all's well that ends well

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77095571.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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, David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), Fix-It of Sorts, Weddings, First Dance, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Husbands, Fluff and Humor, it's a joke y'all i'm being funny
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 2,242 Chapters: 1/1

all's well that ends well

by 5ambreakdown

Summary

“Honey, it’s your wedding day. I get that you two wanted to avoid a big traditional wedding, but c’mon, Shane, you should at least do a first dance.” Shane’s mom raises a single eyebrow as she takes a sip of her beer. She really wasn’t going to let this go.

--

or, everything about their wedding is the same, except harris doesn't play fucking "diamonds"

Notes

big-ish spoilers from tlg here! (if them getting married is a spoiler oops)

i hate their first dance being to "diamonds." i love fucking with shane. *my* harris would not have done that to them.

--

title from "lover" by taylor swift

See the end of the work for more notes

“Honey, it’s your wedding day. I get that you two wanted to avoid a big traditional wedding, but c’mon, Shane, you should at least do a first dance.” Shane’s mom raises a single eyebrow as she takes a sip of her beer. She really wasn’t going to let this go.

He sighs. That’s exactly his point, it’s *his* and *Ilya’s* wedding day. If they don’t want a showy first dance or procession down the aisle or an aisle at all, that’s their choice. The important thing is that they’re fucking married now. They stood in front of their friends and family and whoever else had the spine to come and promised each other forever. *That’s* the whole point, not to dance awkwardly by themselves while their loved ones gawk at them and take shitty pictures.

“That’s just not us,” he sighs as if it’s the tenth time he’s explained it today. And well, it might as well be given how many times Rose and Jackie asked about it.

“I’m not saying it has to be this big thing. Just- go dance with your husband. It’ll make up for the lack of chairs.”

“*Mom.*”

She sighs and her face goes a little more serious, a little softer. “You two have been through hell and back. You deserve a nice moment at your wedding to look back on. And–no, look at me–the ceremony was short, yes, but lovely and it fit you guys.” She reaches an arm out, gently placing a hand on Shane's arm where it rests by his side, and continues, “I just want my sons to have as many wonderful memories from this day as possible. Something to tell my grandkids about in ten years.” She says it so earnestly, eyes wide and sincere and her voice so gentle. *Fuck*.

And, well, fuck if she somehow didn’t have a point. His resolve crumbles and he feels his shoulders slump. How did she *do* that? His mom smiles instantly, but she tamps it down quickly. Shane squeezes his eyes shut and breathes. “Fine,” he says through gritted teeth. “A little help would have been nice, Dad,” he says with a pointed look towards his father, who, during this whole exchange, hadn’t said a word.

“Hey,” he says, putting his hands up, “I’m with your mom on this one.”

“When aren’t you,” Shane says under his breath. “I guess I will go find Ilya, then.”

He does a cursory scan of the yard for Ilya–his *husband*–and eventually spots him sitting in the grass, eating cake with Ruby and Jade. And maybe it was his mom’s oh-so-helpful mention of kids, or maybe the emotions of the day were starting to catch up with him, but Shane could feel his heart swell at the sight. He, briefly, pictured a slightly older Ilya sitting in a pillow fort, surrounded by sweets and an army of dogs, as he regaled stories of their life together to their kids. Shane’s breath caught in his throat at the thought as Ilya threw his head back in reaction to something Ruby said.

His feet are carrying him over before he can even really think about it, his breath shuddering and his eyes never leaving Ilya. Shane’s eyes are starting to sting in the best way, but the

anxiety of what he's about to do is beginning to replace the goodness of it all. He fucking hates dancing, especially in front of people, and *especially* when everyone is meant to watch him dance. The whole point is that everyone stops what they are doing to watch them what? *Sway?* It's stupid. First dances are probably great for people who actually dance. Shane is not one of those people.

Shane stops just shy of Ilya; he should probably collect himself. If he's too nervous when he asks, Ilya will definitely talk him out of it, and, well, maybe Shane doesn't necessarily want him to. His mom put up a convincing argument. And, besides, Ilya is talking to Hayden now. If anything, this will just save some cake being thrown. The Pike kids do *not* need to see their dad get punched or otherwise humiliated.

Ilya, much to Shane's simultaneous chagrin and relief, was on board with the idea to dance. After some chastising from Hayden (Shane's pretty sure Ilya had stuck out his tongue in response, but his throat was starting to get itchy so he wasn't really paying attention to anything other than Ilya's hand in his), Ilya led Shane to the very middle of their yard. He wrapped his arms around Shane's middle and grinned, a little mischievous, but there was a softness in his eyes that Shane only ever saw when it was just them. He squeezed Shane's waist, alighting his nerves and letting him breathe.

He could feel eyes start to fall on them. Conversations grew quiet as people started to back away. Chatter had lulled, but the rushing in Shane's eyes was deafening. His head started to feel a little dizzy. He vaguely registered Ilya talking to Harris about choosing a song, and then Ilya's hand was back in his sight, outstretched for him to take.

Shane took a sharp breath and focused on the weight of Ilya's hand in his.

"Oh, are *you* leading?" He asks, hoping it came out more confident than he feels.

The gentle smile Ilya gives him says otherwise. "Yes. Because you can't dance." So he lets Ilya pull him close and lead them.

He hears guitars strum in the audio and it's almost nice. Almost. He doesn't know how the rest of the song will go, but it sounds easy enough to move to so far. He just really hopes Harris picked something short.

A woman's voice starts to sing, but he's not really paying attention to the lyrics; it's not like he'd recognize the song anyway. Her voice is vaguely familiar, though, but not enough for him to place. He focuses on Ilya and tries not to trip over their feet instead.

"And there's a dazzling haze, a mysterious way about you, dear

Have I known you twenty seconds or twenty years?"

"I do not know this song," Ilya mutters under his breath. "Of course Harris would picking a song I don't fucking know."

"Yeah," Shane responds quietly enough for just the two of them. "I don't recognize it, either."

It earns him a teasing laugh from his husband. “Of course you don’t. You only listen to treadmills and bird calls.”

“Shut up, asshole,” he says, but there’s no heat to it. Shane just grins up at him and holds his hand a little tighter.

The music swells to what Shane assumes is the chorus, but it’s still gentle enough that their uncoordinated swaying in circles matches the tempo. At least, he’s pretty sure it does.

“Can I go where you go?

Can we always be this close?”

The lyrics, Shane thinks as he actually starts to listen, are sweet enough. If the soft look on Ilya’s face is any indication, he would agree. He certainly does want to be close to Ilya forever; it’s why he fucking married him.

“Forever and ever, ah

Take me out and take me home

You're my, my, my, my lover”

Shane stills, just for a moment. His mind quickly flashbacks to years ago, standing in front of his parents at their cottage, Ilya by his side, struggling to explain why his dad saw him making out with his arch-rival.

“He’s visiting and we’re- uh-” “Lovers.” “Just, uh, lovers.”

And then he sees Ilya’s face fucking light up. His eyes actually *sparkle*, and his smile grows so wide that his teeth show and the corners of his mouth almost reach his cheekbones. It’s the kind of smile Shane is always trying to draw out of him, will spend the rest of their lives chasing after, even if it comes at his expense. So he suppresses the eyeroll and instead tilts his head to the side with a pointed look and tight smile that’s mostly for show.

“My lover,” Ilya whispers in the space between them.

Shane sighs dramatically. “You’re insufferable.” But Ilya shuffles in closer anyway, and what else can Shane do but follow?

“And I'm highly suspicious that everyone who sees you wants you”

He raises an eyebrow at that, and Ilya chuckles softly. “Too bad for them,” Ilya says. “You’re all mine. Forever.”

“*I've loved you three summers now, honey, but I want 'em all”*

And, well, Shane won’t ever disagree with that.

The singer reaches the chorus again, and Shane steels himself to not cringe at *that* word. They have very firm, very real labels for their relationship now. He'll stick with "husbands."

But, it is nice to be in Ilya's space like this, to feel the warmth of his skin through the layers of his suit. There's nowhere to really look outside his eyes–not that Shane particularly wants to see the reactions of anyone else. He's still slightly embarrassed about the ordeal, sure, but he's spent the past thirteen odd years in this man's orbit; Shane tried and, mercifully, failed to escape his pull. He's not about to start trying now, not when Ilya's face has gone all soft and tender, his own eyes never leaving Shane's face, like he's just as affected by Shane's own gravity.

He wouldn't have complaints if the song ended early, but he supposes there are worse ways they could have spent these few minutes. Shane will never complain about being in Ilya's arms–certainly not on their wedding day, and certainly not after everything they've been through.

The tempo of the song changes just a bit as the singer addresses the audience and alludes to a wedding. It's probably, besides just being a love song, why Harris chose it. Ilya doesn't change their pace, though, he just keeps looking at Shane like he'd go through the past few years all over again so long as it brought them here. Maybe even longer than that. Shane certainly feels that way.

"My heart's been borrowed and yours has been blue

All's well that ends well to end up with you"

Ilya squeezes his hand. Shane squeezes back. "I love you so fucking much," Ilya breathes, his voice wet. And Shane knows in his bones, not for the first time, that for as deep as he's in, Ilya is right there with him.

Shane blinks and feels a few errant tears escape; he didn't even realize his eyes were watering. "I love you." It's all he trusts himself to say without breaking out into even more tears. From the soft smile he receives, he knows Ilya understands what was left unspoken. *I am so fucking happy, Ilya. I love you and I can't wait to have forever with you.*

"And you'll save all your dirtiest jokes for me

And at every table, I'll save you a seat, lover"

At that, Ilya smirks and winks suggestively. Shane chokes out a surprised laugh. "I have a *very* nice seat saved for you for later, Hollander."

Shane just rolls his eyes fondly, because what else can he do when this ridiculous man is his forever? "There are children here, Rozanov."

"Is fine. They're too busy running around and eating all our cake to hear, my *lover*."

The song finishes out by repeating the chorus one final time. And it was worth it, Shane thinks, rotating awkwardly in front of all these people for a few minutes. The people, they all

disappeared in Shane's periphery anyway. All he cared to see was Ilya, his gorgeous, funny, sexy *husband* who was holding him safe and close. Shane has been coming to realize over these past few months that no one else fucking matters, not when Ilya is all his to hold and love.

It's only when people start clapping and cheering around them does Shane realize the song is finished. He startles a bit, but Ilya's hands are firm on his biceps and his laugh is small and breathless. Despite his unwavering feelings, Shane feels his face heat up at the sudden reminder to the undivided attention on them.

And then one of the Pike kids barrels through the small crowd, making a beeline towards the cake, a tiny army of tinier humans following close behind. Everyone's focus appears to return to whatever conversation they had been having just a few minutes before; Shane has never been so grateful for Hayden's inability to use a condom.

"Hey," Ilya says softly, drawing Shane's attention back to their own bubble. "We gave them their show. I say we deserve a break–"

"–Ilya…" he warns. They are *not* going to sneak off to have sex, not with this many people around. Hayden would never let him live that down. Or, god, Svetlana or Rose.

"No, no, not for that," Ilya reassures with a squeeze to Shane's shoulders. "Let's get some cake and go eat it where it's quiet. I want some peace and quiet with my husband."

Shane smiles something dopey and gooey. "Yeah. Yeah, okay. That sounds nice."

Ilya smiles, satisfied. "Good. We should get our cake before Bood eats it all. Let's go, *lover*." Ilya just grabs Shane's hand before he can respond, leading them in the direction of cake and sugar-high kids. Shane just lets himself be pulled and rolls his eyes at his ridiculous husband anyway.

End Notes

twitter discourse is silly

find me on tumblr! @5ambreakdown

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!