

Waves

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77359616) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77359616>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon , Married Couple , Explicit Sexual Content , Late at Night , Anal Sex , Sleepiness , Fluff , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Language:	English
Collections:	*Heated rivalry melts my heart*
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-12 Words: 2,332 Chapters: 1/1

Waves

by [broccolicheddarchicken](#)

Summary

Shane hadn't been turned on when he woke up. But Shane's body was hardwired to be receptive when it came to Ilya, and so after a few deep kisses and a warm hand against him, Shane could feel the goosebumps rising on his skin. He could feel the low pops and buzzes in his spine. He could feel that low ache, deep inside him, that he'd only ever found one method to sate.

Shane and Ilya have sleepy middle of the night sex.

Notes

some snack-sized smut on a friday afternoon :P

as always: I hope you enjoy reading this at least half as much as I enjoyed writing it.

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

The cottage bedroom was dark—it had been late already when he and Ilya fell asleep, however many hours ago that was—and Shane wasn't sure what had startled him awake. He took quick stock of his surroundings, everything a deep blue in the low light. Anya was still in her bed by the window, the rain from earlier that night still pattering against the windows.

No. The rain was beating against them. The storm's intensity had picked up sharply sometime since Shane fell asleep. What time was it, anyway?

Shane stretched to his nightstand and lifted his phone just enough to see the screen, without flooding the room with too much light. It was just past three.

It must have been the thunder that woke him up, Shane decided. He had always been a light sleeper. Not like Ilya, who could sleep through anything, and was still asleep now. He settled back into his husband's arms, slightly adjusting Ilya's arm where it had shifted when he checked his phone.

Shane could feel Ilya's strong, broad chest against his own back. He could feel the tawny hair on Ilya's legs where their limbs had become tangled. Shane could *also* feel that Ilya was half-hard behind him, but that was meaningless. Half the time one or both of them would be hard at any given point in the middle of the night, it didn't mean they were awake or horny or wanted to fuck.

The blankets were soft, the bed warm, and the sound of the storm was soothing. Shane was ready to go back to sleep. He snuggled back against Ilya and shut his eyes, content to drift back into unconsciousness.

It started with a little tickle under the hem of Shane's shirt (really, Ilya's shirt that he'd stolen to sleep in). A kiss to the back of Shane's shoulders. Warm fingers sliding over his hip, pushing the shirt up and allowing the cotton to bunch at his waist.

Ilya wasn't asleep. Probably. He could be horny when he was asleep, but it usually meant lazy rutting against Shane's ass, not this type of purposeful touch.

"You're awake?" Ilya whispered to him.

Shane nodded, twisting slightly so that they could face each other. "I'm awake."

"Hello." It was hard to tell in the dark, but Shane was pretty sure Ilya was smiling.

"Hi." Shane blinked twice. "Why are you up?"

Ilya didn't answer the question. Instead, he leaned down and kissed Shane, one of those slow, deep, burning kisses that made Shane's toes curl and demanded his full attention. It was almost embarrassing how immediately subdued Shane felt by it—one second he'd been half-asleep and confused, and the next he was needy and clinging.

Shane hadn't been turned on when he woke up. But Shane's body was hardwired to be receptive when it came to Ilya, and so after a few deep kisses and a warm hand against him,

Shane could feel the goosebumps rising on his skin. He could feel the low pops and buzzes in his spine. He could feel that low ache, deep inside him, that he'd only ever found one method to sate.

With Ilya kissing him like this, the next step felt almost inevitable.

Shane didn't care that it was the middle of the night. Tomorrow's responsibilities—Shane couldn't even conjure them to mind, not right then—were impossibly far away. All that existed was now, this cottage, this bed, the heavy pitter-patter of rainfall just outside. That, and the man Shane had chosen to share it all with.

Ilya's hand came to rest somewhere on the plane of Shane's stomach as they kissed, his other arm still tucked under Shane's neck. Shane's body was thrumming and hot, even though he'd just had Ilya before they fell asleep. He shouldn't have been so wanting, not then, not with Ilya's cum still inside him and the physical memory still present, and yet it was all he could think about.

On a different night, Ilya might have asked Shane whether or not he wanted to keep going. Their many years had taught them to read each other's bodies just as easily as their words, but sometimes the simplest method of communication was easiest. Tonight, they were sharing open-mouthed kisses as the rain poured down around them, grabbing and pulling at each other as though they were starving. There was no discussion of what would come next. There was no question.

Ilya reached around and rolled one of Shane's nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Any attention to Shane's nipples left him would leave him reeling, and this was no exception: he gasped quietly and felt Ilya smile against his mouth.

"You are so easy," Ilya said.

Shane didn't even care enough to argue. "Need you."

"You have me. I'm too tired to tease."

Thank fuck. Shane shifted to roll onto his stomach and get into a better position, but Ilya grabbed him and shook his head.

"On your side," Ilya murmured, drowsy and rough, his hard cock insistent against the backs of Shane's thighs. "Just like this."

Oh, what a gift it was to be loved.

Shane put his head back on the pillow and shut his eyes. He was going to be fucked within minutes. He was going to come for the third time that night. Both would be at the hands of the man he loved more than anything, and both would be done without any real work on Shane's part. Not because Shane didn't want to contribute, but because Ilya wanted to spoil.

The luck of it all struck Shane briefly—how perfect everything had to line up for them to have this—but the thought was quickly forgotten when he felt the blunt press of Ilya at his

entrance. He drew in a sharp breath, only from the surprise, then instantly willed his body to relax.

Shane's hole was still slick and open from a few hours prior, and it accepted Ilya greedily, in a slow slide that ended with a relieved, involuntary whine.

"Oh, fuck," Shane breathed, reaching back with his hand to tangle his fingers in Ilya's hair. "Ilya."

Ilya groaned in response. He reached up and squeezed one of Shane's pecs, and then they were moving together with lazy, half-aborted rolls of their hips that sent pleasure sparking through Shane's body. They were still under their blanket, which happened almost never, but with both of them still half asleep, there was a sort of drowsy intimacy to it that Shane found intoxicating. Ilya had put his lips against Shane's neck and was now speaking a mix of English and Russian praises into his skin, punctuated with open, soft kisses and gentle bites.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, slow and adoring and simple, but Ilya was growing frustrated with the angle. Shane could tell by the way he was pulling at Shane's hips, trying to get deeper, until finally, Ilya pulled out and kicked the blanket to the foot of the bed.

"On your back," Ilya ordered. "Let me take care of you."

Shane obeyed, stretching out in the middle of the bed, and felt Ilya settle over him. Ilya could be so different depending on the night. Strict and domineering, slow and teasing, gentle and adoring. This was something more than all of it, something honest. Shane could feel the weight of Ilya's body on top of him. It wasn't crushing—it was secure. He thought he'd miss the warmth of the comforter, but Ilya's heat was more than enough to keep him from feeling exposed.

This was his favorite way, anyway. Shane loved being taken from behind, loved the inherent roughness and the animalism in it, but he loved this so much more. He loved holding Ilya, and he loved looking into his eyes when he came.

Ilya, still on top of Shane, put his hand on Shane's cheek then pecked his nose. This, Shane thought, wasn't Ilya trying to be *anything*. This was just Ilya, raw and himself.

Shane's eyes adjusted, and he could just make out his husband's features in the little bit of starlight seeping through the floor-to-ceiling windows: his strong jawline, his crooked nose, the wild mane of hair. Ilya was so cute with his bedhead, always had been. Shane could remember even when they were nineteen, a million years ago, thinking that Ilya looked sweeter with his hair all messy after sex.

Sex that they weren't currently having.

"Please," Shane whined. He hoped Ilya knew what he wanted.

The begging wasn't necessary. Ilya was already lining up to reenter him. Shane pressed the insides of his thighs to Ilya's ribs and wrapped his legs around Ilya. He *needed* Ilya to come inside him, needed to feel his husband everywhere he possibly could.

Ilya finally pushed back inside, Shane keening against him, and then they were moving together again. Shane was overwhelmed with the emotion of it all—affection for the man above, gratitude for the life they'd managed to build, for all the little ways that Ilya was perfect for him. He pushed his hips back to meet Ilya's slow, lazy thrusts, and Ilya groaned above him, both of them utterly lost in one another.

Shane didn't know how to express what he was feeling right then. Even with English being his second language, Ilya had always been better with his words, always the better at explaining things between the two of them. It was why Shane was so content to let Ilya speak for him in most situations. Ilya simply always knew what to say.

I love being your husband. I love being yours. I love that we can just wake up and have this, and in twenty minutes we'll be asleep again like nothing ever happened. I love how it feels when you're inside me. I can't feel completely safe unless I have you near. I hate feeling vulnerable, but I love it when it's you. I've never trusted someone the way I trust you. I never will.

"I love you," Shane said.

Ilya said it back in Russian, murmuring against the shell of Shane's ear, and Shane finally allowed himself to relax, fully, into the soft cradle of their marital bed, focusing on nothing and no one other than the man above him and the sensations shared between them. There were no other words that needed to be said.

Then Ilya found that place inside him, the one that sent Shane keening, and Shane was no longer thinking about much at all.

The build in intensity was slow, almost deceiving, coming in a rhythm of gentle waves that crested and receded in equal time. The crests grew higher and higher, the troughs growing weaker, until Shane finally broke the rhythm with a soft scream muffled by Ilya's shoulder against his mouth. The orgasm was all-consuming—his legs trembled, his body twitched and fluttered around Ilya, he yanked helplessly at fistfuls of Ilya's hair—and then Ilya was there too, pulsing inside Shane and pressing his nose hard against the underside of Shane's jaw.

Neither of them made any motion to separate, Ilya still inside and relaxed on top of Shane, for several minutes. The only proof Shane had that Ilya hadn't immediately fallen back asleep was that Ilya was still lazily kissing every sensitive point he knew of along Shane's throat.

For a brief moment, Shane entertained a fantasy of falling asleep like this, with Ilya still inside him. It wouldn't work, the position wasn't right, but maybe if they were still on their sides, like they had been when this began...

He could bring it up some other time. Right then, Shane wanted nothing more than to pull Ilya into his chest, to hold him, to play with his bouncy, springy curls. He wanted to cuddle until the sun came up. He wanted to fall back asleep and skip all their plans for the next day.

Shane wanted to stay in this bed with Ilya until they both began to rot.

Ilya, the traitor, finally started to get up.

"What are you doing?" Shane asked, more desperate than he'd meant.

"Getting a cloth."

It was an innocent enough explanation, but not an acceptable one.

"Mm-mm." Shane shook his head, then grabbed Ilya by his forearm and tugged him back into bed. "We'll clean up in the morning. Come here."

"You're not going to like the way it feels in the morning."

"I'll be fine. Wanna keep you in me all night."

The look Ilya gave him was borderline unbelieving. Shane knew he'd always been the stickler for cleanliness in their relationship, but right then all he wanted was his Ilya wrapped around him.

Shane pushed Ilya onto his back, pulled the blanket back up from where it was tangled at the foot of the bed, and nuzzled and squirmed with Ilya until they'd found a position that was comfortable for both of them. Once they were settled, Ilya's arm came around him automatically.

This, Shane thought, is the reason for all of it.

The bed was soft and warm, as always. Ilya's limbs were a welcome weight around him, his fingers gentle and loving as they lazily traced the curves and angles of Shane's body.

Shane wasn't sure if it was the pleasant soreness, Ilya's soft breathing, or the gentle circles of his fingertips on Shane's back. What he did know was that in less than two minutes, he was fighting the space between consciousness and sleep, trying desperately to keep this moment for himself.

It wasn't a fight he could win, he knew. And why should he try? There would be a thousand more nights of this, a million more touches. Sleep came as a warm, dark ocean wave slipping over Shane on some moonlight-soaked beach, and he stopped trying to fight it, instead allowing himself to be pulled this way and that by the gentle drift.

End Notes

your girl loves to end a fic with shane falling asleep

Thank you so much for reading! Every single kudos and comment is so so very appreciated :)

SOCIAL MEDIA:

[Tumblr](#)

[Instagram](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Bluesky](#) (not active, but I check my DMs every now and then)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!