you're the only one i keep so close

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/79567126.

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, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Counter Sex, Kitchen Sex, Shower Sex, Couch Sex, Riding, Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Premature Ejaculation
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-15 Words: 4,528 Chapters: 1/1

you're the only one i keep so close

by buckdiass

Summary

"Condoms," Shane gasps out. "We don't have condoms."

Ilya groans, this one of displeasure. The last thing he wants to do is leave the space between Shane's ridiculously perfect thighs to go hunt down a piece of rubber. Though the image of Shane, panting and worked up, is a thing of beauty. It sounds fun, but Ilya needs it now just as bad.

"Do we need them?" Ilya asks, mostly as a joke. He makes a move to leave, but Shane's legs tighten around him.

Shane lets out a moan. "I'm clean."

Ilya gets to fuck Shane raw. He doesn't last long.

Notes

i cannot believe i haven't posted anything since november. much like the rest of the world, these two hockey boys have consumed every waking thought. if you subscribed to me cause of buddie, that's on a bit of a break.

huge thank you to liam, marina/(zeros), and a for beta reading.

if you're on a pc, just hover over the russian for a translation. if on mobile, just tap. just make sure you have creator styles on.

hope y'all enjoy the fic.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya sits on the counter and watches Shane bustle around the kitchen. He has a recipe on his phone and keeps checking on it after every step. Ilya has come to learn that Shane can be incredibly doting. He makes them breakfast, presses a thousand kisses to Ilya's cheeks, and pulls Ilya close whenever he can. Ilya soaks up every bit of comfort Shane gives him like he's parched.

Shane Hollander, with his winter coat, awkward double handshake, and flushed freckles, turned Ilya's world upside down outside that Saskatchewan rink. Since then it's been a constant battle of desperation and longing. Ilya's able to win most of the time, but every once in a while, something would get through and knock him off his feet. Once Shane held him in his arms and told Ilya he loved him, Ilya gave up on fighting it. Shane Hollander is in love with him, wants a future with him, planned every meticulous detail so that they could be together. Ilya finally has everything he wished for, and finally, finally, he isn't afraid to cling to it.

As Shane finishes up, Ilya slides off the counter. The food is piping hot, and he knows Shane would rather clean the kitchen before eating, but Ilya has other ideas.

How is he supposed to react to his lover plating up the food he made for them?

"What're you doing?" Shane asks as Ilya slinks around behind him and pulls him flush against his chest.

"What does it look like?" Ilya responds, his breath ghosting Shane's neck. He smirks at Shane's full-body shiver.

"I have to clean up," Shane insists, though Ilya can feel him surrendering. Shane's body sags against him as he tilts his head to give Ilya more access to his beautiful neck. Ilya drops a soft kiss as a reward.

"I can think of something better," Ilya whispers. He bites down on the exposed skin, tugging it between his teeth. Shane lets out a whorish moan. He loves getting his neck marked. It's something they couldn't do before running the risk of someone asking questions. But now, for these two weeks, Ilya takes any opportunity to mark Shane as his. He's half tempted to ask Shane to bite him hard enough to leave an imprint, just so he can go and get it as a tattoo.

"Ilya," Shane whimpers as Ilya pulls away before licking at the mark he made. He presses his hardening dick against the thin material of Shane's boxers.

"I think," Ilya says, manhandling Shane so that he's facing him. All the blood in his body rushes to his cock as he takes in the sight of Shane's dark eyes, open and pleading. He presses a soft kiss to Shane's lips. "I think you want me to put you up on this counter and fuck you right here until you cannot walk without feeling me."

Shane lets out a long moan and grinds forward. He bites at Ilya's lips. "Yeah, I want that." Ilya picks Shane up by the back of his thighs. He pushes the remaining dishes over, Shane yelping at the movement. "Fuck you, asshole. You're going to drop me."

Ilya places him on the counter and forces Shane's legs open so he can stand between them. He pecks Shane, hands scratching at his thighs. "Never," he promises between kisses.

A needy moan escapes Shane's mouth. He hooks his legs around Ilya and drags him closer. "C'mon. Give it to me."

"You need it that bad?"

Shane grips Ilya's curls. "You know I do," Shane breathes against his lips.

Ilya shoves his hand down Shane's boxers. "Look at how wet you are." Ilya spreads Shane's precome over the head of his cock. He works his hand over the tip, just to see Shane's eyes roll back into his head, biting at the mark he left behind on Shane's neck. "That's it. Get all wet for me."

"Condoms," Shane gasps out. "We don't have condoms."

Ilya groans, this one of displeasure. The last thing he wants to do is leave the space between Shane's ridiculously perfect thighs to go hunt down a piece of rubber. Though the image of Shane, panting and worked up, is a thing of beauty. It sounds fun, but Ilya needs it now just as bad.

"Do we need them?" Ilya asks, mostly as a joke. He makes a move to leave, but Shane's legs tighten around him.

Shane lets out a moan. "I'm clean."

"What?"

Shane looks him in the eyes and sighs. "After the hit, I got a full physical done. I'm clean."

Every drop of blood rushes down to Ilya's cock so fast that he feels lightheaded. He pitches forward and buries his head in Shane's chest. "Моя любовь, you're going to kill me."

"Not before you fuck me without a condom."

Ilya groans, his cock throbbing. "Fuck." He kisses the dirty words right out of Shane's mouth. "Что ты со мной делаешь?"

Shane smirks against his lips. "You want to fuck me bare, Rozanov?"

"Fuck, Hollander." He tugs at Shane's boxers. Shane, like the good boy he is, lifts his hips so Ilya can take them off. He quickly takes off his own, too. "Lube?" he gasps out.

Shane attaches their lips together and curls his hands into Ilya's hair. Ilya rests his hands on Shane's thighs and lets himself be kissed. He hears Shane blindly reaching around for something, but he's too focused on the slick slide of his tongue against Shane's to pay attention to it.

He whines when Shane pulls away, though he will later deny it because Russians don't whine. Shane shoves something against his chest. Ilya grins. "Do you keep lube everywhere?"

"Yes," Shane says, blinking at him. "It's efficient."

"Efficient," Ilya echoes.

"If I want you to fuck me in the living room, or the bathroom, or the—"

Ilya shuts him up with a kiss. Shane Hollander really is the best thing to ever happen to him. He takes the offered lube and squirts some onto his fingers. He finds Shane's hole as he leans in to kiss him again, slipping his tongue inside. The feel of Shane's moan is heavenly against his lips, a little broken thing when Ilya first presses in. He sinks a finger in easily; Shane is still loose from the previous night. He groans at the thought and slips his tongue into Shane's panting mouth as he prods around to find Shane's prostate.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane mouths against Ilya's lips. "Please," he whimpers.

Ilya groans and sinks another finger in, helpless but to follow Shane's lead. He pistons the two in and out, just to see Shane's mouth hang open. Shane tightens his hold around Ilya and presses him closer by his legs.

"Fuck, fuck. C'mon, fuck me, please. Fuck." Ilya nods, presses a kiss to Shane's chest, and slips his fingers out of his hole. Shane groans. "C'mon, in me. Please. In me. I need it, Ilya."

And it's a head rush, having Shane beg for him so sweetly. He fumbles as he lines his cock up with Shane's hole. "You want it, Моя любовь**.**"

"Please. I want your cum in me."

"I will give it to you, Shane." Ilya curses as he grips the base of his cock. "I'll give it to you so good, you won't be able to think of anything other than me. You will not be able to walk without feeling me in you. You want that?"

Shane sobs, head tipping back. "Yes, please."

Ilya works the tip of his cock into Shane's hole and *fuck*.

He squeezes his eyes shut. The tight heat feels so much better without the thin barrier between them. He pauses to collect himself. He catches Shane's twisted-up expression, eyes closed and brow furrowed in pleasure. "Please," Shane mouths, the word barely audible.

Pleasure courses through him, wanton and addictive, harder and rougher than anything he's experienced. He pushes in a little more, biting his lip. The sting doesn't deter him from the sharp pleasure ripping up his spine. Shane's gasping, strangled moan does not help. "Oh fuck," Shane shouts.

His body feels red hot as he pushes in another inch. It's good. It's so fucking good. Shane is tight and hot, so fucking hot around him. His walls clench around Ilya's cock. He wants to shove all the way in and just take, but he gives Shane time to adjust.

Ilya breathes out roughly, pulling out. He watches as the tip of his cock stretches Shane's hole. Shane curses above him, but he can't keep his eyes off where they are joined. He thumbs at the spot where Shane's rim, red and abused, clings to his dick.

He pushes back in slowly, breaths coming out in heavy pants. "Shit. О, боже мой, Шейн. Ты чувствуешь это? Fuck, I—" Ilya groans, body pitching forward. Shane's thighs press against him.

The telltale sign at the base of his spine intensifies. "Fuck. No. No, not—" Ilya grips the base of his cock. "Еще нет. Блядь. Блядь." It doesn't help, and Ilya's brain whites out as he shoves himself all the way in and spills into the unforgiving heat of Shane's hole. He pants against Shane's shoulder.

Shane's confused groan pulls him out. Horror settles in as Shane shakes. "Fuck," Ilya groans. This time it was not out of pleasure but out of mortifying embarrassment. "Fuck. Sorry. I'm sorry."

Shane tugs at his curls and brings Ilya up to meet his eyes. "What just—Ilya? Did you—already?"

"I didn't think—" He cuts himself off as Shane clenches around him. He pulls out, too oversensitive to fuck Shane properly. Shane whimpers like he does when Ilya pulls away right at his peak. Usually, that high-pitched, needy thing is the hottest sound Ilya's ever heard. Now, it's a distinct reminder that Shane isn't satisfied. Ilya immediately grips Shane's cock and roughly jerks him off. Shane eventually spills over his fingers, shaking as his eyes roll back.

Once Shane settles, sagging into Ilya, he smirks.

"That good?" Shane asks, a cocky edge to his voice.

"Shut up," Ilya groans. "That has never happened before."

"I'm sure," Shane practically purrs.

"Shut up."

"I was promised, what did you say again, a fucking where I wouldn't be able to walk without __"

Ilya pulls away and flicks Shane's forehead. "Fuck off, Hollander," but he's sure his face is making that stupid look Svetlana says he makes whenever he's staring at a text from Shane.

"I'm flattered, really. I didn't think—"

Ilya shuts him up by kissing him, his hand coming to press at the bruise on his neck. "This is a one-time thing. It is never going to happen again."

It happens again.

Previous season's hockey highlights play on TV, but Ilya is wholly distracted by Shane and the bruise forming on his neck. Ilya leans over and plants a kiss on the bruise before moving to bite under Shane's ear.

Shane shoves his face away. "Behave."

"Любимый." Ilya pouts.

"No."

Ilya scooches closer and peppers kisses along Shane's neck. He bites down on Shane's pulse point and licks over it to soothe the sting. He groans when it beats under him.

Shane doesn't push him away. He tilts his head back and lets Ilya gnaw at his neck as he focuses on the TV. "Come on, Моя любовь. I can make it worth your while."

"Worth my while?" Shane says as Ilya drags him over and settles him onto his lap. He drags his hands down to squeeze at Shane's ass, delighted in the way Shane's hips twitch.

Ilya shivers as Shane slides his hands into his hair and tugs it back. "Think you can last longer?" Shane asks. His lips tease a smile. Ilya kisses it right off.

"I made a promise, did I not?" Ilya answers, chasing Shane's lips.

Shane hums and tugs Ilya's cock out of his pants. He loosely jerks him as they kiss. Ilya pants into his mouth, his grip on Shane's ass tightening. It's not enough friction, but heat licks up his spine. He blindly reaches out to the table next to the couch. His hand closes around the handle, and he tugs. He gets the lube and brings it around. Shane reaches out, not disconnecting their lips, and closes the drawer.

Ilya keeps the lube in one hand as his other hand dips into Shane's sweats and rubs at Shane's hole. He's still open from the morning.

After the morning's disastrous performance, Shane went on like nothing happened. He gave Ilya one last kiss, groaning about the plates, and moved on. Ilya followed his lead. It happened once, so there is no reason to bring it up again.

Ilya easily slips in the tip of his finger. Shane's hand tightens around Ilya's dick. "Fuck," Shane says, grinding forward. "C'mon. I need you in me."

Ilya nods against him, squeezing Shane's ass before dribbling lube onto his fingers and slipping them back into Shane's sweats. Shane smiles against his mouth. "You can just take these off," before cutting off with a groan.

"But I thought you needed me in you?" Ilya teases as he pumps the finger in and out as best as he can with the restricting fabric. Eventually, he gets frustrated when he can't swallow those little whimpers from Shane's throat. He pulls his fingers out and paws at Shane's pants. Shane gets off, and Ilya immediately misses the warmth.

As Shane takes off and folds his pants, Ilya slips off his own and throws them to the side. Shane's back on him in an instant. Ilya's hand naturally finds itself back on Shane's ass, slipping in two fingers. Shane groans against him, crashing their lips together. He tugs at Ilya's hair when he crooks his fingers just right.

"In me, in me, in me," Shane pants, drawing up. Ilya's fingers slip out. He settles his hands on Shane's hips. Shane lifts up and grips Ilya's cock. He lets it kiss his hole. Ilya holds his breath, eyes rolling back as the tip is engulfed in tight heat. Shane's mouth drops open in a long moan, eyes slipping shut, brows furrowing in concentration as he sinks down another inch.

Ilya squeezes Shane's hip as the pressure at the base of his cock builds. "Wait. Wait. Just one —" He groans as Shane sinks down just a little bit more, like he can't help it. Shane whimpers, dropping his head to Ilya's shoulder.

"Please."

And it's over for Ilya. The little broken word has Ilya whimpering as he roughly thrusts up, once, twice, and buries his pleasure into Shane.

"Fuck," Shane sobs, and Ilya recognizes it as one of frustration. Ilya is still falling from his high, but he has enough brainpower to grip Shane's cock and roughly jerk him off so he shoots off over Ilya's chest, finished but unsatisfied.

Shane pulls off Ilya's sensitive dick and settles onto his lap. Ilya can feel the rush of cum on his thighs, and his dick stirs. "Again?" Shane groans.

Ilya groans back. "It is your stupid face. I cannot concentrate with you looking like that."

Shane drops his head to Ilya's shoulder. "You didn't have that problem before."

"It is not a problem," Ilya says. "It will not happen again."

Shane hums like he doesn't believe him.

"It will not."

"I didn't say it would."

"I can last."

"I know."

"Shane."

"Ilya?" He parrots, picking his head back up, a cheeky smile on his face.

Ilya matches it, hugging Shane to his chest before flipping them so Shane is lying on his back on the couch. Ilya hovers over him and kisses the grin off his face.

"Okay," Ilya says, barging into the bathroom. He knows that Shane likes a nice little peace and quiet when he showers, but Ilya can make it up to him with the fucking of a lifetime, and he is not exaggerating. He will make this time so good for him that Shane will sob in despair that he didn't do this earlier.

Shane lets out a shriek as Ilya pulls open the glass door. He whirls around, eyes wide, before he covers his dick. Ilya raises an eyebrow. "Shane, I have seen everything already. You have nothing to hide."

"I am showering, you heathen."

"Hmm, I do not know that word."

"It means you are uncivilized, you—"

His words die as Ilya pulls off his tee and shoves his sweats down. Ilya smirks. Seeing Shane Hollander, the highest hockey IQ in the league, go dumb at the sight of his dick is almost as good as making him cry on it.

"Let me make you dirtier so you have more to clean."

Shane raises an eyebrow. "You think you can last long enough for that?"

Ilya shoves him, smirking at the slow grin on Shane's face as he presses himself into the cool tiles. He runs his hand down Shane's back and slips two fingers into Shane's hole. Shane leans back into it because despite his protests, Shane is just as, if not more, greedy for it than Ilya is.

Ilya pumps his fingers in and out, and Shane is open from the earlier failed attempt. It probably burns a little. Ilya hopes it does. He wants Shane to feel it every time he sits down.

"C'mon, just fuck me," Shane whines. And of course Shane would feel the same way and would want it to sting every time he moves. With every movement, he'll know that Ilya was there.

Ilya presses the head of his cock against Shane's hole. He doesn't push in; he just lets it rest there. He breathes in slowly.

Раз. Два. Три, and then presses just the tip inside. He can't press all the way yet because they don't have lube, but he can pump himself once, twice, and three times just to release some pressure. Suddenly, Shane is clenching down on Ilya, and he is done for. He pitches forward, hand working fast over his cock as he spills into Shane.

Shane is shaking, and Ilya knows it's not with ecstasy. Ilya drops his head to Shane's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Моя любовь."

"It's okay," Shane says, turning around. He wraps his arms around Ilya's shoulders and brings him into a hug. "My poor baby just can't help it, can he?" Shane coos, because he is an

asshole.

"I hate you."

"Your dick clearly doesn't."

Shane feels giddy.

He's not used to feeling this way, but how else is he supposed to feel with the knowledge that he can turn Ilya Rozanov, self-proclaimed and evidence-backed-up sex god, into a squirming virgin who blows the minute he gets inside Shane's hole? The head rush each time Ilya completely lost it and spilled inside of Shane is a high he only experienced on the ice. On top of that, he's able to get Ilya's cum inside his ass.

Shane had been floating on cloud nine and would have stayed there if not for the fact that they hadn't had sex all day.

And that is fine. Shane is perfectly okay with just hanging out with Ilya. Swimming in the lake, cooking, and watching hockey—all these things are infinitely better when Ilya is there.

It shouldn't be a big deal. Except yesterday, they finally fucked raw, and today Ilya refuses to even go past heavy petting.

They settle themselves into bed for the night, and Shane is raring to go. Sure, he hasn't gotten the fucking he's craving, but there was nothing more satisfying than watching the love of his life fall apart for him.

However, Ilya simply shuts off the light and lies down, pulling the covers over himself. That is weird, because no matter what they do throughout the day, Ilya would always fuck him here, in bed, nice, slow, sensual, and soft. Lovemaking, he had called it. Shane had shot it down, but it was the only word that described what Ilya was doing during those moments.

Shane shuffles until he is lying down, too. He faces Ilya, whose eyes are closed, and reaches out to rest a hand on Ilya's cheek. "Hey."

"I want to sleep, Shane," Ilya says, eyes still closed.

"I know. I just thought you would want to—y'know, like we always do."

"Weren't you satisfied with yesterday?" Ilya bites out, turning over so that his back is to Shane.

Shane blinks. "Yeah, I was," Shane says, scooting closer so that he is pressed up to Ilya's back. He props himself up on his elbow and leans over to brush a kiss against Ilya's cheek. "Yesterday was so hot."

"Yeah," Ilya drawls out. "So hot when I couldn't even fuck you properly."

"What are you talking about?" Shane tugs at Ilya's shoulder, but he doesn't budge. When it's clear that Ilya isn't going to move on his own, Shane throws a leg over him and forces him to lie down so that he's facing the ceiling, Shane settling on his stomach. "What—" He pins Ilya's arms above him. "—are you talking about?" When Ilya doesn't say anything, Shane leans down to kiss him.

"What are you talking about?" he murmurs against his lips.

"Oh, come on," Ilya rolls his eyes, looking up at him with an unimpressed glare. "You've noticed."

"You mean how fast you come?" Shane teases, but Ilya's face stutters. Shane grips Ilya's face. "Hey, that's not a bad thing."

Ilya scoffs. "No, it is. Because if I cannot even give you proper orgasms, then what am I even doing for you?"

"What are you doing—" Shane sits up. "Is that really—Ilya, this isn't a transaction. I love you, and you're with me because you love me. That's what you're doing. And I don't think you realize how hot it is."

Ilya blinks up at him. "How? How is me coming in under a minute hot?"

Shane reaches behind him to press on Ilya's cock. "Because you're so desperate for me." He slides down Ilya's body and to his crotch. He nuzzles in closer, inhaling the musky scent of him. Ilya groans, sliding a hand into Shane's hair.

"I can last in your mouth, my love."

Shane smirks and slips Ilya's pants off. His cock isn't fully hard yet, which makes it easier for Shane to slip the whole thing down his throat.

Ilya arches off the bed, shoving his cock further down Shane's throat. Shane bobs his head, taking Ilya in deeper and deeper. "Shane," Ilya cries out. "Shane, you need to—" He explodes down Shane's throat.

Shane is off him immediately, licking his lips before scrambling up, trailing kisses up Ilya's stomach before capturing Ilya's mouth in a searing kiss. He rolls his hips into Ilya's stomach. "Do you—" Shane gasps as Ilya attaches himself to Shane's neck. "—know how hot it is when you come that fast? So easy for me."

Ilya looks up at him with glassy eyes. Shane pushes back his curls. Shane loves him looking like this, eyes dilated so the blue is barely a ring around the black. "It drives me crazy that you only get like this for me."

Ilya nods. "Yes. Only for you. Only ever for you."

Shane leans down and kisses him. "You think you can go one more time? Maybe last a little longer now that you've come already?"

Ilya wastes no time and reaches over to grab the lube. He fingers Shane nice and slow, drawing it out until Shane is whimpering. "On your stomach?" Ilya murmurs against his lips.

Shane shakes his head. "Wanna see you."

Ilya leans down to kiss him before reaching for a condom. Shane stops him with a hand to his wrist. "What are you doing?" He doesn't care if he sounds petulant. After feeling Ilya spilling into him, Shane is never going to go back to condoms, not when he can help it.

"Do you want me to last?"

"Not really?" Shane grins. "Is that why you blow like it's your first time?"

Ilya shakes his head and leans down to kiss Shane gently. "This is my first time doing this."

Shane's eyes widen. "You've never fucked without condoms."

"Nope," Ilya says.

And isn't that a head rush? Ilya had all of Shane's firsts, and Shane had resigned himself to not having any of Ilya's sexual ones. But this? Fuck, Shane is not going to last long. "In me. Get in me. I need you to come inside, please."

Ilya's eyes widen. Shane doesn't think he's ever felt this desperate before as he sinks down onto Ilya's cock. Ilya's head tips back, exposing the long column of his neck. Shane leans down and presses a kiss to it. "Can you hold out?" Shane murmurs.

Ilya nods, and Shane picks himself up and plants his hands on Ilya's chest. He rides him in slow, deep rolls of his hips. Ilya squeezes his eyes shut. Shane can't have that.

"Open," Shane gasps out. "Eyes open."

"Моя любовь**,** I will not last. Have you seen what you look like?"

Shane tugs at Ilya so that he sits up. His hands slide to Shane's back to help him off Ilya's cock. He scooches to rest against the headboard, and then Shane's on him again. He presses his forehead against Ilya's. "Do you know how hot it is when you blow so fast?"

"It's not," Ilya's head thunks back as Shane clenches around him. "How is it hot? I cannot give you a decent—"

"I made Ilya Rozanov come like it's his first time fucking someone."

Ilya groans and fucks up once, twice, and three times before Shane notices the familiar heavy breathing. Shane stops completely, putting his entire weight on Ilya. "Not yet," Shane says. "Just hold out a little more.

Ilya, honest to god, whimpers.

Shane presses a kiss to his lips and braces his hands on the headboard. Ilya's cock presses up deliciously against his prostate with each downstroke. Shane lets himself be loud, high-pitched moans falling from him as Ilya meets him thrust for thrust. It's over far too soon for Shane. He lets go with a long moan, cum spurting from his dick onto Ilya's stomach. "Shit."

"Shane, I need to come, please, Shane."

"Wow," Shane groans. "I have you begging and all."

"You are such an asshole," Ilya moans. "People do not know, but I do."

Shane grips Ilya's curls and tugs his head back, forcing Ilya to look up at him. "If I were an asshole, I would have gotten off and let you finish by yourself. Do you want that?"

Ilya glares at Shane and shakes his head. He plants his feet on the bed and drives into Shane, who falls forward, his mouth open with no sound coming out. It's all so much and not enough at the same time. He's straddling the line between pain and pleasure, ascent and descent, before Ilya spills into him with a sob.

"What have you done to me?" Ilya groans as Shane slips off of him and onto the bed.

End Notes

kudos and comments are much appreciated! catch me on tumblr @hollanderdiaz. and if you're looking for a fun place to hang out and yap about heated rivalry and hollanov, find incredible fic recs, or just lurk, come join the game changers library discord server.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!