

I chose you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/72768491) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/72768491>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Wyatt Hayes , Zane Boodram , Tanner Dillon , Luca Haas , Evan Dykstra , Nick Chouinard , Boyle , Holmber
Additional Tags:	Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Retelling , Post-Fight , Shane goes to Bood's party to get his man , Light Angst , Fluff , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Brave Shane Hollander , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-19 Words: 4,994 Chapters: 1/1

I chose you

by [Justaromanticfool](#)

Summary

Ilya let himself soften into it. He'd missed this, the simple camaraderie between teammates. He did feel lonely, but in some ways he felt safer with this team, and Shane had given him that, it was because of Shane that he moved to Ottawa. All the good things in his life curved back to Shane. Looking around, he tried to imagine him here, not Shane Hollander the hockey player, but his Shane, the man who made the darkest rooms feel like home. He felt suddenly certain that they would welcome him with love and respect. And, God help him, he was still hoping like an idiot that Shane would walk through the door.

Ilya tightened his grip on his roasting stick, jaw set, trying to divert his thoughts back to the present, when a ripple went through the group. Conversation dipped, then stopped completely.

“Um... what the fuck,” Dillon muttered, eyes flicking toward the house. “Is that Shane Hollander?”

Or Shane decides to go get his man after seeing Ilya's instagram post in Chap.23 of TLG.

Notes

I was supposed to work on Chapter 2 of my other other fic (spoilers : it features a jealous, possessive Ilya and a slutty Shane), but then this scenario entered my mind and did not want to leave lol. So if you have always wondered what would have happened if Shane had gone to Bood's party, well, here is my take on it.

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

God, he couldn't stop seeing Ilya's face, devastated, exhausted, and knowing he was the one who had put that expression there. Shane's breath shuddered out of him. He pressed the heel of his hand to his eyes like he could force time backwards if he just pushed hard enough. Another sob tore free. He couldn't lose him. How was life even supposed to go on without Ilya? They would have to grieve their relationship in secret, hide their heartbreak, perform normalcy for the world. Pretend everything was fine.

For a long moment he just sat there, the wind rattling the windows. His heartbeat slowed from a frantic gallop to something steadier. Purposeful. He wiped his face on his sleeve, set his jaw, and opened his messages. Wyatt Hayes coached at their Ottawa camp, his number should be in there somewhere. Before he could overthink it, he sent him a text.

Hey. It's Hollander. I think you're having a team gathering tonight? Would it be possible to get Boodram's address? I need to talk to Ilya, in person. It's kind of important. Please don't mention this to him yet. I need to talk to him privately first.

The dots appeared almost instantly.

Uhh. Yeah. I'm sure Bood would be fine with that. We know you and Roz are friendly. Is everything okay?

Shane's throat tightened.

Thank you so much! Hard to explain. Don't worry about it.

He took one breath, then another, stood up. He was going to take a much, needed hot shower, then get in his car and go to his man.

The firepit crackled, sending up sparks that rose into the dark like fireflies and vanished into the winter air. The backyard was strung with simple lights, their glow soft against the snow-packed ground. Several of the Centaurs were spread around the fire, laughing, chirping, drinking. Objectively, it was a good night.

They'd all looked pleasantly surprised when Ilya showed up, and he'd hated that his arrival had caused it, the double-takes, the unspoken *Is everything okay, Cap?* He was the captain, he was supposed to set the temperature, maintain team morale. Instead, he'd confused them by appearing on an off night when he usually disappeared.

He wasn't even sure coming had been a good idea. He just hadn't wanted to be alone. He tried to put on a brave face, laughed when it was required, tossed out chirps. But he knew he wasn't as smooth as he wanted to be. Wyatt, especially, kept stealing worried glances at him. The echo of this morning still gripped his chest: the sharp, breath-stealing pain when Shane had hesitated. He had told Shane he had already chosen him. He had. Every day. In every way that mattered. He would do it again. He would do anything for Shane. But now, for the first time in years, something cold had settled into his bones, the nagging fear that maybe

Shane didn't love him enough to face the uncertainty, the inconvenience of letting more people inside this tight circle they had created. Maybe Shane's love would never be enough to make him brave in front of the whole world, even in ten years. Maybe if Ilya told him about the dark thoughts, the emptiness, the sadness that sometimes hollowed him out, Shane would run because this was getting too complicated.

Still, when Shane had left that morning, Ilya's chest had physically hurt.

Self-loathing crawled through him. It wasn't fair to Shane. Shane who loved him fiercely, who was learning Russian to better understand him, who had donated to a fucking Alzheimer's foundation when Ilya's father died, who had wanted to name their foundation after Ilya's mom. Shane who would also do anything for him, Ilya thought. It wasn't fair to Shane that Ilya had been hiding how badly he was hurting. But some part of Ilya had wanted Shane to *see* it, to *know*, because he was afraid of his own thoughts and feelings, saying them out loud felt impossible. Only Shane could coax them free. Only Shane could say it's okay, and make Ilya believe he could let himself feel.

"Roz." Wyatt nudged him with an elbow, breaking through the loop. "You okay? You seem lost in thought, man."

Ilya blinked. "Yeah. Just a bit tired from yesterday."

Wyatt gave him a long look, the kind that said *I can see straight through your bullshit*. His gaze softened and he pivoted instead. "Well, you know what could boost you up? S'mores. Bood, Dykstra, get the marshmallows."

"Are you giving me orders in my own house, Hazy?" Bood laughed, already standing.

"He even used his goalie voice," Dykstra said, groaning as he rose too. "I would know because it haunts my dreams." He jerked his head at Luca, who had been quiet, another twist of guilt in Ilya's gut. "I got this, Bood. C'mon, kid. Help me bring out the good stuff."

Wyatt's phone chimed. He glanced down, cleared his throat, and stood. "I would help, but I actually need to take this, it's the wife calling. If you don't mind, boys."

A chorus of boos rose from Chouinard and Dillon, who were busy trying to drink their weight in egnog.

"Go before you get marshmallow privileges revoked," Bood said, swatting at him with a mitten.

Wyatt slid inside. The sliding door sighed shut.

Bood sank back into his chair, tilting his head at Ilya. "So. How was Christmas?"

"Good," Ilya said after a beat. "Quiet."

"Quiet is good." Bood didn't push, just let the words sit there in case Ilya wanted to reach for them. "Glad you're here, man. Feels right."

Ilya nodded. “Feels... nice.”

A few minutes later, Dykstra and Luca reappeared with bags and a lopsided mountain of graham crackers and chocolate. The circle shifted into easy chaos, Dillon pretending he could toast eight marshmallows at once, Luca laughing with his whole face when all of them fell into the flames.

Ilya let himself soften into it. He’d missed this, the simple camaraderie between teammates. He did feel lonely, but in some ways he felt safer with this team, and Shane had given him that, it was because of Shane that he moved to Ottawa. All the good things in his life curved back to Shane. Looking around, he tried to imagine him here, not Shane Hollander the hockey player, but his Shane, the man who made the darkest rooms feel like home. He felt suddenly certain that they would welcome him with love and respect. And, God help him, he was still hoping like an idiot that Shane would walk through the door.

Ilya tightened his grip on his roasting stick, jaw set, trying to divert his thoughts back to the present, when a ripple went through the group. Conversation dipped, then stopped completely.

“Um... what the fuck,” Dillon muttered, eyes flicking toward the house. “Is that Shane Hollander?”

Ilya’s heart stopped. He looked up.

Wyatt stood near the open patio door wearing a sheepish expression. Beside him, toque pulled low, big black puffer, jeans, stood Shane. Under the coat, Ilya could make out the faded edge of an old Boston Bears sweatshirt he’d left at Shane’s place the last time he’d been in Montreal. His eyes were red and his nose was flushed. Anxiety rolled off him in waves. He looked tired. Messy. Raw. The soft glow of the patio light made him look like an angel.

He looked absolutely perfect, Ilya thought, completely stunned. Was he dreaming?

Shane met his gaze and immediately began to tear up. Panic hit. Ilya was on his feet before he knew he’d moved, boots crunching across the snow.

“Shane?” His voice came out rough, quiet.

He closed the distance in seconds. Shane stepped forward to meet him, eyes never leaving Ilya’s. The expression on his face, open pain, fear, determination, hit like a body check.

Ilya reached him and framed his face in both hands without thinking.

“What is it? What happened? Are you hurt? Yuna and David...”

Shane shook his head, breath heaving like he’d run the whole way. His hands came up to curl around Ilya’s wrists, gentle, anchoring. He shook his head again, still crying.

“They’re fine,” he said. “No one’s hurt.” His voice broke. “Ilya.”

Hearing his name on Shane's mouth right there on Bood's deck punched heat through Ilya's entire body.

"I felt blindsided this morning," Shane said, words tumbling now, "and I handled it like an idiot. I kept thinking about all the reasons we're careful, and I didn't see what it's costing you. I didn't see how lonely it's been for you and I'm..." His voice cracked. "I'm so sorry."

He swallowed, steadied, and went on. "You are the most important thing in my life. If I lost you, I don't..." He swallowed again, hard. "I wouldn't know how to be me anymore. You... you love me in a way I didn't think was possible for me. And if you trust your teammates, I... I want to try. Maybe we tell them. Or..." a huff of a breath "we can just stand here together and I think they'll figure it out." A weak laugh. "I don't know the right way, but I know I don't want to be the reason you feel alone."

The backyard had gone silent behind them. Ilya could feel his team watching, but the world had narrowed to the man in front of him. This beautiful man who was being so brave for Ilya.

"You gave up everything," Shane said. "You chose me. And I just... expected you to keep choosing me no matter how hard it got. I didn't see how lonely you were. And I swear to God, Ilya, if you ever felt like you didn't matter as much as hockey, or my privacy, or winning... then I completely failed you. Because I love you, Ilya. So much. I can't lose you. I would die if I ever lose you."

Ilya's breath came fast and shallow. The world tilted under his feet. Shane stepped closer, still holding his wrists, like he needed the contact to stay upright. For a long moment, Ilya couldn't speak. Tears streamed hot down his face. His hands trembled where they cupped Shane's cheeks, thumbs sweeping instinctively, stupidly tender. He searched Shane's eyes and saw everything there: terror, love, courage. The familiar constellations of freckles, the ridiculous, perfect nose, those onyx-dark eyes shining.

How could Shane think Ilya would ever let him go?

"Please," Shane whispered, voice thick, almost boyish with fear. "I don't want to lose you."

Ilya exhaled, shaky. His hands slid down to take Shane's, brought them to his chest where his heart hammered wildly beneath layers of fabric. "You will never lose me," he said, voice broken with emotion. "Is impossible. Can you feel this? My heart beats for you, Shane. I did not give up everything. You are everything." He swallowed hard. "I'm sorry too. I should have said it sooner, how much it hurts sometimes. I didn't want to make you choose between me and your whole life. I did not want to spoil the precious moments we have together."

Shane shook his head and leaned in until their foreheads rested together, breath mingling white in the cold. "No, Ilya. Tell me. Tell me everything. I want to love every part and version of you, especially the parts that are hurting."

Ilya closed his eyes. Shane smelled like cold air and soap and the safety of home. "From now on, no more secrets," he said quietly. "And I am getting professional help. I did not tell, sorry, but I am trying to be better."

Shane nodded, eyes closing briefly with relief. When he opened them, sadness still lingered at the edges.

“Can I kiss you?” he whispered.

Instead of answering, Ilya kissed him. Not softly, not tentatively. Sure. Grounding. Shane immediately opened his mouth for him and made a quiet sound in his throat, sliding one hand to the back of Ilya’s neck to draw him closer.

“*Holy shit*, are they kissing?” Dillon, almost reverent.

“Dude, why are you surprised?” Chouinard shot back, incredulous. “Did the two of them standing there with their foreheads touching and whispering feel like two bros talking to you?”

“Hollander, buddy,” Bood bellowed, delighted, “polite Canadian boys usually say hello before they start making out in front of the host and his guests!”

“This is better than a Hallmark Christmas movie,” Wyatt announced, entirely pleased with himself.

Shane broke the kiss with a breathless laugh against Ilya’s mouth. Ilya turned slightly, just enough to take in the complete shocked faces of his teammates. Well, Bood and Wyatt mostly looked like it was Christmas again. And Luca was completely still, like his whole world had just shifted.

Ilya took Shane’s hand and squeezed, firm, steady. “Trust me,” he murmured for Shane alone. “It’s okay. We are together, yes?” He didn’t wait for permission to move. He led Shane toward the circle.

“Boys,” Ilya said, low but carrying. “Say hello. This is Shane Hollander. You may know him as the second-best center in the league and three-time Stanley Cup champion.” A ripple of scandalized laughter. Ilya’s mouth curved. “But tonight he is here as my Shane.”

Shane was terrified, completely out of his depth, but he managed a weak wave with the hand Ilya wasn’t holding in a death grip. “Um. Hey, guys. Sorry to barge in like this, but it’s nice to meet you. I’ve, uh, heard great things.”

They sat down. Well, Ilya sat and pulled Shane down with him in one motion, keeping him tucked close at his side like he wasn’t planning on letting go for the rest of the night. Shane went willingly, still overwhelmed, still blinking in disbelief at the circle of faces watching them. Ilya was certain that if he loosened his grip for even a second, Shane might evaporate in a puff of panic and politeness.

“I have so many questions,” Dykstra announced.

“Okay,” Bood said, getting up to shake Hollander’s hand first. “First things first: nice to meet you, in a non-professional capacity, Hollander. You’re welcome here, especially if you being here means our captain will show up at team events and not mope.”

Shane flushed, guilty. “Thanks,” he managed.

“Okay, now you all get one question,” Wyatt said, delighted. “Take it away.”

Shane raised his brows at Ilya. Ilya returned the stunned look and gave him a small smile that clearly said, *See? They’re fun. You can relax.*

“I’ll go first,” Dillon volunteered, leaning forward, elbows on his knees, eyes flicking between them. He frowned, thinking hard. “Um... the fuck?”

Bood groaned and slapped the back of his head while the others snickered. “That’s your question?”

Dillon had the decency to look abashed.

“Well, to reply to you,” Ilya said blandly, “yes, we fuck.”

Everyone hollered while Shane groaned, burying his face in his hands but the sound that escaped him was mostly a relieved laugh at Ilya being his usual snarky self.

“Okay, how long has this been happening?” Chouinard asked.

Ilya didn’t miss a beat. “We’ve been a couple for like three years now.”

The reaction was immediate.

“WHAT?!”

“Oh my God, is this why you came to Ottawa?” Boyle demanded.

“Who even are you?” Chouinard exclaimed.

“I am still me,” Ilya said, firm. “We are still Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander, the best players in the league. It just happens that we love each other.” He turned to Boyle. “And yes, Shane is why I am here.”

“That’s so sweet,” Holmber sighed.

“Okay,” Wyatt cut in, hands up like a traffic cop. “Dillon, Dykstra, Chouinard: you’re done. Holmber, Haas, Bood, your turns.”

“Um...” Holmber ventured. “Wait. You began dating three years ago and you moved to a whole other country after, what, like one year?” He looked genuinely rattled by the idea of Ilya Romanov, the league’s playboy, being so gone on someone that he’d leave everything he knew behind to come to freaking Ottawa.

Shane answered, still a little shy. “We were actually seeing each other casually since before our first season. Like, whenever Boston and Montreal played each other, All-star games.”

Ilya looked at him, fond and proud. He slid an arm around Shane's shoulders and pulled him closer, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. "Da. I saw seventeen-year-old polite Canadian Shane Hollander and fell in love."

Shane's entire face flushed, he huffed a laugh, pushing at Ilya's chest.

"Shut up. You were such a dick to me."

"Yes, but I am sure my heart knew," Ilya said.

"I think I smoked too much pot," Dillon muttered. "Guys, are you also seeing this?" He pointed right at them, at the lovesick disaster happening in front of their eyes.

"Yeah, maybe this is a group hallucination," Bood mused.

Ilya laughed. "I have been with other people, okay. But I have only ever loved Shane. Was just too scary."

Shane squinted. "Did you also smoke?"

Ilya rolled his eyes and tutted at Shane. "Shh, moya lyubov. Haas, Bood, and Wyatt still have their questions."

Ilya turned to Luca, who had notably said nothing since Shane arrived. He still looked shocked, eyes wide, mouth slightly open. He physically flinched when he realized everyone was looking at him.

"Kid, you okay?" Bood asked, amusement clear in his voice.

Luca inhaled sharply, as though remembering to breathe. "Sorry. Sorry. It's just, you're... why... I mean... you are Shane Hollander." A distressed noise escaped him. "You're the reason I started playing center!"

Ilya mock-gasped. "Haas, you were not this starstruck with me, and all this time I thought I was your idol..."

Luca flushed. "Well... I was a big fan too. But... you two are, like, together. I have, like, posters. Still. On my wall. Back home."

The circle erupted in laughter.

"Oh my God," Dykstra cackled. "I think you broke our rookie."

Luca turned crimson. "I just... sorry... I didn't think my brain would have to process this today. It is an honor to meet you... um.... Sir" he told Shane earnestly.

Shane smiled while Luca's teammates cried of laughter at seeing the rookie being so polite. "That's... really flattering. Thank you. And I've been watching your game. You've got a lot of skills. And you can call me Shane."

Luca looked like he might faint.

“So, Luca,” Ilya said, wicked, “you still have not asked your one question. But I have one for you. Who do you think is hotter, me or Hollander?”

Luca glared at him. “Hollander. And my question is... were there not any nice men in Montreal, Shane ? ”

That kicked off another round of laughter. Ilya acted offended, but he squeezed Shane closer, warmth flooding his chest at the thought that maybe this would change things for Luca, seeing two professional hockey players he obviously admired being in love and that the world did not end because of it.

“Okay,” Bood said, gentling the mood, “I just want to clarify that this needs to stay between us, right? Like, obviously you guys are not publicly out. And you can trust us. This is a safe place.”

Ilya’s eyes went shiny, he smiled at Bood, grateful. “Da. We are not ready yet. We trust you guys. Right, Shane?”

“Yes,” Shane said, meeting Ilya’s gaze helplessly. “Well, I don’t really know you, but Ilya trusts you and I trust him with my life.”

“This is actually legendary,” Chouinard declared. “If you guys break up, I will literally die.”

“We will never break up,” Ilya said, entirely serious. Then, arm firm around Shane’s waist. “We will get married at Shane’s cottage with the candles.”

Shane laughed, embarrassed and trying not to melt. “Ilya,” he said, fondly, like the word itself was a promise.

“Well, this is cute,” Wyatt announced. “I still have my question, even though I deserve more because I made this happen. Roz, is the loon tattoo connected to Hollander then?”

Ilya laughed sheepishly. “Yes. I did not know the existence of Canadian wolf birds until the first summer we spent together. I was drunk in Vegas and I missed Shane.”

There was a beat of stunned silence, then Dykstra said, awed, “I can’t believe Roz is just a big softie. You’ve got game, Hollander.”

“Thanks, guys,” Ilya said seriously. “I told Shane you would be great and I am happy I was not wrong.”

“Yes, thank you,” Shane added. “And... thank you for being here for Ilya. You can ask more questions if you want. I know this is a bit confusing.”

“We’ve got your backs,” Wyatt said. He squinted. “I am starting to wonder, was your whole rivalry, like, foreplay?”

The guys howled while expressing their agreement. Shane buried his face in his hands for like the tenth time this evening and Ilya allowed a small, smug smile. After a while, the questions softened from shock into simple curiosity, and Ilya was amused to watch his teammates turn into gossipy high schoolers, wanting to know how they kept it a secret, when did you know they were in luuv. Ilya answered what he wanted. Shane chimed in where he could, no one pushed where they shouldn't.

Eventually, the fire died low and people started standing and stretching, saying goodbyes and thanking Bood for the food, and Ilya and Shane for the entertainment.

Shane stood and Ilya followed. Ilya leaned close, voice quiet just for him.

“You ready to go home?”

Shane's eyes softened, sappy affection right there on the surface. “Yeah. Always. I left my car at your place and took an Uber to come here, actually.”

Ilya lifted Shane's hand and kissed the back of his palm. “Perfect.”

The car ride back was filled with peaceful silence. Streetlights slid across Shane's face intermittently, soft gold cutting over the tired planes of his features. He had one hand resting on his thigh, the other wrapped securely in Ilya's between the seats.

Ilya glanced sideways. Shane was still awake, but barely. Red-rimmed, heavy-lidded eyes, his long lashes clinging together. The puffer jacket swallowed him. He looked fragile and utterly, devastatingly beautiful. His perfect, nervous Shane, Ilya thought, driving to Montreal and then coming back, half convinced he was going to lose Ilya.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?”

“Yes. I love you.” Shane's voice was soft, sleep-rough. “Was it... okay? Really okay? With the guys.”

Ilya didn't need to think. “It was good,” he said simply. “Better than I expected, even.”

Shane let out a breath. “They were... kind.”

“They were themselves,” Ilya corrected gently. “Which is the best thing they could be.”

Shane smiled a little at that. “I didn't even realize you were never going to team things because you were always with me. Even they knew something was going on with you,” he whispered, guilt threading his voice.

Ilya's thumb traced slow circles over Shane's knuckles. “Moyo solnyshko, when I am with you, I am happy. I live for these moments with you. Do not feel too guilty. I also hid how I felt.”

“So you're seeing a therapist?” Shane asked, soft. He couldn't disguise the tiny hurt in his tone.

“Shane. You know me, like no one else does, okay? Therapy is different. I am sorry I did not tell you. She is Russian, so it is good.”

“Okay,” Shane said, just as softly. “I’ll try to be more attentive to you. I’m sorry, Ilya.”

“You came back,” Ilya said. “It was not reasonable to ask you to come. But you did. No more sorrys.”

“Thank you for waiting for me to be brave,” Shane murmured.

Ilya’s lips parted at that, a quiet breath caught. His chest ached with love so deep it frightened him sometimes, he thinks Shane will never truly get how much Ilya loved him. “I would have waited forever,” he said simply.

Shane closed his eyes and leaned over to press a kiss to Ilya’s cheek.

“Well, now you don’t have to.”

By the time they pulled into Ilya’s driveway, the night had entirely settled. Ilya sat in the parked car for a moment, unwilling to disturb the peace. Shane was fully asleep now, lips parted slightly, face relaxed in a way Ilya rarely saw. Ilya lifted their joined hands and pressed a kiss to Shane’s knuckles.

Shane stirred, blinking groggily. “We’re home?”

“Yes,” Ilya said quietly. “Come on.”

Inside, Shane paused by the sliding doors without turning on the light, looking at the view. Ilya stepped in behind him, sliding his arms around Shane’s waist, pressing his face to the back of Shane’s neck, breathing him in.

“Ilya,” Shane whispered.

“Yes.”

“I was scared today. I’m still... a little scared.”

“I know. Me too.”

“But I feel safe right now.”

Ilya pressed a slow, reverent kiss to Shane’s shoulder. “You are safe,” he murmured. “With me, always.”

Shane turned in his arms, looking up at him. Tears still threatened at the edges of his eyes. They both felt emotionally raw. Shane leaned in and kissed him. slow, tender, lingering. When they pulled back, Ilya rested their foreheads together.

"I love you." He murmured.

"I love you too." Shane replied.

He leaned in again. This time, his mouth rough and pleading. Ilya responded with the same urgency, his hands caressing every part of Shane's body before settling on his ass, flushing their hips together.

"Bedroom." Shane gasped, linking his arms behind Ilya's neck.

"Yes." Ilya whispered, hands firmly grabbing his ass to hitch him up.

Once upstairs, he laid Shane on the bed gently and pinned his weight against him. He pushed his hands into his silky black hair and devoured him.

"Ilya" Shane whined. "Don't make me wait. I need you. I want to be close." His voice breathless and needy.

"We will." Ilya answered, feeling just as desperate.

They quickly got out of their clothes, although it felt interminable to Ilya. He needed Shane like he needed air. Ilya kissed him again, swallowing each of Shane's delicious small gasps, while their hard cocks glided together with pre-come and lube.

"Fuck Shane." Ilya panted, as he slid his lubricated fingers inside him, making him jerk with a cry of approval. "Always so perfect for me." Ilya growled.

"I'm ready Ilya, please." Shane begged.

Ilya nodded obediently for once, his eyes wide, feeling out of his mind with need. He pushed one of Shane's knees aside, hauling him closer and pushed inside.

"Ilya," Shane sighed, almost in wonder, welcoming him as he slid in deeper. He was breathing hard, his mouth slack against Ilya's cheek.

"Shane," Ilya ground out. "I need to move."

"Yes. Do it." Shane answered, lips moving against his skin, arching up.

Ilya's first thrust was punishing and had them both gasping. Shane brought one hand around Ilya's neck, anchoring him and another one to his lower back, urging him to keep moving.

"Oh god, Ilya." Shane breathed as Ilya began to thrust deeply. Ilya shifted to his knees, putting Shane's legs over his shoulders, he was already on edge. It took all of his self-control to not come as he watched Shane go to absolute pieces underneath him, moaning loudly and fisting the bedding.

"Ilya, I'm not going to last." Shane moaned, voice broken.

Ilya lowered himself to kiss Shane and took hold of his cock, stroking it with every thrust.

"Me too." Ilya whispered.

After a few more seconds, Shane came all over his stomach, crying out Ilya's name and clenching so hard around Ilya's cock that for a moment, he thought he was going to faint. He fucked Shane hard through his orgasm and fell forward as he lost control of his hips. Shane held him close, murmuring encouragements and nonsensical endearments. It didn't take long for Ilya to come with one last hard thrust, a deep moan muffled into Shane's neck.

He gently pulled out and kissed Shane sloppily, or tried to at least, as they were both still catching their breath. He looked down at Shane's flushed face, feeling vulnerable and fragile.

"I love you," Ilya said softly, his thumb tracing along Shane's cheekbone. "Forever."

Shane's eyes shone. "Me too. Forever," he whispered, and then he buried his face into Ilya's neck, arms winding around him with such fierce need that Ilya's breath caught. Ilya held him back just as tightly.

"You are here," Ilya murmured into Shane's hair.

"I'm here," Shane breathed, voice shaking. "I'm not going anywhere. I swear to you."

They stayed like that for a long time, breathing each other in. Eventually, they moved through the motions of getting ready for bed before climbing beneath the covers and immediately finding each other again.

Shane reached up and let the backs of his fingers glide tenderly along Ilya's jaw, reverent. "You're beautiful," he murmured.

Ilya blinked, then leaned down to kiss the tip of Shane's nose. A smile ghosted across his lips. "I can't wait to marry you."

Shane let out a startled laugh, cheeks turning crimson. "You have to propose first, idiot! Or maybe I will. You never know."

Ilya laughed too, low and fond, and sank closer until not even air could fit between them. Their legs intertwined, Shane settled with his forehead tucked under Ilya's chin, as Ilya's arm slid securely around his waist. Ilya's thumb traced slow, steady circles at Shane's hip, grounding them both.

"Since the moment I met you," Ilya said quietly, "there has not been a single moment in this life when my heart was not yours."

A soft, shaky breath escaped Shane, almost a sob. He pressed a lingering kiss beneath Ilya's jaw. "I love you," he whispered. "So much. And I'm... I'm ready to build our life. However you need. However it has to look. Just don't ever stop telling me what you feel. Even the hard parts. Especially those."

"I promise," Ilya murmured. He brushed their noses together gently, his smile soft and certain. "I can't wait."

End Notes

I know Ilya said party and not a cozy team gathering around a campfire but I don't like parties so I don't know how to write them lol.

As always, I appreciate all the kudos and the comments .

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