

float, for once

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by [Hazel_Witch](#)

Summary

“So, now what?” Ilya asks from beside him. “We go home, eat maybe another eight burgers and we fuck?”

“You’re so poetic.” Shane rolls his eyes, but he can’t help his smile.

Ilya shrugs. “Is poetry, yes.”

“What is?”

"Us."

Shane and Ilya return home to the cottage after meeting with Shane's parents. (And yes, they fuck)

Notes

I woke up at 6.30am in the morning, watched episode 6, and then wrote this the way the gods of ao3 intended: in a feverish haze, possessed by the spirit of Shane Hollander.

I haven't read the books (yet) and I don't know anything about ice hockey lol.

My only credentials are that I, too, once had a Russian boyfriend called Ilya, and that I, too, am autistic.

This probably has no accuracy whatsoever, but I just had to get this out of my system.

This fic is set immediately after episode 6!!! I hope you enjoy it!

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

On the drive home, sunlight plays through the roadside trees, flickering over Shane's face. In his lap, Ilya's fingers tangle with his own, squeezing occasionally to remind Shane that he's *here*. That they're *both* here. That this is reality – not just some hazy, undefined dream Shane conjured up in a concussion-fuelled daze.

This is real.

“So, now what?” Ilya asks from beside him. “We go home, eat maybe another eight burgers and we fuck?”

Somehow, he instinctively knows when Shane needs something to bring him back down to earth. He's always had that effect, even unintentionally. Grounding.

“You're so poetic.” Shane rolls his eyes, but he can't help his smile.

Ilya shrugs. “Is poetry, yes.”

“What is?”

“Us.”

Shane glances away from the road, across to the man in his passenger seat. The strong, defiant jaw, the curls falling over his forehead. Head rolled to one side, the golden hour light makes his eyes glitter. His expression is so earnest, so sincere. He's so, so beautiful.

A swell of emotion rises in Shane's chest, powerful enough that for a good few seconds he forgets how to breathe.

Then, Ilya's lips crack into a mischievous grin and he shrugs again.

“Us fucking, I mean. That is the poetry.”

Shane softly punches him on the leg.

For the rest of the drive, they mostly don't speak. Or, if they do, it's about inane stuff. The sign for the diner they pass on the road. Which one of them could swim halfway across the lake the fastest. What they're gonna do tomorrow.

Neither of them acknowledge the David-and-Yuna-sized elephant in the room. Shane gets the sense neither of them want to talk about it right away, that it would be nice to just... savour the feeling of lightness. To make the most of the weight lifting off their shoulders and just goddamn float for once.

When he pulls into the driveway, a long, contented sigh escapes his lips without even really noticing.

There's silence for a few seconds, and then Ilya says:

“Are you happy?”

Shane thinks about it.

“Yeah, I...” Hands on the steering wheel, he takes another breath. “I mean, I think so. I don’t know, it’s a lot to take in.”

Ilya nods in his periphery.

“Yes,” is all he says.

They sit there for another minute, unmoving, Shane waiting for the dust to settle and the reality of what just happened to finally sink in. For the full kaleidoscope of emotion to hit him.

Except... it doesn’t really come. For now, all he feels is... peace.

Ilya squeezes his thigh.

“Come on. Let’s go inside.”

Shane blinks. Then nods and pats his fingers twice on the steering wheel.

“Yeah.”

Wordless, he opens the door of the Land Rover and climbs out. The leaves in the trees surrounding the cottage rustle like a far off conversation, nature quietly going about its business as they return to their bubble away from the world.

Shane jogs ahead on autopilot, unlocking the door and swinging it open for Ilya.

“Wow, what a gentleman,” Ilya says as he marches through, one eyebrow raised. “Always making me feel like princess, how lucky I am.”

They wander into the kitchen, Shane following Ilya’s broad back in the *Boston Raiders* t-shirt.

“Uh, do you want some tea, or something?”

“No.” Ilya turns, leaning up against the sleek countertop. Black Galaxy granite, Shane’s mind supplies, picked because it’s more durable and less porous than marble. Requires less upkeep.

“Hey.” Ilya ducks his head slightly to force himself into Shane’s eyeline. “What are you looking at? Come here.”

Shane obliges. He inserts himself between Ilya’s slightly spread thighs, hands tentatively coming to rest on his chest. When he looks up, Ilya’s eyes are already there to meet his own, intense and searing as always. But soft, too. There’s a softness there now. There has been for quite a while.

“I like your parents,” he says, voice low and deep so it rumbles beneath Shane’s fingers. “They’re nice people.”

“They are. I... I’m pretty sure they liked you, too.”

Ilya frowns. “Well, obviously, yes. What is not to like?”

Shane grins.

“Self-absorbed asshole.”

“Hey,” Ilya says in a *so sue me* kinda way, “you should have seen some of the looks your mother was throwing at me. I think you may have competition.”

“That’s disgusting.”

Ilya reaches up and strokes his thumb over Shane’s bottom lip. His other hand comes to rest on Shane’s hip – steady, holding him in place.

“Is okay,” he murmurs. “You win this round.”

Their lips find each other in a warm, soft brush, lingering in a way that makes Shane feel almost lightheaded. Like he could dive headlong into this kind of kiss and never come up for air.

Eventually, though, they do break apart.

Swallowing, Shane tries to remember what it was they were talking about.

“She’s–she’s just looking out for me,” he says quietly into the meagre space between them. “For *us*. She’s probably already thinking about the next five seasons, figuring out what we should do, the best way to spin things, how we can play this to our advantage and–”

“Oh my God, Hollander,” Ilya interrupts, winding his arm more tightly around Shane’s waist, pulling him closer. “Not everything needs full post-game analysis, just shut up, please.”

Before Shane can respond, Ilya’s lips are on his own again. But this time, they’re hungrier, pressing harder, more demanding. He works open Shane’s mouth and then his tongue is pushing inside, hot and wet and impatient all of a sudden.

And Shane – Shane Hollander, star center and team captain of the Montreal Metros – melts for him like butter.

His hands skim up and around Ilya’s neck, fingers combing up into his hair. Shane’s whole body comes alive, alert, affection and desire winding around and around until it’s one and the same, intertwined. A thrill zips down his spine, heat charging to his crotch as the kiss somehow deepens further.

This time when they break apart, both of them are breathless, foreheads planted together, staring into one another’s eyes.

Ilya is the first to speak.

“I think we should skip the burgers.”

It takes Shane a good few moments to process what he means. His eyes drop back down to Ilya’s lips, still sheened over and glistening.

Then he understands.

“Oh.”

“Yes, *oh*. Now tell me where you want me to fuck you.”

Shane thinks about it. In the past week, they’ve had sex in pretty much every square inch the cottage has to offer – on the couch, in the shower, bent over this very kitchen counter only the day before yesterday. They’ve explored each other’s bodies in ways that weren’t possible before, when they were limited to hotel room hookups and the clandestine air that always accompanied them.

And yet, right now, there’s only one place that really feels right.

“My bed,” he murmurs, throat rough. “I want you to fuck me in my bed.”

And with a curt nod, Ilya’s mouth is on him again, guiding him backwards, manoeuvring them towards the bedroom. Hot hands shove under Shane’s shirt, grazing up over his stomach to his chest, all the way to his nipples.

A spark charges through Shane with the contact, shooting straight to his dick. He lets out a low moan before he can stop himself.

“That’s it,” Ilya whispers, at his throat now, sucking on his neck. “That is what I want to hear.”

His fingertips roughly brush Shane’s nipples again and then his hands are roaming down over his sides and grabbing handfuls of his ass. They almost trip as they stumble through the bedroom door, Shane too preoccupied with Ilya’s mouth, his hands, the sensations he teases out of him to care.

Together, they topple onto the bed (a yellow birch frame to compliment the Scandi design throughout – able to withstand significant use without denting or warping), Ilya’s hands still kneading at Shane’s ass.

Shane’s fingers clutch at Ilya’s curls, his body arching up to him involuntarily. The things this man does to him is insane. Something primal, uncontrollable, altogether far removed from the usual precision Shane exercises over his life.

As if they’re running out of time, he hurriedly pushes Ilya’s shirt up his chest, over those ridiculous pecs that should probably be subject to some kind of property tax, and then Ilya is drawing back, getting up on his knees between Shane’s legs so he can pull the godforsaken *Raiders* tee over his head and emerge with a ravenous look in his eye.

Deft fingers fall to Shane's own shirt, tugging at the buttons with force. Probably a little too much force.

"Hey," Shane mumbles, words almost sounding slurred. "My buttons."

"Your what?"

"My... watch my buttons."

Ilya's brows draw together, eyes hazy with arousal. But then his fingers slow.

"I am not going to break your buttons, Shane," he says. As always, it's tinged with a hint of sarcasm, but Shane can hear the sincerity beneath. "Look. Careful."

Lazily, seductively, he thumbs the next button out of its hole. Then, he progresses to the next one down, eyes not leaving Shane's the entire time. Somehow it's sexy as hell.

"Oh, fuck," Shane whispers shakily.

He rises up, hands reaching for Ilya's face, drawing him down to lie on top of him, body to body. The weight on Shane's chest is heavy, satisfying. Their kiss is sensual, needy, raw. All of Shane's worries strip away as Ilya peels the clothes from his body until they're both in their boxers.

He's hard, so hard. Ilya makes him so goddamn hard and he *knows* it, the arrogant fuck *knows*.

And yet, amidst all the desperation, all the greed for one another – there's something else. A depth. He can feel a depth to it. A depth that tells him *things are different now*. Things have changed.

Even as Ilya stuffs a hand under Shane's waistband and wraps a fist around his cock, something about it feels new. It makes Shane gasp.

"Mmm." Ilya's breath is hot against his ear. "Yes, Hollander, you can let go for me."

He strokes, once, twice, twisting in the way he knows drives Shane crazy.

Pleasure rises in a surge, threatening to pull Shane under in only the first few minutes.

"Wait—" His breath shudders out in a long exhale. "Wait. Let me suck your dick."

Twisting away before he comes all over his boyfriend's (holy shit, his *boyfriend's*) hand, Shane rolls out from beneath Ilya and shuffles downward. Going with it, Ilya slumps onto his back and watches with an anticipatory glint in his eye as Shane leaves a trail of open-mouthed kisses down over his abs, down still lower.

One arm propped behind his head, Ilya watches as Shane loops his fingers under the waistband of his boxers and pulls them down and off.

Light streams through the floor to ceiling windows, bathing Ilya's naked body in a strip of golden sunlight. Lying there, he's the closest thing to a work of art Shane has ever seen. And he's bought art. Invested in it, actually. And yet still, this man is certainly the most beautiful thing he's ever had the privilege to lay his eyes upon.

And his *cock*.

Eager, Shane gets down onto his stomach and guides it into his mouth. Beneath him, Ilya tenses immediately, responding with an elongated groan as Shane takes him into his throat.

"Fuck, Shane."

Eyes closed, Shane bobs down, then up, stealing as many of the tips Ilya has used on him over the years as he can. Between the guttural sounds, the taste on his tongue, the overwhelming musk of the man he loves, Shane feels dizzy with it all. High on arousal.

God, he needs Ilya to fuck him.

His own cock twitches at the thought of being filled.

With a slurping noise, he pops off.

"I want you inside me," he says, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth.

Panting, head thrown back, Ilya nods into the pillows.

"That we can arrange."

From there it's a stumble of limbs, Shane throwing himself down onto his back, struggling out of his underwear as Ilya gets up. It's all fast, fast, fast, until suddenly, there's a pause.

Kneeling between Shane's legs, Ilya looks down at him with a gaze that feels like it's reading Shane inside and out. And in that moment, in the few slow seconds that follow, Shane feels known.

His breath hitches in his chest, heart thumping against his ribs. An ache sweeps through him – the ache of liking somebody so much, wanting somebody so much that it physically hurts.

"How do you me to fuck you?" Ilya asks softly. Gently.

Shane's eyes travel over his proud nose, those all-consuming hazel eyes.

"Like this," his says quietly.

Again, he reaches up to pull Ilya closer. As their noses bump, lips brushing together, he lifts his legs, wrapping them around Ilya's waist so his feet are linked at the small of his back.

With a hum that vibrates through his chest and into Shane's own, Ilya settles into the position. Face to face like this, Shane studies the delicate lashes that frame Ilya's eyes, lighter and

more feathery than you might imagine. He can't help but wonder how many other people have seen them up close like this. How many people have properly looked.

"I can hear your brain," Ilya says against Shane's lips.

"Mm." Shane presses his nose against Ilya's cheek, the pulse of Ilya's cock lying along the supple flesh of his inner thigh. Goosebumps shiver over his bare skin, down the lengths of his arms so his hair stands on end. "I'm just thinking."

"You want me to make you stop?"

Shane's eyelids droop, a smile slowly drifting across his face.

"Yes, please."

Shane knows he's still loose enough from this morning for it not to burn. They won't need much prep. Probably some lube at least, though.

Ilya reaches over to the bedside cabinet and takes the tube from the drawer. The packaging is pink with garish-coloured writing on the outside – one Ilya had brought with him and presented to Shane like a bouquet of flowers. The idiot.

The idiot in question squeezes some of the gel onto his fingers and then reaches down between them, gripping himself in hand.

"You ready?" he asks, even as he's already nudging against Shane's hole.

Shane just nods, pulse beginning to pick up.

His hands slide around Ilya's shoulders, waiting. Then, with one long, slow thrust, Ilya enters him.

A moan punches out of Shane, head falling back against the pillow at the feel of it. It's so good to be stretched, filled, to give himself up like this. Ilya is moaning too, mumbling something in Russian, eyes closed as he sinks deeper, deeper, all the way to the hilt.

When he gets there, fully seated, his eyes blink open. Their gazes sear together, melting into one steady look.

For a second, Shane feels like he might cry.

But then Ilya kisses him and every thought in his head blanks completely out, white as fresh ice. He starts to draw back, pulling out of Shane only a few inches before sinking back in. And it's then that the pleasure really ramps up; the tingling sensations build, turn warm, turn into something big, tumultuous.

Laid out on clean sheets, shrouded by green on all sides, their only witness is the forest.

And Ilya fucks him like he means it.

They rock together, breath coming quick and fast, heaving out of each of them with every thrust of hips, every moan, every twitch of Shane's incredibly hard cock.

They've always somehow communicated with their bodies better than they have with words – something about being an athlete, maybe – and Shane knows how Ilya feels about him without him having to say it.

Still, he does.

"I love you," Ilya whispers. "Fuck, I love you."

"I love you, too," Shane says back. And in his head he repeats it over and over again. *I love you. I love you. Ilya fucking Rozanov, I really fucking love you.*

It's not long before both of them are coming undone, Ilya's hips jerking staccato into Shane's ass, hitting that magic little spot inside him again and again. Unwinding him from the inside.

"Shane," Ilya says on an outward breath, "I'm gonna come."

"Yeah—" Shane can barely get the words out. "Me too."

He manages to weave a hand between their bodies and grips his dick tight, jerking in time with each desperate thrust, only a matter of seconds before Ilya is tensing, groaning, sending Shane careening over the cliff edge.

Crying out, he spills between their bodies, eyes squeezed shut in bliss.

They stay like that, catching their breath for what feels like a long time. Until, at last, Ilya, seemingly reluctantly, pushes up on his hands and slides out of Shane with a sigh.

Looking down at him, Ilya opens his mouth as if about to say something. But then, clearly thinking better of it, closes it again and rolls off to one side.

"Come here," he says, patting his chest.

Shuffling closer, Shane does as he's told, resting his cheek against the steady rise and fall of Ilya's chest. There's a soft brush of lips against his temple.

"Now we can do post-game analysis," Ilya says. "If you want."

Shane props his face up with his chin.

"Of... of the sex?"

Ilya snorts. "No, of the part where Mr Boring Senior walked in on me manhandling your ass against door of glass mansion in the fucking woods and then invited me in to eat three kilograms of spaghetti in their fucking house. But sure, I would like to choose sex option."

"Mmm." Shane presses a kiss to Ilya's shoulder. "I would kinda prefer if we... didn't? Not right now, anyway."

Ilya shrugs.

“Is fine by me.” His fingers weave into Shane’s hair, softly scratching his scalp. “Whenever you’re ready.”

They settle together, warm and safe and away from prying eyes. There’s nothing they need to get up for, not for another few hours at least.

And so, while he’s lying there, watching the soft sway of the trees through the windows, Shane allows his mind to drift. Until slowly, carefully, his disparate thoughts slowly begin to converge together in a way they’d refused to do so before.

The facts are all there.

His mom and dad don’t seem to be disappointed in him. They seem, wondrously, to *like* Ilya. His *boyfriend*. His mom and dad *met* his boyfriend. His mom and dad know he’s gay. His mom and dad found out his biggest secret in all the world, and that same world didn’t crumble down into rubble all around him.

He’s lying now, next to the man he loves, in the home he built for himself.

It takes a while, but when it all comes together, Shane has what he needed.

Clarity.

“I’m happy,” he says into the room. To himself as much as to Ilya. “I’m... really happy.”

And the best part is, he knows that he means it.

End Notes

This fic saved me from a writing slump and reminded me that I can write again. Not only is it the first Heated Rivalry fic I've written, it's also the first fic where I haven't read any other fanfic of the characters where I also didn't struggle. I just immediately connected with Shane and I loved the idea of him not immediately processing everything that just went down.

So regardless of whether it's any good or anyone reads it, I had a great time. And that's the main thing <3

If you *do* read this, please consider leaving me a comment!! I love reading them so much and would love to connect with some other Hollanov fans! :)

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