

everything is embarrassing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75661686) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75661686>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Suggestive Themes , Comfort No Hurt , Idiots in Love , Cuties , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , freaks in love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Words: 1,693 Chapters: 1/1

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by [herochoaz](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya reminisce on their younger days while on their honeymoon <3

spoilers for The Long Game ahead!!!!!! could just be an au tho shrug

Notes

wrote this within like 4 hours of finishing tlg... so not proofread and google translate WAS consulted for the russian. if its wrong... tak eit up with big google ;P

Spain has been beautiful. The clear skies and warm, humid weather were a welcome change to the cold Canadian air. Shane and Ilya have never been more happy.

Scott Hunter's description of the small town they were in was accurate. It was, in fact, gay as hell. The two were able to hold hands and give each other heart eyes to their hearts content. The few times they actually managed to move from their rental house, at least.

Most days, they woke up, had sleepy sex, laid in bed some more, had breakfast, sex again, cuddle, lunch, make-out, dinner, and then finally, more sex before sleeping. At the core of the trip, it really wasn't any different than Ilya's stays at Shane's cottage, but whenever one of them caught a glimpse of the other's wedding band or they called each other 'husband' in the sappiest most romantic way possible that was meant to be teasing, it eventually resulted in a gross love making session. A lot of staring in each other's eyes, forehead to forehead, a lot of "*Husband*" being whispered against each other's mouths with goofy grins on their faces, all while Ilya fucks into Shane at a slow, deep pace.

The couple then would spend their nights laid in bed staring at each other giddily and kissing while Ilya holds Shane's hand and strokes the golden wedding band with his thumb. It was a reminder to him that it was all real and that he was the luckiest man in the whole world.

"You know," Shane says in an exhale while Ilya leaves soft kisses on his jawline, "when- No, I can't tell you that."

Ilya stops his trail down Shane's neck and hovers over him with an eyebrow raised and his head cocked. *He looks just like Anya right now*, Shane thinks, and smiles, *maybe our daughter will have the same-*

His daydreaming is cut off by Ilya holding his jaw and tapping his cheek, "Hellooo~.... Hollanderrr~. Your hot, new husband has question~. What is your secret?"

"Oh... yeah, I can't tell you. It's too embarrassing." Shane blushes and looks away which Ilya catches under the warm glow of the lamp next to him. Ilya wants to bite him and eat him and kiss him and fuck him and also have him surgically attached to him, but he has to get this secret out of him first.

"We are married now. You can tell me anything. Yes?" Ilya says earnestly, guiding Shane's face so he's making heavy eye contact with him. Shane, as embarrassed as he is, cannot resist the gravitational pull of Ilya's golden eyes. His dilated pupils surrounded by the beautiful golden-green halo really does make them look like mini-black holes. And it seems Shane is Matthew McConaughey in *Interstellar*. At least he thinks that's what happens in *Interstellar*. He's never seen it.

Shane sighs and closes his eyes, in one breath he says, "The first time we ever hooked up I put on a tuxedo for it then took it off after I realized how stupid it was."

Shane winces and readies for impact, which happens immediately as Ilya starts full belly laughing. He drops his head to Shane's shoulder and laughs into his neck. Soon he is

laughing so hard that all his weight drops onto Shane. Shane wants to be deeply embarrassed by his stupid 19 year old self, and annoyed at Ilya's mockery, but Ilya's laugh is what the sun must sound like and his golden curls feel so soft on his cheek, so he just smiles, blushes, and rolls his eyes.

"You don't need to be laughing this hard. I was nineteen. I had never done anything like that before." Shane pokes Ilya's side causing him to twitch as he pants, trying to stop his laughing fit.

"I know, I know" A kiss on Shane's red neck, "I'm sorry. Is just... if that happened, I would have never let you leave my bed. I do not think I could..... Recover! Would have chained you up in my apartment." Ilya laughs loudly and Shane feels all warm inside. "You are so... очаровательный Милый..."

Shane furrows his brow, searching his limited Russian vocabulary for those words, before a light bulb lights up above Ilya's head, "Sweet. You are so, so, *so* very sweet." Ilya then starts kissing every centimeter of Shane's face. Shane weakly tries to push him away, but there's no real force behind it.

"Do you want to know my secret?" Ilya whispers near Shane's ear, biting it while waiting for his response. Shane has too many emotions to speak at this moment so he just nods stupidly, turning to look at Ilya, wide-eyed and eager to listen.

Ilya is struck with another bout of cuteness aggression, so he takes the meat of Shane's cheek loosely in his teeth. "Gross." Shane mutters, pulling his head away from the grinning Russian.

Ilya takes a second to look at his pretty, beautiful, stunning, dazzling, perfect, darling of a husband, then, he leans back into his ear and whispers, "That is the night I fell in love with you anyway. All those years ago. I have loved you since then." He then, to avoid the watery gaze of his husband (and to hide his own teary eyes) continues kissing his neck down to his chest.

There's an unspoken knowledge that they are sharing the same thoughts at this moment.

We spent so long avoiding our feelings. I could have had you all this time. You could have been mine for longer.

I've always been yours. I'll always be yours.

I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I'm so lucky. I love you. I love you.

"I love you, Ilya." Shane whispers, afraid that saying it too loud will disrupt the small little bit of heaven that they have managed to create on Earth.

"Я люблю тебя всем сердцем. Я люблю тебя всей душой. Ты - моя любовь на всю жизнь." Ilya responds fervently.

I love you with all of my heart, I love you with all of my... soul?. You are my love for all of my life, Shane translates slowly, while Ilya works his way back up to his face, once again making sappy, gross, deeply loving eye contact. Ilya thinks for a second, that if he could create a religion around Shane's big, dark, watery eyes, he would. He would follow those eyes to the end of the world. Be the best Pope or Messiah or whatever just to be able to spread the good word of Shane's doe eyes and worship him. Except he'd be the only one who could look at his eyes and admire them. A prophet maybe. With a direct line to god. He'd lead crusades in the name of Shane's teary, shy gaze. Destroy civilizations.

Shane accidentally lets a tear slide down his face. Ilya, before he forms a thought, licks it, like the worshipful freak he is. This is much to Shane's dismay as he pushes Ilya off him, back to his side of the bed. Ilya loves the way he scrunches his face up but doesn't try to wipe it off.

"There's something wrong with you." Shane mutters, turning on his side, but Ilya's face is being split in half by the lopsided grin Shane loves so much. And he can't find it in him to be weirded out.

"Oh, no," Ilya shakes his head and clicks his tongue, "You love what is wrong with me. See?" Ilya wiggles his ring finger in his face.

Shane grabs his wrist and kisses the ring before moving Ilya's hand to his waist. He uses Ilya's moment of reverence to lay half his body on top of him. Moving his arm across his body to roughly where the tattoo of the loon is on his upper arm, tracing the shape from memory. Ilya noses Shane's hair inhaling the scent of his shampoo. He had washed Shane's hair himself not half an hour ago when they showered together. Ilya can't get rid of the smile on his face as he realizes how intertwined they have become.

It always makes him laugh when he thinks about his old playboy ways and how quickly and willingly he gave it all away for the freckled boy beginning to doze off on his chest. He would do it all again in a heartbeat. Faster this time, too. He'd have Shane come with him to Russia, for his father's funeral. As stupid as that would be, with his brother and Russia's stance on gay people, he would have done anything to have Shane with him at that moment. To have been held by him instead of listening to his voice over the phone. Ilya starts feeling a bit bad about it.

Shane lets out a half snore that shocks him into a half-asleep daze and looks up at Ilya. Ilya at this moment has an epiphany. The past does not matter because right now his husband is looking up at him with sleepy eyes and a pout, clearly expecting a kiss as an apology for waking him up (despite it being his own snore). Shane will never leave his side again. Shane is his and he is Shane's forever.

Shane lets out a little impatient whine. Ilya shakily whispers an apology and cranes his neck in order to lay a soft kiss on his pout. Shane, satisfied, settles back down. Ilya lets out a quiet sniffle before collecting himself, not wanting to wake his peaceful husband up any further. He slowly snuggles impossibly closer to Shane and finds the hand that lays still on his shoulder. Locking his fingers in his while drawing shapes and writing Russian words of endearment on his back with his other hand. Ilya lays a kiss on Shane's forehead, his hairline and the top of his head before inhaling his scent again and closing his eyes.

Before drifting off to sleep with the aid of the warm body of his beloved, Ilya finds himself, once again, realizing that he is truly the luckiest man in the world.

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