

forever is a feeling

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77786581) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77786581>.

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:	Episode: s01e04 Rose (Heated Rivalry) , Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Light Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , non verbal confessions , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , they kinda get it now , shane leaves for like half a second , and then they make love , bc of course they do , Anxious Shane Hollander , sex as an alternative for talking about your feelings , really they are not great at communicating , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Barebacking , Fix-It
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-16 Words: 2,231 Chapters: 1/1

forever is a feeling

by [ultravioletilya](#)

Summary

His entire life, Shane had always done exactly what he was supposed to do, exactly what was expected of him. He trained hard, became the best at hockey, won games, won Cups, and nothing had ever felt like the touch of Ilya against him.

He knew why he was running: Ilya had gotten too close to the messy inside of his heart, the very thing he had tried to keep locked away tight behind walls and guards and barbed comments. Shane had never been good at going after what he really wanted, at least not outside of hockey. And now he was here, being offered everything he never knew he needed and would always be terrified to take.

or; shane leaves, and then comes back

Notes

i have so many ideas for these two boys that i'm struggling to write them all, but this comes to you from the broken me that was in shambles post episode 4, and i had to fix it even though i know we have our happy ending now.

some thoughts:

- shane is probably not actually this emotionally evolved at this point but it's fan fiction so i can do whatever i want
- show compliant in the sense that ilya has a house rather than his apartment in boston bc that made this easier than if shane had to deal with being in an apartment building

title comes from forever is a feeling by lucy dacus (this is in fact on my [shane and ilya playlist](#))

happy reading and i hope you enjoy!!

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



The door had already clicked shut behind Shane when he realizes he left his clothes; the ones on his body were all Ilya's and the feel and smell of them overloaded his senses. He stood on the doorstep, working himself into a panic. Did he go back to his hotel? Did he knock on the door and face Ilya's devastated expression for a second time? Pacing, he weighs the pros and cons of showing back up to his and Hayden's room in a completely different outfit, when the door behind him opens.

Ilya stands there, Shane's clothes in a neatly folded pile, and holds them out to him. He won't meet Shane's eyes, and Shane wishes for nothing more than to stare into golden hazel and lose himself.

But that was the problem, wasn't it? He had lost himself in tuna melts and ginger ale and whispered almost-confessions and now he was here, trying to run from the one thing that had ever made him feel truly alive.

His entire life, Shane had always done exactly what he was supposed to do, exactly what was expected of him. He trained hard, became the best at hockey, won games, won *Cups*, and nothing had ever felt like the touch of Ilya against him.

He knew why he was running: Ilya had gotten too close to the messy inside of his heart, the very thing he had tried to keep locked away tight behind walls and guards and barbed comments. Shane had never been good at going after what he *really* wanted, at least not outside of hockey. And now he was here, being offered everything he never knew he needed and would always be terrified to take.

Ilya still stands there, eyes downward, armful of clothes thrust in Shane's direction, and Shane *wants*. He wants to push Ilya back inside, kiss him senseless, say his name - his *first* name - over and over like a sacred prayer. But he'd lost that right the second he'd jumped away from Ilya's touch like it had scalded him.

Still, he had to try. And if Ilya shut him down, he would go without a fight, because Ilya had earned the right to make that choice himself.

"Hollander," Ilya says, finally looking at him, and if Shane focused, he could hear the crack in his words, the tang of tears unshed coated those three syllables.

Shane shakes his head, and Ilya lowers his arms, still stacked with Shane's clothes, and turns to go back inside.

“Wait,” Shane whispers, barely audible over the war going on in his head. Ilya stops immediately, looking at him with eyes he dares to call hopeful. Shane nods his head toward the open door, letting Ilya usher him back inside.

Once the door clicks closed again - this time with Shane firmly determined to stay on the inside - the air turns thick and...not quite awkward, but something akin to the weight they shared before a face-off. Tense and tangible, but with the promise of *more to come*.

If their time on the ice against each other was foreplay, then this was the emotional equivalent. Ilya steps further into the house, setting Shane’s clothes on the counter before leaning on his hands against it and taking a deep, shuddering breath.

When he finally turns to face Shane, his eyes are red and glazed from unshed tears. The sight hits him like a hard check against the boards, stealing the air from his lungs and making him ache all over. He realizes, as Ilya starts towards him, that his own tears are spilling down his cheeks. He hadn’t even realized.

Once Ilya stands before him - close enough to touch but so far away he may as well have been on another planet - Shane takes his own deep breath, willing the words lodged in his throat to come out, whatever they may be. All he really knew is he couldn’t stand seeing Ilya like this - so hollow and wrung out and nothing like the cocky, self-assured man he had come to know over the last few years.

“I...” he trails off, not knowing where the sentence was even really going, but willing to work for it anyways. Just as he always had. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have run out like that, but you- you just-”

The words were like glass, cutting his mouth and tearing his tongue into bloody ribbons. He wants so badly for them to spill free, to tell Ilya every last thought in his head until he was the one hollow and wrung out. Until Ilya *knew*, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Shane didn’t want to run away anymore.

But the words won’t break free, they stubbornly hold firm, just out of his grasp, no matter how hard he tries. Shane stutters out a few more words, all nonsensical, he’s sure, until Ilya takes pity on him, cupping his face in both hands and wiping away the tears that were still flowing freely.

Ilya whispers in Russian, soft and melodic, and though Shane has no idea what’s being said, it’s still enough to calm him down, to slow the racing thoughts pummeling his brain.

He shudders a deep, wet breath before looking Ilya in the eyes and sees a lone tear streak down his cheek. Shane’s hand comes up to wipe it away before he is even aware of the action. Not wanting to overstep any boundaries, he quickly tries to pull it away but one of Ilya’s hands leaves his face to keep it in place.

They stand there, holding that position for long moments, before Ilya finally speaks.

“Is okay. You were - *are* - scared. I am too. I feel...” his own words trail off for a moment, eyes searching Shane’s face. “Whatever you feel, I feel it too. I know we cannot have this, not more than we already do, but I *want*.”

He rambles off into a string of passionate Russian, like he’s just trying to get the words out into the universe. Even though Shane can’t decipher a single word, he gets the idea - at least, he thinks so.

What they were, what they had, there was no logical way for it to develop into more, but they had always been good at beating the odds. Shane determines, right then and there, that if this - *them*, together - is what Ilya wants, he would do everything in his power to make it happen.

Shane wasn't interested in loving in half measures, had never done *anything* halfway, and that included his relationship with the beautiful Russian standing in front of him.

"What do you want?" Shane asks, voice hushed and broken.

"All I have ever wanted," Ilya replies, some of that fire Shane had come to know and love returning to his eyes, "was you."

Shane takes a deep breath again, steeling his nerves, before tangling his hand in Ilya's curls and crashing their lips together.

Ilya opens up to him immediately, tongues caressing and teeth knocking, and it's the best kiss he's ever had in his life. It speaks of words unable to be voiced, thoughts that had been locked away in ivory towers. It speaks of *more*, whatever that may look like for them.

They had always been better at communicating with their bodies, and this was no different. Shane yelps into the kiss and Ilya sweeps him off his feet, walking through the house and depositing them on the couch, Shane in Ilya's lap. A mirror image of how they had been just before Shane fled. It feels like a do-over.

Ilya's hands slip under his shirt, long fingers tracing delicate lines and calloused palms scraping gently against soft skin, before he lifts it over Shane's head. Ilya is still shirtless from before and one of Shane's hands slips back into golden curls while the other runs reverently down his chest. He debates, for just a moment, stopping this so they could actually *talk*, but he knows that he can say more, show more, in this way. So he lets his hand roam lower, grazing the soft trail of hair that leads into Ilya's pants, before gripping the already hard length of him through the fabric.

"Hollander." One of Ilya's hands grasps his wrist, stopping the slight rubbing motion he had adopted. "You are sure?"

Shane shakes his head again, but not at the question. "Don't call me that."

"*Shane*," Ilya breathes, like he didn't know if he was allowed, and Shane whimpers above him, the word hitting him like lightning.

"Ilya," he responds, before hauling him into another bruising kiss. The words themselves are a confession, something neither of them was ready to voice out loud, but the message is the same. "I've only ever wanted you, too."

It turns desperate from there, both men shrugging off the last of their clothes in hurried motions until Shane is back in Ilya's lap, grinding their cocks together as he chases a relief, emotionally and physically.

Ilya grabs at the meat of Shane's ass, fingers sliding through the crease and finding him still slick from earlier. He procures a bottle of lube from somewhere - Shane didn't have the brain power to question it - before two insistent fingers prod at his entrance. Ilya stops just before he breaches his body, eyes searching for any hesitation. When he finds none, he pushes in slowly, meeting little

resistance. Shane whines and tucks his face into the crook of Ilya's neck, letting the feeling take over him.

He's just along for the ride as Ilya takes his time stretching him open, scissoring his fingers before adding a third. He bumps Shane's prostate and, despite having come twice already that day, feels an orgasm coiling in his stomach. He grabs Ilya's hand, stopping his motion and pulling his fingers free. He clenches around the emptiness before rising to his knees and sinking onto Ilya in one shift motion.

Belatedly, he realizes that there is no condom on the other man, that he's just taken him bare for the first time. He panics and he can feel Ilya sense it too, a deep groan tearing from his chest as Shane makes a move to get off, to correct his mistake. He's almost completely off of Ilya's cock when he feels a hand on his hip, stopping him.

"I, uh, I am clean. Was tested last week." Ilya looks at him, both scared and hopeful and something else he can't quite place.

"Me too, last month," is Shane's reply. "I...I haven't been with anyone else since, either."

They both nod, understanding that, yes, they're really doing this, before Shane sinks down.

A symphony of moans cuts through the otherwise silence of the house as Ilya bottoms out, and Shane has to take a moment to adjust - not just to Ilya's size, but the overwhelmingness of knowing he's being split open on his cock *raw*. He's never had this experience with anyone, doesn't think Ilya has either, and when he finally comes back to his senses somewhat, he begins to grind his hips in slow, small motions.

The position is intimate, as intimate as they've ever allowed themselves to be. Their chests are pressed flush together, breaths mingling as they pant into each other's mouths, Ilya's hands in his hair as Shane braces himself on his shoulders. For a while, Ilya lets Shane take the reins, lets him take it slow and enjoy the fullness while they lazily trade kisses, until it's no longer enough. Then, Ilya's hands slide down to his waist, gripping tight and using his considerable strength to flip them so Shane is on his back, their bodies never fully separating.

Shane's legs wrap around Ilya's waist and one hand grips the nape of his neck, pulling him down into a messy kiss as the other's hips begin to thrust in and out of him. It's euphoric, the feeling that washes over him as Ilya moves in expert motions, knowing Shane's body better than he knows himself. If this, whatever this was, had ended, he knows no one could ever know him as well as this again.

Ilya shifts ever so slightly, the head of his cock brushing Shane's prostate with every thrust, and his vision whites as he spills between them. The clench of his body drives Ilya over the edge as well, and Shane feels wet and warm inside as Ilya's hips stutter and still.

They lay there for what feels like hours, but is probably only a handful of minutes, until Ilya slips his softening cock from Shane's body and he feels the mess begin to leak out of him. He should feel gross, he thinks, but all it is right now is a reminder of what he and Ilya shared. He'll clean up in a minute, he decides, but he wants this moment to last a while longer.

Ilya must share the sentiment, because he puts his body weight over Shane, effectively pinning him in place, and lays his head down on Shane's chest. He can feel his heart beating a mile a minute,

anxious thoughts threatening to grab him again, but Ilya places soft kisses everywhere he can reach, and Shane's brain quiets.

In the afterglow, Ilya begins to murmur in Russian again, and Shane listens, content to do this as long as he can.

End Notes

thank you for reading!!

come yap with me on [tumblr](#) or [twitter](#)

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