

A taste of home

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77316581) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77316581>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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 , Post-Canon , Married Couple , Married Life , Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Baking , Not Beta Read , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Idiots in Love , Autistic Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 1,127 Chapters: 1/1

A taste of home

by [whiskis](#)

Summary

Ilya arrives home on his birthday to find Anya barking and a panicked Shane trying to fight the fire alarm after a failed baking attempt.

Notes

Soooooooo... Life is not great, and I think we all deserve some sweetness, so here. This story is based on real events after I accidentally burned down a cake, and had a meltdown because of it. That was fun (I hope y'all read that with Ilya's voice).

Also, this is not beta-read, so if there's any mistakes that's on me.

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

Ilya went on a run on his birthday.

He would have liked to spend the early morning fucking his husband senseless, but unluckily for him, he was a professional athlete. A professional athlete that had a game tomorrow, and had to go to practice later in the evening. And he didn't really like his birthday that much. It brought back so many memories of his mom, of his home country, of his father... His brain was a complete mess and he needed to clear it before the game. Either way, they'll celebrate for real in a couple of days. They already had plans to drive to the cottage and to have dinner with Yuna and David... So he went on a run. Nothing major.

But his willingness to be a good player felt weaker and weaker the longer he spent away from Shane, so he cut the run short, and sprinted back home. He could still get some naughty things off his list if they got creative... With his mind focused on new ways to tease his husband, he barely registered Anya's barks and the smoke alarm going crazy until he was in the house. Everything smelt of burnt sugar, and it was coming from the kitchen.

"Shane?" He called out, walking towards the kitchen just to hear Shane's panicked cursing.

First thing he saw was poor Anya running around the island, barking and clearly scared. Second thing he saw was his husband on top of the island trying to make the smoke alarm stop beeping. The insufferable sound stopped, and Shane looked down at him. His eyes were glassy, and Ilya's inner alarms turned on in full blast to make it better ASAP. He could see the meltdown coming. He could almost feel it in the way Shane's body was so tense.

"What happened?" Ilya asked, offering Shane a hand to climb off the fucking counter. Last thing he wanted was for his husband to trip and fall to the ground. They had a match to win. And it would be very rude to have to go to the hospital on his birthday. Shane lowered himself until he was sitting on the edge of the island, Ilya between his legs, hands framing his face.

"I was trying to bake and then the stupid cookie or whatever looked crispy. And I looked away for one second and then it was on fire and..." Shane was spiraling, his breathing a bit too fast, his hands shaking lightly. Worrying for his husband took all his mental focus.

“Hey. *Hey*.” Ilya grabbed his chin and forced him to look up. He grabbed one of Shane’s hands and placed it over his chest, breathing slowly. “Look at me. It’s okay. Nothing happened. *We are okay*. It’s just a... cake?” He wasn’t really sure what Shane was trying to make.

Shane mirrored his breathing, his eyes still glassy but not like he was about to break down in front of him. Ilya’s arms found Shane’s middle and he pulled until they were as close as possible. His husband went willingly, plastering himself against Ilya until they were breathing together, tension disappearing from Shane’s body.

“What were you trying to make?” Ilya asked after a while, curiosity spiking once he was sure Shane was okay. Anya also calmed down, now resting peacefully in the pink bed on the corner of the kitchen.

Shane pulled back, and his cheeks turned the prettiest shade of pink. Ilya wanted to devour him. “Medovik,” he pronounced it weirdly, but Ilya knew what that was. Of course, he knew. His mom used to make it every year for his birthday.

“How do you know that?” He asked, flabbergasted and feeling like his insides were about to either melt or burn. His heart was suddenly going very, very fast.

Shane looked even more embarrassed before answering: “I called Svetlana.”

“*What?*” Ilya didn’t know if he was about to cry of happiness or about to suck his husband’s dick right there. Maybe both.

Shane took a deep breath, a tiny smile playing at the corner of his lips. “I called Svetlana and asked for a recipe so I could bake something for your birthday. I know you don’t like this day that much but I wanted to do something special and then I ruined it and I...”

Ilya cut him mid-phrase. “You didn’t need to bake anything.”

“I know that. But I wanted to. I wanted to make you something that reminded you of your childhood, of *good memories* of your childhood. Something that reminded you of *home*.”

Ilya's heart was beating so hard inside his chest, he feared it was going to break his rib-cage to get to Shane. His eyes itched with tears. The fact that Ilya adored his husband was something everybody knew. Nothing surprising there. But most people wouldn't even get close to how much he really adored him. And right then the feeling of love towards him was almost overwhelming.

“Shane,” he whispered, a knot on his throat.

Shane smiled at him. “*Ilya*.”

“You are home,” Ilya choked out.

Shane face did a funny thing before he hid his face on Ilya's neck. “You can't say stuff like that,” he mumbled against his collarbone.

“I just did.” Ilya chuckled, his laugh sounding wet and a bit sad.

He kissed the top of Shane's head, his arms squeezing around him. They stayed like that for a long time, breathing slowly against each other, tiny kisses on every part they could reach being pressed together.

Ilya bite down lightly under Shane's ear, that spot that always made his hips jerk up seeking friction. “Stop it,” Shane mumbled. But he tilted his head a bit to the side, offering more space.

Ilya smirked against his skin and did it again. “No.”

The ministrations to his neck continued until Ilya could feel Shane's dick against his own. "You are all sweaty," Shane pointed out. Ilya could feel the thoughts circling his husband's head.

"You like me sweaty." Shane scrunched his nose, and Ilya laughed. "Want to help me get cleaned up?" Shane's eyes lighted up, just like Ilya expected them to. "You can give me your present in the shower..." The innuendo was clear, but he sucked on Shane's pulse point just to make a point. The moan he let out was obscene.

"*Fuck, Ilya...*" Shane pushed at his chest until Ilya stumbled a couple of steps, arousal burning through his veins. Shan jumped off the island, stopping for a quick peck before sprinting off the kitchen, screaming over his shoulder: "Race you to the shower." He was already disappearing around the corner with a laugh by the time Ilya moved.

Ilya loved him so fucking much it hurt.

End Notes

Kudos and comments feed my soul. ❤️❤️

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