

my only angel

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](#) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77737606>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , 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:	Explicit Sexual Content , Porn with Feelings , Angst , Blow Jobs , Rimming , Anal Sex , Felching , Jealous Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of off the ice (smutty hollanov one shots)
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 2,784 Chapters: 1/1

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by [sunnysalutations](#)

Summary

Shane sees an article about Ilya with a mystery woman, and proceeds to spiral out of control in a jealous rage.

Notes

this is set in a time somewhere in the beginning of The Long Game when Ilya is living in Ottawa and Shane is still in Montreal

this has not been proofread so if there are any mistakes just ignore them thank you

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

It's a bit ridiculous, in hindsight. Shane knows that Ilya loves him, only him. He's said it a thousand times. Both in conversation and in bed, Ilya constantly spouts reassurances that his heart only belongs to Shane, and will stay like that forever. Shane knows that Ilya would never cheat, despite how often his brain tries to convince him otherwise. And yet, contrary to everything Shane knows, he's glaring down at his phone with tears threatening to spill out.

Hot Russian Romance: Ilya Rozanov spotted with mystery woman!

Pictures attached to the news article showed Ilya walking next to a woman with long brown hair and sparkling hazel eyes, flashing Ilya a smile that makes Shane's stomach churn. Shane had no idea who this woman was. She was beautiful, definitely the type of woman that Ilya would sleep with. It's not like they were holding hands, their only point of contact was their shoulders brushing together from walking next to each other.

Shane feels bile rise in his throat. No matter who this woman was, Shane mostly felt jealousy towards the fact that she was able to be seen publicly with Ilya. The article is all about their supposed relationship, not Ilya's identity. If that were Shane next to him in the photos, their identities would be the main topic. There would be way more consequences, much bigger reactions, definitely more negative ones. It wasn't fair. They would lose everything.

Given the amount of years they've been together, Shane thought that Ilya would know better. Surely, if he was actually cheating, he wouldn't be dumb enough to get caught. He's trained in the art of sneaking around.

Maybe he was sick of Shane, bored of their secret. Maybe he got tired of hiding and found someone he could actually be public with. Maybe he decided that the pain of keeping their love a secret was no longer worth it.

Shane paces the floor of his living room, his brain spinning out of control with every passing second. He was supposed to travel to Ottawa in two days to spend a week at Ilya's house. Should he cancel the trip? Should he call Ilya tonight and ask about the pictures? Honestly, he was too scared to ask. He's not sure if it's better to confront his feelings now or sweep it under the rug until he's in Ottawa. His thoughts are interrupted by the buzz of his phone.

"Hi," Shane answers flatly.

"You are angry," Ilya sighs, "I take it you've seen the article."

"Yep. I have."

"Shane, it's not what it looks like." Ilya's voice is soft with a hint of sadness, it would break Shane's heart if he didn't feel so betrayed.

"Maybe... I shouldn't come to Ottawa. It seems like you've got your hands full," Shane responds with a shaky breath. He doesn't want to break up, he really doesn't. He just can't handle being cheated on, not after everything.

“Please don’t do this. I promise I can explain everything. You know that I love you, that has not changed,” Ilya pleads, choking out the last few words.

“I mean, obviously something *has* changed. I don’t care who she is. I just wish you had the dignity to break it off with me first.” The dam finally breaks and Shane’s cheeks are soaked before he even finishes his sentence.

“You are the only one for me, Shane. I can’t give you details, but please just believe me. She means nothing to me.” Ilya is crying too, Shane can hear the tremble of his voice.

“Then who the fuck is she, Ilya?!” Shane finally snaps. “I’ve barely heard from you all week and then I see this shit. What the fuck am I supposed to think?”

“I know. I’m sorry, I will explain everything when you’re here,” Ilya’s voice grows louder, not arguing, but trying to get through to Shane before he spirals.

“I’m not coming. I need a few days to think.” Shane slams his phone down on the counter before Ilya can respond.

He’s fuming. What started as sadness and betrayal has blossomed into rage. After everything they’ve endured, to just cheat on him like that is a slap in the face. The painful weeks spent apart, the perpetual hiding, the constant anxiety that they would be discovered. All of it, for nothing.

As if the clouds were connected to Shane’s heart, rain begins to patter against the windows as the sky grows darker. Shane scoffs at how cliché it feels.

Instead of moping around his living room on the verge of insanity, he heads for his home gym.

Shane works out in silence. Typically, he would have some type of upbeat music playing over the surround sound speaker system, but the only noise in the room is the clank of the weights on his cable bench press. He doesn’t realize how long he’s been there until his legs nearly give out on the bike machine. Nearly two hours of constant movement, he knows that his body will pay for it tomorrow.

Just as Shane is drying off from his shower, the sound of his doorbell rings through the house. He sighs, quickly throwing on clothes, trying not to be annoyed at the incessant knocking on his door that follows. The rain outside has gotten worse, pouring down with loud claps of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning. It would be soothing, something for Shane to fall asleep to, if his mind wasn’t still racing.

He opens the door to a soaking wet Ilya on his front porch. They stare at each other with sad eyes for a moment before Shane steps aside and motions for him to enter.

“You’re wet,” Shane observes, eyes locked on Ilya’s clothes to avoid his face.

“I stood outside... for a while, before I knocked. I thought about turning around,” Ilya says as he slips off his soaked shoes.

“Maybe you should’ve,” Shane bites back. He turns to walk away, but a cold hand lands on his arm to stop him.

“Shane.”

“Ilya.” Shane still doesn’t look at him, but he doesn’t move his arm away. “Can you please just go home? I told you I needed to think.”

“I can’t sleep knowing you’re mad at me, I can barely think about anything else,” Ilya says, voice bordering on a whisper.

“I’m sure you could think about your hot new girlfriend.” Shane eventually pulls his arm away to hug himself for comfort.

“She is not my girlfriend!” Ilya yells. “That is what I’ve been trying to tell you!”

“Then who the fuck is she?!” Shane spins around to finally look at Ilya with fury in his eyes. “Tell me who she is, Ilya. Or get the hell out of my house.”

“She was helping me with a surprise for you!”

“Bullshit.”

Ilya sighs in frustration, pulling his phone from his damp pocket. He scrolls through his messages, presumably with the mystery woman, until he finds what he’s looking for and shoves his phone into Shane’s hand.

He scans through the texts carefully, reading about Ilya’s plans to surprise him with an elaborate three-course meal to celebrate the anniversary of when they met. The woman he was spotted with was a professional chef, one that specializes in macrobiotic diets. Ilya had spent nearly two weeks meticulously planning an entire meal full of foods that Shane would eat.

Fuck. Shane feels like a complete asshole.

He stares at Ilya’s phone in silence, unmoving even when Ilya gently takes the phone from his hand. Of course it was a romantic surprise. All of the anxiety and doubts had made Shane irrational, jumping to conclusions that he never should have made. He’d been so focused on his own jealousy that this anniversary slipped his mind.

“You really think I would cheat on you? After everything?” Ilya asks quietly, trying to meet Shane’s gaze. He takes Shane’s hand in his, rubbing his thumb over the knuckles.

Shane tries to choke out an apology, but collapses into Ilya’s arms, spilling tears onto his already damp shirt. “I’m such an asshole. I should have trusted you,” he managed to mumble between sobs.

“Yes, you should have,” Ilya teases, “I have invested too much time in this to ever hurt you like that, *moy lyubimyy*.”

Shane grips him tighter, afraid that he might fade away if he lets go. Ilya manages to pull back slightly, just enough to cradle Shane's face in his hands and look him in the eyes. They share a gentle kiss, one that makes Shane sigh and relax his shoulders that he didn't realize were so tense. Shane deepens the kiss, heat spreading through his body. He wants to show Ilya how sorry he is, how stupid he was to assume the worst, that he should've believed the only person he trusts to be careful with his body and soul.

"Can I show you how much I love you?" Ilya asks as if he can read Shane's mind.

His response is a simple nod, and Ilya is sliding his hands under Shane's thighs to pick him up before the movement is over. Shane's fingers tangle in his soft curls as Ilya carries him over to the couch, laying Shane down on the cushions as gently as possible. They assist each other in discarding their clothes, Shane somehow managing to hold back his complaints about Ilya's clothes being wet from the rain. Shane manages to push Ilya back to sit against the cushions and takes no time sliding down to his knees. He showers Ilya's thighs and torso in kisses, moving to kiss a path from his balls to the tip of his cock. He looks up at Ilya through his lashes, eyes still glistening from his tears.

"I want you to fuck my mouth," Shane whispers, feelings Ilya's hands grip tighter where they massage his shoulders.

Ilya nods, leaning down to give Shane a deep kiss before guiding his head down to his erection. Shane's jaw goes slack, relaxing his throat as his mouth slides down the length. Ilya is gentle at first, bucking his hips in shallow thrusts that elicit quiet gags from Shane. Impatient to please, Shane sucks harder and bobs his head faster. Ilya curses and moves his hands to grip Shane's hair, fucking deeper into his throat. Shane's eyes flutter at the sensation, moaning around Ilya's cock the best that he can. The vibrations send a shock up Ilya's spine and he pulls Shane off with a wet pop.

"Fuck, I'm close," Ilya groans as he grips the base of his cock, fighting off the orgasm threatening to rip through him.

"Cum down my throat, I want to taste you," Shane rasps with blown pupils.

Ilya nods, he could get hard again. Shane once made him cum three times in one night.

He cards his fingers through Shane's hair, brushing a few strands from his forehead, before pushing his head back down until his nose is buried in Ilya's pubes. Shane swallows around him, the suction of his throat quickly pulling Ilya back to the edge. With fingers threaded in his hair, Ilya pulls Shane back until just the head of his cock sits between those perfect lips. He finishes in Shane's mouth, loud groans bouncing off the walls of the living room and his head thrown back.

"Don't swallow yet. Come here," Ilya growls and grips Shane's jaw, forcing his mouth open to see the pool of white sitting on his tongue. Hand tight on his jaw, Ilya lets a line of spit drip from his mouth into Shane's and watches as it mixes with his cum. "Now."

Shane swallows eagerly, whining at the taste, his own cock leaking against his thigh. Ilya hauls him up into his lap and crashes their mouths together, enjoying the salty residue of his

own release in Shane's mouth. He grips Shane's hips tightly to maneuver him onto all fours across the couch. Shane drops to his elbows, sticking his ass high in the air, ready and willing for whatever Ilya gives him.

His eagerness is met with Ilya's tongue swiping over his entrance, pulling a broken moan from deep in his chest. He fucks him with his tongue, but quickly replaces it with a finger. Shane blindly pats around the couch cushions until he finds the bottle of lube they keep stashed there, just in case, and hands it to Ilya. A second enters him, a third shortly following, and the stretch is fucking fantastic. His hips jolt when Ilya brushes the tip of his middle finger over his prostate. As soon as Ilya's fingers leave his hole, Shane whines at the emptiness.

"So impatient," Ilya teases as the tip of his cock, already rock hard again, taps against the stretched rim.

He sinks in slowly, painfully slow, reveling in the tight heat that sucks him in. Proving his words are true, Shane desperately pushes his hips back to fuck himself on Ilya's cock. Ilya stays still, watching in amazement at the desperation Shane has to be fucked.

"I wish you could see yourself right now. Fucking stunning." Ilya can't hold back any longer and grips Shane's hips, mercilessly pounding into him. The slap of skin echoes throughout the room, the couch scooting slightly with each powerful thrust. Shane's noises are so desperate, bordering on sobs that only encourage Ilya to fuck him harder.

"You think I would ever want to fuck someone else? Nobody can take my cock like you." Ilya reaches around to give Shane's neglected dick a few tugs, drawing out moans that are muffled by the couch cushions. "I am yours, understand? Only yours. And you are mine."

Shane grips the couch as best as he can, face buried in the leather. He can feel himself barreling toward his orgasm, even when Ilya's hand drops his leaking cock and returns to his hips. Ilya's fingers grip him so hard that he's sure he'll have bruises tomorrow.

"*Yours.*" Is the only word Shane can squeak out before he's shooting over the cushion below him, thighs quaking and hole clenching around Ilya.

"Yours," Ilya repeats back as he pushes his hips flush against Shane's and releases deep inside.

He fucks him slowly through his orgasm, thumbing at the stretched rim swallowing his cock. After the last pulse, he slowly pulls out and marvels at his work. Shane's wrecked, stretched, and filled to the brim with his cum. He looks delicious.

Shane cries out when Ilya's tongue dives back into his entrance, licking and slurping at the load he just filled him with. Shane's spent cock manages to dribble a few more drops at the sensation.

Ilya gently flips Shane onto his back, looking him in the eyes as he swallows and licks his lips happily. It's hot enough that Shane can ignore the sticky sensation of his own cum smearing between his back and the couch. Ilya's lips scatter soft kisses over his torso and chest while they both catch their breath.

After Ilya cleans them up and helps Shane redress, he makes sure to use the leather wipes that Shane keeps handy to clean the couch. They sit on the clean couch together, sharing languid kisses that make Shane's heart flutter. They stare into each other's eyes for a few minutes, both searching for the right words to say.

"I'm sorry," Shane says at the same time that Ilya says "I love you." They both huff out a small laugh.

"I am sorry that I made you suspicious. I hope you know that I would never cheat on you, ever," Ilya says quietly, stroking a thumb across Shane's cheeks.

"I overreacted," Shane sighs and shakes his head. "I should have trusted you. It was stupid for me to treat you like that."

"I know that I am very sexy," Ilya grins, earning an eye roll from Shane, "but you are the only one for me. I don't care who else wants me, I only want you." They kiss again, sweet and gentle, as Ilya cradles Shane's jaw.

"You drove from Ottawa in the pouring rain because I was mad at you?" Shane mumbles against Ilya's lips when that realization finally clicks for him.

"Of course. I could not stand the thought of you hating me over a misunderstanding." Ilya's eyes are earnest as he speaks.

"I could never hate you."

"Good. I need you to love me forever."

Shane can't contain the smile that splits across his face. Each sentence out of Ilya's mouth makes him feel even more stupid for thinking that he would ever cheat.

"I will love you forever. I promise."

End Notes

currently working on a fic with shane wearing a thong.... stay tuned

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