going to come soon. "Ilya—I don't want—"

Ilya stops immediately, pulling back and looking up at him with heavy-lidded eyes. His lips are pouty and swollen, and he's flushed and breathing heavily.

"What is wrong?" Ilya asks.

"Nothing," Shane says. "I just—I don't want to come yet."

Ilya tilts his head to one side. "You know I can make you come again."

Shane wishes there was a limit to how many times he could blush.

"I know you—god, you're annoying. I want us to—you know—together."

"You know?" Ilya says. "What if I want you to say it?"

"Why are you so—"

"How are we ever going to have a house that you love if you can't say what you want?" Ilya says.

That draws Shane up short.

"You think I can't say what I want?" Shane says.

"I think you sometimes do what others want," Ilya says. "Is easier, maybe."

"I tell you what I want," Shane protests.

"Okay," Ilya says.

Shane has come to hate it when Ilya says *okay* in that clipped way that really means *not okay but I will leave it alone*.

"Why are we fighting?" Shane says. "I mean, thanks, I guess. I'm not going to come now."

Ilya sighs. He gets up from his knees, then uses one hand to push Shane until he scoots back on the bed, his back pressing to the headboard.

Ilya climbs into his lap, cupping Shane's face in his hands.

"I want to know what you want," Ilya says. "I want you to have what you want."

"I do have what I want," Shane says. "I have you."

In the low light of the bedroom, Ilya's eyes glitter silver. He runs a hand through Shane's hair, brushing it off his forehead.

"I love you so much," Ilya says. "I don't want to lose you."

Shane realizes that he has missed the telltale signs that Ilya is struggling: the wrinkle between his eyebrows, the clench of his jaw. All day he has been joking around, pretending everything is normal, because that is what Ilya does. Tries to protect Shane from his sadness.

"Ilya," Shane says. "You're not going to lose me."

He slides his hand into Ilya's curls, twisting his fingers in the softness. Ilya turns his face away, but not before Shane can see that his eyes are wet.

"Hey," Shane says. "Kiss me."

Ilya lets Shane kiss him, then kisses him back. His tongue flickers over Shane's lips, and Shane sighs into the kiss.

They kiss for a long time, Shane's hands never leaving Ilya's hair, Ilya's hands gripping Shane's hips.

Shane's hand finds its way into Ilya's pants, grateful that he's wearing sweatpants. He wraps his hand around Ilya's cock, watching the way Ilya tips his head back and groans.

"I'm in this for the long haul," Shane says, stroking Ilya slowly, reminding himself: they have time.

"Is hard to believe sometimes," Ilya says. "We waited... we waited a long time."

Understatement of the century, Shane thinks.

"Yes," Shane says, "but we don't have to wait anymore."

"Well," Ilya says. "A little bit longer. We are not married yet. Do not have one house, together."

"But we will," Shane murmurs. "It'll be both of ours. You can complain about how there's too much plaid and I'll fight you about your giant ugly leather couch. We'll have a yard for Anya to run around in. Maybe grow some vegetables, I don't know."

Ilya's eyelashes flutter. Shane leans into his chest and listens to his heartbeat, his deep breaths as Shane touches him.

"Will probably have to invite over Hayden and Jackie and their five hundred children," Ilya says.

Shane laughs into the crook of Ilya's neck.

"Sometimes, maybe," Shane says. "But mostly it'll be ours."

Ilya kisses Shane then. It feels like a promise.

"Good," Ilya says. "I like what is ours."

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