

Forever and More

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Forever and More

by [Of tales](#)

Summary

“So.” Shane started, he huffed a shy little laugh and found it odd, why was he being this way?

“Sooo?” Ilya drawled and began to saunter over to his husband.

Shane took a step back when Ilya neared him. Ilya didn’t stop, and Shane ended up pressed against the door. “How exhausted are you?” Ilya asked, and Shane noticed the tell-tale smirk. “Not at all. You?”

Ilya shook his head in response, “Nope.” His hands slid up the door, caging Shane in, which made him swallow thickly. “I want to make love to you tonight, Hollander.” Shane’s entire body buzzed with anticipation and joy. “But first...do you want more cake?”

Shane swooped in to kiss him, because he just needed to, or else he’d burst, “Yes. Cake. Then come ravage me.”

Notes

Happy 4th wedding anniversary to Hollanov!!

This is just a day later but hey, here we go.

When I say no angst I mean no angst.

Also songs for this fic :

- Can't Take my Eyes Off by Craymer, AIIVWAN
- Can't Help Falling by Perfume Genuis
- Golden Hour by JVKE

The Ottawa Centaurs had done it; they had defeated the New York Admirals in a game that had everyone on the edges of their seats. It was Play-offs season, and every single Centaurs team member had shown up to deliver and more. The game was gruelling and challenging, and Ilya could vividly recall the look on Scott Hunter's face when Luca Hass' slap-shot had paved the way for the Ottawa Centaurs to progress through the play-offs. Another step towards the grand prize: The Stanley Cup. All they had to do was defeat the New York Admirals one last time.

"What are you smiling at?" Shane asked as he slipped into bed and snuggled up with Ilya. They did have a lot to smile about, but Ilya had been occasionally snickering at the screen. "There are beautiful shots of Hunter's face when we won. Look." Shane's lips quirked into a lop-sided smirk as Ilya showed him, one after another, pictures of Scott Hunter looking pissed and shocked from various angles. "Beautiful, yes? Do you think I should send this one to him? Mm but maybe he is asleep already, being an old man."

"It's literally 9:00PM and we're in bed too." Shane amusedly noted, "And he's not that old Ilya."

"This is different." Ilya quickly dropped the phone and tipped Shane's chin up to kiss him. "We are just chilling." He grinned against Shane's lips.

"Well, that kiss warmed me up." Shane rasped, and Ilya cocked a brow, "Do you need more warming up?"

Shane shot him a knowing grin back, "yes...but!" he pointedly added as his hand went to slither around the covers for his own phone. He found it soon enough and began to rapidly tap at it, "I had something to show you as well. Harris made us something."

"Oh no, no work talk when we are trying to be sexy." Ilya quickly said but Shane quickly pecked his lips and showed him the screen. "It's not work." Shane said while Ilya briefly scowled at the screen, and then he had the widest grin on his face. "This is us! On our wedding day."

"Yeah...I don't know if it was Fabian or Kyle but one of them had made a small video of us and forgot to send it to us. Harris got it just the other day."

Ilya scooted their heads closer so that they could both watch, the on-screen Shane and Ilya were standing facing each other, repeating the vows that they were told to and finally, on-screen Ilya dipped and kissed Shane. The cheering and hooting along with everything else brought matching nostalgic smiles on both their faces.

"We never did our own vows..." Shane sighed softly, he felt Ilya nod against him, "I remember thinking...was a bit too dry. Lacked feelings, could not say everything I wanted to."

Another video popped up in Shane's chat with Harris suddenly and Ilya gasped happily, "This is the vow renewal ceremony, yes? You looked stunning."

In the middle of the hectic schedule, the roadtrips and games, Harris had invited Shane and Ilya to his parents' vow renewal ceremony. An intimate event held in the apple orchards, with trees lit up in soft lights. Ilya and Shane had shared a look and they both knew – they wanted to do this someday day aswell.

“We both looked very hot.” Shane agreed, they watched the video of the vow renewal ceremony again and Shane lifted his head up to look at Ilya. “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

Ilya's gaze met his, and Shane could already see it, he could practically see the mental gears turning in Ilya's head, “Will be four years this July yes?” Ilya sounded just a little breathless, and Shane wrapped his arms around his waist; a leg hooked over Ilya's hips. “Yes...and something tells me you don't want to wait till we're 60.”

Ilya shook his head, a genuine look on his face, “Enough waiting, Hollander. Waited for a lot for too long.” And oh, Shane knew that. He knew that so well. He had too. “I just think, would be a good idea. To share our own vows this time, by the docks, at your cottage?” Ilya sighed when it all came out as a question, when he so dearly wanted that.

“Our cottage, you mean.” Shane beamed and ran his hand through Ilya's hair. It was longer, tousled curls. So effortlessly sexy. “I would love to do that.” He added and watched as Ilya's face morphed into the happiest smile, “Yes? Good. Me too. We can...invite Hunter and Kip after we win the Stanley Cup and kiss on the ice, yes?”

Shane laughed heartily at that, his eyes shining, “You really do have the best ideas.”

The Centaurs had their game faces on, the energy in the locker room had been electric. The game was intense the moment it began; every player seemed hungry for the cup. Shane just knew that he and Ilya were going to be covered in bruises, not the worst thing to happen. He had watched an Admirals player go down, the game had paused and he had been carried off the ice. Ilya shot Shane a look and Shane gave him a small smile.

Neither of them could ever really forget the sight of Shane motionless on the ice. It was years ago and yet...Ilya had to set that thought aside. He rolled his shoulders back and darted across the ice once the game started again.

They won. Ottawa Centaurs had won the Stanley Cup. Shane and Ilya were screaming at the top of their lungs along with the rest of the Centaurs and all their fans, as Ilya lifted the cup over his head and Shane threw his gloves off to grab Ilya's face to plant a kiss on his lips.

Ilya had been tearing up already, but the kiss made the world turn incredibly blurry. They had come a long way. Ilya handed the cup to Troy and Bood, he just had to return the favour. Gloves off, he grabbed Shane's waist and dipped him to kiss him breathless. The uproar around them seemed to quiet down briefly; in this moment, it was just the two of them.

After the kiss Ilya had cheekily raised his hockey stick in Scott's general direction and winked; now that picture was going to be the second best one all over the news tomorrow. The first-best picture of course, being of Shane and Ilya kissing.

While they had been busy, Harris had been pulled into planning and sorting out of the Vow Renewal ceremony alongside Yuna and David. Which resulted in it mainly being Harris and Yuna bouncing off ideas, and David agreeing with everything. Harris had also had quick, informal meetings with Ilya and Shane to properly understand their vision, and the vision was simple, really: candles on the dock, Ilya's original proposal plan.

Time flew, and throughout that, Yuna had sent out invitations to Ilya and Shane's closest friends, catering was managed, Harris had actually prepared a list of songs this time, and there were chairs and tables for their guests.

Soon enough, the 10th of July rolled up and Shane and Ilya could simply not get out of bed. They could not keep their hands off each other. It took their rumbling, hungry stomachs and a very enthusiastic call from Yuna about being at their door for them to spring out of bed.

It was finally the day. Ilya and Shane had barely managed to pry themselves off of each other that morning. The fact that Yuna had arrived early at the cottage made them spring out of bed. Some of the decorations had been done the evening before, aesthetic warm lights placed tastefully along the lake and the dock. The rest of the decorations were happening now, with a very busy Harris on top of everything alongside Yuna. Ilya and Shane had listlessly hung around, watching everything going on in fascination, only to be reminded that they really ought to shower and change. Showering together was quickly prohibited by Yuna and Shane had made a flustered attempt to deny they ever intended to. Ilya just stood there to direct his sad-puppy eyes at Yuna. She was not having it today.

Everything was a blur after that; there were too many people running in and out, and everyone looked as busy as ever. David was helping Ilya with his bowtie and cuffs and Yuna had moved to help Shane in the other room. They didn't really need the help, but it was all so heart-warming, they let it happen happily.

Troy had arrived first and had instantly sought out his own husband, Harris, to help him with anything. Slowly, other guests began to arrive. Scott Hunter had made a point to come, along with Kip. Ryan & Fabian along with Eric and Kyle were also there. Some of Ilya's and Shane's closest friends from the Centaurs were there, and Shane had happily jogged off to tackle them in a hug when he had seen Hayden and J.J walk in.

The sun had just begun to set, and the horizon looked like a canvas brushed with hues of peach and pink. The lake mirrored the shades as the water gently rippled. There was a gentle breeze, enough to ever so slightly ruffle Shane's hair as he stood by the dock. He was dressed in a deep royal blue tux and kept looking over at the door, anticipating Ilya to come out any time now.

This felt like more of a wedding to him than their actual wedding, and Shane could not stop smiling about it. Shane took a deep breath and held it. His dark gaze darted over the small gathering of people and finally exhaled. He looked at the many candles all around the dock, just like Ilya had wanted to them, very real candles and not the electric ones. Overhead, strings of fairy lights ran all the way through and just as Shane had thought of how beautiful everything looked, Ilya walked out.

'you're just too good to be true.

can't take my eyes off of you

you'd be like heaven to touch

I want to hold you so much'

Harris hit play on his music list and Shane sighed – yeah, everything looked beautiful and Ilya looked ethereal. And somehow the song that Harris had played perfectly suited the situation as David walked Ilya all the way down to Shane, hugged them both and stepped aside.

'Pardon the way that I stare

There's nothing else to compare

The sight of you makes me weak

There are no words left to speak'

Shane looked Ilya over, style soft curls and bright eyes with his broad shoulders and the rest of him silhouetted in the golden glow of candles and lights.

“Hey.” Ilya winked, which made Shane snort. They could not stop looking at each other, and it was as if the song was written by Shane and Ilya, for each other.

“Do you kids want to start or—” Yuna asked loud enough to illicit an amused response from the guests.

“Get to it already.” Boon playfully yelled, and laughter followed.

Right. Yes. The Vows.

Shane felt himself get flustered and Ilya stepped up to take both his hands, ever so smitten by his husband of four years. “Is okay. I will start.” Ilya regarded Shane lovingly from a moment before he threw a playful look at everyone else, “Do not expect poetry but I have important things to say.”

Shane's deep, beautiful eyes were set on Ilya's face and Ilya's expressions shifted to something more genuine as soft laughter faded out around them.

The song slowly faded and Harris hit pause while he practically sat in Troy's lap, already emotional.

"Shane", Ilya started, his voice laden with warmth and affection. Shane's heart leapt. He dipped his head a bit but continued to gaze at Ilya.

"The first time I saw you...feels like ages ago, in that Saskatchewan arena parking lot." He paused and added, "Your eagerness to introduce yourself to me. Too cute." He said that part with a teasing lilt. Shane pressed his smiling lips together and gave a small shake of his head. Someone whistled and a few others laughed.

"I saw your freckles. Your cute nose and your pretty eyes and I thought I could ignore you." Ilya continued and huffed at himself, "I do not usually admit this but, I...was an idiot for thinking I could ever ignore you. Forget you. Let go of you." Each word grew heavier with emotion. Ilya refused to fall apart this soon. He needed the stupid, small lump in his throat to go away. He wanted to say this. Needed to say this.

"I tried to look for you in other people, and that was stupid too. And I made so many mistakes, and I am sorry." Ilya looked almost pained, and Shane wanted to hold him and tell him it was okay. They were okay. Better than okay even. Ilya persevered, "I want to be better, for myself and for you. I want to be a better husband. And I am already your biggest fan, Shane." Shane's smiling lips trembled, and Ilya squeezed his hands. He really did not want to bring up an incident, but he needed Shane to know, "There was a time when my life flashed before my eyes. It became clearer to me more than ever before, how important you were to me. How important you are to me. I will never take you for granted."

Ilya blinked rapidly when he felt the familiar stinging sensation. Shane wasn't doing any better. "I will always tell you what is in my heart, and on my mind. I know I said this already but-- no more hiding. And when you are in your head, I will not tease. When you need to lean on me, I will be the pillar of support for you. I am so fucking grateful for you Shane, for you having stuck around." He flashed Shane a smile, he barely managed it because the first of many tears was now hanging onto his lashes, "And for allowing me into your life like this... to give me such wonderful parents.." Ilya swallowed hard and pressed his lips together as his gaze fell to the ground. The ground looked awfully blurry as he thought of his mother. He had her once, and now he had Yuna. Yuna who currently had a hand placed on Ilya's shoulder. "Its okay." She softly stroked his arm, "take a moment, hm?" and in that moment Ilya really just wanted to wrap his arms around her and break the fuck down.

"Thank you." He quietly said, his words barely making it out. Then looked to Shane and gave a small nod.

your turn

Shane moved in and let go of his hands in favor of putting his hands around his husband's waist, "It didn't hit me till later on." Shane started, his words shook as if he was struggling already, "How we only get one life. I was so trapped by my fears that instead of challenging them I just—" he swallowed hard, why was it so hard to swallow, "Not ever going to do that again. I am the one who is so fucking thankful for you. To have met you. For you to let me in the way you did. And you always do your best, and I'm so fucking proud of you. Proud of us.

So when you're down, I'm going to be right there with you, holding you. And I'm going to protect you above all else." A breath shuddered out of his just as tear slipped down his cheek, "And when you speak, I will listen. I want to help you reach your dreams so when you're soaring high, I'm going to help you reach the greatest heights. I love you so fucking much, Ilya Rozanov, never forget that. Never doubt that. Im always choosing you."

"You made me dress so nice, just to make me cry in front of all these people?" Ilya sniffled as he attempted to lighten the mood but he was truly seconds away from losing it. Shane kissed his cheek, and Ilya managed a small smile, "Love you too."

It seemed they were not the only ones crying. Yuna and David had sat down, with Yuna's head on David's shoulder. Ilya's tearful gaze travelled along the small group of their friends. A group of fellow queer people who had seen their own struggles and joys. And in that moment he felt like all of them were on the same team.

Belatedly Ilya thought that oh, he had friends now, so many friends. Some of them hockey players like him who had previously been assumed straight, shut tight within a closet they were afraid to step out of. Afraid of the consequences if they did so. A group of remarkably strong people who had fought their own battles. And tonight here they were.

Said friends were also already in varying stages of crying.

Harris was entirely curled into Troy, with his head turned just a bit to be able to look at Ilya and Shane with red-rimmed, happy eyes. He had the songs queued for this reason exactly. He knew he'd be unable to function once not-poets Ilya and Shane began to speak.

*'Wise men say, only fools rush in
But I can't help, falling in love with you.'*

Ilya grinned at Shane, "Dance with me?"

Shane handed him a tissue that had been passed to them silently by Ryan, "Only if you'll lead."

Ilya grinned widely, eyes glistening with tears, and Shane let him have this moment. he looked out at the group and smiled, heart warmed and ever so light. Years ago, doing this, with all of them around, would have been unthinkable, and tonight, here they were, all gathered and openly included in Shane's and Ilya's celebrations.

Most of them got up to dance while Ilya and Shane swayed in the centre as the song continued to play. Shane pressed his forehead to Ilya's with a permanent smile on his face.

"I really used to not like you," Ilya said, smirking. They had all gathered around the joint tables, and cake was being passed around. There was a lot of cake.

"Right back at you, Roz." Eric amusedly replied as Kyle's eyes twinkled with delight. "Literal pain in my ass." Scott added, the scowl on his face was not convincing at all, "And

don't even try and make that about my age."

Ilya threw his head back and laughed, "Your words, Hunter, not mine!". Scott just shook his head but he had started to laugh as well. Shane squeezed Ilya's side and stole a slice of cake from Ilya's plate. "Hey!"

Shane winked as he happily devoured it, Ilya's gaze lingered on the buttercream on the edge of Shane's lips and well, he knew he really, really wanted to do something. Like lick the buttercream off Shane's mouth. Shane's eyes widened in seconds, as if he had read Ilya's mind. He purposefully wiped the cream off his mouth and proceeded to lick it off his finger, all the while maintaining solid eye contact with Ilya.

Ilya pressed his lips together as he chuckled. he had created a monster and oh, how he loved him.

Later on, when most of the guests, except a few, had left, Scott had found Ilya by the docks, lit up in a warm glow of lights and candles, "You know what Rozanov.." Hunter said almost conspiringly as he took a step closer. His eyes were narrowed but he didn't look angry. Much to Ilya's chagrin, Scott looked smug, "I made this happen. You know that right?" Hunter's index finger vaguely went from Ilya to Shane, who was just a few feet away, talking to Fabian and Ryan. "You and Shane.."

Ilya's eyebrows met his hairline, they slowly relaxed as Ilya began laugh under his breath, "Oh you want credit, grandpa?"

"Stop calling me that."

Ilya smirked and for a moment considered it, he loved poking at Scott and pressing all his buttons, but today, right now, Ilya was just too happy. "You are a good guy, Hunter." His genuine tone and words seemed to have caught Hunter by surprise, but soon the man was grinning.

"I give you shit, but I do not tell you this enough. So yes, good guy Scott Hunter who did not have a 'Scott Hunter' of his own when he kissed his boyfriend after winning the Stanley Cup." Ilya paused, delighted to watch Hunter seem touched at that. Maybe there was even a bittersweet smile there. "But you did it anyway. Was brave." Ilya concluded.

"Really fucking scary but there was no other way. I would do it again if I had to." Scott exhaled, voice heavy and deep. His gaze had dropped to the ground, so he first saw Ilya's legs move closer, and then Ilya pulled him into a hug.

Scott laughed quietly and gave Ilya's back a friendly pat, "You're not too bad yourself, Rozanov. When you're not being a pain in my ass."

Ilya scoffed and released Scott from the hug, "That pain in your ass is because you are so old ___"

"Oh shut up—"

“Will be so sad to see you retire soon, will miss seeing you getting pissed off every time we beat you.”

“I thought we were having a good moment here, Rozanov!”

Ilya snickered and let it go, “I like that we are friends.”

Scott’s glare seemed to settle down, “I like it too.”

Ilya abruptly pointed towards Harris and Troy, “I made that happen, by the way.”
Now it was Scott’s turn to smirk, “Oh yeah? Followed my example, huh? Am I your role model, Ilya?”

Ilya snorted, “Absolutely not.”

“You look up to me.”

“No, I only look up to Shane, that too when I am under him while he—”

“Nope! Don’t want to hear it, stop talking.”

Ilya opened his mouth to tease Hunter some more, but instead, he barked a laugh when Scott whipped around to walk away, and then Ilya saw Shane look over at him, with his narrowed eyes smouldering. Instead of annoyance, there was affection and amusement in them. Ilya shot Shane his most innocent look and shrugged.

The last guests, Yuna and David, left, and just like that, Ilya and Shane were by themselves. Anya had gone to bed early, and the cottage felt a bit too quiet and empty. Shane closed the door and turned around to find Ilya a few feet away, with his jacket off and sleeves rolled up.

“So.” Shane started, he huffed a shy little laugh and found it odd, why was he being this way?

“Sooo?” Ilya drawled and began to saunter over to his husband.

Shane took a step back when Ilya neared him. Ilya didn’t stop, and Shane ended up pressed against the door. “How exhausted are you?” Ilya asked, and Shane noticed the tell-tale smirk. “Not at all. You?”

Ilya shook his head in response, “Nope.” His hands slid up the door, caging Shane in, which made him swallow thickly. “I want to make love to you tonight, Hollander.” Shane’s entire body buzzed with anticipation and joy. “But first...do you want more cake?”

Shane swooped in to kiss him, because he just needed to, or else he’d burst, “Yes. Cake. Then come ravage me.”

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