

Moy Muzh. My Husband.

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Moy Muzh. My Husband.

by [Tibbythibs](#)

Summary

Shane has a little surprise for Ilya following their ceremony.

This takes place directly after the ceremony, when Ilya and Shane go inside to fill out paperwork in Chapter 39.

Notes

PLEASE understand that I do not speak Russian. I used Google Translate, so if any fluent Russian speakers spot any mistakes, SORRY!

I REALLY respect Rachel Reid's choice not to have Shane and Ilya write personal vows. This scene came from something I just couldn't stop thinking about. I tried to let it exist alongside her work rather than replace it. I'm not Rachel, but I wrote this with a lot of love for these boys and a lot of care for their voices.

It's absolutely not perfect, and I am sure you'll spot errors, but I'm glad to just have it out.

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

The kitchen was much quieter, the noise from outside muted some by the closed back door. Nancy set her folder on the counter and smiled at them both.

“Just a few signatures,” she said, waving a hand. “Then you’re free.”

Shane nodded and let go of Ilya’s hand reluctantly. Ilya leaned against the counter, still buzzing, his ring catching the light every time he moved his fingers.

Married. The word still felt foreign, whether Ilya thought it in English or Russian.

Nancy slid the papers toward them, talking through terms Ilya didn’t bother to follow. He just watched Shane.

Moy muzh. My husband.

Nancy pointed to the lines with her pen, the tapping pulling Ilya from his thoughts. Shane signed first, careful and precise. When he handed the pen back, Ilya watched Shane’s thumb brush over the ring on his finger, once, like he hadn’t quite adjusted to the feel of it just yet.

Ilya signed next, his name slanting slightly and not nearly as neat as Shane’s. He was ready to be done with the formalities.

“There we go,” Nancy said, gathering the pages back into her folder. “All legal and official.”

“Good,” Ilya said. “I like official.”

Nancy laughed, tucked the folder under her arm and headed for the door. She paused with her hand on the knob and turned back to them, smiling softly. “Congratulations again.”

“Thank you,” Shane said.

The door closed behind her, leaving just the two of them in the kitchen.

Shane didn’t go to Ilya right away. He was fidgeting with his ring.

Ilya noticed Shane now looked to be the one lost in thought.

“Hey,” Ilya said softly. He stepped closer and extended his hand. “You are okay?”

He wanted to joke that it was too late to back out now, that Shane was stuck with him.

But he could tell Shane had something on his mind.

Shane took Ilya’s hand, intertwining his fingers with his own. “Yeah. I just, can we go upstairs for a minute?”

Ilya blinked, a smirk tugging at his mouth. As tempting as it was, the timing caught him off guard, what with everyone waiting outside. Bold of his Shane.

“Now?”

“Not for that,” Shane chuckled. “Just for a second.”

There was something careful in his voice that made Ilya still.

“Okay,” Ilya said, tilting his head, curiosity unfurling. “Sure.”

Shane led him toward the stairs without another word. With each step they put between themselves and the backyard, the sounds of the party faded into something distant and unimportant.

Shane turned into their bedroom without hesitation and closed the door gently behind them.

The room was exactly as Ilya had left it. His jacket slung over the chair. A pair of Shane’s sweats folded neatly at the foot of the bed. Shane’s glasses placed on the nightstand. One of Anya’s toys tucked into the corner.

Ilya already wanted later, when the house was empty and he had *his husband* all to himself.

Shane stood facing him, still holding Ilya’s hand. Ilya traced his thumb lightly along Shane’s.

“I didn’t want to say this in front of everyone,” Shane said.

For half a second, Ilya’s chest tightened. Then it eased. This was Shane. Whatever it was, it would be okay.

“I just wanted it to be us,” Shane added, seemingly sensing Ilya’s brief concern.

Ilya nodded.

“Ilya.”

Shane cleared his throat and reached for Ilya’s other hand.

“Ilya.” Shane said nervously again.

Ilya waited patiently, his gaze lingering on the freckles he loved so much.

“Ya tebya lyublyu.”

The words landed warm and familiar.

I love you.

A warmth spread through Ilya’s chest, sharp and full.

Shane swallowed, squeezing Ilya’s hands once. Ilya squeezed back.

“Vsegda,” he said carefully. He paused, as if checking himself, then went on. “Vsego tebya”
Another breath. “Navsegda.”

Always.
All of you.
Forever.

It struck Ilya all at once. How careful Shane was being. How purposeful. How vulnerable.

He’d known Shane had been learning Russian, bits and pieces here and there, practiced quietly and without fuss. With Ilya and on his own. Enough to understand. Enough to try. It had meant so much to Ilya. But this...Ilya had a feeling whatever was to follow would destroy him.

His Russian wasn’t perfect. A little careful. A little practiced. Stutters here and there.

But it was perfect to Ilya because it was Shane.

Shane was choosing this moment. These words. This language. His language.

Ilya had thought, standing in front of everyone earlier, that the vows they’d repeated were stiff and cold, all obligation and no heart. He’d wished, briefly, that they’d written their own.

And here Shane was, giving Ilya exactly what he’d needed.

Ilya looked at him, the steady and thoughtful and endlessly surprising man, and felt as if his heart might burst. The day, already perfect, had just tipped into something more.

“Ya vybirayu tebya,” Shane continued. A small, almost self conscious smile tugged at his mouth. “Ya vseгда budu vybirat’ tebya.”

I choose you.
I will always choose you.

Shane hesitated, then added, softer, “Nash put’ byl dolgiy...i trudnyy.”

Our journey has been long.
And hard.

The corners of Shane’s mouth twitched, a quick and knowing smile. Ilya huffed out a breath that was half a laugh and half something dangerously close to a sob.

“Spasibo,” Shane said. “Spasibo, chto ty vybral menya.” He shook his head once, like the words still amazed him. “Mne tak povezlo.”

Thank you.
Thank you for choosing me.
I’m so lucky.

Shane paused for a moment, glancing down.

“I...khochu skazat’ spasibo tvoey mame,” he said.

Ilya’s throat tightened immediately. His eyes burned. When Shane lifted his gaze to meet his own, Ilya saw he wasn’t alone in that.

And I want to thank your mom.

“Za tebya,” Shane pressed on, his voice catching slightly. “Za to, kto vy yest.”

For you. For who you are.

It took all of Ilya’s restraint to not close the small distance between them at that moment.

“Za to, chto ona prinesla takogo prekrasnogo mal’chika v etot mir,” he said, slower now. “V moy mir.”

*For bringing such a beautiful boy into this world.
Into my world.*

Ilya felt the first tear escape. More would soon follow.

"Ot vsego serdtsa zhelayu, chtoby ona mogla byt' zdes' toboy segodnya." Shane said. “Ya znayu, chto ona toboy gorditsya.”

I wish with all my heart she could be here for you today. I know she’s proud of you.

Ilya’s necklace burned against his chest, as if his *Mama* was letting him know she *was* here with him.

“Ty dostoyen vsej lyubvi v mire.”

The words hit deeper than Ilya was ready for. Further healing a wound Shane had not made.

You are worthy of all the love in the world.

Shane's lower lip trembled.

“I ya budu starat’sya byt’ dostoin tebya vseгда.”

I will always try to be worthy of you.

Ilya couldn’t speak. He could barely breathe. He wanted to tell Shane how he has been and *always* would be worth the world and more to him. He would have done everything the exact same over and over again, so long as it always ended with him and Shane.

He lifted their joined hands to his chest, as if to steady the heart pounding within. Ilya pressed his forehead to Shane’s and held there, breathing him in.

“Always, sweetheart.” Ilya managed finally, his voice rough but unwavering. “Forever. I love you.”

Shane pulled him into a slow kiss, unhurried, mouth warm and sure against his. It was salty and wet, and neither of them cared. It tasted like certainty. Like knowing that no matter what life threw at them, they would survive it together.

“Say it again in Russian, please,” Shane whispered against Ilya’s lips.

Ilya pulled back, just enough to look at him. He brushed his nose gently against Shane’s.

“Ya...tebya...lyublyu.”

Moy muzh.

End Notes

I hope you liked it.

I'm no professional but I thoroughly enjoyed writing this. Truly.

SHANE & ILYA BB 4 LYFE.

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