when i look at you

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77186306.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov, David Hollander & Ilya Rozanov, Rose Landry/Svetlana Vetrova
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Yuna Hollander, Anya | Ilya Rozanov's Dog, Harris Drover, David Hollander, Rose Landry, Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, wedding vows, Wedding Planning, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Only in the fact that they write their own vows and Harris officiates the wedding, Yuna David and Ilya Make Pizza Together, Yuna Hollander Has Two Sons, Banter, Mild Smut, Hand Jobs, Weddings, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Boys In Love, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-06 Words: 2,865 Chapters: 1/1

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by cosmicloving

Summary

There is no universe in which Ilya Rozanov can say no to Shane Hollander.
Even when he asks him to write his wedding vows. So, he turns to Yuna Hollander for help.

Notes

had the idea of yuna helping ilya write his vows, and here we are. my second fanfic in 24 hours. i'm possessed

"We've wasted so much time. Years in denial, then years of hiding what we are to each other."

"I choose you, Ilya. I promise I will always, always choose you. Ilya Grigoryevich Rozanov, will you marry me?"

Ilya runs through that scene in his mind a lot. Shane on one knee (instead of two, like usual, but this isn't that sort of fantasy), the too-big ring in his hand, and a lot of love in his eyes. Fear too, as if Ilya would ever say no. There is no universe in which Ilya Rozanov can say no to Shane Hollander.

Even when he asks him to write his wedding vows.

Shane is pacing in front of where Ilya sits at the foot of their bed. Anya is starting to get restless. "Moya lyubov, relax. Please, Anya," Ilya says, gesturing to the dog, who is also pacing the room.

"The wedding is in a week. We have not talked about vows. Or who is officiating. Or anything!" Shane exclaims.

"That is not true," Ilya certifies. "We have food, guests, rings, and…" With this, he gets up and wraps his arms around Shane from behind. "Each other. Isn't that all we need?"

Shane shrugs him off and turns to look at the grinning Russian. With a straight face, he says, "No, Ilya. We need an officiant to get married. Someone who is ordained."

"Okay, fine. We ask a friend to be *ordained,* and they do it. Is simple."

That shut Shane up. He finally sits down on the bed, and Ilya follows. "That could work." Shane looks at his fiancé. "Who should we ask?"

"I bet Harris would do it. Speaks well. I can ask him."

Shane drops his head between his knees and lets out a sigh of relief. "Okay, that's one thing." He straightens back up, a new worry crossing his features. "But what about vows? Do you…"

"Do I what?"

"Should we write our own vows?" Shane looks almost nervous.

"I think yes," Ilya says simply. He doesn't see why not. Like Shane said when he proposed, they've had to hide their feelings for so many years. Why not be all sappy and share their love with their friends and family?

Shane's face lights up. Ilya smiles a little. He loves making Shane happy. "I just didn't know… I know you don't like public speaking," Shane explains.

Ilya turns to straddle Shane, wrapping him in a hug. “Always looking out for me,” he says in Shane’s ear. “Spasibo.” He then kisses his way down his fiancé’s neck, then his torso, and, shifting himself to the floor, all the way down to his dick, covered by a pair of black joggers. He looks into the dark eyes watching him from above. “Let me look out for you now, yes?”

Shane nods his head. Ilya doesn’t waste a second, already pulling Shane’s semi-hard cock out and giving it a few firm strokes. Now fully hard, Shane begins to whimper at Ilya’s touch. He grabs Ilya’s curls to pull him down, but Ilya has other plans. He takes a second to spit on Shane’s length, then continues to stroke him lazily.

“I think my vows will go something like this…” Ilya starts. Shane tries to grab his chin to stop him, but Ilya swerves away from his hand. He stands up, still jerking Shane off, and pushes the other boy down on the bed. He continues, “*Hello, friends and family. I love Shane Hollander. Almost as much as he loves it when I–*”

“You asshole! Just suck my dick already!” Shane cuts him off.

Ilya pulls his hand away and wags his finger. “Oh, no. Not with that attitude.” If looks could kill, Ilya’s head would have exploded by now. Shane’s face rivals the one he pulled at the cottage when Ilya suggested marrying Svetlana. “Maybe ask nicely.”

“*Please*, suck my dick, Ilya.”

Ilya smiles and lowers himself, happy to oblige.

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The truth is, while Ilya agreed to write his own vows, he does need some help. Help from somebody else who loves Shane and knows him to his core. He could ask Hayden, but *God*, that is the *last* person Ilya wants to ask. Rose could also help. Shane confides in her about a lot of things; very few know him like Ilya and Rose do.

Ilya decides that his best option is Yuna. No one knows a person quite like their mother. *Or, no one knows a mother quite like their son,* Ilya thinks, remembering how similarly he feels to his mother sometimes.

Ilya: Can I come over today?

Yuna: Of course! Is Shane coming with you?

Yuna: David and I are making homemade pizzas for dinner. I have enough dough for both of you

Ilya: Just me. I need help writing vows

Ilya: I will definitely make pizza. Thank you <3

Yuna: See you tonight <3

He sends another text to Harris.

Ilya: Need a favor. Can you say the things at our wedding?

Harris: The things?

Ilya: You know, Ilya do you take Shane to blah blah blah

Harris: Officiate?

Ilya: YES!

Harris: Yeah dude, I'd be honored to. I'm already ordained

Harris: *picture of ordination certificate*

Ilya screenshots this and sends it to Shane, who responds with a "Thank you <3".

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Ilya throws the car into park and makes his way up Yuna and David's front steps. He knocks once, then opens the door and announces himself. Yuna's head pops around the corner. "We're in here!" she calls.

Ilya makes his way to the kitchen, where he finds Yuna and David, both wearing aprons and covered in flour. Yuna tosses him an apron and points to a pile of dough on the counter next to her. There's a rolling pin to the right of the dough. Ilya washes his hands, then Yuna helps him tie his apron. He gives them two thumbs up and a grin before starting on his pizza.

Yuna has every topping and sauce imaginable, so Ilya makes a BBQ chicken pizza with pineapple. "Pineapple, are you kidding?" David says, making a face.

Ilya looks down at his pizza, which is covered in veggies. "At least I'm not going to turn into the Green Giant," he quips.

Yuna snickers and chimes in, "Pineapple on pizza is actually pretty good."

With a grin, Ilya swings an arm around her. "Great taste, Yuna." She smiles back.

"Traitor," David mutters, grabbing the pizzas and stalking off to throw the pies in his new pizza oven. Yuna and Ilya sit down to take care of business.

"As you know, my English is good, but I still struggle to find the right words. Especially when it comes to my feelings for Shane," Ilya starts. "Also, I just don't really know where to start."

"How about this?" Yuna says, grabbing Ilya's phone and prompting him to unlock it. He does, and she pulls up his voice memos. "You tell me about Shane, why you love him, how you feel about marrying him. We'll record it, listen back, and build your vows off that."

Ilya could launch across the table and squeeze Yuna in the tightest hug ever. He knew she would be the person for the job. She always knows exactly how to handle a situation. Even a few years ago, when David caught him and Shane at the cottage, Yuna was immediately drafting a PR plan in her head.

Ilya hits record and begins: “Most of life, I have felt alone. The only person who has always been there for me is Svetlana. My mother left me. My father and brother never cared about me. I had a hole inside me, sometimes is still there.” He pauses to swallow. This got dark fast. Yuna reaches out and grabs his hand. She gives it a squeeze, a reminder that he’s safe.

“Shane and I met, and I couldn’t get his annoying freckles out of my head. Then, we started seeing each other, and it got even harder. A lot of shit happened in between then and us becoming boyfriends. Like when he tried to convince himself that he wasn’t in love with me by dating Rose Landry, which was absolutely unnecessary and caused me a lot of pain.” He rolled his eyes at this part. “We got there, though. And now we are getting married, and I will never be able to get those damn freckles out of my head.”

Yuna has tears in her eyes. “I don’t know how I’m going to make it through the actual wedding if I’m crying already,” she says.

Ilya grabs her a tissue, which she uses to dab her eyes, then he continues: “Now, I don’t only have Svetlana. I have Shane. I have you and David. I have the Centaurs. Without Shane, I have none of this. I don’t know what I would do without his love.

“I love everything about him, even his meltdowns over small things. Like wedding vows.” This earns another smile out of Yuna. “He cares deeply about the things and people he loves. Would do anything for them. Never turn his back. What is the word for that?” Ilya searches.

“Loyal,” Yuna offers.

“Yes. He is so loyal. One of his best qualities.” Ilya can think of a few more, but he’ll save those for the real vows. “Sometimes I can’t believe we actually made it here.”

“It’s definitely been quite the journey,” Yuna agrees. The two continue talking about Shane and Ilya, eventually writing the actual vows. David comes back in with the pizzas as they’re finishing up.

“God, this is *delicious*,” Ilya says after taking a massive bite out of his pizza. Barbeque sauce finds its way to the corners of his mouth.

“I’m just glad I didn’t burn any of them,” David jokes. He and Yuna start recounting a time when he set the kitchen on fire. Ilya leans back in his chair and listens, a calmness settling over him. The only thing that could make this night better was if Shane were sitting next to him, holding his hand.

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Shane and Ilya’s backyard is packed full of all their friends and family. *Their* teammates. Ilya can’t wait to be on the same team as Shane — partners at home and on the ice.

Ilya approaches Svetlana, who is deep in conversation with Rose Landry. “Ladies,” he says.

Svetlana launches forward, wrapping her arms around him. “You look so handsome,” she says into his shoulder. She releases him and returns to stand beside Rose. “Rose and I have just been getting to know each other.”

“Perfect match, you two. Keep talking. I’m going to look for Shane,” Ilya says. He walks away, glancing back to see Rose laughing hard at something Svetlana said. Maybe a little too hard, but he doesn’t get to linger on that too long, because he sees Shane walking out the back door. His breath hitches, and time stops. Shane meets his eyes and breaks out in a smile. They walk towards each other, smiling like idiots.

“Hi,” Shane says once they reach one another.

“Ready to do this?” Ilya says, extending his hand towards Shane’s.

Shane takes it and says, “Way past ready. Let’s go.” They walk towards the altar, signaling to Yuna that it’s time to start. She brings her fork to her champagne glass four times to get everyone’s attention. Harris makes his way to the altar, and the wedding begins.

When it’s time to exchange vows, Ilya’s hands are shaking, just a little bit, but Shane notices and takes Ilya’s in his own. He gives them a quick squeeze, then relinquishes his grip. They both locate their vows, Shane’s written on an index card, Ilya’s on the back of a receipt. Shane rolls his eyes at this. But his annoyance doesn’t last long.

“Ilya, you make me feel safe and comfortable in a way nothing ever has before,” Shane begins. The weight of his words almost knocks Ilya over. Maybe they should have done private vows. There’s no way they both don’t walk away crying. “With you, I feel unstoppable. You remind me of who I am when I need it.” Ilya’s mind jumps to the trophy room, where he reminded Shane of exactly who he is. “And you make me a better person, a better hockey player. You make me better. I love you and your stupid jokes and your accent. Not so much the dirty laundry you leave on the floor, but everyone has their vices.” Everyone laughs at this. Shane Hollander making a joke in his wedding vows. He’ll pay for that one later. “So, thank you for marrying me and making yourself my problem forever,” he finishes.

Ilya was right; they’re both crying already. “Only you would thank me in your wedding vows, Hollander.” He takes a deep breath. His turn. He can do this. “Shane Hollander, you and your stupid freckles had me hooked since day one. For a long time, we both tried to pretend. Like you didn’t like my curls, and I didn’t like your freckles. But we clearly did a horrible job of pretending, and after a few detours…” Ilya turns to look at Rose, and Shane shakes his head. “...we made it here. Since we’re *here*, I figured I’d list a few of your best qualities.”

Shane shakes his head harder. “Ilya,” he warns.

“Ah, you had your time. This is mine. Your best quality is…” He pauses for dramatic effect. “...your ass. So firm.” Everyone laughs, even Shane. “But a close second is your loyalty. You would do anything for the people you love. And I am just so grateful to be on the receiving end of that love, because I have not always had that.” He starts to choke up a little here and

hides his face from the crowd. Shane wipes his tears away and grabs his free hand for support. “I have not always had that, but you have given me a family and everyone here with us today. Ya tebya lyublyu. Vechno i navsegda.” *I love you. Forever and always.* Ilya folds the receipt and tucks it away.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Shane parrots.

Harris guides them through the ring exchange and completes the ceremony with: “I do hereby pronounce you, Shane and Ilya, married. Kiss your damn husband!”

Both men spring forward, their lips colliding. They grab each other’s faces to steady themselves. Their friends are cheering behind them, but neither man can hear them. Only the other exists.

Coming back down to earth, Ilya takes a second to swing Shane down into a dip, catching him completely off guard. When he is vertical again, Shane gives Ilya a playful slap on the arm. They link hands and rejoin their friends. Everyone is hugging them, congratulating them. Champagne is passed around. Someone turns on music, more champagne appears, and disappears.

Shane and Ilya don’t let go of each other’s hands once.

Eventually, Rose and Svetlana push the newlyweds onto the dance floor. “You have to have a first dance!” Rose exclaims.

“I don’t dance,” Shane says, even though he had just been dancing.

“Shut up, Shane. What song do you want?” Rose pushes.

“I have perfect song,” Ilya says, grinning. “When I Look At You by Miley Cyrus.”

Svetlana whistles. “Oh, that *is* perfect,” she says.

“Are you a Nicholas Sparks fan, Ilya?” Rose asks.

“Oh, yes. So romantic. *The Notebook*, made me cry. So did *The Last Song*.”

“Of course they did. They’re devastating,” Rose replies over her shoulder as she and Svetlana head to the DJ station, a.k.a. Svetlana’s phone attached to a giant speaker.

The beginning notes of ‘When I Look At You’ begin to flow out of the speaker. Ilya reaches for Shane, wrapping his left arm around Shane’s lower back and grabbing his right hand. Shane does the same, and they sway to the music.

They’ve both had enough champagne that they just let the music consume them. They’ve never been very good at words anyway, so sometimes it’s better to let someone else do the talking. This time, it’s Miley Cyrus, saying everything that they’re feeling.

You love me for who I am, like the stars hold the moon. Right there where they belong, and I know I’m not alone.

Yeah, when my world is falling apart, when there's no light to break up the dark, that's when I look at you.

When the song ends, Ilya lazily kisses Shane, who looks like he's about to fall over. In fact, Ilya feels like he might. "Let's sneak away for a second," he suggests.

Shane nods eagerly, and they make their way inside to the bedroom. Shane immediately drops to his knees and begins to pull down Ilya's pants.

Ilya can't help but stare at his husband, *his husband*, working his magic. How did he get so lucky? No man could ever be as lucky as Ilya Rozanov. Well, except maybe Shane Hollander.

You appear just like a dream to me. Just like Kaleidoscope colors that cover me, all I need, every breath that I breathe. Don't you know you're beautiful?

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