

Rematch (You've Got Me)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77709451) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77709451>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Fluff , Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Shane rights some wrongs , POV Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander's Cottage , Outdoor Sex , Hand Jobs , Frottage
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 2,301 Chapters: 1/1

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by [swishydetective](#)

Summary

There's no hold backs at the cottage, so Shane asks Ilya when he first fell in love.
or Shane rights a wrong from his own moment of realization.

Notes

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

"So when?" Yuna's words rung in Shane's head as he and Ilya watched the fire crackling, wrapped in a blanket together.

As far as coming outs went, he was 0 for 2. He wished he could have controlled how it all went. Not long after announcing the creation of the Irina Foundation, he would have had his parents over for dinner and told them he and Ilya were in fact more than just friends. It would have made sense to them. The foundation would have been a soft buffer to soften the shock. But of course, he had to be thrust into telling them in the middle of what was supposed to be a relaxing retreat. He sighed.

Shane rested his head on Ilya's shoulder, wrapping his arms around his solid chest, watching the side of his face for comfort. Ilya must have sensed his tension because he squeezed him back and locked eyes with him, the blue of them reminding Shane of the rink. His boyfriend—he still thrilled at the word—had been his absolute rock today. His stoic presence had often talked Shane off of the ledge of a panic attack. He was warm, charming, he knew to let him do most of the talking but he interjected when Shane needed him. He could not have asked for a better teammate. It turned a nightmare into a lucid dream. He realized Ilya gave him what he craved most: direction.

Even as a child, Shane had always been a very focused person. He needed to know when things were happening, where, and what was expected of him. Having this information ensured he could control every scenario and put his best foot forward. His mom had taught him that. She always a plan, and then a back-up plan. "If you're prepared, you can't be caught off guard," she used to say after practice. It had been his personal mantra for his whole childhood. It's probably what got him to the Junior League. And then, a snarky Russian hockey player walked into his life and turned his world upside down.

Ilya was Shane's total opposite: he played rough, he went out given the opportunity, he talked about hockey as if it was an individual sport because for him, it was. To Ilya, hockey was about showing others how it's done. His performance was enough to inspire players to better their game. Shane, on the other hand, had always been a team-first kind of player. Think for the team. What play could you suggest to help the line? Leading by example was great, yes, and he did plenty of that. As his mother kept reminding him, he represented so much more than his game. So he carried all these expectations and felt like he had to plan for everyone to ensure the whole team looked great. That often came at the cost of his own abstraction. He couldn't think of himself as an individual, he had to *be* the Montreal Metros.

But then, back in 2011, Ilya took matters into his own hands (literally) and made the first move. Shane was woefully unprepared for such forward advances. He tried to play it off as a fluke, but Ilya saw right through him and took control of the situation. It felt nice. All he had to do was say he wanted to. Again and again, through the years, his arch-rival took a weight off of his shoulders and gave him a road to follow if he so chose. Said road was bumpy, and there were a lot of left turns which left him reeling. He could never predict where Ilya would go next, but it was exciting. One day he thought he hated him again, the next they were in bed having the most mind-blowing and intimate sex of his life. Always, though, Ilya lead and Shane only had to follow. Giving in to him was so freeing, so intoxicating, that Shane couldn't imagine himself assuming that position. Rose Landry would agree.

So of course, Ilya helped him today control his own narrative. It hadn't been so bad, with him at his side. It gave him courage, it made him think that some time in the future, it wouldn't be so bad to come out again to the world. As long as he had him by his side playing footsies under a table, Shane could do it.

Ilya was still looking at him and he raised a hand to his chin, pressing the pad of his thumb on Shane's lips. His eyes fluttered shut as he kissed the digit. It was soon replaced by the warmth of Ilya's mouth, his soft, pouty lips brushing slowly against his. The kiss was tender, even when their tongues lapped each other's and Shane's hand brushed against Ilya's side, making him shiver. He rested his forehead on Ilya's cheek, eyes still closed, lips only inches apart. He felt the love of his life breathe in his arms.

"Everything okay?" he asked, rolling his r.

Shane took a beat before answering.

"Yeah, you've got me."

Ilya took his chin again to maneuver Shane away so he could see his expression.

"Yes," he brushed his thumb against his cheekbone playfully. "I got you, Hollander."

Shane smiled and placed his hand over Ilya's, their fingers intertwined. He moved back to his spooning position, keeping their hands together, wrapped around his neck. He kissed Ilya's knuckles, thanking him silently. They watched the fire for a while, listening to the bullfrogs' croaks, the crickets' chirps and the cicadas' buzz along with the calming crackling noise.

"I was thinking..."

"Here we go," Ilya said. Shane could hear the smile in his voice.

"Shut up," he laughed. "My mom, when she asked if we'd been in love since rookie season..."

"Mmm, yes."

"Um, when? When did you know?"

He couldn't see Ilya's face, but he did feel him go still against his back. They had agreed to tell the truth during their stay at the cottage, and Shane knew he was pushing the envelope, but he wanted to know. He liked the soft side of Ilya, the one he hid from most of the world, but not to him.

"Probably the Olympics. Maybe before. Hard to tell."

"What?" Shane whipped his head around.

Ilya shrugged and held his gaze, seemingly unperturbed.

"You told me to fuck off, didn't text me for six months, and then next time we fucked you didn't even kiss me and you— the whole time?"

Ilya's face betrayed him, a flash of sadness peaking through. Shane sat up, Ilya's arm going down his back lovingly.

"I could not kiss you. Was too hard, after realizing what was going on. I'm sorry, *moy rodnoy*."

Shane stared in disbelief for a moment, re-contextualizing some of the most agonizing months of their relationship.

"What does that mean?"

"Mmm like... my own."

"Oh," he felt the blush creeping on his neck and cheeks.

He traced patterns on Ilya's thigh for a while, letting it sink in that they could have had so much more time than he thought possible. They could have skipped the whole chapter of being torn apart seeing each other dancing with different partners at that godforsaken Montreal bar. They could have had *months*.

"What about you? I want to know too."

Shane looked up from under his lashes and then back down, ashamed. His brows scrunched together, he mumbled his answer.

"What?"

"When I came to your house. It felt so nice, too nice. I could see us do that for the rest of our lives and it freaked me out, because you kept talking about Svetlana and I thought..." he trailed off, raising a hand midair and then back to his thigh.

Ilya raised a hand to his mouth and shook his head from side to side. He dropped it back.

"We are stupid."

Shane burst out laughing, a nervous release, agreeing wholeheartedly. Ilya joined him, the low rumble of his laugh still creating butterflies in his stomach. Their laughter died down when blue met brown, the crinkles by their eyes softening with their gazes.

Shane fully turned around, bringing Ilya in for a kiss. His hands found a home through dark blonde curls, and as the kiss deepened he could taste the marshmallow on his tongue. Ilya hummed as his own hands ran up and down his back. Shane moved to straddle his lap, a happy sigh escaping Ilya. The touches became needier, their nails started to dig in through shirts.

Slightly cold from the night air, Ilya's hands ran under his clothes, making him squirm. He could feel the growing erection under his thighs, which sent blood running straight down to his own crotch. Their kisses became messier and Ilya's mouth rapidly found his neck. He pulled Shane's shirt up, trailing kisses on his chest, mouthing at his hard nipple. Shane panted and threw his shirt over his head, sending it at the other end of the outdoor couch. He felt the warmth of the fireplace on the bare skin of his back and the love scratches Ilya was digging into it as well. He'd started grinding down on him, the friction feeling electric. He tugged Ilya's shirt off too and squeezed his ample chest, then trailed his hand down towards his waistband.

He teased him there, his thumb going around the fabric, but never lower, waiting for Ilya to tell him to hurry. He didn't have to wait long, as he felt a large hand take his own and shove it down the front of his Adidas track pants and briefs. Shane grabbed a handful of Ilya's cock, and he hissed at the same cold sensation Shane felt earlier. In retaliation, he grabbed Shane's ass and made him grind down harder, sending his head reeling back. He stroked him awkwardly through the fabric for a while, then decided enough was enough and worked to free his throbbing cock for better access. Ilya scooted up a little to help him, his hands firmly holding Shane's hips so he wouldn't fall back into the fire. When they were better situated, he looked up at him, his hands massaging his ass under the fabric while Shane worked him up and down. His mouth was hanging slightly open, and his curls were a mess from the kissing that happened earlier. He looked like a Greek god bathed in the fire light.

Shane bent down to kiss him some more, panting into his mouth as he gave himself pleasure too by matching the rhythm of his pumps with his hips.

"Fuck, Shane."

The scene was familiar, and Shane was determined to make it end the way it should have all those years ago. He stopped jerking Ilya off for a moment, getting up and stepping out of his pants and underwear, making sure to pull Ilya's down too, before reassuming his position, their naked bodies writhing together in delicious harmony. His blood was pumping, his cock was leaking profusely as it had been left untouched. He brought a hand to Ilya's mouth and a flash of recognition passed through those pale blue eyes before he spat in his palm. He scooted closer to him so he could grasp both of their cocks in one hand.

The wet, up-and-down warmth of his palm combined with their leaking precome made both of them moan, the friction from their squirming adding to the experience. Shane's stomach was doing somersaults, his breath erratic. Ilya's back was arching off of the couch, his dampening forehead pressed hard against Shane's.

"Oh my god, Il-ya," he stuttered as his hand brushed close to his hole as he grabbed his ass and made him grind down on his lap.

All he got back from his lover was a groan that pitched up as Shane's hand sped up, chasing the orgasm he could feel building in his abdomen.

"Yes, just like that, fuck," Ilya panted into his mouth, his voice shaky.

Shane's brows scrunched in pleasure as he failed to catch his breath, his eyes closing and his free hand finding the nape of Ilya's neck, tugging at the curls there. Ilya was kissing his jaw sloppily, his hands running up and down his toned back. He started curling his wrist as he pumped their cocks up and down together and Ilya let out a loud "ah!" as he came all over Shane's hand and his own stomach, his chest heaving furiously.

"Shane, come for me, *lyubimy*," Ilya ordered in his ear, his voice wrecked.

As he heard the pet name, which he could somewhat understand from what little Russian he knew, he sputtered and cried out Ilya's name, the release blinding his vision. He felt his spend on his hand and jerked himself off through the waves of pleasure until he was shaking with it, completely satiated.

"So beautiful," he heard him whisper in his thick accent.

Shane finally regained his sight and looked down at the mess they had made on Ilya. Both of them were still catching their breath. Ilya's jaw hung loose, hungrily eyeing him up and down, a tired smile raising the corners of his lips. He bent down to kiss him longingly, Ilya's tongue brushing against his lips before he let it in. They hummed into the kiss.

"I love you. So much," Shane told him, certain his eyes were telling the same story as he roamed Ilya's gorgeous features.

His boyfriend let out a shaky breath and ran his hand through his jet-black hair, pulling him in for one more languid exchange.

"I love you more. I win, ha."

Shane laughed, shaking his head.

"Asshole."

Ilya grinned and held Shane against himself, placing his ear to his chest to hear his steady heartbeat.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading this little blurb of them being grossly in love. Hope you liked it. I debated when they both fell in love, and I'm sure we all have different answers, but for this story's sake, this is what I landed on tonight (posting this at 2 am bc the Hollanov crack cocaine is coursing through my veins). I'm sure I'll change my mind tomorrow.

Little russian note:

lyubimy means "darling" or "beloved"

Kudos and nice comments are always very appreciated!! Mwah!

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