

Never enough

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Never enough

by [grampa_sweater](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane's wedding day, followed by some honeymoon fluff and smut

Notes

They are so special to me y'all I'm going insane

Any spelling and grammar errors will be fixed tomorrow, it's late rn and I don't have the energy to reread this and check

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

Svetlana walked in just as the nerves began to shake Ilya, as if he had a sixth sense for it.

When he turned around to face her, she whistled. "I told you that suit was better. Italian cut is best."

Ilya chuckled. "Yes, yes. You're always right and you're an angel and bla bla bla."

"Exactly." She laughed, then set aside the box she had carried in, a medium sized black, velvet box with a golden ribbon, and stepped closer to straighten his tie and adjust his hair. "There. Perfect."

"Thank you." Ilya said softly. In any other situation they would've started joking around, throwing jabs and comments back and forth until they just dissolved into laughter, but this time it was different.

Svetlana gave him a long hug, holding on tight. He hugged her back, enjoying the moment more than he could describe. It meant the world that she was there, because otherwise he would've felt so alone.

Of course he had Shane, he was about to have him on paper as well, they were about to share a last name, and he had his friends, and they were all waiting to witness what was the best day of Ilya's life, but Svetlana was someone so special to him.

She had been by his side as long as he could remember. They learned to walk by holding onto one another, they used to sneak around and steal sweets they knew they weren't supposed to have, Ilya had carried Svetlana home when she had broken her ankle as a child, Svetlana stood by him at his mother's funeral.

For a long, awfully long time, she was his lifeline. The only light in endless darkness. And even when his life, which used to be a never ending night, turned into day, she never lost her shine.

Ilya loved Shane more than words could describe, loved him the same way everything living loved the Sun, but he loved Svetlana too, in the same way someone who was once prisoner loved their freedom.

Thankfully, Shane understood that. After some struggles in communication, Ilya had finally managed to describe how important Svetlana was to him. He had told Shane that had it not been for her, Ilya was sure he would have ended up like his mother.

Understanding, it was something Ilya didn't get often, and Shane was so full of it. So full of light and love and everything good in the world. And by some miracle, he was Ilya's.

He wasn't sure how he had deserved it all, but he would sooner be damned than give it up. Shane was right there, just down the hallway, waiting for the big moment with same anticipation.

Ilya wanted to go to him, to check if he was alright, to hold him and never let go, but it would have to wait just a little bit longer.

He found himself remembering the fact that Shane had been the one to propose. It meant so much in that moment, it meant so much now. Because Ilya knew that he was wanted, needed, loved. It meant the world, actually.

Shane had set off a dream in him, and now that dream was becoming reality.

"I have something for you." Svetlana tugged at his arm, leading him to sit on the couch, then she brought over the velvet box, placed it on his lap, and sat down beside him. "I got you two a wedding present, but this is for you."

Ilya gave her a puzzled look before undoing the ribbon and opening the lid. Inside the box, on a satin cushion, sat a framed painting. Small enough to fit onto a nightstand or a coffee table. It was an oil painting, with thick brush strokes and paint piled on generously.

It depicted Ilya in the very suit he wore in that moment, and beside him his mother, in a dress that matched the navy blue of his suit, smiling proudly. She was just like he remembered her, just like in the photos, just like she used to be. And she was happy.

Tears welled up in Ilya's eyes and fell before he even registered it, and he tried to pull himself together, but Svetlana just placed a hand on his back. "Don't. It's better to let it out."

"How did you-" he started but trailed off, tears still falling as he looked at his mother's familiar face.

"I have a friend that's an artist. I sent her the photo of you from the suit fitting, and as many photos of Irina as I could find from the albums." Svetlana explained. "Since you can't have a photo with her, I thought this would be nice."

Ilya pulled her into a bone crushing hug, he couldn't force himself to speak, in neither language he knew, so he just hoped the gesture was enough to convey his feeling.

Luckily, it did, since Svetlana hugged him back, rubbing a hand over his back. "I know."

After Ilya calmed down, he let Svetlana wipe his face before getting up. "Wait."

Svetlana gave him a puzzled look as he crossed the room, opened a drawer and took out a jewelry box. She recognized it, it was Irina's. Ilya had taken it after her death, hid it from his brother so he wouldn't sell anything, hid it from his father so he wouldn't give anything to his mistresses.

"Ilya." She started.

Ilya found what he was looking for, a necklace. A beautiful gold necklace with red gemstones, evenly spaced between each other, and one just slightly larger piece in the middle.

The necklace used to be Svetlana's favourite thing Irina ever wore, whenever they were set to go to some function, or event, or whatever else they used to attend, Irina used to let Svetlana

and Ilya pick out her jewelry, and Svetlana would always gravitate towards that particular necklace.

"You can't." Svetlana said.

"I can do whatever I want." Ilya said and unclasped the necklace. "Come on."

"I can't then."

"Yes you can. Hair up."

Svetlana slowly gathered her hair up and let Ilya put the necklace on her. "Just for today then."

"No." Ilya shook his head. "Is yours now."

She turned to face him. "Ilya."

"Nothing Ilya. It looks good on you. And she would want you to have it."

"You already gave me the earrings." Svetlana pointed out, referring to the pair Ilya had given her before he left for Boston.

"I went through that box more times than I put on skates." Ilya pointed out. "I know I gave you the earrings. Now I'm giving you this."

"Fuck you. I can't cry." Svetlana sniffled, dabbing at her eyes. "This isn't waterproof."

"Since when you wear makeup that's not waterproof?" He laughed.

"Since I matched my makeup to your wedding colour scheme thank you very much." Svetlana smacked his shoulder.

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In the room only two doors down, Hayden watched his best friend fidget and squirm.

"Man, you look like you're about to be shot, not get married." He pointed out.

"It needs to be perfect." Shane huffed. "I need to be perfect."

"As much as I hate to say this, I think you're perfect to him no matter what you do." Hayden pointed out, then took a hold of Shane's shoulders to get him to stand still. "Come on, think of it like a hockey game."

Shane chuckled. "How?"

"You know, you're the players, the altar or whatever is the goal, the rings are the puck. That kind of stuff."

"Am I interrupting?" Rose peaked her head through the door.

"No." Shane assured her.

"Actually, just in time. Come on, we need to give him a pep talk." Hayden dragged her into the room and closed the door.

Rose laughed, then took a better look at Shane. "Someone looks edible."

"Ahh!" Hayden covered his ears. "Please, no sexual innuendos about Rozanov eating my best friend."

That made both Shane and Rose laugh out loud. Even with years to get used to it, Hayden never really processed the fact that Shane let Ilya do virtually whatever he wanted to him.

"Pep talk!" Rose clapped her hands to gather her thoughts. "First, I'm pretty sure you're not the only one freaking out. Second, you've literally planned every last detail for today."

"And you've got no one to blow it. You know, no huge wedding party and some random drunk uncle to look after." Hayden added.

Shane nodded along. They were all good points, and Hayden and Rose trying to help did mean a lot. But no one truly knew how to help him like Ilya, no one knew him like Ilya.

And something that brought him comfort was the knowledge that Ilya was right there. In a room just two doors down, probably as freaked out as he was.

They didn't plan anything huge. A wedding reception at the cottage, which had been Ilya's idea. Everything was set up outside, and the weather was nice to them.

Everything added up to less than thirty people. Their teammates, Hayden with Jackie and the kids, Svetlana and Rose, and some of Shane's family. His grandparents flew in from Japan, and his grandmother on his dad's side came with a man she'd met in her retirement home. Along with that, there was Shane's uncle with his family. He didn't have much of a relationship with the man, but his mom was rather close with her brother, so they were invited mainly for her.

It saddened him that the only person there who could be counted as being from 'Ilya's side', so to say, was Svetlana, but Ilya had assured him that it didn't bother him.

Still, Shane had made sure there was an empty spot next to his parents, where Irina would've sat if she had been there.

To make sure Ilya knew who it was for, Shane had a small golden cross placed onto the back of the chair, like the one on Ilya's necklace.

"You know, he's the one who should be freaking out more." Rose pointed out. "He gets to marry the coolest guy ever, he's lucky."

Shane chuckled. "You're overdoing it now."

"Like hell she is." Hayden interfered.

"So." Rose looked him up at down. "Your dad's tie is something old, no offense to David. Something new is the pocket square, right?"

Hayden nodded.

"Something borrowed?"

Shane shook his head. "We didn't really do that whole thing."

"I know, but I'm doing it now to distract you. And lucky you, because I've got your something borrowed right here." She went to her purse and dug around for a little before producing, of all things, a pair of earrings.

Shane had gotten his ears pierced a little while back, following Ilya's little spree of getting his tongue, brow and ears pierced, with ears being done multiple times. After looking at everything for so long, Shane had started imagining how the jewelry would look on him, and after Ilya remarked it would look amazing, he went and got his ears pierced.

Nothing as bold or dramatic as Ilya's all gold jewelry stack, but just the simplest possible ear piercing, and he wore simple silver studs most of the time.

The ones Rose held up were silver studs as well, but had diamonds on the front, held there by four geometric prongs.

"Rose." Shane started.

"You need something borrowed, come on." She urged, already reaching for the simple earrings still in his ears.

"Just stop fighting it." Hayden advised.

And Shane did, he sat down and let Rose take out the old earrings before putting in her own. She placed his old ones onto the dresser and stepped back. "Perfect. And something blue?"

Hayden took a hold of Shane's arm and held it up to show Rose the cufflinks, which had blue gemstones embedded in them. "I helped him pick them out."

Rose laughed fondly at the pride radiating from Hayden. "They're amazing."

"Right?" He grinned.

"I feel like a doll and you two are playing dress up." Shane pointed out.

"You love us." Both of them said.

Of course he loved them, they were his best friends. Hayden who was the first on his old team to react out, who never seemed bothered by Shane's flat affect or weird little things he did, who stood by him even when Montreal turned his back on him. Rose who was the first person he came out to, the one who helped him figure it all out, who stayed by him ever since.

He was extremely grateful to have them, to have supportive parents, to have grown up knowing that somebody was always in his corner. Especially after seeing on Ilya what it meant to be alone.

That hurt him so much, the fact that someone as good and as loving as Ilya hadn't been loved the way he deserved.

"No, no, no, no crying." Rose gasped when she noticed tears slowly filling Shane's eyes. "Come on, don't crying on your own wedding day."

Hayden froze up, but only for a second, before he went and pulled Shane into a hug, then reached an arm out and pulled Rose in as well. "Man, you can't cry. If you start crying then I'll cry."

That made Shane laugh, and he took a few seconds to get himself together before letting go. "Thanks, both of you."

Yuna walked in with Jade and Ruby, both dressed in adorable little sliver dresses. "Shane, where are the rings?"

"Right." Shane went to the dresser and took out the little heart shaped pillow that had two rings laid neatly on top, tied together with a white, silk ribbon. They were each made of two bands, one gold and one silver, welded together, with engravings of the other's name on the inside.

"We won't drop them." Jade smiled brightly.

Ruby matched her smile. "We promise."

Shane gave them a smile and handed over the pillow. "Oh I know, you're not as clumsy as your dad."

The twins giggled, and Hayden rolled his eyes. "Very funny."

"Everyone ready?" David walked in as well, looked Shane up and down, and smiled. "Damn, you wear that tie better than me."

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Since everything was timed perfectly, Shane didn't have to stand alone at the altar a single moment longer than absolutely necessary. Well, not entirely alone, Hayden stood behind him, but it still felt off.

But all the noise of the world fell away as soon as he spotted Ilya walking towards him. Svetlana at his arm, it struck Shane how proud she looked, and he was once again thankful Ilya had had her all this time.

Once they made it to the altar, she took her place behind Ilya, all the while giving Shane a soft smile. Kind, but also warning, one that told Shane to count himself lucky.

And he knew he was lucky, because looking at the man in front of him, it felt like a star had dropped from the heavens and fell right into his arms.

Truth be told, Shane didn't remember the ceremony at all, he became so enamored with Ilya that he only snapped out of it when he heard the word 'kiss' being spoken.

And only then did he realized he had been waiting for that word with baited breath, because as soon as he felt Ilya's mouth on his, he felt like he could finally breathe again.

After that, he floated through the whole day in a daze. In a good way, like everything had been wrapped in a soft blanket, and everything took on a sort of soft glow.

Ilya didn't let them be separated, except for when the photographer took pictures of them individually, and then of Shane with his parents, of Ilya with Svetlana.

But save for those few moments, Ilya was always with him. Always a gentle hand on the small of his back.

It was all truly lovely, but both of them would be lying if they said they weren't waiting for the evening so they could be off onto their honeymoon.

As for the honeymoon, Ilya didn't know where they were going, since Shane wanted it to be a surprise.

He knew that Ilya had many travel destinations he wanted to visit, so Shane arranged for a month long trip where they would go to as many of Ilya's dream destinations as possible. Of course Shane threw in a few things for himself, since he knew Ilya would be upset if he didn't, but he really tried to make the trip about making Ilya feel special.

All that being said, their trip started with a week in the Maldives where Shane planned for nothing other than lots of sex in their room at Waldorf Astoria.

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Waking up at one of the most beautiful locations in the world with the most beautiful man in the world in his arms made Ilya smiled as soon as he opened his eyes.

It was the third day of their honeymoon, and they haven't really done anything since they couldn't keep their hands off of each other for long enough to decide to do anything.

They had expected their intense sex drive to fade or at least slow down after such a long time together, but it hadn't, and it had been amplified by the simple fact that they were now married.

Ilya looked down at Shane's hand resting on the pillow by his head, the shining band around his ring finger blinking in the early morning sun, and he smiled again.

"You seem happy." Shane mumbled with a teasing smile.

"How can I not be?" Ilya asked simply before kissing his husband. "You are perfect."

Shane felt a blush creeping up his face. "Says the slavic doll."

Ilya cringed at the term, then laughed. "Never say anything like that again."

"What?" Shane laughed. "You're tall, blonde, blue eyes, you have-"

He was cut off by Ilya kissing in. "Shut up, please."

They laughed for a little while, basking in the sun and each other's presence before Ilya's kisses went from playful to slow and sensual.

"Ilya." Shane gasped quietly when his husband's hand slowly crept down his chest, feather light touch skimming down before firming up right where Shane wanted it to.

"Shane." Ilya whispered against his neck.

"Please."

Usually, Ilya would've teased, would've drawn it out for as long as possible, but in that moment he couldn't fight the urge to give Shane exactly what he wanted. He was pretty sure he'd find a way to take down the Sun if Shane asked for it.

Both of them had a wide assortment of kinks, that much was obvious, but ever since they'd gotten there, the sex had been pretty vanilla, and both of them liked it that way for the time being.

They had the rest of their lives to explore and play around, they had done it before. Matter of fact, they'd done it the literal night before their wedding, but there was something about it being their honeymoon that made them want to slow down.

Having been going at it since they got there, it didn't take long for three of Ilya's fingers to easily slide in and out, and for Shane to start softly whining for more.

And who was Ilya to deny him. He pulled Shane closer, both of them lying on their sides, lined himself up, all the while leaving kissed along the other man's shoulders, neck, back, and thrust forward in one fluid motion, groaning at the feeling he would never, ever get enough of.

Shane moaned his name like a prayer, throwing his head back against his husband, eyes fluttering closed. He was a vision.

"You were made for pleasure." Ilya mumbled against his skin, picking up a slow, or whatever was considered slow by their standards, pace and kissing the top of Shane's head.

His husband mumbled something Ilya didn't catch, lost between moans and gasps.

"What?" His own words came out as a gasp.

"I said-" Shane tried to keep his composure, but he was already clenching around Ilya, and he couldn't bring himself to string together any more words after that.

He came with a choked sob, followed by Ilya only a second later, chanting Shane's name and holding onto him like a lifeline.

"I said." Shane started again after catching his breath, turning his head to kiss Ilya. "That I was made for you."

That simple sentence made Ilya's brain short circuit. Things like that always did. Any proclamation from Shane made his mind grind to a stop and sit there with whatever had just been said.

For the longest time, Ilya had felt like he was unlovable, cold. Even his mother, so warm and loving and bright, couldn't have kept him from the cold completely. He had seen her light go out before his very eyes, seen the last spark of her fire give way to unforgivable winter.

It was like he had been frozen and didn't even know it. At least not until that one smile, with those adorable freckles and those irresistible eyes, started slowly melting his cage away.

His walls were built so high up, brick by frozen brick he had made them, closing himself off from everyone. And then came Mr Sunshine, and chipped away at those walls without knowing, brought them down before he even realized.

"I love you." Ilya finally whispered, against his husband's lips, then repeated himself a little louder. "I love you."

Shane smiled, that beaming smile that outshined even the Sun's brightest summer day. "I love you."

End Notes

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