

i don't need to know where we begin and end

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75505531) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75505531>.

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:	Mirror Sex , they are so obsessed with each other , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , minor discomfort , the one where your husband shows you off to yourself , Hand Jobs , POV Shane Hollander , Post-Canon , devoted first husbands of hockey , shane's biggest kink is simply his husband , ilya's biggest kink is (surprise!) also his husband , love (i fear) is not a strong enough word for what they have , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , the only thing they love more than each other is being annoying , ilya: this is my husband and i would die for him and he also is needy like tiny baby kitten , shane: this is my husband and i would die for him and he is the smuggest asshole ever , they're just really happy okay? , it gets sappy at the end
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of heated rivalry masterlist
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-09 Words: 4,325 Chapters: 1/1

i don't need to know where we begin and end

by [sargeantwoof](#)

Summary

Ilya, golden-haired and laughing on the ice. Ilya, his eyes glinting with smoldering, amorous desire. Ilya, fast asleep, curled up next to him, his mouth open, drooling on the pillow.

Even when they fight, Shane will occasionally have to bite back that knee-jerk reaction of want, that sharp pang of need that rises when Ilya gets so annoyed he slips into Russian, when he throws his head back, his curls rustling, and gestures at Shane like, *can you believe this shit?*

Shane doesn't think he'll ever get tired of looking at him, of soaking him in. What a relief it is to be *able* to.

OR: Shane & Ilya are deeply, desperately in love.

Notes

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

Shane has a hard time looking at himself sometimes.

It's different when it's on the ice, when he has a reason, a drive; it's always easier for him to understand how he did something wrong when he gets a look at his motions, and hasn't just felt the failure reverberate through his body. He can handle it then, sweeping a stern eye over his limbs, the placement of his skates, the angle of his hockey stick.

He knows that the media is part of it all; that, truly, he just needs to pose, sit, and get photographed, but he hates the sight of himself anywhere but out in the rink.

It's almost like the ghost stories people passed around hockey camps when he was a kid, the ones that he always could ignore, too focused on the game, on the win: *...and one day they looked in the mirror and BOOM! someone else was peering back*, except for him, it's worse than that; sometimes he doesn't know how he looks at all. Sometimes he sees a photo of himself, and he thinks, *who even is that?*

He's not ashamed of his body; he can't be, not when it's carried him this far, has given him the life he's dreamed of and bled for.

It's just hard sometimes.

Ilya, though.

Ilya was born to be on film. Sometimes, Shane catches a glimpse of his husband stretching, or smiling, or, even more often and embarrassing, just existing, and he gets lighthearted with sheer greed at the sight of him.

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Shane doesn't think he'll ever get tired of looking at him, of soaking him in. What a relief it is to be *able* to.

So, sue him, he likes to watch his husband. He thinks, at this point, the whole *world* does too, caught up in the unrelenting bewitchment of Ilya Rozanov.

It's just—it's not his fault that Ilya always catches him looking.

He can't help it; his husband is gorgeous, and kind, and unbelievably, absolutely, completely all *his*.

He watches absentmindedly as Ilya bends down to pat Anya, who's snoozing in front of the TV, before he rises and begins to fold up the blanket from their nap on the couch. In the pit of

Shane's stomach, happiness and lust twist; he can't stop staring at the shift of his thighs, the firm slope of his shoulders, the peaks of his knuckles on his broad, calloused hands. He feels knocked askew, his mouth dry as he tears his gaze away, an unrelenting shock of greed that sings across his nerves.

He can't *keep* it away, and that's the problem, he knows—though, he doubts Ilya would ever call it a real issue. Shane is well acquainted with how much he loves to be stared at.

“That is third time, in past minute,” Ilya murmurs, prowling across the room. He stops in front of Shane, his mouth curving into a fond, familiar smirk. “Moya zvezda, you want something, no?”

Shane blinks at him, vaguely startled to have been caught so handily. Even though it's just the two of them, he can feel his cheeks beginning to burn, a belated heat seeping across his face. “It's nothing,” he says, his gaze meeting Ilya's, before the eye contact makes him feel like he's going to explode, and he drops it to the side, his eyes catching on Ilya's arms, watching the muscles ripple and flex as he preens ever so slightly. He feels oddly mortified at the callout. “It wasn't—was it really three times?”

“Da,” Ilya answers, as his hunger softens. “But, I am looking, too, sweetheart. This, I promise you.”

Part of Shane wants to fall back on a quip, wants to snark *oh, so you look at yourself in the mirror, huh?*, but the rest of him stays quiet, as Ilya reaches out, his hand curling across the back of his neck, fingers sliding up to tangle in his hair.

“No shame in looking,” Ilya says, gentle and soft, ease in the arch of his mouth. Shane manages to pull his gaze up, meeting his sparkling eyes. “Is all for you.”

Shane catches his bottom lip in between his teeth, flushing deeper, and Ilya's expression goes molten, desire licking across his face as if Shane has done something extraordinary.

“You should not tease,” Ilya murmurs, his other hand curling under his chin, his thumb smoothing along the swell of his lip. Shane feels small, between his large hands, the familiar press of callouses rough on his skin. “You are always saying ‘*is not nice to tease, Rozanov*’, and this,”—he presses down, firmer, as Shane's lip slips out into the air, bitten and wet with spit—“this is how you—what is word—repay me?” He tsks, a low sound that sends shivers up Shane's spine. “Is not husbandly, to be so cruel.”

Shane licks his lips, catching the pad of Ilya's thumb by accident, and can feel the heat of a blush spill down his neck and up to his ears. He wants to lick his fingers again, just to taste his skin, hungry for the salt of him. “How's it cruel?” he manages, dizzy with a usual wave of lust that accompanies Ilya everywhere. It's nearly unimaginable that they've been together for so long, and the surge of need has never once cooled. “You can do something about it, can't you?”

Ilya inspects him carefully, before his face splits into a wide, filthy grin, and Shane's stomach twinges with a violent sort of desire. “True,” he says cheerfully, before he leans down and captures Shane's mouth.

He's as voracious as ever, a steady, even possession of Shane's lips and tongue and air. His hands tighten, his thumb slipping down to press into Shane's chin, keeping him firmly where he wants him.

Shane melts into the kiss, his lashes fluttering shut as he opens up for him automatically, a whine slipping from his throat that Ilya eagerly drinks down. Distantly, Shane thinks that they're moving, but that fades under the unrelenting heat and touch of Ilya, the slickness of his tongue against Shane's.

He could spend the rest of his life under Ilya, soaking in every moment, every touch with nothing more than pure delight. On his greediest nights, the ones where Ilya pins him down and makes him take it, splits him wide and fucks him until he's cockdrunk, pulls orgasm after orgasm from him as he drowns in pleasure, Shane thinks *this is what I was made for*, and can't even argue with the sentiment in the morning. He treasures those moments, hoards them eagerly; he could have the rest of his life spread out on a bed, his eyes on his husband, and it still would not be enough.

His first love was hockey, undoubtedly, but his greatest and most fervent love will always be Ilya.

"You are death of me, Shane Hollander," Ilya murmurs into his mouth, before he leans down and yanks him up.

Shane groans, his cock twitching as he curls in tighter, clinging harder. His hands slide across Ilya's broad back, nails catching on the fabric as if he can slice through, his legs wrapping around Ilya's waist, anchoring him in.

"Ilya," he breathes out, eyes closed as he pulls back enough to nudge their noses together, catching his husband's top lip in between his teeth before he lets go. God, some days he wants to crawl into the man, wants to nestle in between his ribs and let the warmth of his heart keep him alive. "You're driving me *crazy*—so handsome, oh my god."

Ilya laughs, his hands warm on his ass, playfully kneading. "Is not fair, that you say this to me, when you are prettiest man in world," he says. "You and your freckles are making me go —" He makes a noise like an explosion in his mouth, and Shane can feel the broad smile spread across his face from where their faces are touching; he can feel his own silly grin back blooming across his face. "Is only way to properly explain."

Shane squirms in his arms, heated desire mixing with fondness as he peppers kisses against every bit of skin he can reach on Ilya's face, before finally landing on his mouth and immediately kissing him deeply and filthily.

He loses himself to the slick touch, to the ease that comes with making out with Ilya after all these years, as he draws his tongue into his mouth and licks across his teeth. He tastes like home at this point; sparkling, fizzy lust and dazzling, sugar-sweet desire.

Ilya pulls back, just enough to keep talking, even as Shane's eyes flutter open so he can suck a bruise into the underside of Ilya's jaw. "I am luckiest man in whole world," he rasps as Shane drags his teeth across the faint stubble, "to have you in my bed. In my heart."

Shane's going to explode if Ilya keeps talking; butterflies and want and a deep-seated, embarrassing desire to hear him keep talking roll around his brain.

"I will show you, yes?" Ilya murmurs, and Shane nods before he can even think. "Da," Ilya says, a curl of smug satisfaction in his voice. "Yes, I thought so." He taps Shane's ass, lightning fast as heat streaks up Shane's spine. "Come, moya zvezda. Feet on ground."

Shane's legs drop, and he finds himself blinking at the mirror in the room he does yoga in, Ilya twisting to be behind him. He can feel himself flush at the sight of the two of them, and watches with faint horror as pink streaks across his cheeks.

"What are you—what is this?" he manages, as he watches Ilya's hand sneak around his front, squeezing over his cock. He whimpers at the sight of them tangled in the mirror and slams his eyes shut, unable to handle it.

Immediately, Ilya's hand drops from his dick.

"No," Shane gasps, his eyes flying open. Oh, but he hates these games they play sometimes, the ones where Ilya riles him up, teases him to the edge over and over again, until he's sobbing, crying for Ilya's cock. Never mind the fact that they've led to some of Shane's most satisfying orgasms; he knows he's needy enough *without* the teasing. Ilya has proven over the years that he'll do nearly *anything* to get fucked by him.

"Eyes open," Ilya says, returning his hand to Shane's cock, in one long, teasing stroke. "You close them, I am gone."

Shane's eyes dart around the room, searching for anything to stare at other than himself, even as his eyes return to their reflections over and over again. It's embarrassing, how eager he looks, lip caught between his teeth, rocking back against his husband's firm body as if he's incapable of being patient. It makes him feel insane to see how wrecked he looks already, all of his calm composure dashed to pieces the moment Ilya touches him.

"Ilya," he mutters, squirming, his hips bucking into the pressure of his hand. It feels treacherously good, his dick beginning to leak copiously in his pants, and he tears his eyes away from watching Ilya's hand to try to meet his gaze in the mirror. "What the fuck is this?"

For a moment, Ilya does nothing other than grin at him. He looks smug and unfairly handsome, the glint of possession in his eyes, heated want clear in the lines of his face.

"You are so shy, sweetheart," Ilya finally murmurs, when a damp spot has begun to appear on Shane's pants under his clever fingers. Heat bubbles under Shane's skin, warm, drugging pulses of pleasure rising to the surface. "Is strange, no? To be so beautiful and yet so—what is word, for hiding?"

"Bashful?" Shane offers up breathlessly, his gaze fixed on Ilya's face, before what he's saying catches up to him. "I'm not—I'm not *bashful*, Ilya—I'm just not a fucking exhibitionist like *you*."

Ilya shrugs, his mouth curving into a sharp grin. “No?” he says, before he slides his free hand up his back and around his neck, curling under his chin. His fingers tighten, guiding Shane’s face to be more firmly directed towards himself, ignoring the way Shane flushes even deeper. “Then watch yourself, moya zvezda. Watch how we are together.”

He slides his thumb up, and Shane watches the way his mouth drops, the pink of his tongue as he accepts Ilya's finger into his mouth, the way his cheeks hollow out as he sucks, drool pooling.

He looks lust-drunk, wild-eyed and desperate, need in every movement, every hitching breath as Ilya slides his other hand up to his waistband before slipping under the thin band of his shorts and boxers.

The curl of his hand around his bare, dripping cock is already almost too much; to see it happen in the mirror makes him near-frantic, prickles of greed and eagerness shivering under his skin.

He scrapes his teeth over Ilya's knuckles, sloppy with filthy longing as Ilya leans down to suck a bruise into the side of his neck. Shane doesn't even try to stop himself from reaching up and sliding a hand into his curls, staring at the sight of the two of them, until his eyes blur with tears.

It almost feels too honest to see the avarice painted across his cheekbones, to watch the roll of his hips as he sways between fucking Ilya's fist and rocking against the heavy line of his cock nestled into his ass.

“You are dream,” Ilya murmurs, lifting his head up. A dark red imprint of his mouth lingers on Shane's throat, and heat sweeps down Shane's spine at the sight of it. He looks owned, claimed by the gorgeous man behind him, all his pleasure neatly controlled by the firm touch of his hands. “Is exquisite, no? To see what is done to you. To watch how you shake apart.”

“Ilya,” Shane slurs around his thumb, heart thudding in his chest. All of his words catch in his sternum, tangled in swaths of emotion, smothered by unbound love. He hopes Ilya can hear what he means, as he shudders in his arms. “Ilya—”

“Is my favorite sound,” he murmurs in response, pressing sloppy kisses against the edge of his jaw, nipping every once in a while just to feel him jolt, Shane's sure. He pulls his finger out of his mouth, smearing spit across Shane's lips. “You, whimpering my name. Would make it ringtone, if allowed.”

“No ringtones,” Shane manages, before Ilya shoves his shorts and underwear down to his knees. He squeaks, his free hand going to cover the sight of his cock, only to be caught by Ilya's. “Ilya, what the—”

Ilya tsks, a challenge in his voice. “I thought you were not bashful,” he murmurs, pressing another wet kiss to his cheek, before he presses their faces together and meets his eyes in the mirror. “Is wrong now? Or are you brave, Shane Hollander?”

Shane shivers, caught firmly on the juxtaposition of the two of them. He looks ruined, cock leaking in Ilya's broad hand, flushed with desire, longing painted across the bow of his lips, tears in the corners of his eyes. By contrast, Ilya looks nearly completely put together, all his clothes still on, a teasing, smarmy smirk on his face. In fact, the only thing that gives away his lust is the darkness in his eyes and the low rumble of his voice.

"I—I'm brave," Shane mutters, flushing at how embarrassing it feels to say. His stomach tightens with a dizzying swoop of nerves. He doesn't know how he'll be able to look himself in the eye after this, but he also, sort of, doesn't want to stop. "I'm—Ilya, c'mon, what is—what is this?"

"Is you," Ilya says, stroking a hand down his cock. Shane watches, transfixed at the sight of his hand; it looks utterly *lewd* in the mirror, the filthy twist of his wrist, the glisten of his precum leaking across Ilya's fingers. He stares at the shift of Ilya's knuckles under his skin, shivering at both the feeling of his firm grip and the look of it. Longing for something he can't put into words swells under his skin, an eagerness to have Ilya inside of him, a need to see them irrevocably linked forever. "Is us, da? You are unlike any other, sweetheart. I want you to see."

Shane moans, catching his bottom lip in between his teeth as he listens, keeping his eyes fixed on Ilya's hand, flushing as his hips shift, the head of his cock slipping through the tight channel provided; an obscene sort of peek-a-boo with his dick.

"Is nice to see us together," Ilya murmurs into his skin. He sounds drowsily hungry, a lack of impatience in his tone; for a moment, Shane almost fears that this will be their entire afternoon, one of drugging pleasure with everything else they need to get done pushed aside, before he sinks into it, letting the warmth of Ilya guide him. It can't be any sort of loss, not when he is with Ilya. "To watch you fall apart in my hands. I have seen it many times—am expert at it, no? But I have not watched you watch yourself. Is intoxicating to see you flush, moy lyubimyj. To see you feel good entirely."

"Love you," Shane whispers, flushing a dark red as he catches the shine of honesty spilling across his face. It's almost embarrassing how gone he is on his husband. "Moy lyubimyj."

Ilya hums, a low, warm sound that spills down Shane's shoulders, filling him up with heat as he tightens his hand. "You are gorgeous, glorious creature," Ilya says, mouthing at the loose collar of Shane's shirt until his mouth lands on his flushed skin. Shane shivers at the first press of his warm lips, the hint of wet tongue that follows. "I wish you could see how I see you."

"I th-think I'm getting it now," Shane gasps, his voice fading out to a whine as Ilya tightens his grip, unrelenting decadence slipping down his spine. He can taste the shimmer of an orgasm in the distance, as Ilya plays him like a fiddle, his other hand letting go of his wrist to slide across his ass. "I wanna—I wanna see you, though, Ilya, please—lemme, lemme see you. Lemme *feel* you."

Ilya sighs, a smirk curling the corners of his lips that Shane can feel against his skin.

“Is supposed to be about *you*,” Ilya huffs, even as he listens, and shoves down his pants. Shane's eyes dart to the sliver of his hip he can see, tanned from hours spent lounging in the sun on the deck, completely and unrepentantly naked as only he can be. “So no looking, Hollander—only feeling. In fact—” He tugs at Shane's shirt, and Shane awkwardly detangles his hand from Ilya's hair, tearing it off. “I would, too,” Ilya says, before his eyes darken and his grip tightens as Shane gasps. “But I do not think you want me to let go of your needy cock, da?”

Shane hiccups over his words, shuddering as he feels Ilya tug him back. The wet heat of his cock settles on his skin as Ilya lazily ruts against him, a familiar motion. Shane can't even find it within himself to care that tacky precum is being smeared across his skin; no, he's too caught up in how they *look*.

He's a mess, cheeks bright red, thighs streaked with slick precum that's dripped from Ilya's fist. His stomach is tense, his thighs shivering as he shifts, chasing after his own pleasure. He looks desperate, eager—something that would've filled him with shame only years ago, to have wanted so honestly. Now, though, even through the bits of humiliation that cling, he won't hide from it; not here, with Ilya.

Tangled around him, a smug look on his face, Ilya stands, a broad smile on his face. He looks relaxed, pleased as he watches Shane shiver in his arms, as he watches his cock leak in his hand. His hair is mussed from Shane's fingers, the curls a soft halo around his head.

Love you, he mouths exaggeratedly, winking when Shane meets his eyes. *Moy lyubimyj*.

Shane can feel his mouth curving into an answering smile, only for it to fade as Ilya *squeezes*, his hand tight around his dick as he drags his palm down his shaft.

“Oh, *god*,” Shane whimpers, his gaze darting back down, watching their reflections, before he reaches behind himself, twisting enough to get his hand on Ilya's cock, his grip completely uncoordinated as his husband rocks into his loose fist. “Ilya, Ilya, *please*—”

“Please, what?” Ilya says. Shane would think he's unaffected, if not for the way his breathing has shifted, picking up slightly, a heavy undertone of lust blooming. “I cannot give if I do not know.”

“You *asshole*,” Shane says, but he's laughing as he says it, unable to keep the joy out of his tone. “You know what I want, you fucking—” Ilya tightens his grip again, and Shane's words stutter to a stop, agonizing pleasure lighting up his nerves. “*Please*,” he manages, when he's regained a sense of self. “Ilya, *please*—let me cum.”

“Da,” Ilya agrees, his mouth curving into a satisfied smile. “Kiss first.”

Shane twists, somehow managing to keep his hand on Ilya's dick, opening up for his husband eagerly as he licks into his mouth. “Love you,” Shane slurs, drunk on joy and happiness. “You're the best thing that's ever—*oh, fuck*—I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Ilya whispers back, as he speeds up his hand, an orgasm imminent as Shane's whole body strains for it. “Cum for me, sweetheart.”

Shane gasps, pleasure cresting in him, before it shatters down his spine in an unrelenting wave. Delicious decadence pours down his body as Ilya croons indulgent nonsense in Russian into his mouth, stroking him through his orgasm. He hardly has the sense to keep his hand around Ilya's dick as Ilya pants into his mouth, his cock twitching in his palm.

"Is for you," Ilya murmurs, his thrusts speeding up. Shane can tell that he's about to cum as he somehow gets even closer, their skin sticking together. "Is all for you."

"Please," Shane whispers, blinking his wet eyes open to meet Ilya's, their foreheads settling against each other. "I want to feel you cum on me."

Ilya's breath catches, and he sighs, his dick spilling in Shane's fist, cum spattering across the two of them.

For a moment, they're locked in their tangled embrace, sweaty and dripping, coming down from their high.

"That," Shane mumbles, blinking dazedly at Ilya. "Was insane."

Ilya laughs, tossing his head back, before he swoops back in to drop a kiss atop Shane's nose. "Being married is great fun, no?" he says, his eyes twinkling. "Insane is only kind of sex married people have."

Shane snorts, pulling back before he grimaces at the feeling of cum everywhere and tugs up his shorts; they're a lost cause at this point, and he'd rather drip into them than track cum across the house.

"What do you call the kind of sex we were having before being married?" he asks idly, rolling his eyes when Ilya pulls off his ruined shirt, only to melt into a little bit of a puddle when Ilya dabs at the cum across his hip and shoulder, well-accustomed to how much Shane hates the drying feeling of it. It's almost stupid how gooey it makes him feel that Ilya would pull off his own shirt rather than using Shane's already discarded one, too. "Because I'd argue that we had insane sex then."

"Of course, we did," Ilya says cheerfully, as he yanks his shorts up too, the waistband snapping against his stomach. "Was practice, then, for insane sex now."

"Right," Shane says, shaking his head even as he smiles. "'Cause you knew we were going to get married then."

Ilya shrugs, looking unconcerned as he reaches out and reels Shane in. "Had to hope for the best, no?" he says, dropping kisses across his face. He pauses for a beat, beaming down at Shane before it shifts into something gentler, a soft sort of longing in his eyes. "Was always a distant hope, even when I pretended otherwise."

Shane blinks at him, love swelling in his breastbone, before he responds the only way he thinks he can, as all his words tangle in his throat. He leans in and slowly presses his lips to Ilya's mouth, hoping his husband. For a moment, they indulge, lazily swapping spit, before Shane pulls back, enough to drop a kiss against Ilya's sternum, right over his heart.

“I was always hoping for it too,” he murmurs, meeting Ilya’s eyes and seeing the same understanding in his gaze. “And now look at us.”

Ilya smiles back at him. “Look at us now,” he echoes, and pulls Shane back in, tucking him into his arms, before he presses his lips against Shane’s hairline, a familiar touch that always fills Shane up with warmth; casual, simple love at its finest. “We have insane married sex.”

“Yeah,” Shane says, blinking back tears of happiness. “We really fucking do.”

End Notes

moya zvezda: my star / moy lyubimyj: my love

y'all i cannot believe the love my first fic got - so this one's for all of you.

lmk if you liked it!

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