

nothing i wouldn't do

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by [littledazedflower](#)

Summary

“Just... teach me the basics first,” he managed to get out as he leaned forward with his notebook, “you’ll, uh, find out. Eventually.”

He used his finger to try to block out the messy scribble in the margins of the first page, flashing an awkward grin, and hoping to all the Gods, any Gods, that his handwriting was so ugly she couldn’t—

“‘Will you marry me’?” Her loud scowl speared through his heart, and her eyebrows raised past the roof.

—

where shane tries to learn russian so he could propose to ilya just like he so rightfully deserves 

Notes

apologies i could NOT stop thinking about the phone call scene..... hope u enjoy

Chapter 1: questions.

“You’re late.”

Out of breath, words just tumbled out of his mouth. “I’m sorry, there was just so much traffic, no parking, and—”

She uncrossed her arms, simply shook her head, and with a few Russian words floating from her mouth as naturally as *his*, she turned on her heels.

“What?”

“Whatever, Hollander, let’s go. I don’t have much time for you to waste.”

He caught up to her steps. “You know you can call me Shane, um, Svetlana.”

“I know that.” She pushed the glass door, not bothering to hold it open much longer for his flailing steps behind her. With a shrug, she added, “But Ilya doesn’t like that. So I’ll respect it.”

Shane watched as her eyes softened at the thought of Ilya until they slowly returned to indifference when she stared back at him. “Sit the hell down.”

A thrill electrified his veins. “Right.” She was apparently not one to mess with. Not like he would. There was only one thing they would both protect with everything they could: *Ilya*. And oh, how he’d do anything for him.

“And you?” A kind man beside their table gestured to him.

“Oh, um, whatever you have on tap. Beer. Or anything.”

“Sure.”

He had no idea why he was somehow so nervous. Ilya had always described Svetlana as someone so important to him, with an impact so incredible on his life. Shane had almost felt the need to perform much better, even if there was no way. Obviously.

“Hollander.” Svetlana leaned back, and for some reason, that made him straighten. “What did you want to learn? And for what?”

“Just... teach me the basics first,” he managed to get out as he leaned forward with his notebook, “you’ll, uh, find out. Eventually.”

He used his finger to try to block out the messy scribble in the margins of the first page, flashing an awkward grin, and hoping to all the Gods, *any* Gods, that his handwriting was so ugly she couldn’t—

“‘*Will you marry me?*’” Her loud scowl speared through his heart, and her eyebrows raised past the roof.

“Shane?”

Ilya had already taken his shirt off, knowing his beloved secretly got turned on from his slightly sweaty body as he pressed up behind him. Every moment he slipped his arms around Shane’s body, all the stress of the day melted from his shoulders.

These days, however, Shane was definitely hiding something.

“Baby,” he whispered against Shane’s cheek, kissing his skin softly with more of a plea than he’d intended. “What’s with the notebook?”

He slipped his hands under Shane’s shirt, feeling the planes of his stomach, the softness of his skin. He didn’t want to pretend that Shane hadn’t been sneaking around with a new notebook that was never anywhere near Ilya. Not that he would snoop, no, he wasn’t *that* much of an asshole. It was just—strange. And it made butterflies grow in his gut. And not the usual kind.

Ilya could hear the throb when Shane cleared his throat before answering. “Nothing.” *Another pretend-cough. And still distracted by his phone’s weather app.*

“Hmm.”

Ilya spun him around in that bar chair, using his legs and arms to entrap him, followed by his best stare.

But to his demise, this *aggravating*, insanely *sexy* man decided to lean in and kiss him, knocking any conscious thoughts from his mind in an instant.

He must know the tricks to Ilya’s heart, because when his cheeks began heating up against Shane’s palms, that pink tongue slipped into his mouth. His knees almost buckled. *Fuck.*

His arms found themselves wrapped around Shane’s waist, and Ilya garnered all his control to resist pulling him closer and even *closer*. To press every inch of his body against his. To rock his world, to feel nothing but him and his warmth.

Because he tasted like honey and sunlight.

And he could never get enough.

“*Hungry*,” Ilya breathed in Russian against his mouth. *Hungry for you. Always starving for you.*

Bestowing one last precious kiss to his lips, Shane pulled away with that charming smile. Ilya's heart threatened to break out of his ribcage. He'd always wished their kisses never came to an end.

"I'll make some tuna melt."

He must have picked up some Russian after all this time, huh. A laugh bubbled from his throat. "That's not what I meant, idiot."

Shane's eyes sparkled with mischief, his hand a sudden yet welcome pressure against Ilya's cheek. "Yeah, yeah, I heard your noisy stomach."

"So annoying," he muttered, but let him go anyway. And a smile couldn't help gracing his lips. "I restocked the ginger ale, also." Ilya grinned with his teeth, proud to be the thoughtful boyfriend he always knew he was.

"I know, Ilya." A short pause. "Thank you," Shane said rather dismissively until, "and I prepared a bath for you upstairs."

Ilya clutched his chest dramatically. "Why do you need to one-up me all the time? Even though I'm always the one topping you."

"Where did you learn those words?" His ears were pink even from the back. *Cute.*

With a rough chuckle from his throat, Ilya pushed off the island bar, sneaking to Shane's side. He tugged his belt loop closer and pressed a lingering kiss to his cheek before disappearing up the stairs. A warm bath did sound like a dream right now, especially when his calves were on fire, and his back was slick with sweat.

In Russian, Ilya mumbled, "*Fuck me. I love you.*"

* * *

Every inch of his body was tingling with electricity.

He rolled his hips, feeling a soreness spread through his side. *Fuck*, he could still hear Shane's melodic moans at the back of his mind, felt the perfection of his chest that moulded to his hands.

A click of the door coaxed his eyes to open, and the protagonist of his fantasies emerged from the bathroom. With all the glowing light behind him like a divine being. And Ilya, being the siren he thought he was, beckoned him with a hand. "Come to bed."

Shane looked at him with those glistening eyes, as if he'd wanted to get on his nerves for a moment, before, thankfully for Ilya, deciding to relent. His gentle movements floated by the bed like an angel.

Impatient, Ilya scooted and kidnapped him into his embrace. That familiar warmth melted him, and he hated how much more soothed he felt in his mere presence.

A quiet ‘oof’ escaped Shane’s lips before a rather natural-sounding, “Hello, *darling*.”

A shudder went down Ilya’s spine. “Where the hell did you learn how to say that in Russian?”

His accent was a little off, to be honest, but *fucking hell* did he sound good saying that. Sexy, even. Made him want to pin him down a million times over and then some.

But most noticeably of all, that one word alone turned his heart into a bass drum.

Shane seemed to suck in a breath before answering, “From you.”

Huh? Ilya considered with furrowed eyebrows, running through everything he’d said. He usually would be able to recall most of what he’d called Shane, normally because it came to him like an instinct, though maybe this was an exception. Perhaps something that he said during... “I don’t remember calling you that.”

“Well, I remember everything you say, so.”

“Wow, okay, someone learned to flirt.” All Ilya could do was try to distract himself from how he never knew his heart could pound this fast. And his face, God, it could probably melt right off.

“Fuck you.”

A sly smile sneaked onto Ilya’s lips, and he tightened his arms around Shane. He loved holding him more than he’d like to admit – this closely, this tightly, like he was precious.

Because he was.

“Hey... also,” Ilya murmured, rubbing his nose idly against Shane’s chest, loving the feel of his warmth, the sound of his quick heartbeat, “do you suddenly like beer?”

With a simple shrug, Shane seemed to sigh, letting them out in intervals. “It’s... eh,” he responded in that ever-honest voice, “it’s okay.”

Ilya began to nod, but this answer didn’t seem to really align with what Svetlana was saying when they had breakfast this morning. “Hmm, weird.” He lifted his face from his chest. “Svetlana asked me this morning why you suddenly like beer. Don’t know which tabloid she read. Clearly, that’s wrong.”

He could suddenly feel Shane’s thumb, with a featherlight touch, brush across the space between his eyebrows, smoothening out the skin there. “You know I sometimes just like to drink beer or wine when I’m with other people.” His voice soothed, gentle, reassuring.

Ilya smiled, satisfied with himself.

Yes. A feeling reverberated loud and clear in his mind, erasing all the doubt he'd ever had. How could he ever doubt the genuine love and affection in those eyes? It made him feel... *on cloud nine.*

"And I always know what you like even before you do," Ilya whispered, the words ringing true in his mind. He couldn't help leaning in, drawn by a gravitational force pulling him into Shane, the same force that was there from the moment they met.

His words were sealed by a gentle, passionate kiss.

Something wasn't right, though.

Just as soon as they left, each thought came back running through his head again. He lay on Shane's chest, knowing the act of listening to his heartbeat had always calmed any storms in his mind, had always brought him back to the present, had always grounded him to the earth. *But...*

Svetlana. Shane. Notebook. Beer.

Shane. Notebook. Beer. Svetlana.

There was not a single day that went by where Ilya could ever miss a tabloid that involved Shane. Which news outlet was reporting that Shane had a newfound love of beer? Had they quoted him from an interview? Ilya stared blankly, flipping through his memories like an encyclopedia.

Nothing, nothing, nothing. Fuck.

"Shane," he uttered in the dark bedroom, his breath short against Shane's chest. His fingers clawed his back gently, clinging to him more and more desperately, as if he could keep him in his arms forever. Oh, how he wished he could.

"Hmm?" Shane hummed back, his voice slurred with sleep, his fingers still tangled in Ilya's curls. Like a balm. Like an anchor.

He'd nearly decided to walk back on his question. *Just say 'nevermind'.* Except time had already gone past midnight. And he probably would *not* be able to fall asleep without knowing. "Are you hiding something from me?"

The breathy answer came after one second, and then half. "Why would I?"

Yeah, why would you?

Chapter 2: answers.

“Your accent is way off.” She laughed before repeating it. “If you said it like you did just now, he’d understand a complete different sentence.”

“Right.” *Makes sense*. Shane decided *not* to risk that. “What about ‘I love you so much’? I should’ve asked about this one earlier. Keep it simple.”

Svetlana leaned forward, then gestured to her lips, exaggerating every syllable of those beautiful Russian words.

And the moment those words left her lips, a ringing went off at the back of his mind.

Tumbling through a black hole, Shane was sent back to that grey stairwell. The feeling of pressing his phone so close against his ear. The sight he pictured in his mind when he’d heard those words on the line, when he’d imagined every curve and slope of Ilya’s lips, forming those exact words.

He remembered *every* phonetic syllable. He remembered *all* the things he said. Yet understood none of it. At that time.

“Okay, okay...” He didn’t realise he was out of breath. “*I love you so much*,” he repeated in Russian, trying to match those syllables as best as he could.

“Not bad.”

“And could I ask you something?” When Svetlana nodded with a disinterested shrug, he tried his very best to force out the phonetics of every word Ilya had said after that sentence, in that same phone call, before he’d ended it with ‘I’m done’ in English. *What had he said?*

His heart thundered so loud in his own head he could barely hear what words he was forming. Understand them much less.

All Svetlana did was stifle her laugh. “Where the hell did you hear that from?”

Panicked, Shane quickly stammered, “From Google, I think, something that just... came up.” With a shaky breath and jumping pulse, he asked in a quieter voice, “What does it mean?”

Svetlana grimaced. “Well, your pronunciation of that... could use some work.” She cleared her throat. “But what I assumed you meant was...” Then those *same words* that Ilya had said that time were repeated back to him.

‘I love you so much’... and then?

“It means ‘and I don’t know what to do about it.’” Svetlana brought her hand to her chest as if she could take those words back. “That’s so fucking cheesy, Hollander. Are you sure Ilya wouldn’t just walk away from that?”

Shane could feel every drop of blood in his body rise to his head.

There was still time before Ilya would come home after training. He started it before he had left Svetlana's supervision. With messy handwriting, he scribbled words and phonetics and syllables all over his notebook, and he could feel those feelings bubbling up inside him louder and clearer than ever.

What was the word for...? Oh, I got it.

"Go home early, Ilya, you deserve it. Another stellar win is coming right up for you guys, and it's all thanks to you."

A cocky smile hung on Ilya's lips from training all the way back home. Shane would be so pumped to see him return so early, so ahead of schedule. Truly, what couldn't he do? Now their team's win was basically guaranteed.

Unlocking the front door with practised ease, Ilya fell through the doorway in a dramatic entrance. "I'm home!"

In a rush, out of the corner of his eye, the Shane that was supposed to *leap to his feet and throw himself at Ilya* was heartbreakingly replaced by a Shane that haphazardly slammed his notebook shut, sending a pen cartwheeling in the air for a couple of seconds before landing on the counter with a *clink*.

"What are you doing?" Unfortunately, Ilya could not hide the disappointment and *distress* woven into his voice.

This time, Shane couldn't seem to form any coherent words with that mouth. Ilya blinked, wanting, hoping, *praying* for any signs that this was *not* what he thought was happening. After all these years. After all they had been through. After all that he was to him. *No, no, no, no.*

He raised his hand. "Don't say you could explain." *Sorry, Shane*, he genuinely could not help the stern tone that drowned the rest of his words. "What is going on? Honest."

The ringing was getting so loud in his head. Shane's mouth was moving, words were spilling in a nervous rush. He inched closer to the counter, to the same bar chair Shane sat on every day after practice, to the same way his ankles were perched on the footrest.

"Shit, Ilya, I just..." Shane was saying, but Ilya wouldn't be able to repeat any of it, "I'm shit at lying. Fuck." Then he was the one to stand this time, taking both of Ilya's cold hands in his warm, welcoming ones. "I'm sorry."

Ilya began shaking his head, feeling a twitch in his cheek, a set in his jaw that he could not stop from happening.

“I didn’t think I was ready, but I don’t think I can hold it back any longer now,” Shane murmured, drawing all the air between them into his lungs. Ilya didn’t need the oxygen anyway. Even though he should do *something* to save himself from fainting.

“What is it?”

He would *listen*—he would *hear him*.

Then they could *solve it*, like they always do. *Together*.

A thousand years seemed to go by before Shane lifted his gaze to meet his. Those warm brown eyes that held entire worlds in them tempted Ilya to throw caution to the wind. Every time.

After that came a few seconds where Ilya did not think he could breathe.

“*I love you, Ilya Rozanov*,” Shane whispered in Russian. In *Russian*.

Okay, Ilya should not be as impressed as he was; his heart should not be doing all these backflips so soon— those words, those very familiar words— he probably should have expected Shane to pick them up after all the times he confessed under his—

“*And I cannot imagine*,” he continued, *in Russian*. *Fuck me*. “*I cannot imagine... living a life without you.*”

“Shane. Shane.” Ilya could not form other words. “What is... Where did you...”

“Let me finish,” Shane interjected. In English, at least. *Wait, finish?* “*I feel so thankful. To live in a world where I could fall asleep—*” his smile, God, his genuine, heartfelt smile— “*and wake up in your arms. I live in a dream, and I never want to wake up from it.*”

Ilya’s world was crumbling all around him. *What is happening right now?* Was *he* in a fucking dream? Shane was speaking one too many Russian words to be good for his heart. *Ilya’s heart*.

This was too much. Too soon. He had no clue what to focus on: Shane’s cute accent, the way his tongue curled unfamiliarly around the Russian syllables, the journey of his eyes as they darted around Ilya’s face, like he was not only watching him, but *memorising* his every feature.

Those words were not just flowing, so imperfectly perfect, they were *rolling* off his tongue. *How could he be more perfect?* There was heat building up in his belly, something stirring south. He did not know he could get worked up from this, God.

Ilya wanted to kiss him. Kiss him hard and rough until he couldn’t speak. Hold his shaking hands. Grab his face until all he could see and remember was him.

He didn’t notice a lukewarm tear sliding down his cheek if Shane hadn’t raised a thumb to delicately wipe it away. To make matters worse, he sank onto one knee. *One knee. What the fuck is happening?*

Ilya's fingers trembled in Shane's gentle touch. "Shane. *Fuck.*" He had lost every English word in his head right now.

When Shane opened his beautiful eyes once more, they were red-rimmed and glassy, in a way that made Ilya want to crumble and scoop him up into his arms until he could never recall what it felt like to cry.

"I love you so much, Ilya Rozanov," Shane breathed, those Russian words shaky yet standing so tall on his tongue. *"And luckily for me..."*

Ilya would kill for that small chuckle that escaped his beloved.

"Luckily for me, I know what to do about it."

What an asshole. At the rate Ilya's eyes were welling up, he might miss the best possible sight in his whole life.

"The love of my life..." Each Russian word that fell so naturally, yet so gently, tugged on every single one of Ilya's heartstrings. *"My one true love, Ilya Rozanov."*

Fuck, Shane Hollander.

"Will you please marry me?"

Chapter 3: bonus!

Chapter Notes

omg thank you so so much for all the love on the prev chapters!!! going thru domestic hollanov Brainrot again rn so please have this bonus chapter that i feel very needed to happen <3

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

“You were so cute, your eyes were all red, your nose was full of snot...” Shane went on and on and *on*, and Ilya could not find a better hole to hide in than the crook of Shane’s neck—where he was high on his scent, his warmth, his voice, all of him.

“You’re the one to talk,” he rumbled against his skin. “For the record, I only said yes because I was very overwhelmed. And we have to plan this more. Don’t know if... it’s too fast.”

“Too fast?” Ilya didn’t have to look to *hear* the arch of Shane’s eyebrow. He threaded his fingers through his light curls, each strand desperately wrapping around every one of Shane’s fingers. “We’ve already done this push and pull thing for 10 years, and you think it’s *too fast*?”

He couldn’t help the laugh that slipped so carelessly out of him. “No, it’s just... like...” *Ugh*, he could not form words anymore. He burrowed his face deeper into Shane’s skin, as if he could just crawl in and disappear. “I hate English.”

“Well, that’s okay,” Shane said gently with a tender stroke of his fingers, then a soft chuckle vibrated through his chest. “We can leave the English to me... the legal documents and Canadian citizenship at some point as well. Then this can be your home—where you truly belong, with me.”

A warm glow spread through Ilya’s chest, and he felt like he could cry. Just in case he would, he nuzzled his face into Shane’s neck. “That sounds nice.” Great, the rims of his eyes were already pricking again.

“Mhmm...” Shane leaned his head on Ilya’s, and his thoughts were so loud. Their future humongous mansion, their games together... and when the world welcomed people like him, people like them, they could finally live freely, be happy freely, love freely. They could even appear on the big screen, and Ilya could finally kiss him in front of the entire stadium, there on the ice, *with tongue*.

What a dream.

“It’ll come true, Ilya.” It was like Shane could hear his thoughts and all his fantasies. “We can live the life we’d always dreamed of. Just the two of us. You and me.”

Ilya was nodding before he could even realise it.

And the moment he closed his eyes, he felt soft lips capturing his in a passionate kiss. “Ilya —”

“Can you promise me something?”

Shane’s eyes took a few moments to fully peel open again. His arms snaked around Ilya’s waist, pulling him on top. He could feel the hard planes and the soft warmth of his body beneath his, and it was making him *draw blanks*. “Promise what?”

Ilya propped himself up on his elbow, gazing down into beautiful brown eyes. “You have to promise me...” he started, more breathless than he’d planned, feeling like his heart was growing too big for his chest. “Promise me, from now on, you can only learn Russian from me. No Google Translate. No Svetlana. Me. Only. Deal?”

Mr Adorable Fiance looked up at him like he was the sun. God, if only he knew that it was the other way around. Shane’s slender fingers traced maddeningly slow circles on his back, as if waiting for him to finish talking so they could *get down to business*.

“Did you even hear me?” Ilya pinched Shane’s cheek ever so gently, his curls falling around his face.

“Only you,” Shane repeated, his voice barely audible. “I promise. Only you. Forever. *Darling*.”

Something rocked through his nerves, and he wondered if this would happen *every* time Shane spoke Russian. Like lighting a spark on a match. Or rather, pouring buckets and buckets of fuel into a fire. A *massive, burning* fire. “Could you get any more perfect?”

Ilya, like water in a raging storm, rained sweet kisses all over Shane’s face, each one a gentle, heartfelt, ‘*I love you*’, all the way from the bottom of his heart and soul.

“I can’t wait to kiss you at the altar,” Ilya whispered against his mouth with mischief flashing in his eyes. “You’d be hard as fuck. Even more than now.”

Chapter End Notes

then cue the hot and steamy gay sex.

thank you for reading! every single comment makes me insanely happy <3 hopefully more fics to come now that im in a hollanov mood

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