

Another Jeff Buckley song

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77441871) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77441871>.

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 , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike , Rose Landry , Hayden Pike's Children
Additional Tags:	alternative universe , POV Shane Hollander , Explicit Sexual Content , Fluff and Angst , Reunions , Reunion Sex , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Dom/sub , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Kissing , Penetrative Sex , Crying , blowjob , Happy Ending , Good Friend Hayden Pike , Story time with your daughter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The reunion of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 4,440 Chapters: 1/1

Another Jeff Buckley song

by [WifeOfGojo](#)

Summary

“Do story time, please” Irina says with a sleepy pout, and Shane could hear Jackie’s soft “aww”. He smiles as he watches Ilya’s gaze soften, staring at his daughter for a moment before nodding once. ‘Story time’ referred to Irina’s nightly bedtime story; she usually needed at least 2 books read with the occasional scene getting acted out before she could fall asleep. Hayden is usually the only other person Irina allows to do story time, enjoying how he changes his voice for each character, so Shane knows this is a big deal.

“Once again I am betrayed” Hayden grumbles and Shane pats his shoulder in sympathy before walking down the corridor. He hears Ilya following him and can’t help the fluttering in his chest.

Shane and Irina’s lives were never going to be the same again.

He can’t remember the last time he was this happy.

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How the rest of the night went when Ilya and Shane reunited after 5 years.

Notes

Heyyyyy Im back. I kinda felt like part 1 was very short so I wanted to show how the evening went!! I hope you like it, and idk I might write more but also maybe not lol, depends on my schedule and when inspiration strikes.

Please read part 1, I really recommend it. If you don't wanna, just know that Ilya went to jail with his dad bc they were mafia doing illegal stuff and didn't allow Shane to see him while he was in prison. They have finally reunited and Ilya has found out he has a 5yo daughter. But please do eventually read part 1, this doesn't sum up the full experience of it.

Enjoyyyyy

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

The dinner comes to an end close to 10pm, at least an hour later than Shane usually allows people to visit his home. He loves his family and friends but maintaining a stable evening routine with Irina is more important than opening that fourth bottle of wine. But with Ilya's return that routine barely mattered at the moment. Once Shane and Ilya managed to leave the front door and make their way to the dining room, Irina leading her papa by the hand and telling him all the facts she knew about koala bears, the rest of the dinner was a blur.

An extra plate was prepared for Ilya, the Russian sitting next to Shane and ensuring that his daughter was on his other side. The two men didn't stop touching, whether it was Ilya resting his hand on the back of Shane's chair or his thigh, or them holding hands under the table. Shane's body hasn't felt this alive in *years*- every time their knees knocked together or Ilya gently nudged his foot against Shane's, he barely stopped himself from gasping or melting into Ilya. The two men barely managed to keep their eyes off each other throughout starters, feeling insatiable after years of being denied the sight of the other. Ilya, seeming unable to help himself, gently brushed the back of his hand against Shane's freckled cheek, both men not listening while Rose spoke about her upcoming global press circuit. Shane wanted nothing more than to run his fingers through Ilya's grown out hair and peel off his suit, and Ilya wasn't hiding his hunger as well.

He's never been one to be shy about how much he wants Shane.

When Ilya wasn't staring at Shane like he wanted to eat him alive, the Russian was talking to Irina, wiping her chin when she messed and gently convincing her to eat her carrots. Irina has truly taken to Ilya, delighted by his long hair, thick accent and finally having someone to talk Russian to fluently that wasn't Yelena and her cousin. Shane felt his throat close up and tears gather as he thought of everything Ilya missed as Irina grew up but he immediately pushed those thoughts away; spiraling into the "whats ifs" wouldn't change anything.

Rose, Hayden and Jackie didn't bring up prison as the evening progressed, the dinner plates getting swapped for the delicious mango and sticky rice Rose ordered from their favourite Thai restaurant. The kids were back in front of the television screens, eating homemade cookies and playing Mario Kart. Irina and Amber were finishing off their drawings, Irina promising to show Ilya the finished product once it was done. Shane could see Hayden chewing his lip, often shooting Ilya indecipherable looks; his best friend never quite forgave Ilya for breaking Shane's heart and having him raise Irina alone, even if Ilya didn't know about his daughter. However, he didn't say anything that would sour the mood, and Shane appreciated it more than Hayden could know.

Jackie and Rose were great at keeping the conversation light and easy, giving Ilya updates on their lives and making sure no one's wine glass was empty for long. Shane eventually switched to Canada Dry once his head started swimming, having not broken the habit of drinking ginger ale even after giving up his macrobiotic diet once he retired. Ilya smiled fondly as he watched him open the can but he didn't say anything.

Irina started yawning just as it reached 9:40pm, an hour past her usual sleep time. Shane didn't soften to her whining of "I'm not tired, daddy, I promise!" and picked her up where she was lying on the floor and sleepily blinking at the tv screen. Shane turned back to the

adults, holding cups of coffee and still seated around the dining table, and smiles apologetically.

“I’m going to put her in her pajamas and make sure she doesn’t fall asleep while brushing her teeth. Are you guys fine seeing yourselves out?” Shane asks, gently cradling Irina to his chest, who was now murmuring against his neck with her short arms wrapped around his neck, seeming to alternate between Japanese and French. Shane presses a soft kiss against her curls, breathing in her familiar scent of Barbie strawberry shampoo and the lavender scented detergent Shane uses for their laundry.

“Don’t worry, buddy, we’ll clear up the last few things for you. I’ll give you a call tomorrow” Hayden says with a smile and Shane gives him a one armed hug, which he repeats with Rose and Jackie, and the Pike kids remember their manners long enough to squeeze their uncle Shane’s legs one at a time.

There was no question about Ilya staying. Jackie and Rose both give him hugs and kisses on the cheek, which Ilya easily returns. The Russian seems amused by how Hayden forces himself to extend his hand for a short and polite handshake. Shane is about to move towards Irina’s bedroom when she lifts her head, blearily looking around until she finally finds Ilya. The blonde was already focused on her, of course.

“Do story time, please” Irina says with a sleepy pout, and Shane could hear Jackie’s soft “aww”. He smiles as he watches Ilya’s gaze soften as he stares at his daughter for a moment before nodding once. ‘Story time’ referred to Irina’s nightly bedtime story; she usually needed at least 2 books read with the occasional scene getting acted out before she could fall asleep. Shane enjoyed this nighttime routine the most with his daughter as she squealed in delight at the pirate captain getting captured by a group of mermaids or the space alien falling in love with the human, before turning soft and sleepy in her daddy’s arms. Hayden is usually the only other person Irina allows to do story time, enjoying how he changes his voice for each character, so Shane knows this is a big deal.

“Once again I am betrayed” Hayden grumbles and Shane pats his shoulder in sympathy before walking down the corridor. He hears Ilya following him and can’t help the fluttering in his chest.

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Shane leaves Ilya and Irina alone once he’s handed the Russian a selection of books their daughter prefers to hear. Irina is cozy under her blankets, wearing her vegetables themed PJs (don’t ask) with her old and raggedy T-Rex plushy in her arms, a gift from her granny Helen when she was 2 years old. Shane hand washed and disinfected it quarterly and tried to not let her leave the house with it, refusing to deal with the meltdown that would occur if she lost it.

He stands in the doorway for a few seconds, taking in the sight of Ilya propping himself up against the bedpost with a book open on his lap. His one hand is gently stroking Irina's curls as she stares up at him with sparkling eyes, sleep temporarily forgotten as Ilya reads her bedtime story in soft Russian. Shane's eyes trail over the other man, still unable to believe he was there. He almost wanted to pinch himself to see if he wasn't dreaming. Ilya took off his jacket and waistcoat as dinner progressed and he lost the tie once the coffee was brought out. Shane feels himself flush as his eyes linger on the exposed neckline and slight hint of collarbones where Ilya unbuttoned the first three buttons of his dress shirt. He licks his lips and turns away, glad Ilya was distracted by their child and wouldn't be able to tease Shane for his red cheeks.

Shane makes his way back to the front of the apartment and smiles when he finds it cleaned like Hayden promised. The Pike kids could be messy and Shane usually didn't mind cleaning up after them, but he's glad his friends left him one less thing to do tonight. He refills the kettle, taking out his teapot and two tea cups. Once Irina was fast asleep, Shane would finish up any last minute work he had left while drinking a pot of chamomile or green tea. The teapot was white with koi fish designs on them, a gift Shane bought himself when he was in Paris 3 years ago. It usually produced at least 3-4 cups of tea, and occasionally Shane would indulge in a snack as well, either a gingersnap or an Oreo from Irina's stash. Tonight he puts a plate of the leftover cookies on the table and waits for tea (Rooibos, Ilya's favourite) to finish steeping.

Shane opens his messenger:

Mom

Thank you mom, I love you so much.

I might not like him but he did help give me my grandchild.

And you love him, so that's enough for me.

How are you feeling, sweetheart?

Better than I have in years. I feel like I'm finally breathing again.

Irina likes him already. I'm going to tell her tomorrow morning.

That's good, honey. Let's meet tomorrow afternoon for lunch.

Yes, Ilya can come. I guess we'll need to learn to get along again.

1:30pm? I'll bring dessert.

Yes that works. Goodnight <3

Goodnight, mom.

Shane is debating whether he wants to message Yelena and Svetlana or if he should leave it to Ilya to contact them, when he hears the soft sound of slippers coming down the hallway, followed by Ilya. The Russian pauses in the doorway of the kitchen, seeming to need a second to simply take in Shane. The Canadian gives him a soft smile, putting his phone down and holding out his hand, which Ilya immediately takes as he sits down next to him at the small breakfast table. He sniffs appreciatively as Shane pours him a cup of tea, eyes briefly closed as he brings the brim of the cup close to his nose. Shane pours for himself as well, suddenly struck by the feeling of domesticity. The last time he and Ilya got to do this was...

"I haven't drank this tea brand in 5 years, I think" Ilya says suddenly, eyes on Shane and seeming to know exactly what the other man was thinking, "I think we were at the cottage? Yuna and David had just left after coming over for dinner, and you made us a pot of Rooibos with the leftover lemon bars"

Shane has always loved the way Ilya pronounced "Rooibos", always rolling the r and s longer than he should. He's actually heard that the Russian pronounces it more closely to how South Africans do, which is where the tea originates from.

Both men don't bring up the fact that Ilya was arrested the day after that dinner, the FBI invading the cottage and leading Ilya from a screaming Shane who had to be held back by three men. It remains one of the worst days of Shane's life.

The two men weren't allowed to see each other during the 72 hour holding period, and once they were, Ilya's face was blank and cold as his lawyer read Shane the list of charges brought up against the Rozanovs. Shane remembers not looking away from Ilya as his whole body went numb, unable to comprehend that no matter what, Ilya and Grigori weren't going to be found not guilty. It was just a matter of how long their sentence would be. Their funds and bank accounts were frozen along with their nightclub and other paper companies getting shut down. The Rozanov empire fell overnight, and Shane always believed that Grigori's lifespan shortened substantially just from the shame and embarrassment.

The Vetrova family borrowed the father and son their personal lawyer since the Rozanovs couldn't afford to hire any good representation. The lawyer, Dmitri Petrov, managed to work

miracles and got their sentences halved for the charges they faced. Instead of 30 years each, Ilya and Grigori only faced 15 years each, with Ilya receiving a chance at parole since he hadn't been in the business that long. Those were dark days for Shane and his coach forced him to take a break after his terrible playing started affected the Metros' chances during the playoffs. Shane could not care less, barely remembering to eat or sleep until his mom forced him to move back home. Yuna had never seen her son cry that much, and his blank, red rimmed eyes would haunt her for the rest of time.

Finding out he was pregnant with Irina was the only thing that saved Shane's life. Ilya not allowing any contact carved a huge hole in Shane's heart, and he barely wanted to get out of bed most days. Once he was responsible for the life of another human being, Shane started taking better care of himself, quit being a hockey player and went to therapy.

The moment he held Irina in his arms for the first time remains one of the best moments of his life, gently touching her wet and plastered black hair and pressing soft kisses against her cheeks.

Oh, Ilya, look what we did, he remembers thinking with tears of joy and heartache, *look at our angel Irina.*

Shane stayed at his parents' home that first year and a half, needing help to raise Irina. Yuna and David love their grandchild more than life itself, and with the additional help of Svetlana, Yelena's helpful tips during their long phone calls, and uncle Hayden and aunties Jackie and Rose, Irina was truly raised by a village.

He made the decision to keep Irina a secret from Ilya first out of anger and grief from being denied contact, but later on that changed to not wanting Ilya's pain from being away from Shane getting doubled because he wasn't there to watch his daughter grow up. He had planned on telling both Ilya and Irina about each other once she was a few years older, but that decision has been taken out of his hands.

He couldn't be happier about it.

Shane blinks away the memories, making a mental note to take out all of Irina's photobooks for Ilya to look through tomorrow morning after they sat their daughter down.

For now? For now, Shane would enjoy this pot of tea with the love of his life and be content. There was no ignoring the pain and ugliness that would need to be brought up eventually, and what their futures would hold, but Shane just wants one night.

One evening where they're just Ilya and Shane.

"You ate so many of the bars you threw up in the lake when we went for a midnight swim" Shane says fondly, his smile softening as Ilya laughs at the memory. Shane had to call him mom for advice on how to settle Ilya's upset stomach while Ilya moaned on the couch like a baby. He hadn't been too ill an hour later, however, when he had Shane on his hands and knees, moaning as he fucked the Canadian's ass with his tongue.

Once again, Ilya seemed to be reading Shane's mind because his eyes got heavy lidded and drifted down to Shane's lips. Shane couldn't help licking them, feeling that old and familiar heat curling low in his stomach as Ilya's eyes flickered up to meet his.

"You have somehow become even more beautiful, sweetheart" Ilya says, his accent thickening as it often does when he's turned on, and Shane's cheeks heat up. Ilya gives a small smirk, always delighted whenever he can make Shane blush, and he leans forward to capture Shane's lips with his own.

Shane immediately sinks into it, moaning softly when Ilya swipes his tongue over his bottom lip before sinking his teeth in. They fist their hands into each other's hair, Ilya cupping Shane's jaw and gently stroking over his cheekbone. Shane feels like he's drowning in Ilya's touch, his lips, his scent, his hair tickling Shane's neck. He can't get enough, he never could.

"I want to make love to you" Ilya murmurs against his lips when they break away to get air, and Shane nods mindlessly. They both get up and Ilya doesn't hesitate before wrapping his hands around the back of Shane's thighs, lifting him off the ground with ease. It comes as second nature for Shane to wrap his legs around Ilya's waist, holding onto his broad shoulders as they kiss again, Ilya blindly leading them to Shane's bedroom right which Ilya saw briefly during a house tour.

Luckily Irina is a deep sleeper because Ilya accidentally kicks the bedroom door closed behind them with a bit too much force, and then he gently lowers Shane onto the king-sized bed. The Canadian bought the bed with the specific intention of being able to comfortably fit two tall, muscular men. Shane sits up on the bed and watches with a mixture of lust and awe as Ilya, standing at the foot, slowly unbuttons his shirt, his eyes never leaving Shane's. He takes his time pushing the material off his shoulders, and Shane honestly hasn't been this turned on in years.

The reveal of Ilya's perfectly sculpted, defined and muscular chest and 6-pack abs is a sight for sore eyes, and his tattooed arms are somehow even more ripped and thick than they were 5 years ago. Shane has missed the moles scattered across Ilya's entire upper body and he can't help but reach out and trace the S.H. tattooed on Ilya's right hip. Shane had been with him when Ilya got it done, 6 months after they started dating. He feels Ilya tense and shudder under his light, and feeling emboldened, he stops the Russian when he reaches for the button of his pants. Ilya raises a brow at him and Shane licks his lip, his mouth watering.

He's missed Ilya *so much*. Shane scoots forward until he's sitting between Ilya's legs.

"Let me. Please" he says lowly, blinking up at Ilya who takes a deep breathe through his nose before nodding, "Thank you, sir"

"Fuck, Shane" Ilya grits out, already reaching to fist Shane's hair as his dress pants joins his shirt, and he kicks his socks off as Shane presses his face against Ilya's crotch. Shane inhales deeply, groaning as Ilya's natural musk and clean sweat fills his senses, making him ache and get wet from pre-come. He could already feel how hard Ilya has gotten, and his hole clenches at the thought. Ilya lifts his jaw and forces Shane to meet his cold, intense gaze that made the Canadian want to get on all fours and get pounded for hours, "Are you going to make me feel good, *moy dorogoy?*"

“Yes, sir” Shane answers immediately and Ilya smiles in satisfaction before leaning down to kiss Shane one last time before taking off his boxer briefs, his thick, long cock almost slapping Shane in the face; the brunette takes it in his hand and leans in, rubbing the length against his cheeks, closing his eyes in bliss. He allows himself a minute of licking at the pre-come beading at the tip, familiarizing himself with Ilya’s taste again, before effortlessly swallowing the entire length into his mouth.

Shane only stops when his nose brushes Ilya’s coarse pubic hair, working his throat muscles. Ilya groans, murmuring praise in Russian and brushing his fingers through Shane’s hair, not bothering to wait as he starts moving his hips. He starts out slowly but Shane’s never needed long to adjust, so soon Ilya has his hand fisted in his hair again as he pistons his hips, fucking Shane’s throat with singular focus.

“God, you’re perfect, Shane. Your mouth was made to be fucked by me” Ilya growls between clenched through, trying to catch his breath as he continues a string of quiet groans. Shane lift his eyes to meet Ilya’s, not wanting to miss the sight of Ilya unravelling above him, ignoring his own aching cock. He’s come untouched a few times just from blowing Ilya, and he was sure he’d be able to do so now.

Without warning Ilya pulls him off with a loud curse, shushing Shane’s whimpering by pulling him up for a long, hard kiss. Luckily Shane was wearing his trusty blue button up so they didn’t have to stop kissing as Ilya clumsily unbuttons and pulls his shirt off, the jeans following soon after. Ilya cups his erection through his underwear, giving a merciless squeeze and swallowing Shane’s soft sob, before it lands on the floor too. Ilya gently pushes Shane back down onto the bed and they shuffle their way up to the pillows before once again kissing, their bodies sliding against each other. Shane gives a long, satisfied sigh- he hasn’t had sex in 5 years and the feeling of Ilya above him was already orgasmic. He spreads his legs opening even further and moans when Ilya lines their hips up, rubbing their erections together. Head tilted to the side to allow Ilya access to his pulse point, Shane blindly reaches for the side table’s drawer, quickly finding the half-filled bottle of lube.

Ilya takes the bottle but leaves it on the table as he moves down Shane’s body, kissing and biting marks into his neck, clavicle and nipples in quick succession. Shane is soon incoherent, only able to moan out Ilya’s name and begging in both English and French for Ilya to fuck him. The Russian throws Shane’s legs over his shoulders, pressing a kiss against Shane’s cock but otherwise ignoring it in favour of spreading his cheeks and licking a long, hot strip over Shane’s fluttering hole.

“Oh *god*, fuck, fuck” Shane wants to squirm and press Ilya’s tongue deeper inside his ass, but he has to be good and stay still or Ilya will stop. Ilya has done that before- whenever Shane doesn’t do what Ilya asks, the blonde will simply jerk himself off and come all over Shane’s ass, stomach or face and Shane wouldn’t be allowed to come until Ilya felt forgiving again. Once time Shane felt rebellious and fucked his fist while Ilya slept next to him; deliberately making enough noise to wake him, Shane locked eyes with an incensed Ilya as he came with his own fingers in his mouth and hand around his cock. Ilya pulled him over his lap and spanked him, alternating between Shane’s blistering ass cheeks and ignoring Shane crying face. When Shane came again when Ilya slapped a heavy hand against his aching balls, Ilya didn’t fuck him for a week.

“My good boy, always trying to please me” Ilya rasps against his hole, finally opening the lube a second later and now working a finger inside Shane. It’s an easy slide, and Shane tilts his head back and blindly stares at the headboard as two, three then four fingers fuck him open. Ilya doesn’t stop talking, telling him how much he’s missed him, how he wanted to stay inside him for days and never stop fucking his cum inside Shane’s slutty little hole, and wouldn’t Shane like that?

“I would, please use my hole, sir” Shane whines, sure he was going to come just from Ilya’s fingers in his ass. The Russian must realize that Shane wasn’t going to last long, because he gently pulls his fingers out and moves up again, resting on his haunches as he slicks up his cock. Shane prefers to be on his front when they’re fucking, but they both know they need to be face to face today so he simply wraps his legs around Ilya’s waist to nudge him forward. The blonde leans over him, their lips moving together as he rubs his cock against Shane’s hole before finally sinking in.

It feels like coming home.

“You’re okay?” Ilya asks and Shane nods, the oxygen punched out of him as his body tries to accommodate Ilya’s large cock after years of smaller dildos and vibrators. Shane starts making soft, hurt sounds as Ilya gets the last few inches in, his hips resting against Shane’s ass, “You’re so tight, so perfect for me, sweetheart. I’m going to fuck you now, okay?”

Shane barely manages to nod a second time before Ilya starts moving, one hand gripping Shane’s hip while the other cups Shane’s cheek as they kiss, never stopping even when Ilya speeds up, fucking the Canadian like he wants their bodies to fuse together. Shane was going to be sore for days, and Hayden was going to give him looks for his impending limp. He wouldn’t be able to hide all the hickeys he could feel forming.

It was absolutely perfect.

“I love you so much, *oh fuck*, right there” Shane manages to moan out, tears forming but not falling yet as Ilya repeatedly hits his prostate. His orgasm hits him out of nowhere, and Shane comes with only Ilya’s name on his lips. Ilya doesn’t last long either, lifting Shane’s hips even higher until he’s almost bent in half as he picks up his pace and comes with a blissed out look on his face.

Ilya collapses onto Shane, who wraps his arms tightly around the Russian’s neck, hugging him tightly against him. Ilya teasingly nudges his hips forward, still hard inside Shane, making the other man giggle and slap his chest lightly when Ilya lifts his to gaze down at him, “You’re insatiable”

“And you’re still the prettiest moaner” Ilya drawls, unable to resist the urge to lick a strip up Shane’s reddened cheek, before slowly pulling out. The Russian lays down on his back and positions Shane so that his head rests on Ilya’s chest, body presses against his side. Ilya’s hands don’t stop moving over Shane’s body as they enjoy the post-orgasm haze, feeling pleasantly sore. They didn’t bother moving to change the sheets or shower (yet), knowing they’d just get dirty again.

Ilya's right hand drifts down Shane's chest and abs, resting on the thin surgical scar left on the bottom of his belly after his C-section. Pressing his hand against it gently, Ilya's sexy smirk drops as he stares at him with wide eyes, glistening with unshed tears, "Thank you"

Shane swallows hard, the tears he's been working hard to suppress since Ilya showed up hours ago spilling over and he nods, "She's so much like you, Ilya"

"I'm sure the best of her comes from you, Shane" the unbridled love and sincerity in Ilya's voice opens the floodgates, and the Russian pulls him closer as Shane sobs in his arms.

End Notes

Sub Shane and dom Ilya ily! Listen, I also dont like living in a world where the Hollanders dont like Ilya but I promise once Ilya goes clean it gets better.

All kudos and comments are appreciated.

Thank for reading

xx Mals.

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