

daylight.

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daylight.

by [pocketsun](#)

Summary

Ilya is happily planning Shane's birthday party when there's a knock at his door, and he's got a letter stating he's in danger of getting deported. Not wanting to dampen the day, he keeps this to himself and hopes for the best.

Notes

Using basic knowledge and googling about deportations is scary during this time in the world, but I'm doing it for hollanov and my need to get them into situations and then married. But also ... Fck .

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

Chapter 1

The certified letter arrives on the morning they are setting up for Shane's twenty-eighth birthday.

Ilya is laughing while Yuna makes fun of David for his inability to properly inflate the Happy Birthday balloons they're going to hang across the wall over Ilya's fireplace. The straw used to blow air into each letter is causing David more distress than it should.

"You're gonna poke a hole in the T, David!" Yuna says through her loud laughter. "That's an essential letter!"

"The straw won't slide in at the correct angle," David insists. He helplessly holds the deflated balloon in one hand and the problem straw in the other, and then shrugs at his wife. "I'm not sure what I'm doing wrong here."

Yuna sighs and sets the dishes she's been stacking down onto the nearest sturdy surface, and goes to assist her husband.

Ilya grins. They are a good couple. They balance one another out well and have a playful banter that Ilya admires and hopes to always have with Shane, too. Shane's parents are what he considers his goals, or so the youth often says. Ilya would very much like to be in this comfortable and unbreakable union one day.

While he thinks of Shane, Ilya hums to himself and folds the napkins out the way Yuna has shown him. Just as he is on his fifth one, the doorbell chimes around his home and on his cell phone.

Ilya finds that odd. "We will not have guests for hours," he murmurs. Shane's parents look back at him, but Ilya shrugs and walks to the door, then swings it open.

"Ilya Rozanov?" a man nervously inquires.

Ilya nods. "Yes," he answers. "Is there something to sign? Delivery?" Ilya's eyebrows rise inquisitively, mostly because he's positive everything for Shane's birthday celebration has already arrived.

The man thrusts an official-looking envelope at him and watches intently until Ilya accepts it. Once Ilya has, the man nods and turns, walking down the long path of the driveway.

Ilya frowns. He looks down, examining the envelope.

His heart may very well stop when Ilya realizes who it is from.

Immigration, Refugees and Citizenship Canada.

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Ilya won't spoil this day for Shane, not when he's been planning it out with Shane's parents for months. Yuna has had her list finalized for nearly three weeks, and Ilya has been excited to do this for his boyfriend. Shane's birthday party will be the first celebration Ilya has actively and very enthusiastically been part of.

Doing this for Shane means everything to Ilya because Shane means everything to him. His favorite and most beloved human on the planet deserves a wonderful birthday.

Ilya won't mention his immigration troubles tonight.

Maybe in a few days. Maybe after Ilya has time to talk to a lawyer and figure this out without too much fanfare, he will confide in Shane about his legal problems.

Definitely not tonight.

Despite this decision, the idea of being deported from Canada and sent back to Russia makes him feel sick. To the point that Ilya forces the fear and anxiety out of the way. He hasn't felt this terrible since he had to return to Moscow for his father's funeral and to tie up any loose ends with properties and finances.

"Ilya! Shane will be home soon," Yuna calls out. "He just texted that he's almost finished with Farah!"

Ilya shoves the letter into the nearest drawer, plants a smile on his face, and returns to join his boyfriend's parents. Their guests will soon be arriving.

"I should get the drinks," David says. "Let me grab the cooler!"

"Ilya, is everything alright?" Yuna asks as she comes over to stand beside him. She peers curiously up at him, and Ilya smiles harder than he has been, to the point it may look like a grimace more than anything else.

He looks away, at David's disappearing frame. "All is well," he murmurs. "I am nervous for the party."

"Aw, honey, don't be nervous, Shane's going to love it," Yuna replies and pats his shoulder. "Have I told you lately how happy I am that you're his boyfriend? You really balance each other out."

His smile transforms into one that is genuine, and Ilya returns Yuna's gaze. "Thank you," he softly says. "That is what I want for us. To be good together."

Both of Yuna's hands come to rest on his shoulders, and she gives them an encouraging squeeze. "You are good together," she declares. "Don't forget that."

Shane: Gonna be at your place soon. Need anything? I wanna stay in tonight.

Ilya: The birthday boy wants to stay in? We could go clubbing.

Shane: I had my fill of clubs. I wanna watch a movie or something.

Ilya: I am excited to eat your cake.

Shane: I thought I said no birthday cake!

Ilya: Not the cake I am talking about eating. 😋

Shane: 😏

Ilya: 😊

“This is awesome!” Hayden excitedly says. Jackie is near, sipping on some beer, and she chats quietly with Yuna.

“I did not think you would come to the party,” Ilya admits, smiling amusingly at Shane’s best (and most boring) friend. “I did not think you would enjoy my home.”

“I’m here for my friend,” Hayden laughs. “Don’t get it twisted, Rozanov. You and I aren’t cool like that.”

Ilya playfully leans in and then pokes Hayden's chin. “Your wife thinks I am very cool,” he says tauntingly.

Hayden slaps his finger away, frowns, and turns away to join Jackie and Yuna.

Ilya chuckles to himself and shakes his head, then walks off to grab himself a beer as well. Teasing Hayden Pike is much too easy, but it helps to distract Ilya from his dire problems. Maybe he has been foolish to believe all the bad was behind him and that he could move forward with Shane. Maybe he was a dreamer, like his father often mockingly declared.

The beer is icy cold and wet in his palm, but Ilya cracks it open and takes a long sip. It isn't as satisfying as he hopes, but it's still a drink, and it will assist him in enjoying tonight.

"Shane's two minutes away!" J.J. exclaims as he jogs into the room. "I was texting him about you, Rozanov, and he mentioned the park near your place."

No one here, except for Shane's parents and the Pike family, may know the true nature of his relationship with Shane. Still, Ilya cannot say that his friends have not been far more accommodating since the summer camp and Irina Foundation came into play. Besides, even if it were not so, Ilya would push away all problems to ensure Shane's birthday goes off without a hitch.

"He's parking," Yuna excitedly calls out. "Everyone hide"!

Ilya sets his empty beer bottle down and presses his back up against the nearest wall. His heart is pounding. This is what he's been working toward, not only from his planning of this party. It has been years of work to reach this exact moment, when Shane is comfortable enough to share a life with Ilya and share it all, too. There is no picking and choosing of what they share. It is all laid bare on the table before them.

"Hey, I got the bread for your sandwiches," Shane says as he opens the door. "I don't know why you needed this specific brand of sourdough, and it took me over an hour of traveling around shops to get it, but I did and—"

"Surprise!"

Shane gasps and stumbles back, catching himself before he falls, and then he's laughing nervously.

Yuna rushes over, throwing her arms around Shane's neck.

Ilya slowly slides away from the wall, stepping towards the room, and warms from the sight of Shane embracing his mother.

"You didn't suspect a thing," Yuna giggles and reaches up to ruffle her son's hair. "You really thought we weren't celebrating?"

Shane looks up at the exact moment Ilya walks into the room, almost as if he senses Ilya's presence.

Such an idea makes Ilya's insides churn with heat. Could they ever be that connected?

"Happy birthday, Hollander," Ilya drawls, acting like he isn't completely affected by the sight of Shane, cheeks flushed with happiness, bringing out the freckles he so adores across Shane's beautiful face. He often maps out new routes and constellations across Shane's skin to trace over again and again and again.

Ilya longs to touch him, but knows he cannot. Not until late tonight, when the party is over, and all their guests have left, and Yuna has finished helping them clean up, even though Ilya insists the maid service he has can do it instead. Only then, when the two of them are left alone in Ilya's large home, will they come together, warm and possibly pleasantly buzzed, their mouths connecting and Ilya's longing hands touching Shane's body.

His hands ache to feel Shane.

"You are surprised?" Ilya presses, quirking an eyebrow at Shane. "You did not expect a birthday party when I invited you and your parents for a barbecue?"

Shane's brown eyes, warm and bright, shimmer with unshed, happy tears as the corners of his mouth turn up. He smiles, and Ilya holds himself back from visibly swooning.

He's dizzy.

"Didn't expect it at all," Shane confirms, fully smiling now. "Thanks, Rozanov. This is so great."

Ilya nods, then shoves his hands into his pockets. It's better this way; he won't accidentally reach for Shane in an extremely unplatonic way.

His teammates swarm Shane, and Ilya steps back, watching with love he cannot vocalize.

This is the painful part of loving someone in the shadows.

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Shane seems happy and social. Then again, he's had a few beers, which is absolutely surprising for Ilya to witness. Shane doesn't drink! He is adamant about it, but Ilya supposes even the most boring athlete in all the NHL can also have a good time and let loose once in a while.

It is so odd to see this side of Shane. His cheeks are flushed, and he speaks more loudly than he usually does. He's cracking jokes and even dances with Jackie when she drags him to where they're playing music.

Ilya takes Yuna's hand and pulls her to where they dance, if only so he has an excuse to be near Shane. Every so often, Shane's shoulder or his hand brushes against a part of Ilya's body, and Ilya feels his yearning for his boyfriend become more powerful.

One day, they will dance together without worrying. One day, when they retire. One day, just like their game plan promises.

Ten years. Less now, but still not soon enough.

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Yuna and David leave with leftovers, and Ilya yelps loudly when he closes the door and presses up against it. Shane's mouth kisses his in hot, feverish kisses, and Ilya moans against Shane's lips.

He fists a hand into the back of Shane's hair, pulling the elastic away to run his fingers through the long, dark hair eagerly. Shane pushes his body up against Ilya's more firmly in response, and then, in a very un-Shane-like way, bites down hard on Ilya's bottom lip.

Ilya nearly blacks out from how hot he finds that.

"So handsy tonight," Ilya teases, sliding both hands down to curl around Shane's waist. "Have you missed me?"

"Fuck, get out of these clothes," Shane whines, moving desperately against him. Their pelvises start to grind, and Ilya sucks a sharp breath in.

They stumble right down onto the floor.

Shane rolls them over, trapping Ilya between the hardwood floor and himself. He grins triumphantly, adorably, and drunkenly down at Ilya, and quickly pulls his shirt over his head. Ilya watches with hungry eyes as Shane shivers, and the blush that spreads down from his cheeks to his chest drives Ilya absolutely wild with lust.

His mouth longs to curve against Shane's warm, beautiful body.

“I love you so much,” Shane whispers, curling over Ilya’s body. He cups Ilya’s face between his hands, cradling Ilya like he’s something fragile and worth adoring, and then kisses him again.

It is Ilya’s turn to whimper, and he does, right into their kiss.

“I love you,” Shane repeats. Their noses rub together, and Shane kisses him again, and then again, until he isn’t, and he stands, leaving Ilya horny and surprised on the floor.

“Come and get me, Rozanov,” Shane grins devilishly.

He runs off, and after a few seconds of shock, Ilya rises from the floor and sprints after his giggling, intoxicated boyfriend.

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In the morning, Ilya wakes before Shane and watches him.

Shane deserves to sleep in, and Ilya enjoys the silence and comfort of having a sleeping Shane in his arms. There are love bites along his neck and shoulder, and Ilya presses his lips over one that is brighter than the others. His lips smooth over it, and Ilya thinks about last night again.

It was a passionate, satisfying, perfect end to a day that didn’t begin so well.

Ilya pointedly pushes away the reason for that.

He remains there, allowing Shane’s soft breaths to lull him back to sleep, and later, when he wakes, Shane is also awake and grinning at him.

“Hello,” Ilya greets him huskily. “You slept in.”

“I shouldn’t have drank that much,” Shane laughs. “It’s not good for my diet. I’ll need to reset this morning.”

A sad and disappointed moan escapes Ilya. “But I wanted McDonald’s,” he whines. “A sexy McGriddle, Shane! Come on! Celebrate with me again! The birthday does not have to end yet”!

Shane smacks his bare chest. “I’ll make you my healthy pancakes,” he offers. “Come on, Ilya.”

“I do not want the dry pancakes,” Ilya grumbles. “I do not want a sugar-free breakfast.”

Shane brushes his fingertips across Ilya’s nipples and then gives them both a pinch. “I can’t help you then,” he says, leaning in, only to pull away again.

Ilya chases after, but Shane sticks to his no-kiss rule and shakes his head. “Brush your teeth,” he reminds Ilya.

Ilya rolls onto his back and huffs. “No McDonald’s, no sugar, and no kisses,” he complains. “I live a tough life! My boyfriend is cruel! I must go and find another, kinder and more understanding man to eat his calories in sweets with.”

Shane snorts. “Good luck with that.”

Ilya’s mouth comically drops open, and despite what he knows, he rolls right on top of Shane and kisses him. Shane grabs his shoulders, pushing, but it’s only for a moment, and then his fingers are curling tightly against them, and he returns Ilya’s kisses.

They kiss for a while, until Shane really does push him away, but only because he's gasping, and Shane smiles so dumbly at him. God, he's got those gooey eyes Ilya loves to see, and Ilya wonders if he mirrors that foolish grin.

"I could not find a more understanding, kind man," Ilya whispers, cupping Shane's cheek. "But I am sure I could find someone to eat pancakes with."

"My dry, unsatisfying pancakes?" Shane asks softly, keeping his idiotic smile in place. "Those?"

Ilya nods, kisses the tip of Shane's nose, and chuckles. "Yes, sweetheart, your dry, unsatisfying pancakes," he says. "But I will have maple syrup on mine! That is the compromise!"

Shane pokes at Ilya's chin and hums. "Big words this morning," he flirts, smirking at Ilya.

Ilya rolls his eyes and leans back down, biting playfully at Shane's cheek. "All right, old man," Ilya teases, nuzzling Shane's jawline. "Your bones are still strong enough to get you out of bed, yes?"

"Old man?" Shane scoffs and smacks his hands down onto Ilya's ass. "I'm a month older than you!"

"Yes, so you are an old man," Ilya says as he smiles against Shane's skin. He loves to rile Shane up like this. It is one of Ilya's favorite pastimes. "Such an old man, Shane. They call you, a, ah, cougar."

"Ilya!" Shane laughs loudly. He grabs Ilya by the hair and hauls him up to his lips.

Ilya goes willingly. He will never deny himself kisses from Shane Hollander.

“Cougar man,” Ilya taunts between kisses. “Old man. Sugar Daddy.”

“Oh my god, you're insufferable this morning,” Shane says between laughter and kisses. He holds Ilya's chin and gives him one more kiss, this one very firm, and they both moan.

Then Shane turns his face and giggles. “Sorry, I'm too old! I can't get it up, you'll just have to deal.”

Well, Ilya's little teasing seems to be backfiring.

“Nooo,” Ilya whines, trying to get Shane's lips close to his. Shane won't budge. He turns his face whenever Ilya gets close enough to kiss him again, finally.

“Stubborn boy,” Ilya says, pouting.

And so what if this is his own doing? Ilya will still pout about it. How dare Shane resist him? That's wild!

“I should take my vitamins,” Shane chuckles. “I wouldn't want to break a hip this morning.”

When Shane says this, he finally looks back up at Ilya, and those dark eyes of his are warm, flirty, and honestly very sexy to look into. He takes Ilya's breath away, and Ilya slowly lowers, until their mouths are a breath apart.

“We could do something else with those hips,” Ilya heatedly suggests.

He rocks his own hips down against Shane's.

That makes him hum. He feels his body tense. They have plenty of time this morning.

Shane rests his hands back against the sides of his head and grins up at Ilya.

Then, he lifts from the bed and grinds their bodies together.

“Not sure I can handle it,” Shane says softly. “You know me, I’m so old, and decrepit, and I doubt I can keep up with such a virile stallion like you, Ilya.”

Ilya’s brows furrow. “Virile? Is good?”

Shane’s grin is brighter than the sun, and then Ilya’s being shoved onto his back. He allows the gorgeous sight of Shane Hollander, basking in the sunlight, his hair messy from lovemaking and sleep, to draw him into this warm, happy space where absolutely nothing is wrong.

“It’s perfect,” Shane replies and wraps his hand around both of them.

It is safe to say that Ilya misses the breakfast window for McDonald’s, but they also do not eat the dry, healthy pancakes either.

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“You were in New York two weeks ago without informing immigration,” the lawyer reads off her paperwork. “That’s a violation of your work visa.”

“I thought my papers were in order,” Ilya stressfully replies. “I thought so, but it was for a day. A day! And now?”

“There’s a court date. I can try to fight it, Mr. Rozanov, and I’m sure the league would fight for you, too, but as of right now, if things don’t go the way we want—”

“I will go back to Russia,” Ilya finishes for her. His tone is flat. This is a nightmare. This is not what he wants, and it is not part of the plan.

“You've got receipts showing you were there,” his lawyer continues. “They've got proof, so it's not like we could ever say you weren't. Not that I would ever condone lying.”

Ilya chuckles. “No, not you, a high-powered lawyer with a very low losing count.”

“I'm good at my job,” she smirks.

“That is why I came to you,” Ilya nods. “I am the best, and I want the best. That is you. We must make this go away. I cannot go back to Russia. I have so much here to lose.”

“Your team,” she says, understandably. “Of course. As much as they haven't been doing well, having you on the team as captain is something honorable! It's honestly the only good thing about ...”

“Hey, they are still my team,” Ilya says defensively. “Besides, that is not the point. The point is that this must go away and go away very fast.”

“I've got my own team already working on it, Mr. Rozanov,” she reassures him. And hell yes, she should, considering how much she charges an hour.

Not that money matters to Ilya in this situation, but he is still impressed by how expensive this woman is.

“Don't leave the country,” she advises him. “Don't do anything that could make it easier for them to throw you out.”

“I will be on my best behavior,” Ilya promises.

Inside, the dread grows, and he feels terribly ill.

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“Okay, so I felt bad and ordered us dinner,” Shane says hours later.

They're cuddling on the couch, and Ilya looks at his boyfriend curiously.

“Is it from the green place?” Ilya cautiously inquires.

“No,” Shane laughs. “I got us Italian.”

Ilya gasps and sits up, grabbing Shane's face to pull him to his own. They kiss, and Ilya grins against his lips. “Did you get me the?”

“I got you chicken parm,” Shane confirms.

Ilya kisses him deeply, massaging his fingers against Shane's cheeks. Chicken parmesan! He has the best boyfriend on the planet! No one could ever be better to Ilya than Shane.

No one ever will. There's nothing that's ever going to come between them. Come hell or high water, Ilya is not about to lose the best thing that's ever happened to him.

Their kissing becomes more, and then Ilya forgets about everything but Shane and how perfect he feels in Ilya's arms.

An hour later, his phone chimes, and Ilya excitedly hops up from the sofa and practically dances his way to the door.

Shane giggles from where he remains comfortably awaiting Ilya's return to the living room.

“My wallet!” Ilya calls out from the foyer. He smiles apologetically at the delivery man.
“Will you grab my wallet? I need to tip this man more for the feast he's delivering!”

Ilya waits. He hears Shane walking and rifling through things, and then Ilya turns as Shane tosses the wallet to him. Shane should stay in the living room lest someone see him and go to the press about it, even though they are no longer rivals publicly, even though they manage a foundation and summer camp together. God forbid men be friends.

Even though Shane and Ilya are very much more than friends.

When they are alone again, Ilya merrily carries the two large, warm bags against his chest and returns to the living room. He's grinning ear to ear, ready to set up the table and have this delicious and thoughtful meal with his boyfriend.

His boyfriend, who stands irritably there, frowning and holding a letter.

“What the hell is this, Ilya?” Shane asks, holding the letter up. “Immigration? Have you got a fucking court date? You didn't think to let me know?”

All Ilya's happiness immediately disappears, replaced by icy dread.

“Shane, I wanted to wait until after your birthday,” Ilya cautiously explains. He sets the food down and carefully walks toward Shane, so much for sharing a warm meal. Ilya knows Shane well enough to see that this conversation won't be resolved quickly. He'll have to reheat the meal when they've finished.

Shane holds his hand up, stopping Ilya in his tracks. “What? Why? Because you thought it would be better to wait? Ilya, this is serious!”

“I know it is serious!” Ilya abruptly shouts.

Shane steps back, glaring.

Ilya closes his eyes. “I know it is serious,” he repeats far more softly. “I went to a lawyer today.”

“Jesus Christ, Rozanov!” Shane shouts this time. “A lawyer! You should have told me! You should have told me this morning! We could have got my parents involved!”

“It is not their problem!” Ilya argues. “It is my problem! I will fix it!”

“You're not alone, you asshole!” Shane yells, and he sounds like he's crying.

Ilya doesn't want him to cry! Fuck!

“This doesn't just affect you,” Shane rasps. The yelling seems to stop now. Good, Ilya hates it when they argue like this. “What about us? Our plans? The plan, Ilya! The fucking plans we made?”

Ilya tries again as he walks towards Shane, and this time, Shane isn't glaring or walking away.

This time, Shane clutches the letter against his chest and doesn't hide his tears.

Well, if Shane is crying, Ilya may as well!

“Shane, I am not going to leave you,” Ilya insists through his own tears. “I have the best lawyer. We will figure it out.”

“And if you don't?” Shane asks. He sniffles and wipes at his cheeks with the back of his hand. “Then what? Do you go back to Russia? I don't ever see you again?”

“No,” Ilya says, shaking his head quickly. Such a scenario is not one that Ilya will entertain. Not even for a second. “No, we will be together.”

“Fuck, we should have started your citizenship paperwork sooner,” Shane says miserably. “We should have started six months ago! We shouldn't have relied on the work visa to be a safety net.”

“Maybe I should have married the pretty blonde fan who proposed,” Ilya jokes, trying to ease the tension.

Shane looks at him sharply. “Don't joke about that,” Shane mutters. “You know how I feel about that. We talked about it. No one is marrying anyone.”

“Was only a joke,” Ilya says. “I am sorry.”

“Well, it wasn't funny,” Shane says. He looks at the letter again, his eyes scanning across, and then he steps close and presses it against Ilya's chest. “It was because of New York, wasn't it?”

Ilya nods.

Shane sniffles and closes his eyes. “I thought the paperwork was set for the trip,” Shane softly says.

“Me too,” Ilya murmurs. “It was not. Lawyer says I will go to court and that I must not leave the country.”

“Of course you're not going anywhere,” Shane agrees. “You're not...”

Shane trails off, and Ilya wonders if he is going to yell at him again. Maybe Ilya needs to be yelled at. It is a good distraction from the anxiety that currently punches him in the gut.

Shane’s eyes meet his, and he looks very serious.

Extremely serious.

More serious than Shane Hollander has ever looked when he's been staring at Ilya.

“We could get married,” Shane says, sounding surprised by his own suggestion. “Ilya, if we get married, you don't have to worry.”

“Shane,” Ilya says flatly. “Come on now.”

“What, you don't want to marry me?” Shane asks, frowning. “You suddenly don't want that?”

“Of course I want to marry you,” Ilya passionately declares. He feels insane! The whiplash is so intense! “But this is not how I imagined us agreeing. I thought, perhaps, many candles and romantic music and rose petals and...”

“I don't need that,” Shane quickly says. “Just you and me. That's enough.”

“Shane, this feels like you are asking only out of obligation,” Ilya says very slowly. He doesn't want to argue, but he also doesn't want to keep this to himself.

This is a big deal.

Marriage is the biggest deal!

“I'm asking you because I want you with me,” Shane says. “I'm asking you because I can't imagine my life without you. Ilya, I'm asking you because I love you, you idiot.”

“Calling me names during declarations of love,” Ilya chuckles, stepping closer. He smiles at Shane, feeling too much, but it is better than feeling numb.

“I love you,” Shane repeats, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck. “You don't get to go and leave me. Not after everything. Not even the government is going to take you from me.”

“Shane, my bad boy, fighting the government,” Ilya continues, chuckling. “Oh, but it is a good fight, yes?”

Shane nods and pulls Ilya close, so their foreheads touch.

Ilya sighs.

“The best fight,” Shane whispers. “Marry me, Ilya? Marry me so that yeah, you don't get deported, but also marry me because I really wanna be your husband.”

Ilya's arms curl around Shane's waist, and when their chests press flush, Ilya inhales a sharp breath and then relaxes. He's practically melting in Shane's arms.

“What if the world finds out?” Ilya hesitantly asks.

Shane bumps their noses together. “Well, then, let's hope for congratulations. I'm not losing you, Ilya. You're mine.”

Ilya kisses him and wonders if Shane feels the complete devotion Ilya holds for him in it. He wonders if Shane knows how much Ilya loves him and needs him and wants him and if Shane can fathom how deeply Ilya wants this, too.

“Mine,” Ilya mumbles against Shane's lips. “Okay, okay, yes, I will marry you.”

Shane laughs and holds Ilya's face between his hands.

Ilya makes a face. “But, Hollander, you could not even get on your knees for a proposal? I have gotten you on your knees for less.”

“God, you're such an asshole!” Shane affectionately says and pulls Ilya back to his mouth.

Ilya relaxes against Shane again, floating blissfully into the kiss and allowing the hope he now has about everything turning out better than the fears that have been swallowing him whole.

“Shane,” Ilya murmurs and parts from him. He smiles as Shane chases his kiss, but he presses two fingertips against Shane's mouth. “Tomorrow?”

Shane nods, kissing Ilya's fingertips.

That makes Ilya shiver so pleasantly.

“We do this tomorrow, Ilya,” Shane confirms. “The sooner, the better. And any interrogation from the league or immigration or both will just have to be something we deal with together.”

“Where has this brave man been all this time?” Ilya gleefully asks. “Now you want to shout your love for me to the world?”

“I’ve wanted to love you out loud for a long time now,” Shane says. “This is just shifting those plans into gear faster than anticipated, but I’m not scared, Ilya. The only thing that really scares me?”

Ilya hums curiously, searching Shane’s eyes.

“Losing you,” Shane finishes, smiling so sweetly.

The way the corner's of Shane's eyes crinkle, and the way his lips turn up so that his nose squishes, makes Ilya's stomach flip and his head spin. He is so disgustingly and entirely in love with Shane Hollander and maybe he has been from the very start. His heart pounds, but Ilya believes that this will work out. How can't it when Shane looks as gorgeously happy as he does when he's talking about marry Ilya tomorrow?

Tomorrow. *Yes*, tomorrow.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Weddings, sexy times, and concussions. All in all, a wonderful time.

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

In the morning, Ilya wakes before Shane and lies beside him, watching the steady rise and fall of his chest. Shane is soft and relaxed, not a worry on his face. He looks so young like this, like when they met so long ago, both in over their head and unaware of what life would bring them.

Shane has been a complete surprise in Ilya's life. He came out of nowhere, with kindness and manners and beautiful freckles, rocking Ilya's world and turning it upside down.

It hasn't been right side up since.

And now, Shane will marry him. Shane will exchange vows and promises, and Ilya has ensured that the rings will arrive by expedited delivery in a few hours, and all will be well. He will not be at risk of leaving Canada. He will not be leaving Shane and the life they've been making for themselves.

A small voice in his head wonders if Shane would want this without the risk of losing Ilya. The voice wonders whether Shane is, in fact, doing this out of obligation rather than because he wants to be Ilya's husband.

No! Ilya closes his eyes and wills the negative musings away. Shane has reassured him well into the night that he wants this. He's even confessed to planning marriage proposals a few times, only to back out because he's been afraid of Ilya saying no.

A ridiculous notion. Ilya would *never* say no.

As his eyes open, Ilya once again gazes at Shane, and his mind drifts to much better thoughts. A wedding night. Feeling Shane's ring on his finger, or perhaps around the chain on his neck, nestled beside his mother's crucifix. The idea of having such precious items near his heart makes Ilya warm, and excitement blooms inside him.

Is it strange to think about children? The next thought is quite different from all the others, and Ilya snuggles closer to Shane. He listens to his steady breaths and calms down.

Is it too odd a thought? It may be! It may, and Ilya chooses to shove that idea away into a box that's about to overflow with everything else he's been forcing into it for years. So many musings that he deems too embarrassing or worrying to share with Shane. So many little ideas that may send his boyfriend sprinting away from him.

They have run off enough in the almost decade they've known each other. Ilya doesn't want to risk it mere hours before they're about to exchange vows.

Not that this is even as serious as a proper wedding ceremony. This is necessary. Going off to get married is something that keeps Ilya from getting deported and fucking up every plan they've made.

Still, is this not happenstance? The word of the day, and Ilya believes that is what this is. How else is he supposed to view this chance for them? Marrying Shane Hollander, even if it is necessary, is something Ilya has thought of since he finally understood that they could be more than what they were.

They *can* be more. They *can* have this.

It *is* happenstance. Ilya smiles and watches while Shane sleeps. Ilya's fingertips dance along Shane's freckles, and did he love Shane then? Back at the beginning? Could that be possible?

Anything's possible. Ilya can appreciate that now.

The doorbell rings.

Shane moans softly and turns in his arms, lying on his side, facing Ilya. Ilya presses closer, and when their chests touch, he drops a gentle kiss to Shane's nose.

Shane laughs and rests a hand on Ilya's arm. "Morning," he murmurs, slowly opening his eyes. "Who's at the door?"

Ilya smiles broadly, kisses the tip of Shane's nose again, and wordlessly rolls out of bed. His robe is nearest, and Ilya grasps it as he rushes from their bedroom and to the front door, where he signs for the precious package and then clutches it against his chest.

Ilya's heart is hammering against his ribs. This box holds the rings that will seal their vows. Shane will always have Ilya's promise of forever on his person, even if it can't be on his finger.

Even if Ilya wishes they could wear them on their hands. Even so, they will still have them, and that is what matters most.

"Why'd you run out like that?" Shane mutters as he walks into the living room. He scratches at the back of his neck and gives Ilya a confused, sleepy little look.

Ilya wants to kiss him senseless.

"I had to make sure this was safe," Ilya replies, nodding down at the package in his hand.

"Are you planning on explaining what that is?" Shane asks, coming closer.

Ilya smirks. "You could guess," he teases Shane.

Ilya rolls his eyes. “It’s too early for this, Ilya.”

With a heavy sigh, Ilya pouts at Shane and his disinterest in playing. That is fine. Shane is giving Ilya the most wonderful gift today; he supposes he can share this surprise with Shane now instead of teasing him.

Although teasing Shane is always so much fun, there will be endless time for that in the future. Ilya swells with anticipation at the thought of their future so bright on the horizon.

“Let me show you.”

Minutes later, they stand face to face in the kitchen, staring down at the small box that contains their wedding bands.

Shane breathes shakily and tentatively touches them. It’s almost as though he is worried he will break them.

“I can’t believe you did this, Ilya,” Shane laughs through his nerves. “You stayed up while I slept, and you did this.”

“I would do anything for you,” Ilya declares so easily that it should frighten him. To be so bare, to be so vulnerable, and to let Shane know how deeply in love he is. He means it, means it with every fibre of his being. He would truly do anything for Shane.

“From the moment I knew you were in,” Ilya continues, softly now. “I, ah, I knew that was it. I knew I loved you, and that I always would.”

Shane makes this sound, a combination of a sob and choking, and Ilya carefully sets the box down and steps close. Shane immediately wraps his arms around Ilya’s neck, and their foreheads press together.

They breathe, every breath syncing, and Ilya smiles to himself.

“Well, there are your vows,” Shane weakly jokes around.

“Shane,” Ilya chuckles, resting his hands on his waist. “Shane, I—”

“I know,” Shane reassures him. “I know, Ilya. I just, wow, this is a lot. This is real. This is actually happening, and I just need—”

“Come here,” Ilya urges. “Let me. Please, come here.”

Wordlessly, because there is so much about them that hardly needs words to understand each other, Shane steps into Ilya’s arms.

They hold one another, and Ilya is quiet, allowing the sound of Shane’s breathing to come over him and keep him calm. This is precisely where he wants to be, for the rest of his life.

“I love you,” Shane whispers against Ilya’s neck.

“I love you, too,” Ilya says.

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“You sure I look alright?” Shane asks. “Maybe I should have worn the other button-down. The blue one?”

“My Shane,” Ilya says, gazing at him with affection, “You look perfect. Stop now. We are next.”

They are. They are second in line to get married, and Ilya pats his jacket pocket again to make sure the rings are still securely there. Yes, he’s been checking every few minutes, but what if they magically disappear? Nothing can go wrong now!

“We’re next,” Shane utters. “That’s us. Okay.”

Ilya holds Shane’s hand, then brings it up toward his lips. He presses a few kisses along the top of Shane’s hand and hums softly.

Shane relaxes in his seat, and Ilya watches as his lashes flutter along the top of his freckle-covered cheeks.

“I just want to let you know I’m happy we’re doing this,” Shane whispers very quickly.

Ilya understands despite the swiftness of the words. He thinks he would understand what Shane says even if they spoke different languages. Ilya would know it, would feel it in the tone of his voice, and see it in his expression, in the soft little smile Shane is sporting.

“We are up,” Ilya realizes.

“Okay,” Shane says.

“Okay,” Ilya repeats.

And when they look at each other?

They laugh and stand, disappearing into the room after confirming their identities.

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It's a very quick ceremony. It's blunt, right to the point, and thanks to their connections, everything is wrapping up into a neat bow, and they're married.

Their rings temporarily rest on their fingers, and Ilya doesn't resist as he lifts Shane's hand and kisses it, and then his palm.

Shane steps close and then cups Ilya's cheek, cradling it in the palm Ilya has just kissed.

"Hello, husband," Shane grins.

"Hello, husband," Ilya repeats, mirroring the grin.

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"We are not ordering McDonald's for our first meal as husbands," Shane says. "Don't even joke about it!"

"But I want a burger," Ilya complains, shedding his jacket. He sighs, then begins unbuttoning his dress shirt.

Shane undoes his tie and shakes his head at Ilya. "No," he says firmly. "We are not eating greasy, nasty burgers. Do you even want to kiss me today?"

Ilya's jaw drops, his eyes comically widening. "You are saying you will not kiss me if I eat a burger?"

“I am saying it, yes,” Shane confirms. He sets his tie down and then unbuttons his own dress shirt.

Ilya swallows, suddenly finding himself hypnotized by his husband’s slow, unintentional striptease.

His husband! That snaps him out of it, and Ilya giggles excitedly as he rushes Shane and pushes him down onto their bed.

“Hey!” Shane exclaims, playfully shoving Ilya by the shoulders. “Now you’re trying to knock me out? What kind of wedding night is this anyway?”

“It’s not night,” Ilya states, “and I am trying to take your clothes off now! Let me, Shane. It is very important to me, as a husband, to take care of you.”

Shane looks both flabbergasted and turned on, but Ilya concentrates on the turned on part of his husband’s expression. He sees it very clearly in Shane’s brown eyes, the way his pupils dilate and then, as a rosy flush begins to spread along his cheeks, highlighting the freckles that Ilya is crazy about.

“Well, don’t let me get in the way of something important,” Shane concedes, and spreads his arms out, stretching them across their bed. He goes pliant beneath Ilya’s hands, and Ilya appreciates him and his acceptance of something Ilya wants so badly.

He undresses Shane in minutes, making sure to kiss as much of his bare skin as his lips can reach, and then Ilya kneels between Shane’s legs. His hands smooth along Shane’s inner thighs, loving how the muscles flex beneath his touch. He slowly leans over as his hands ascend, and then, when they’re holding Shane’s waist, Ilya bends down and plants a kiss over Shane’s heart.

He hears the little gasp, and then Shane’s hands are in his hair, his fingers twisting into Ilya’s curls. He keeps Ilya there, and Ilya exhales against Shane’s skin, smiling at the way Shane

shudders under his mouth.

Shane pulls Ilya up by his hair, and their lips crush together in a desperate kiss, while Ilya's still clothed body grinds against Shane's very naked one.

"Get these off," Shane demands, pushing Ilya's shirt down his shoulders. "Off! Get it all off, Rozanov!"

Ilya presses an affectionate kiss to Shane's cheek and is laughing delightedly as he sits up and throws his shirt behind him. Shane's fingers are quickly undoing Ilya's belt, and then Ilya slides off the bed to get the rest of his suit off.

When he crawls back between Shane's legs, he doesn't resist the way Shane reaches for him. Their bodies press tightly together, and then Ilya is on his back, and Shane straddles his thighs, rubbing his ass down onto him, making Ilya moan and arch off the bed.

"We should talk," Ilya jokes.

Shane reaches down and wraps his fingers tightly around Ilya's erection.

"You wanna talk?" Shane asks, stroking up, then down to squeeze around the base of Ilya's cock. "Right now?"

Ilya loses his train of thought, his vision blurs, and whatever he was saying is long gone in favor of gazing down to watch Shane jerk him off. It's so hot, and he will never tire of any of this. It's been so long now, and his libido is as reactive as it's always been, if not more.

"I want you," Ilya says.

Shane grins and bends down, kissing him all sloppy and wet. It makes Ilya moan and grip the back of Shane's neck to keep him there. His tongue drags across Shane's top lip, and Shane

rubs his thumb along the slit of Ilya's cock, gathering the precome before he resumes pumping him.

"I need you," Shane returns, speaking against Ilya's mouth. "Need you so much."

Ilya nods, finding the spiral of lust quite powerful. It's dizzying, and he doesn't want anything more than he wants to bury himself inside Shane.

His husband.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya whimpers from the abrupt loss of Shane's hand around him. His eyes widen, meeting Shane's above, but the intent is there, blazing in those eyes of his.

"No, *fuck me*, Rozanov," Shane corrects him.

Ilya grins and, in one very impressive movement, has Shane on his back again and reaches for the lube in their bedside drawer.

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All in all, Ilya believes their wedding day and afternoon and night is a success. They barely leave the bed, and although he doesn't have McDonald's delivered, they do order in and share a meal that helps energize them to continue their private, extremely feral celebrations together.

In bed.

In the shower.

On the floor.

Against the back of the couch.

And then, well, wherever else they end up. It's perfect, and Ilya is on a high, blissful, and forgetful of anything but this beautiful man in his arms. His Shane, who slumbers against his chest now, in their messy bed, hopefully dreaming of Ilya.

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"What if it comes out?" Shane asks a few weeks later. They've been enjoying a movie night together, but then Shane paused to scroll through his phone. He's on Instagram, on his tag, and Ilya sighs.

"Is someone going to be looking for our marriage certificate?" Ilya asks. The fear seems unfounded to him. Who in their right mind is going to look for that? Why would it ever even be a thought?

"I don't know," Shane admits and sets his phone down. "I just don't want it out unless it's on our terms."

"We are together," Ilya says. "We would face it together, wouldn't we?"

"Yeah," Shane agrees. He reaches out and plays with Ilya's ring that hangs on the gold chain around his neck. "I can't help but want to protect what we have. You're everything to me, my whole life."

"And to think, we would not be married now if I had not fucked up and broken the law," Ilya chuckles.

Shane shoots him a glare.

Ilya softens and leans over, kissing his husband's adorable frown.

"You taste like popcorn and too much butter," Shane complains, turning his face away.

Ilya laughs loudly and holds Shane by the chin, making him turn back. He sees the glimmer of playfulness in Shane's eyes and lets it lead him into kissing Shane again, and again, and again, until he knocks the popcorn bowl off his lap because he's determined to climb onto Shane instead.

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As it turns out, their marriage is in fact discovered a few months later, when Ilya is injured during a game, and Shane is revealed to be his emergency contact, listed under spouse.

The press is wild, but Ilya is too high and happy to see Shane walk into the room to care about much else.

"Husband," Ilya deliriously coos, making grabby hands at him.

Shane flushes bright red, but comes to Ilya's side, holding both his hands, and looks apologetically around at the nurses. "Sorry," he says, pulling at his hands when Ilya begins kissing them, "my husband can't control himself."

"My Shane," Ilya happily says, making what can only be defined as heart eyes at him.

"We'll leave you two alone for a bit," the head nurse reassures Shane. "Don't worry about a thing, Mr. Rozanov!"

"Mr. Rozanov," Ilya gleefully repeats and reaches for Shane again. "We never discussed that!"

“Not now,” Shane pleads, sitting down on Ilya’s hospital bed. “Just relax, okay?”

Ilya shakes his head, wraps his arms around Shane’s waist, and pulls him down onto his chest. He nuzzles against Shane’s neck and then kisses him there noisily. “The world knows you’re mine,” Ilya whispers against Shane’s skin. “Mine, mine, all mine.”

Shane relaxes against him and sighs, but doesn’t fight the embrace.

“We’ll figure it out,” Shane says. “Let’s get you better first.”

Ilya hums agreeably, and when Shane lifts, their eyes meet, and Ilya grins foolishly at him. “Husband, you look very pretty,” he slurs.

Shane laughs and cradles Ilya’s cheek against his hand. “*Husband*, relax, *please*. Shh.”

“*Shh*,” Ilya repeats, nodding tiredly.

Shane doesn't let his hand go, even when they aren't alone anymore in his hospital room.

Chapter End Notes

End Notes

I love these boys. Wedding next chapter. <3

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