

Maybe Eight Years Is Enough

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by [ItsMayBiTheWay](#)

Summary

The pounding on the door is what jolts Shane awake. Instinctively he tries to jump to his feet and rush to get it, but a heavy weight around his torso and on top of his legs prevents him from moving. As consciousness slowly returns to him, breaking through the haze of his hangover—and possible still-drunken state—he realizes that he is being held by Rozanov.

“Shane Hollander, open the door, now!”

“Oh my god, oh my fucking god. Jesus fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fucking hell. That is my fucking mother.”

OR

After getting drunk at the 2016 NHL Awards, Shane Hollander wakes up married to Ilya Rozanov

Notes

Hi peeps, welcome to a new fic AND a new series!!!! Next up will be their marriage getting exposed 🙄🙄

This fic can be read as a standalone, and it is both show and book compliant!!!! (The only more book compliant thing is, in this timeline, Shane does not follow a strict performance diet the way he does in the show. He is still conscious of his choices and prefers to eat healthier options, but he does not have an eating disorder/disordered eating) It takes place two years after their initial Vegas escapades, and can be treated as a Vegas fix-it!!

Thank you to Maya, Astrid, and Chan, and my lovely girlfriend M!! Love you all so so much 💕💕

Also the drink they have is Caipirinha!!!

My other works are coming, but they are coming slowly. Thank you for your patience 💕💕

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

2016, Las Vegas

When Shane walks into the stuffy ballroom where the NHL awards are taking place, the war inside of him is well underway and fucking bloody. His mind, currently being attacked by his dick, *and regrettably* his heart, is desperately begging for him to stay the fuck away from Rozanov. His dick and traitorous heart, on the other hand, are already in command of his eyes, canvassing the room for a head of blond curls.

A booming laughter Shane would recognize even in his sleep has his eyes following the sound. When they finally reach their destination, they're met with a piercing hazel pair looking right back. Reflexively Shane averts his gaze, forcing his attention on his phone, but even as he looks away, Rozanov's burning gaze stays on him. Just as intense as it is on ice, when Rozanov has his attention on Shane off ice, it's inescapable, all-encompassing and fierce, a force that drives and determines all of Shane's actions.

With this phone lighting up, Shane forces his mind to focus on the incoming text instead of Rozanov, and turns to meet with his parents, who just let him know they've arrived.

As the night goes on—mostly forcing himself to stay with his parents—Shane eventually ends up inevitably hiding in a secluded bathroom. He braces himself on the counter, letting the cool marble bring him back to the present moment. Closing his eyes, he lets his head fall forward, his chin tucked toward his chest. When the door opens moments after him, for a second, Shane lets his shoulders rise up to his ears instead of down. He can give himself the grace of five seconds before bracing for socialization and fixing his posture into something that emulates comfort.

"I knew you would be here," a familiar, accented voice greets him before he even can open his eyes. "Always so predictable, Hollander."

"What do you want, Rozanov?" Shane asks, his voice coming out much softer than he wants it to. He finally lets himself turn toward Rozanov, and the sight before him takes Shane off guard. Rozanov who is always so closed off, reserved and cocky, perhaps even rehearsed, looks *giddy*, almost childlike.

A giggle escapes Rozanov's lips, as if being in this public restroom in an unnecessarily expensive and pretentious hotel in Vegas is all he's ever wanted. "Kiss."

"You want a what? Are you drunk? How did you even know I'd be here? Were you looking for me to fucking kiss me?"

Rozanov leans in just as Shane is listing off his questions, but instead of attacking his mouth like Shane expected, he peppers a bunch of kisses to under his eyes. "No, Hollander," he responds once he has a satisfied, and a little bit smug, expression on his face. "Russians do not get drunk. I had vodka on my- what do you give babies to suck?"

"A binky?" Shane provides.

“Ah, yes, a binky. I had vodka on my binky.” For the first time since he’s entered the bathroom, Shane sees the guarded expression come back to Rozanov’s face.

“Wait, seriously?”

“Yes. When I was a baby, crying, my father would dip my binky in vodka, so I would shut up and sleep.”

Unable to help himself, Shane closes the distance between them, placing a gentle kiss to Rozanov’s lips. When he moves to take a step back, Rozanov pulls him back, crashing their lips together. His fingers tangle in Shane’s hair, grabbing fistfuls and pulling. It takes everything in Shane to not drop to his knees then and there. “Not here,” he lets out, breathing heavily.

“I have a penthouse suite,” Rozanov mentions conversationally, his accelerated breathing and dilated pupils betraying the nonchalance of his words. “You are up for the MVP. Do you want a repeat of two years ago?”

“No.” Words leave Shane’s mouth before he can stop them. He doesn’t mean to turn Rozanov down. Fuck. He is ready to ravish the man. But the events of two years ago, the memories of the aftermath, they never invite positive feelings for Shane. The feelings of being used and discarded always bleeds into the pleasure and passion of it. The *feelings* he realized that night he has and has been trying to get rid of since then always accompany them, too. “I mean... Maybe not *exactly* like two years ago,” he tries to salvage.

“You did not like what we did?” Rozanov asks, genuine worry in his voice. “Hollander, you have to tell me if you don’t like something. We can not keep doing this if you don’t.” He looks, for the lack of better words, devastated.

“Fuck, no. Rozanov. I liked what we did. I promise,” he rushes to reassure, hoping every ounce of his honesty is bleeding into his voice. “Fuck. It was so fucking hot. I just- I wanted...”

Rozanov holds Shane’s chin in two of his fingers, gently lifting it up so they are looking eye to eye. “What did you want, Hollander? Ask, and you will get it.”

The sweet scent in Rozanov’s breath is tearing down all of Shane’s defenses. He wants to ask for a kiss; he wants to ask to be kissed all night. Fuck. Trying to deflect, he goes back to their earlier conversation. “Are you drunk?”

“I had Brazilian drink. It is very sweet. I had four. I can’t remember the name, but I will order room service for you if you win. I think you will like it. Is like ginger ale.” The longer he talks about the stupid cocktail, the wider Shane’s smile gets. He can’t help it, seeing this version of Rozanov, normally buried under layers and layers of facade, is reaching inside of his heart and squeezing. Rozanov must realize how much he’s rambling, because he eventually stops and responds to Shane’s question. “But I am not drunk, Hollander.”

“If you say so,” Shane shrugs, a warm smile still hanging off his lips. This time, when they meet for a kiss, he can’t say who leaned in first.

“So,” Rozanov says eventually, close enough that their breaths are intermingling. “If you win, you will come up to my penthouse, and I will do whatever you want, Hollander.”

“And if I lose?” Shane asks, knowing full well he has the MVP in the bag.

“You will come up to my penthouse, and you will do whatever I want.”

Pushing his luck, Shane presses. “And what is it that you want?”

“To know what you didn’t like.” The honesty in his voice feels too raw, like looking at the sun directly and feeling every bit of its heat. Trying to save himself from burning, Shane blindly searches for Rozanov’s lips again.

The kiss feels familiar like coming home, the first breath after breaking the surface. It’s warming Shane from the inside like a firepit burning in the night and cooling him down like jumping into a lake. As they separate, devastating and necessary, he keeps his eyes closed, unable to return to reality until he hears the bathroom door click shut after Rozanov.

He is so fucked.

Winning, Shane has come to learn, is not always straightforward for him. On one hand, he is happy. Of course he is happy. He works his ass off every damn day for his achievements, putting in the effort hour in and hour out. While he can acknowledge his privilege in many areas, he’s also aware nothing has been handed to him on a silver platter, he fucking worked for it. And, on a more guilty pleasure-esque note, winning MVP will mean he’ll get to control the events of tonight. He won’t be in Rozanov’s mercy, and he’s glad for it. Mostly. Partially.

On the other hand, winning means socializing, mingling, and worst of all, staying longer than he’d like to. Winning means accepting unnecessary and phony congratulations hiding envy and sharpened teeth. Winning means keeping it humble and lying through gritted teeth. Winning means not being able to get lost in everything Rozanov.

45 minutes into the afterparty, while talking to a few players from the Western conference, Shane feels more than he hears the arrival of a new message. Checking his surroundings, he discreetly pulls his phone out of his pocket.

Lily: Penthouse 1. Want to make new memories.

Lily: You are the winner. Come whenever you want

After reading those texts and sliding the phone back in his pocket, it takes everything in Shane to not bolt out of the room, climb the stairs three at a time, and stop only once he crashes into Rozanov. Instead, he schools his eager expression into a neutral one, politely nods, and excuses himself from the conversation.

It doesn’t take him much longer to locate his parents after that. He finds his mother, who is arguably much more in her element at the event than Shane is, schmoozing with people Shane doesn’t even know. His dad, a hand resting on his wife’s shoulder and a polite smile plastered on his face, looks as if completely checked out of what’s happening.

Citing the travel and the evening catching up to him, Shane bids his goodnights and promises to meet with them in the morning to try out the buffet his mother saw in a Vegas guide.

After a quick trip to the lobby to grab the room key Rozanov left for him, he is locked in like a man on a mission. A mission to ride Ilya Rozanov into the mattress. Knowing what's to come, Shane is already half hard on the elevator, quickly reaching full mast as the numbers in the little panel climbs.

Standing in front of the door, Shane hesitates between knocking and using the key, but eventually lets himself in. A stark contrast to the last time, the penthouse is illuminated in a soft golden hue. While Rozanov is nowhere to be seen, there is a large room-service trolley in the middle, carrying fresh fruits, nuts, dried seaweed snacks, and two large pitchers of cocktail and glasses.

Shane grabs a strawberry from the large plate, holds it between his thumb and index finger, and twists it. The thoughtful gesture unexpectedly knocks the breath out of him. Surely, after so many years, he's come to learn that while Rozanov is an asshole, he is actually a very thoughtful, tolerable asshole. But more than the romantic aspect of the gesture, the intimacy of being known down to his stupid snack choices, leaves him feeling raw and laid bare. Even being in bed, naked and exposed, with this ass in the air, presented to Rozanov for taking, doesn't usually make him shiver with vulnerability. All the feelings he's been trying to push down surge to the surface, threatening to come out.

The man plaguing his thoughts chooses to speak that exact moment, startling Shane and bringing him out of his thoughts. "Eager as always, huh, Hollander?" His tie discarded somewhere, collar unbuttoned, Rozanov looks like the sin incarnate while leaning against the doorway with his muscular arms crossed across his chest.

Feeling boldened by his win, Shane strides toward him. "Well, it is my big night, Rozanov." He takes a bite out of the strawberry still held in between his fingers, leans in as if to kiss him, and pushes the fruit inside of Rozanov's mouth with his tongue.

The kiss is sweet and sticky, juices mixing with both of their salivas. When Shane pulls away from the kiss, he realizes some of it is trickling down the corner of Rozanov's mouth who looks fucking *dazed*. Grabbing his neck, Shane brings their mouths closer once again, not to kiss, but to lick the strawberry tinged spit.

"Fuck, Hollander." This time it's Rozanov crashing their mouths together, grabbing fistfuls of his jacket. He tears himself away as if it's the hardest thing he's ever done, then looks at Shane. "You won. Tell me what you want."

"I don't know," Shane answers honestly. What does he want? He wants Rozanov, that is for sure. He wants to get fucked, and get fucked hard, maybe so hard he won't be able to sit down properly for days, carrying a reminder of their time together. He wants something to carry him off over the summer. When it was his turn to pick, Rozanov was so certain of what he wanted. He wanted a show, he wanted detachment. The memories of their last time in Vegas washes over, souring his mood. He wants to erase that.

“What is it, Hollander?” With his hands on Shane, Rozanov looks serious, still debauched and every bit of sex god he is, but serious. “You are thinking of last time and what you didn’t like.” It’s not a question. It’s a simple observation that undoes Shane’s resolve.

“I did like it,” Shane reflexively objects. Because, fuck, he did like it. He loved putting on a show for Rozanov. He felt powerful and sexy and desirable. Knowing, seeing, witnessing how he affects Rozanov as much as Rozanov affects him is a high Shane is sure not even the most powerful drugs can supply. He just wanted something more after, someone to catch him when he was coming off of that high. He just wanted to not crash into the ground. He walks toward the little room service cart, pours himself a glass of the cocktail in the pitchers, then decides to be brave. “I just didn’t like the *after*.”

“Ah,” Rozanov shakes his head as if just the word “after” explained everything.

When he doesn’t comment or elaborate further, Shane decides to do so himself. “I just felt, I don’t know, cold? Like I know what we do is very detached and isolated, it has to be devoid of any tenderness, but the way that night ended made me feel untethered.”

“Hollander,” he pleads, his brows furrowed. “Too many big words. I am not sober enough.”

“So you are drunk!” Shane points an accusatory finger at him, allowing the smile to tug at his lips. “I thought,”—clearing his throat, he puts on a Russian accent—“Russians did not do this.”

“You know what, Hollander?” Quickly, Rozanov grabs a throw pillow from the couch and chucks it at Shane who catches it with his free hand.

Placing his glass on the closest flat surface, Shane starts chasing him around the room with the pillow at hand. Rozanov jumps over an ottoman, trying to cut a corner and juke Shane, but Shane rolls over the unnecessarily large coffee table and manages to hit him a few times.

A delighted chuckle alongside a squeal leaves Rozanov’s lips. He freezes on the spot, covering his mouth with a hand, looking at Shane like a deer in headlights. Both of them crack at the same time. They find themselves on the couch, a tangle of limbs, laughing until they both have tears in their eyes.

Once they catch their breaths, Shane moves to get up, maybe drink a little more, or do *anything* to put some distance between them, the lines of whatever they are blurring between feeling their age in this playfulness and laughing so carelessly; but strong arms wrap themselves around him, squeezing tight and pulling him in.

Rozanov places a kiss on top of his head, then one on his temple. “More cuddles and kisses after sex for my Hollander. Noted.” Then he lets go of Shane while the words *my Hollander* are still echoing in his mind, moving to pour both of them glasses.

With the glasses in hand, Rozanov goes to stand in front of Shane who is still sprawled on the couch. Shane sits up straighter on the edge of the cushions, places two of his hands on Rozanov’s lower back, pulls him closer, and nuzzles his crotch over the thin fabric of his tuxedo pants. “You.”

“Me what?” Rozanov asks, his head falling back as Shane mouths him. The glasses precariously dangle from his fingers as his grip loosens under Shane’s ministrations.

Gently grazing his teeth over the fabric and making Rozanov tremble, Shane takes his glass, downs the liquid in one go, and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. “I want you. I won, and I want you. You want me too, right? Show me just how much, Rozanov. Put on a fucking show for me.”

Rozanov leans over and licks a broad stripe to the column of Shane’s neck, cleaning the cocktail that dripped out of his mouth, then goes on to drink his own. “I will get us refills. Then, I will go to the bedroom, take my clothes off for you. I will give you a perfect show, Hollander. Then I will lay still and have you sit on my face. I will eat you out until you cry and come all over me. And then, I will fuck you however you want. Sounds good?”

Fuck. Shane might be fucking salivating. He is hard in his pants, painfully so, and he feels dizzy with want. “I want to ride you,” he manages, his mouth completely dry.

“Fuck. Fuck, Hollander. Fucking anything you want.”

While Rozanov goes to pour them drinks, Shane heads to the ostentatious bedroom. Unbuttoning his shirt and taking off his belt and shoes, he settles on the lounge chair. Feeling bolder than usual, he also unbuttons his pants as well.

A few moments later Rozanov walks in with two glasses in one hand and the other carrying a plate of assorted fruit. He places his phone on the little entertainment unit in the bedroom and starts playing music. Shane’s initial confusion leads way to pure liquid desire when he realizes Rozanov is actually putting on a fucking show for him. His hips are swaying seductively to the sultry tones of the music, his hands dancing over his pecks and playing with his nipples while deftly unbuttoning the rest of his shirt.

Once the front of his shirt hangs open, Rozanov pushes the sides of his shirt back with dramatic flare and throws his head back, letting his lips fall open with an “uh.” He immediately looks up at Shane with an exaggerated smirk.

“You are ridiculous,” Shane muses, enjoying not only the absolute fucking smokeshow of this man giving him a private striptease show, but also how incredibly silly and carefree and fun he is. The song slightly changes, the sounds of the violin slowly fading, a sultry voice starting to sing, and Shane finds himself asking, for the first time, why is he not listening to more music.

Rozanov must realize his attention being drawn to the song because he informs Shane of the artist. “Music is nice, yes? I am embarrassed for you, Hollander. Fabian Salah is a Canadian treasure, how do you not know him?” His voice comes out light and teasing, but his actions carry the lust going: grabbing a piece of pineapple from the plate, straddling Shane, and feeding it to him.

Shane starts chewing, too preoccupied with how Rozanov is grinding down on his lap to pay attention to how the fruit is tasting or what kind it is for that matter. For all he knows, he

could be eating shards of glass. But then Rozanov pushes down on Shane's bottom lip with his thumb and licks into his mouth.

Once, during a quick blowjob in a cramped hotel shower, Rozanov has told him that he has ruined Shane for all men. At this moment, Shane can confidently admit he was right. He grabs handfuls of the ass that's gyrating on top of him and pushes their crotches together. A series of Russian expletives fall from Rozanov's lips which Shane greedily swallows.

Without getting up, or even breaking the rhythm, Rozanov takes off his shirt and with a swift flick of his wrists flings it over Shane's neck and uses it to pull him in for a kiss. Using the leverage he has with the shirt, he rises to his knees, then grabs the filled glass. "Open your mouth."

Shane quickly scrambles to obey, his mouth falling open, tongue automatically rolling out.

The reverberations of Rozanov's moan rattles Shane's ribs. "You will fucking kill me, Hollander." He brings their mouths close and starts pouring, both of them drinking and getting splashed with the sweet and sour liquid. "But is your night, yes? I should spoil you."

Shane cannot even dream how much more he can be spoiled, but doesn't protest. He lets Rozanov hold his nape and bring his mouth to his abs this time, his cheek resting on Rozanov's left adonis. Watching Rozanov pour the cocktail in between his pecks, the liquid traversing the valley of his abs is so mesmerizing, for a second Shane forgets that he is supposed to drink.

"Swallow," Rozanov commands and Shane immediately follows. "Good boy."

For a second, Shane thinks he will die, and he can't even bring himself to feel any remorse over it. He has been a good son and friend; he has won two Stanley Cups; he has memorized every inch of Ilya Rozanov's skin. He's lived a good fucking life. Here, in this dimly lit hotel room, he can die in ways in which he has denied himself for so long—wrapped up in love and lust for this infuriating, gorgeous, enigma of a man.

The song goes on; Rozanov gets up. He dances and circles his hips, thrusting as he takes off the remainder of his clothes. He drinks some more and slightly stumbles before plopping down on the bed, propped up on his elbows and pillows.

"Do you want to watch me jerk off, Hollander? Tell you what I think when I jerk off? Do you want me to play with my balls? Or my hole?" When Shane's jaw hits the fucking floor, a free, unguarded laughter shakes Rozanov. "I fuck you for years, I suck your dick and lick your balls, and you still are surprised I play with my hole, Hollander? That is very homophobic of you."

The drinks must be stronger than Shane initially thought, because he doesn't even realize what he's saying before words leave his mouth. "Fuck you, asshole. I can't be homophobic if I'm gay."

For a second Rozanov's expression softens; a gentle nod of his head silently thanks him. "Maybe you are biphobic then, being an asshole." Then he abruptly jumps to his feet on the

bed, his hands cupping his mouth. “Everyone must know this. Everyone, Shane Hollander is an asshole.”

Shane lunges forward, tackling him to the bed. He tries to yell “Shut up,” but everything gets drowned out in their laughter. His entire body shakes with the power of it, but the sound morphes into a moan when Rozanov’s uncovered dick rubs against his clothed one. “Fuck. I need to come, please.” His hips start grinding with abandon, need taking over his entire body as Rozanov pushes his hips up. “Please, Rozanov. Fuck.”

Rozanov does a quick work of his pants and yanks it down with his underwear, freeing Shane’s dick. Shane straddles Rozanov on the bed, then holds his hand out for him to spit, grabbing both of their lengths. The immediate relief he feels is heavenly. He quickly picks up the pace, stroking both of them simultaneously. The precome gathered on his tip makes the glide of his hand that much smoother, making both of them pant and groan.

Words tumble out of Shane more and more quickly as he comes closer and closer to his release. “Fuck. I fucking love this so much. You—*uh, uh, uh*—underneath me, face slack. God your lips. I need them—” Rozanov’s lips crash into him, the kiss breaking shortly when both of their breaths accelerate. “Are you gonna come for me, Rozanov?”

“Fuckin. Make. Me.” Rozanov grits out, fucking into Shane’s fist. Tightening his grip, Shane twists his wrist on an upstroke, rising up to the challenge. Hot come spurting from Rozanov’s tip covers both of them, Rozanov shaking underneath him. Shane doesn’t stop the movement, hurtling toward his own release. “Oh, fuck. Fuck. Shane....”

Hearing his name on Rozanov’s tongue is what pushes Shane over the edge. “Ilya,” he breathes, repeating the word like a prayer.

“Shane. Fuck, Shane.” Ilya’s grip on Shane is borderline too much, as if Shane might get up and leave, as if Shane could even think of being anywhere that’s not Ilya’s arms. “Fuck. I need to fuck you, Shane. I need to fuck you, now. Want to feel you on my cock.”

A broken moan leaves Shane’s lips, his hips moving on their own accord. His soft cock twitches in a feeble attempt. “Jesus, fuck, okay.” He scrambles to reach for the nightstand, his coordination thrown out the window by the copious amounts of alcohol he’s consumed. Plopping down on his back, Shane closes his eyes for a second to stop the room from spinning.

“Are you drunk, Hollander?” Ilya teases, but he doesn’t seem to be faring any better, laying on the bed, limbs carelessly thrown around. But being the asshole he is, even in his inebriated state, he pinches Shane’s side, making him yelp. “C’mon, Hollander, get the lube. Don’t you want me to fuck you?”

“Fuck you,” Shane retorts, knowing it’s a weak comeback at best. “You got me drunk, and you’re being an asshole right now when you’re the one who was literally begging to fuck me two seconds ago. You get the lube.”

“Hollander... Shane... Please get the lube.” His hands find Shane’s body once again, gently squeezing. “You would do a much better job. You are the better lube getter. The best lube

getter.”

“Nice try,” Shane snorts. “Flattery won’t get you everywhere. But you are welcome to try some more.”

In lieu of a response, Ilya just groans and buries his face in the crook of Shane’s neck. “Put one leg on the floor, will stop the room spinning.”

“I am not drunk,” Shane argues even though the room definitely feels like it’s spinning. He gets up to grab the lube from the nightstand, but besides the standard white phone and some hotel stationary, there isn’t anything on there. “Where is it?”

“Ah,” Ilya sits up, regretting the decision immediately judging by how fast he flops back onto the bed. “Is on the little table in the other room. I wanted to fuck you on the couch, so I put it there.”

Scoffing and groaning, Shane drags his feet to the living room, only stopping twice to get support from the wall. Just as Ilya described, he finds a box of condoms and a bottle of lube on the side table wedged in between the armchair and the large couch. Necessary items secured, he takes a deep breath to steady himself when he hears Rozanov yelling from the other room, asking Shane to bring the other pitcher of cocktail. He grabs the handle, not even bothering with glasses, as he complains. “You’ve had too much to drink already, if you don’t stop, you’re not going to be able to get it up again and fuck me.”

“I could fuck you even if I drank two hundred bottles, Hollander,” Ilya slurs. “Is easy. I look at you and my dick gets hard. No whisky dick.”

Secretly pleased and a little embarrassed, Shane can feel his cheeks heating up. He sits on the bed, the liquid in the pitcher sloshing with the movement, and as soon as he’s close enough, Ilya reaches over, running a hand over his freckles. Shane playfully swats it away, losing his balance and landing on his back on the bed in the process. He narrowly avoids emptying the pitcher on them. “Stop fucking with me, Rozanov.”

“No, no, Hollander. I will never stop fucking you.” He licks Shane’s cheek and then tries to take a sip from the pitcher.

Shoving him away, Shane forces him to lay down again. “I said fuck with me. I know you know what it means, Ilya.”

“I am not, Hollander. You are so pretty. I keep telling you this, and you do not believe me. Especially your freckles. They are…” Ilya sits up next to him in bed and starts reverently tracing his freckles as if connecting them. “Stunning,” he eventually finishes, his face inches away from Shane’s.

Shane must be really drunk because he has to restrain himself from professing his love or asking Rozanov to marry him. Instead, he takes a big gulp straight out of the pitcher, offers it to Ilya, and then tosses the lube and the condoms, both of them landing somewhere on the bed.

After that, everything starts getting even blurrier around the edges, Shane's perception of the present turning into snapshots of moments instead of a stream.

Rozanov maneuvers him on his side, then lifts Shane's leg, swinging it over himself. His lubed fingers start stretching his hole. Rozanov enters him, both of them laying on the bed, looking at each other. Shane moans out Rozanov's name but Rozanov just holds him, commanding, begging him to say his name. "Ilya," he remembers whispering, over and over again, like a prayer, like a plea.

His consciousness leaves him for a while, everything spinning. He blindly calls for Ilya, his arms, hands, fingers searching for him. "You are too far away," he complains. "Come closer. I want to be closer to you."

"I never want to be away," Ilya confesses from somewhere to his side, clumsy lips placing open mouthed kisses to his shoulder and collarbone. "Keep me with you, Hollander, always."

"Didn't peg you for a kept man type, Rozanov," he jokes, even when drunk, unable to resist ribbing him. "Do you want to be my WAG?"

When the bed dips and wobbles underneath him, Shane forces his eyes to open and observe what's going on. He finds Ilya on top of him, caging his body with his limbs. "Yes, Hollander. Yes. I will marry you."

"What?" Shane splutters, an uncontrollable, giddy giggle escaping his lips. The biggest smile he's ever seen on Ilya's face is looking down at him, actively turning him into a putty, so Shane can't even deny that the idea of marrying Rozanov is not the most appealing thing in the world.

"Yes," Ilya repeats. "This is the best idea you had, Hollander." He then leaves the bed, pulling Shane with him. "C'mon Shane, we are going."

Letting himself be tugged, Shane finds the pitcher again, trying to combat the dryness of his mouth with the sweet, citrusy drink. "Where?"

"We will first get cheeseburgers. Then we will find chapel and get married." Pulling a pair of jeans out of his suitcase, Rozanov hops into them.

For a moment Shane just enjoys the view; the slim fitting jeans are hugging Ilya's thighs like a second skin, his dick and ass are barely contained in the fabric. In the privacy of his own mind, Shane can fully appreciate how incredibly hot this man is, the man who wants to get cheeseburgers then marry him. Ilya hops again, then arranges his dick inside his pants. Losing his brain to mouth filter completely, Shane doesn't even blush when he comments. "I love your dick."

"I love *your* dick," Ilya responds, coming closer and groping Shane's unclothed, soft dick. He tosses another pair of jeans and a black t-shirt at him. Then he bends down and finds a pair of boxer briefs before handing them to Shane as well. "Wear this or you will complain about jeans touching your skin all night."

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Shane has to bite the inside of his cheek to stop himself from blurting the three words he's been doing a great job of not saying all night. Instead, he teases Ilya, hiding behind the comfort of their usual banter. "Just my dick?"

"No. Not just dick. You have a good mouth too. I love your mouth. I love your tight little asshole. I love your freckles. I love how you fold your clothes before sex." Ilya watches him intently as Shane steps into the boxers, tilting slightly to his right with intoxication. Then a private smile settles on his face. "I love you."

"Holy shit." This time Shane does fall on his ass with a thud, Ilya's jeans halfway up his legs.

"I mean..." All of a sudden, Ilya looks more sober than he had all night, terror evident in his eyes.

Shane tries to get up, but he steps on the loose part of the jeans then slips back down, deciding that crawling is his best bet. He tries to pull himself to his feet by holding onto Ilya's leg, causing them both to topple. "I love you too. Fuck. I love you so much."

They both start laughing now, unguarded, trying to kiss with their lips pulled into huge smiles. "Shane," Ilya finally breaks their kiss that is more teeth than anything. "I know we are not married yet, but if I ever tell you big romantic thing and you reply with 'holy shit' again, I am divorcing you."

Realistically, getting married now is an awful idea, no matter what the drunk, possessive, primal, Rozanov obsessed side of his mind is saying, but even acknowledging that, the words divorce leaves a sour taste in Shane's mouth.

"No, Hollander, don't do that. Shane, no." Ilya peppers a bunch of kisses on Shane's face, ending with a soft one to the tip of his scrunched nose. "Do not pout, *moy lyubov*". Ugh, I will never win an argument in this marriage. I am doomed."

Lost in Ilya's smile and the endless sips of the cocktail and the unfamiliar petname, Shane forgets every single reason why getting married to Ilya Rozanov is a bad idea. Everything they did until this moment had been all bad ideas, and every second he's spent with Rozanov have been the best, freest, most authentic moments of his life. With him, Shane can just *be*. There is no performing, no conforming, no masking. With him, he is not Shane Hollander, living hockey legend, trying his damndest to not disappoint and be a perfect role model. He is just Shane to Ilya.

"C'mon fiancé." He taps Ilya on the leg. "Let's go get married."

Leaving the hotel with Ilya, wearing his fucking clothes, risking being seen together, is all less nerve wracking than Shane ever thought it would be. Chugging the last of their pitcher definitely helps, but when they run into Carter Vaughan at the lobby and all they get is a warm pat to his shoulder and a cordial nod to Rozanov, Shane feels even calmer.

Ilya insists on stopping by the reception before they head out, politely asking for house keeping to change their sheets and leave an extra set. He shoots the receptionist a sinful smile and slides her a generous tip.

“Wow. I am shocked.” Shane ribs him when they walk out of the hotel and head toward the strip. “You can exist without being a bane to everyone’s existence.” Despite his words, his voice comes out fond.

“You wound me, Hollander,” Ilya quips back, clutching his hands to his chest. “Is no way to treat your husband-to-be.” Then he spots something, among the sea of lights and signs, and holds Shane’s hand, tugging him.

They walk inside of the *Whataburger* holding hands, and Shane finds himself checking their surroundings once. Ilya quickly orders for both of them, looking like a kid on Christmas morning, buzzing with excitement at the prospect of a double cheeseburger. He asks Shane if he wants a soda or a beer like him, and it’s so, so easy to accept the greasy food and beer with Ilya’s fingers still slotted to his.

“Are you sure, Shane? They have ginger ale too.” Ilya gives him a questioning look, squeezing his hand for reassurance.

This marks the second time Ilya has brought up ginger ales. Shane knows the man himself prefers Coke, but he never expected Ilya to be as obsessed with him as he is with Ilya. “How do you know I prefer ginger ale?” Shane asks, swaying closer to Ilya.

“Is my job to know my fiancé, no?” Is Ilya’s only answer, and Shane can’t help but respond with a kiss that turns only slightly filthy. Meh, they are in Vegas. It is probably acceptable enough for a fast food joint.

The food does help soak up some of the alcohol, but every positive effect of it is completely negated by the three beers they share. The arid heat of Vegas that hits him in the face as soon as they leave the heavenly air conditioner behind doesn’t help either. They stand on the side of the Strip, searching for a chapel when Shane remembers a crucial detail. “Fuck. My parents.”

“Do you want to call them?” Ilya asks, stopping in his tracks. “They are at the hotel, yes? If we call, they will come.”

“I don’t want to call them at...” A quick glance at his watch tells him it’s close to 2am. “Fucking 2am to tell them I am getting married to my arch-rival.”

“Okay, then text them.”

“I can’t fucking text them I’m getting gay married to you Ilya,” he objects. “It needs to be face to face.”

“Then send them a video,” Ilya suggests, and that settles it.

Next thing they know, Shane has his phone out, front camera filming them as they—mostly Shane—explain things to his parents. “So, Mom, I have something important to tell you. You probably should get Dad too.” He pauses for a second, letting his mom get his dad.

“Hollander, what are you doing?” Ilya asks, walking into frame just behind him. He wraps his arms around Shane, making both of them stutter in their steps, but uncaring of their hardship, he refuses to let go of Shane. “She can pause the video to get him, Shane.”

“Oh.” Cocking his head, Shane turns toward him. “I didn’t think about that.”

He places a quick kiss on Shane's lips. “You are going to kill me, Hollander. You are too... endearing. You do things like this and then get surprised when I tell you I am in love with you.” With an obnoxious kiss smacked on his cheek, Ilya finally lets go of him and allows Shane to continue filming.

“This is Ilya, by the way, Ilya Rozanov, but you already know that. I assume you paused the video to get dad. Hi Dad!” He waves at the camera then makes sure Ilya is in view too and captures his wave as well. “Well, I have something important to tell you guys. I am gay. I’m gay, and I’ve been gay. And I am in love with Ilya Rozanov. We’ve been together since our rookie season.”

“No, Shane. Why are you lying to your parents? Since before rookie season. Summer before. Doesn’t our first kiss mean anything to you?”

Looking at Ilya’s pouty face, looking like a grumpy kitten, Shane can’t help but kiss his jutted bottom lip. “I’m sorry, baby. Yes, the summer before.”

Ilya, who is more often than not referred to as the Russian Menace or the Red Terror, absolutely beams with delight. “Call me that again. Again, Shane.”

“Baby.” And Shane gets rewarded with a bruising kiss. When they finally part, he feels winded almost; after the kiss, it takes his brain a few seconds to reboot. “Fuck, we were filming a video for my parents, Ilya.”

“Sorry, *moy lyubov*’. I will behave.” But because he is Ilya, he kisses Shane’s cheek one more time.

“Yes. I am with Ilya. I hope you are not disappointed in me. I tried really hard to not love him, to not be gay, but I can’t help it. I don’t want you to be disappointed in me, but I also don’t want to deny myself the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

Ilya holds his wrist firmly, effectively stopping Shane. His gaze lands on Shane, thumb lifting his chin to ensure eye contact. “I love you so fucking much, Hollander. If we were not filming video for your parents, I would do things to you right here, filthy things, Shane.” He then turns toward Shane’s phone. “Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Hollander. I love Shane. We tried so hard to not love each other. He pushed me away. I pushed him away. We hurt each other. We’ve been with other people. I’ve been with other people. Many women. Only some men. But I have only loved one person. Ever.”

Shane all but attacks Ilya, uncaring of everything else. His phone drops on the floor, landing with a thud. They only separate when someone wolf whistles, making Shane once again aware of his surroundings. He quickly texts the video to his mom and immediately starts filming again.

“Okay, I understand you might have some questions. We will answer them tomorrow. Ilya is staying at the same hotel, in Penthouse 1; you can come and ask us questions in the morning.” He then stops himself, turning to Ilya. “Can they come? Is that okay? I invited them without asking. I’m sorry.”

“Is okay, sweetheart. They are your parents, they will be my in-laws, yes? They are welcome. We will order breakfast. Or brunch.”

“Oh shit! I was supposed to go to brunch with my parents in the morning.”

“You can still go, Hollander. I will be a good husband and wait for you to come back. What is that saying... waiting for my husband to return from war.” And by the look on his face, Shane can tell Ilya is being genuine; he is not deflecting with the joke, but inviting levity into the conversation. He would genuinely let Shane ditch him in the morning of their wedding to go to brunch with his parents.

“Maybe we can all go,” he eventually suggests, going on a diatribe about the buffet. He’s talking about the pastry selection, and the *pain au chocolats* specifically, when they walk past St. Simon who calls for them.

“What’s up, Cap? How you doin’ Hollzy?” Ilya responds to him, Shane can tell, but he can’t hear anything over the ringing in his ears. It takes everything in him to stay upright. A hand claps him on the shoulder; St. Simon bids them a good night, and then he collapses on Ilya’s chest.

“Shhh, is okay sweetheart.” The repetitive motion of Ilya’s fingers raking through his hair causes the tingling sensation on his fingers to retract, the soothing voice of his bringing back sensation to his numb lips. “Is okay. No one is going to see us and think oh they are fucking, oh they are so in love. We are the best hockey players, always on top together. Of course we will be in the same place together sometimes.”

“Yeah, we are. You’re right. We just-” A lightbulb goes off in his mind. “That’s what we need. We need to change the narrative.”

“Hollander, what is this word ‘narrative?’ I am too drunk and about to get married for this.”

Shane wants to smooth out the furrow of his brows and kiss the pout away; he wants to hold this man’s hand forever. “C’mon. Marriage first, planning later. My mom will help with that. We will make another video asking her.” He tugs Ilya from his sleeve into the chapel.

The pounding on the door is what jolts Shane awake. Instinctively he tries to jump to his feet and rush to get it, but a heavy weight around his torso and on top of his legs prevents him from moving. As consciousness slowly returns to him, breaking through the haze of his hangover—and possible still-drunken state—he realizes that he is being held by Rozanov.

The person knocks on the door again, and this time, powered by his anxiety, Shane manages to, albeit regrettably, disentangle himself from Rozanov’s limbs. “Rozanov, wake up. Someone’s at the door.”

The only responses he gets in return are a grumpy groan and hands trying to pull him back to bed. Only after Shane pinches his side Rozanov opens one eye, muttering in half English half Russian, no doubt cursing him out. “Hollander, what is happening? This is too early for-”

A knock, accompanied by stern words cut Ilya off. “Shane Hollander, open the door, now!”

“Oh my god, oh my fucking god. Jesus fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fucking hell. That is my fucking mother.” When Shane opens his eyes, he finds Rozanov crouched in front of him. He has zero recollection of how he got on the floor, down on all fours, breathing heavily, but Rozanov is right there with him, taking deep breaths in and letting it out in an exaggerated manner.

Another knock comes from the door, but this time Shane hears his father’s voice. “Shane, son, we are not mad. Your mom is just a little nervous about standing in front of Ilya’s door. If either of you could open the door, that’d be great.” After a beat of silence, he adds. “We got Gatorade and coffee.”

Rozanov looks at Shane, at the door, then at Shane again. When Shane nods at his unanswered question, he gets up to open the door. Shane realizes a little too late that Rozanov is only wearing a pair of boxers.

“Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Hollander. Come in. Sorry we couldn’t open the door sooner. Make yourself comfortable. Sit. *Ah*, maybe not there, but here. I will be back.”

Shane hears soft footsteps of Rozanov, but two other ones follow shortly behind; they have an audience, perfect. He tries to make a sound, get up, do *anything* but he can’t. Not only his parents knew he was in Ilya fucking Rozanov’s hotelroom and found them both only in boxers, but apparently they also tried to sit down on the couch they had sex after they got married and Rozanov told them not to.

The realization hits Shane like a brick fucking wall. They got married. Last night Shane Hollander got married to Ilya Rozanov. He is now married. To his fucking arch-rival. And apparently he is going to make Ilya Rozanov a widower today. Because he is dying. At least this feels like he’s dying.

“Shane. Shane!” Opening his eyes at the sound of his voice, Shane finds Rozanov back in his eyeline, sitting back on his heels. He holds his hands out like he’s approaching a wounded animal and then reaches out ever so lightly. “I am going to touch you now, is okay?”

Shane can only nod in response, but as soon as he does, he’s being pulled into the large embrace of Ilya Rozanov. He tucks his face in the crook of his neck, and just inhales. Surrounded by the smell of sweat and alcohol and something so inherently Ilya Rozanov, a memory from last night comes back to him in increments. *I love you. Holy shit. I love you too. Shane. Ilya.*

“Ilya?” He croaks, the name sounding unintelligible even to his own ears, but Ilya understands him, he always does.

“Yes. I’m here Shane. Is okay. Everything is okay. You are good here. Your parents are here, your husband is here. You’re good here.” Gentle hands never stop carding through his hair, the repetitive motion settling something in him.

“My husband, huh?” He asks, because he needs a reminder that last night was not just a figment of his imagination or a drunken mistake. He dares to peel off just enough to take a look at Ilya’s face. The sheer adoration he finds knocks the breath out of his lungs.

“Yes, I think so. Is what I remember.” Ilya places a soft kiss on his temple. “If it did not happen and I only dreamt of it...”—he shrugs—“we’re still in Vegas, no? We can still get married.”

Half a coo half a sob comes from the other part of the room and Shane belatedly remembers his parents are right there with them. He looks at the state he’s in, only wearing a pair of boxers he’s pretty sure belong to Ilya, sitting on his lap, burrowed under his arms, then he looks at his parents and realizes his mother is filming them on her old iPhone.

“Mom? What are you doing?” He tries to sit up on his own, but can’t fully get up with Ilya’s arms wrapped around him still. Eventually they both get up, listening to his mom’s explanation.

“Well, Shane, yesterday in one of your videos, which were surprising as well as informative, you said you didn’t have any videos or pictures of you and Ilya. You sounded really sad, and Ilya... I’m sorry, can I call you Ilya? It feels weird calling my son-in-law by his last name?”

For a moment, Ilya looks bewildered, his head snapping up, but he quickly composes himself. “Yes, of course, Mrs. Hollander.”

“Yuna,” she corrects before continuing. “Yes, and Ilya said the only pictures he had were from the 2014 NHL Awards skit and that he had the Xbox game cover with you on it. It’s just *sad* Shane. So, your dad and I decided to document your relationship. When we go back home we’ll get three digital cameras with external hard drives, one for each of us, but until then I’m using this old phone that is not connected to the internet. Your dad only uses it to play his word games. I’ll upload these to the same hard drive I uploaded your videos from last night when we get to our room and delete them from this device.”

This is officially too much for Shane. He feels like information, and thankfully support, is flowing, but his hungover brain is having a hard time retaining any of it, except for one detail. “I’m sorry, what videos from last night?”

“Oh,” his dad delightfully answers. “You and Ilya sent a bunch of videos to us yesterday night when you were out and about. Why don’t you boys get dressed and we’ll watch them together.”

His mom looks at them, then takes a look at the state of the room. “And maybe, let’s just crack open a window or two if we can.” Then they both leave the bedroom of the Penthouse.

Shane takes in the state of his surroundings eventually. There are clothes strewn everywhere; the room reeks of sex; he spots at least three condom wrappers and two bottles of lube

scattered around. If he could die of embarrassment, he's sure he'd be dead now. Just as he thinks things can't get worse, he hears his mother yell from the other room. "Boys, which couches should we avoid?"

After pressing a quick kiss to the top of Shane's head, Ilya pokes his head out the door. Shane watches him scan the room before speaking. "Maybe go to the dining room, yes?"

It's official, Shane is going to die. "Is it okay if I take a shower?"

"Of course, *solnyshko*." Ilya's voice comes out sultry, his arms wrapping around Shane's waist. "My husband should take a nice long shower."

Against his best judgement, Shane melts into the touch, a shiver running down his spine. "My parents are literally waiting for us in the dining room, Ilya. We can't have sex."

Ilya places open mouthed kisses to the column of his neck, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Are you going to deny your husband of sex, Shane? From day one? Your poor husband needs you, and you let him suffer?" Ilya grinds his erection against the swell of his ass where Shane can feel he's still open and slick.

"Wait..." he pushes his ass back, partly because he always succumbs to the burning desire that takes over his body whenever Ilya is around, but also, partly because he feels like he shouldn't feel this wet... "Oh god. You came inside of me last night. We didn't use any..." His cheeks burn with the sudden onslaught of memories. Ilya opening him up again, Ilya driving into him without any condoms, Ilya coming inside of him and pushing his come back in when he pulls out, Ilya cleaning him up with his tongue.

Shane grabs his husband's hand, pulls them both inside the ensuite, and sinks down to his knees when promised a repeat of last night when both of them are sober enough to remember every second of it.

Fifteen minutes later finds them on the dinner table in the unnecessarily large dining room of the Penthouse with them sitting right across from the Hollanders.

"You must have questions." Ilya finally breaks the silence. "You can ask."

"Actually, no. Not really." His mother's words surprise them both, their heads whipping toward her at a record speed. Yuna just shrugs. "The videos were, albeit drunk, very informative. You guys brought us up to date in a very, *very* detailed explanation video,"—Shane groans, hiding his face in his hands—"and honestly, even watching one video was enough to see and understand your dynamic, how you work as a couple, and how much you love each other."

"And we just want to say, Shane, that, thank you. Thank you for telling us, for making the choice of telling us, even when drunk; thank you for trusting us. We love you, son."

The word choice, when his father describes their drunken shenanigans, awakens something inside of Shane. He came out. On his own volition. Yes, he was drunk, but deep inside, with an unshakeable certainty, he knew he was making a decision.

“Yes, Shane. Thank you. And we are sorry that you felt like you couldn’t tell us sooner.” His mom wipes a few stray tears off, offering him a warm smile. “Please forgive us.”

“I forgive you, mom.” Both of his parents reassuringly squeeze his hands, settling something inside of him.

“We support you. Both. That includes you too, Ilya. We want to thank you for trusting us, too,” his dad adds. “And, if you don’t mind me taking up on your offer a little late, I do have a question.”

Ilya clears his throat before answering, and when Shane looks at his husband, fucking *husband* he sees red rimmed eyes and a puffy nose. It makes him want to do something insane like coo at him or ask him to marry again or make out with him in front of his parents. Thankfully, Ilya makes a gesture for David to go ahead and Shane’s train of thoughts get interrupted.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m not questioning your marriage, but… Why the shotgun wedding?” With a dead-serious expression, his dad looks away from Ilya and toward Shane. “Are you pregnant, Shane?”

A loud, uncontrollable laughter rips itself from Ilya’s throat, making him double down. Soon after Yuna and David join him too, surrounding Shane with traitors. “I hate all of you,” he pouts like a petulant child. “And please keep it down, I’m still severely hungover.”

“No, you don’t,” Ilya argues, placing a chaste kiss to his lips at the same time his mom says, “With all the condom wrappers in their bedroom, I hope no one is pregnant.”

Clearly relaxed, Ilya takes one of the coffee cups Shane’s parents brought, looking a little more alive. He pushes the other cup toward Shane. “No, no one is pregnant.” He reassures them as if it’s necessary.

“And all jokes aside, I don’t know what kind of partnering you boys prefer, and I’m certainly not asking to learn who bottoms, it’s none of my business—after last night, I already know more than I bargained for about your sex life—but we should get you one or either of you on ‘PrEP.’ Wait, do you still need PrEP if you’re in a monogamous relationship? I did not think to read about that. David, can you add it to my list, under the immigration lawyer for Ilya, but above brand planning?” His dad nods, typing on his mom’s business phone while his mom pulls up Google on her personal device.

“You don’t need PrEP if you only have one partner,” Ilya offers conversationally, because apparently Shane’s longtime-fuck-rival-turned-husband talks about sexual health with his parents on a random Monday morning. “And Shane makes us get tested regularly.”

Holding his head in his hands, Shane groans. “This is worse than when Dad gave me ‘the talk’ with all the graphics, and I threw up on the vagina images.”

Ilya gasps. “You threw up on vagina pictures and did not realize you were gay? Until days ago?” He turns to the Hollanders, offended. “And you didn’t think to tell him?”

Yuna laughs again, a genuine, warm laughter. “You know what Ilya, you are exactly as I thought you would be and the exact opposite all at the same time.”

“And we did suspect he might be gay,” David offers. “What we didn’t suspect was that he was... friendly with you. Well, maybe we should have guessed.”

“How?” Shane can’t help but ask incredulously. “How *should* you have guessed that I was hooking up with my arch-rival on the downlow, who, by the way, looks like a walking poster of casual heterosexual sex.”

“You do live and breathe hockey, Shane,” his mom supplies. “Looking back at it, it feels almost inevitable for you to fall in love with hockey too. Marrying Ilya is as close to marrying hockey as you can get.”

“Ah yes,” Ilya responds to his mom. “Hollander saw that I was the best player in the world, sitting at the top, came to introduce himself, flirted with me to steal some of my skills, then bam, he was in love with me.”

“First of all, I am the top player, asshole. Look at who has more fucking scores this season. Who won the fucking MVP, huh, Rozanov?” But there is a huge grin on his face, a playfulness to his reflexive objects.

“Shane, do not kid yourself; you are not topping anything.” Maybe Shane will kill Ilya instead of dying himself.

“You fucking asshole, don’t make a sex joke in front of my parents.” He kicks Ilya under the table, then groans when the hangover makes itself present again. “And I did not flirt with you at Regina.”

“Shane,” his dad cuts in. “From what you boys told us last night in the videos, I gotta say, Ilya is right.”

“While on the subject, what videos did we send?” Shane asks. He has almost no recollection of what the videos entailed, and he doubts Ilya has any either.

Then, they spend the next hour watching everything Shane and Ilya sent to the Hollanders. The contents of the videos range from them bickering about who came on to whom first, “You shook my hand twice, Shane. That is basically code for ‘I want to gay-kiss you.’” “Who fucking organized the CCM shoot so they could see me?” to arguing about whether a check from Ilya was legal or not during a game they played in 2011. “That was dirty and you fucking know it, Rozanov.” “You had possession, Hollander. I did not put you through the boards for fun. The ref called it legal too.” “The ref knew jack shit.”

Shane has to hide his face when they watch a part of a video where Ilya makes a lewd joke and Shane threatens to withhold sex from him. “And for that, you won’t be having any tonight.” “Shane. No. Sweetheart. The love of my life. My husband. My precious husband. I was joking. Joke. I promise. Shane.”

When they get to the video of their marriage, taken by a middle-aged woman named Marge, who works at the chapel they got married at, they both cry. Then they burst into laughter when Ilya on video picks up the phone, looks at it dead serious, then starts making proclamations to the Hollanders, but Shane turns it into a competition. “Do not worry Mama and Papa Hollander. I will marry Shane again and you will be there. The world will be there. I will marry you, like nine more times, Hollander.” “I will marry you *ten* more times, Rozanov.” “This is not a competition Shane, we are marrying each other.” “We could make it about whose vows would make more people cry.” “You are fucking on, Hollander. I will make everyone weep with how much I love you.” “Nuh uh, Rozanov. *Oh shit*, I almost fell.”

Before the next video even begins, Ilya groans with recognition, claiming Shane turned even their post-wedding bliss boring with plans. “Ilya, hush, my mom needs to make contingency plans.” “Shaneeee, I just got married. I am drunk and I want to kiss my husband but you are using words like narrative and contin-whatever.” “Am I making it hard for you to love me with my plans? Am I too boring?” “Never. Is the easiest thing, loving you.”

Once they go through every video, some greasy breakfast food getting consumed by the newlyweds to help with their hungovers, accompanied by pain meds and Gatorades Hollanders got for them, Shane’s parents bid them well and head to their hotel room so Shane and Ilya can nap.

Shane walks both his parents to the door, Ilya hanging behind, sensing his husband wants some alone time with them. Shane waits until they are right in front of the main entrance to speak. “Are you really okay with this whole thing? You know, me being gay, me being with Ilya...”

“Yes,” his mom fiercely nods. “Yes, I’ll admit, we were shocked at first, when we first woke up and found out our son is not only gay and is seeing someone we thought he hated but is also getting married to him. But then we watched the videos, drove to McDonalds because apparently your husband has an unhealthy attachment to McGriddles, and realized it all makes sense.

“You did not marry the Russian Menace, the Terminator, who is not afraid to throw punches on the ice and gets under people’s skin like he is getting paid to do that instead of play hockey, you married the man who pouts like a toddler when you do not immediately hold his hand, who talks you down from imminent panic attacks, who has been so, so kind to everyone he has interacted in those videos and who squealed in delight when he saw a dog.

“You saw who he is behind the mask, and you fell in love with that boy. This morning, and this afternoon, we saw who you fell for when you both were just young boys. I don’t think it’s going to take us any time to get used to having Ilya Rozanov at the dinner table or during the holidays.”

“Besides,” his father chimes in. “We finally have someone in the family who’ll do puzzles with me while eating ice cream, someone who can appreciate some good quality Russian vodka. Do you think I’ll be complaining about that?”

A wet chuckle escapes Shane’s lips. “Thank you. For accepting me and accepting him. Thank you for seeing who he is.”

“We are just happy you are happy, Shane.” His dad pulls him in for a hug.

“And we’ll see you boys when you drive up to your cottage in two weeks?” His mom asks.

“Three. I’ll share our dates on the doc with you, but once Ilya comes back from Russia we’ll have a meeting with Farah in Montreal, then drive up.”

“Sounds good,” his mom agrees. Then she calls out to the room. “Ilya, bye, honey. See you in a few weeks.” And with that they, once again, find themselves alone in the Penthouse.

Shane immediately heads toward the bedroom and plops on the bed, groaning loudly. “I think I am still drunk *and* hungover. How is this possible?”

Ilya drapes himself over his body like a weighted blanket. “Nap?” Shane just nods instead of an answer. “Then we consecrate the marriage?”

“Consecrate? Who taught you that, Rozanov?” He asks, his voice muffled against Ilya’s chest. But squished under his husband, Shane feels the strong pull of sleep. The last thing he hears, before he finally succumbs to it, is Ilya correcting him, “It’s Rozanov-Hollander now.”

Shane comes to it as a sense of fullness inside of him intensifies. A moan involuntarily escapes his lips, his hips thrusting forward. The motion feels aborted, something holding him down. Featherlight kisses meet his skin where his neck leads way to his shoulder, waking up every inch of him.

“Shane.” His name reaches his ear in a whisper, adorned with a tightened grip around his waist. Only then Shane realizes what’s been holding him pinned to the place, Ilya. It’s Ilya’s hand holding his hip in a bruising grip, stopping his hips from thrusting. It’s Ilya’s arm wrapped around him in a possessive hold. It’s Ilya’s lips tracing the column of his neck. It’s Ilya’s cock stretching him wide open. “Good morning, husband.”

“Good morning, baby.” Now aware of his surroundings, Shane realizes while he can’t thrust his hips forward, he can slowly push back and grind against Ilya, circling his hips. The fluid motion allows Ilya’s cock to graze over his prostate, forcing a wanton moan out of Shane.

“Couldn’t you wait to fuck me?”

“What kind of husband would I be—*fuck*—if I denied my husband anything. You started grinding against me, *malysh*. Even in your sleep—*god*—such a slut for me.” Ilya starts pounding into him from behind now, his grip still firm.

It feels so different from how they’ve been fucking before. Laying in bed together, their legs intertwined, freshly awakened while being spooned by the love of his life... It feels more like a breaking point in their relationship than even their wedding. This is actually their marriage, being consecrated with their bodies, their souls becoming one.

“Only for you, Ilya.” He starts babbling, feelings pouring out. “I am yours.—*uh uh uh*—Only yours.”

Ilya's hands start frantically roaming Shane's body, touching him everywhere they can. "Mine. You are mine. No one else's. *Fuck.*"

From the way his hips start to stutter, Shane can tell Ilya is close, but he is not far behind either. "Fuck me like you want to show everyone—*oh god*—who I belong to. Fuck me like my husband. Come in me."

On command, Ilya comes inside of him with a final thrust of his hips, groaning loudly in Shane's ear. The warm feeling of Ilya filling him pushes Shane over the edge too, his hips pulsing with the strength of his orgasm.

As Ilya slowly pulls out, Shane shivers at the sensation of his come dripping out of his hole. He waits for his husband to grab a washcloth and wipe him, but instead, Ilya maneuvers him onto his stomach, propping his ass up with a pillow. Large fingers spread his ass cheeks apart and the liquid trickles down the middle, dripping onto his balls. Then, with his flattened tongue, Ilya licks a broad stripe, cleaning Shane.

"Holy motherfucking shit." Shane's entire body jerks at the sensation, unsure if it wants to shy away from the sensation or to chase it. His husband doesn't give him a choice, though. Gripping Shane's thighs, he pulls Shane toward himself, burying his face there. "Ilya. Ilya. Thank you. Fuck. Thank you."

Slightly pulling back, Ilya bites down on his left ass cheek. He uses two of his fingers to keep pushing the oozing come inside of Shane's stretched out hole, making him whimper. "Have to keep my husband happy, no? Treat him like a princess. Eat him out, make him come. My Shane deserves only the best."

His second orgasm hits Shane out of nowhere, his body suddenly convulsing as his hips hump the pillow underneath him. His limbs feel like jello, unable to support him. He faintly registers the bed dip under Ilya's weight before he is being pulled toward a clean part. After he is thoroughly wiped clean, he feels words find him once again. "Thank you for rescuing me from the come sandwich."

"What?" Ilya chuckles, delighted and equally confused.

"Come sandwich," Shane repeats, willing Ilya to read his mind. "I had my come below me and your come on top of me. I was stuck in a come sandwich."

"Hollander, you are... I have no words."

"Is it bad?" He asks, suddenly self-conscious. "You did marry me, so it'd be harder for you to ignore me this time around." Shane aims for levity, missing by a fucking mile. Every bit of his insecurities about himself, about their relationship, every unasked question bleed into that one fucking sentence.

"Look at me, Shane. If we are having this conversation, I need you to look at me." Only once Shane shuffles in bed, arranging so that his face is visible to Ilya, Ilya continues. "You know why I ignored you? Is because everything felt too real. I was feeling feelings and I was not allowed to feel them. If I wanted you, if I had you, I would never be able to go back to

Russia. And my father...my family... They are not good, Shane. Not like Yuna and David. They are police, and they are terrible people. They make me be terrible back. When we woke up this morning, and I realized we were married, I knew I could never go back after this summer. I know you, so don't panic. Is a good thing. I did not feel any sadness, only relief, like I needed a reason to not go back, a reason to be happy. You are that reason Shane, but I have to go back one last time and fix things there before I come back permanently. My father, he is sick, like dementia..."

Shane wipes Ilya's tears, holding him maybe tighter than he has ever did. "It's okay. I'm here. I'm here. You're not alone."

"He won't remember how I am a big disappointment." Ilya laughs humorlessly. "He probably won't remember I visited. My brother doesn't care about me as long as I send him money. Money for cocaine, money to take care of papa. But I need to go back. Deal with bank stuff and maybe sell my apartment. And I want to go back. Take some things from my childhood home. Say goodbye to my mama."

"Can she... Can you bring her here?" Shane asks, her fingers carding through his husband's curls.

For a while Ilya doesn't respond, his breathing getting faster, than slower. Just when Shane thinks he's not going to get any answers, Ilya speaks. "My mama died." All Shane can do is hold on to his husband. He bites down all of the questions that are on the tip of his tongue. Ilya must realize his internal battle too, because he offers Shane a middle ground. "I will tell you about her. But later."

"We have all the time in the world." Objectively, they both have planes they need to catch in a few hours. They still need to shower and pack and preferably grab something to eat. Ilya then needs to go to Moscow and Shane to Montreal. But in a few short weeks, they'll be together. There is time embedded in the certainness of things now.

The breeze flies into Yuna and David's cottage through the back patio door. It is a welcome wave of coolness after eating their weight in grilled kebabs Ilya and David marinated the night before. Shane lets the familiar sounds come from the kitchen wash over him, recognizing that his dad is doing the dishes as his mom is steeping them all some green tea from the sound alone. From the way Ilya is already bouncing in his place, he guesses she's also heating up some sesame balls for dessert as well.

"I am stuffed to the brim," Shane announces, patting his stomach.

Looking at him with a mischievous glint in his eyes, Ilya whispers, "Not you're not, not yet at least."

Kicking him under the table, Shane hisses. "My parents are right there in the kitchen, asshole. Don't make sex jokes. It's bad enough that my dad walked in on us, *twice*."

"Shane, we are married, of course we have sex. This is natural. Everyone has sex. Your parents had sex too. Do you think you happened when Mama Yuna was watching hockey and

enjoyed it a little too much?”

“Stop talking about my parents having sex.” Shane makes a gagging sound, his face scrunching in disgust. “It’s worse than you talking about us having sex when my parents are around.” For good measure, he kicks his husband one more time, making Ilya yelp just as his mom is walking back in with a tray carrying their teas and dessert.

“Shane,” his mom admonishes with an exasperated sigh. “I can’t believe this needs to be said, but stop kicking your husband under the table.”

“Yes, Shane,” Ilya parrots shamelessly. “Is rude to kick your husband.” He slightly leans back in his chair, hiding his face from her view, then sticks his tongue out.

Without so much as a second glance at their direction, Yuna arranges stuff on the table. “Ilya Rozanov, if you stick your tongue out one more time, I’ll let Shane pick the dessert after dinner, and you’ll have to eat a singular almond instead of ice cream. Do you hear me?”

“Hey,” Shane objects, halfheartedly at best. “I wanted to make a healthier version of *kakigori*.” They had nice, albeit bland, bowls of blended frozen melons, shaved like *kakigori* and the singular almond on top was supposed to be a garnish. But even he can accept that him losing his dessert picking privileges was granted.

Shane still can’t believe how his life has changed in the span of a few weeks, though. He can’t begin to fit the gratitude he feels into his body. His parents, who had no idea he was even gay less than a few weeks ago, are now treating his fucking husband as if he’s been there from the start. Feeling wrapped up in nothing but love, Shane smugly watches the grin wipe off Ilya’s face but the light in his eyes shine bright. “Yes, Yuna. Sorry.”

She places a gentle kiss on top of Ilya’s head, running a hand through his curls. “Good. I can’t believe when my friends would complain about their little boys being a handful, I’d always think, ‘oh, my Shane is so well behaved.’ Now I see it was only because I had one; having two of you boys is truly a handful.”

“They have always riled each other up since they were seventeen,” his dad pipes up as he comes in to join them.

A look Shane can’t decipher crosses his mother’s face; a silent conversation between his parents taking place. For a second he wonders if he’ll have that with Ilya one day too, when they’ve been married for years. His eyes dart to Ilya on their own accord, and he sees the same question mirrored back. Without any words, he understands that Ilya wants what his parents have too, he’s also thinking of them years down the line. Maybe they don’t need years of marriage to understand each other silently. Maybe eight years of knowing each other is more than enough.

End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading!! You guys' comments and kudos keep my Tinkerbell spirit alive <3 

And you all know the drill by now I hope

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