i love you, i love you, i love you

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77083491.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Light Angst, Fluff, Love Confessions, Happy Ending, Shane cries when Ilya proposes marrying Svetlana, Ilya immediately takes it back on his knees, POV Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Jealous Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 1,599 Chapters: 1/1

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by seariarly

Summary

When Ilya proposes he could marry Svetlana to get citizenship, he did expect Shane to be a little surprised. However, what he didn't expect was for Shane to look away from him without saying anything.

Ilya had never regretted anything more in his life.

Notes

after I saw this tweet, I just NEEDED to write this or else I wouldn't be able to go on with my day so yeah, here it is. I hope I was able to achieve OP's expectations ToT

-- you can retweet the post to this fic here

ps: sorry if there's any mistakes, I didn't revise TT

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授权翻译】万千爱意 by Shiny_Park

“It’s nice right?”

Ilya’s face jerks up, looking up at the man standing beside the Adirondack chair Ilya had been sitting in for the past half-hour. Shane’s gaze is lost on the shifting shades of yellow and oranges in the sky, the breeze gently ruffling his dark hair in an almost sweet caress. As ridiculous as it might seem, Ilya feels jealousy bloom in his chest and his fingers *ache* with the need of burying themselves in those soft strands.

Ilya smiles, eyes fixed on the back of Shane’s head, on his pretty side-profile and the curve of his nose—heart swelling indescribably further with love, “Yes. Very beautiful.”

He knows Shane means the view. The sky, the trees, the lake. But for Ilya all of that would be rather… mundane. What makes it special, and perfect, is having Shane be part of it. If you ask Ilya, the *view* should be envious.

Words are lost to him whenever he tries to even fathom a brief description of what he feels. Happiness doesn’t even begin to encompass it. Yet he also feels such a heavy fear—one that suffocates him in the most unexpected moments. It’s like… a vast lake, just like the one lying still before his eyes. It takes just a single ruffle of wind to stir its surface momentarily restless—the peace, the *bliss*, interrupted, ruining whatever hope had dared to spark in his heart. And it’s difficult—to keep his mind from being adrift on those unsteady waters; thoughts relentlessly pulling him into the dark depths.

Ilya lets a fake, exaggerated long sigh, “So pretty makes me want to… I don’t know,” he shrugs, feigning nonchalance. “Maybe… get into a Canadian team?”

Shane’s head snaps back, eyes wide and sparkling. Ilya can read his face like an open book—he looks absolutely delighted. It tickles Ilya’s heart.

“Holy shit, you’d leave Boston?”

Ilya puffers his lips, brows raised as he nods. “Yes. I mean, Canada is boring but,” he shrugs again as he looks up at Shane, eyes holding Shane’s steadily—anchoring him, so he understands the true meaning of Ilya’s words. “It is also very pretty. I like it. And I don’t mind only having *this* view for a long time.”

There’s a short silence, accentuating the rustling of leaves. The sun already had begun to kiss the horizon, painting the lake in orange hues. Ilya’s eyes trace the way Shane’s Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows, a rosy red coloring his pretty freckles.

Then, “A… long time?” Shane asks, voice slightly cracking.

And Ilya gives him a curved smile, nodding—warm eyes locked with Shane’s still, unwavering. “Yes. A very, very long time.”

♡

“I could marry Svetlana,” Ilya says as he plays with Shane’s toes with his foot.

Shane’s face shifts, eyes landing on Ilya from where they had been glued to the pages of a boring hockey book. Ilya can see in his eyes that he’s struggling to find a response and, despite how selfish this might sound, the glimmer of jealousy in Shane’s eyes make Ilya rather giddy.

But then Shane looks away, hiding his face from Ilya’s view. He did expect for Shane to be… surprised, maybe? But he didn’t expect *this*.

Ilya wasn’t even being serious. He’s just desperate to find a way to be with Shane, whatever way that might be, and ended up muttering one of the ideas that had been conjuring in his head. It just had to be the dumbest one, of course, and when he sees the clear pain in Shane’s eyes, the tears that had begun to gather slowly trailing over his soft cheeks and gorgeous freckles—pursed lips trembling as if trying to keep the sobs trapped inside his throat—Ilya wishes a goddamned lighting would strike him right then.

He desperately pushes himself up from where he had been lying on the sofa, falling to his knees the moment he reaches Shane’s side. He can feel his own hands shaking, his own face contorted in agony. It hurts him so, to see Shane so *sad* and to be the very cause of it. He *hates* it.

“Hollander. Look at me, yes?” Ilya says, voice breaking. He wants to reach over, to wipe the tears from his face, but he’s *terrified* that Shane might push him away. Still on his knees, he rests his head on Shane’s thigh, pressing a barely-there kiss meant more to sooth his own heart than Shane’s. It just dawns to him that he had been whispering apologies in Russian, voice hoarse and tainted with regret.

“I am sorry. It was not serious,” Ilya tries, moving his face to kiss one of Shane’s hands—the one curled around the hem of his shirt in a fist.

“Yes, you were,” Shane mutters in a very low voice—one that cracks and heaves with a sob.

Ilya wants to slam himself against a wall. “No. Not true. I did not mean it. Look at me, yes? See that I say truth. Please, *Shane*.”

And finally, Shane does. Ilya almost falls back on his heels out of relief but keeps himself steady. He’s willing to plead with his head bowed down on the floor if need be.

Shane’s eyes are puffed, pretty still. So incredibly pretty Ilya might die—the chocolate brown slightly more accentuated and taking Ilya’s breath away. His cheeks are red, his lips are puffed in a little pout, his brows furrowed in an adorable crease. Despite Ilya relishing whenever Shane got mad at him, for he loved that endearing expression, right now he would do whatever it was in his hands—and more—to make that crease and pout and expression go away.

Ilya holds Shane's gaze, fingers carefully reaching to touch his wet cheek. Shane leans into the touch, almost instinctively, and Ilya's heart dances where it lays restless beneath his ribs. "I did not mean it, okay? Just idea. Stupid idea. Because I want to be with you."

Shane huffs a sad, broken laugh. He looks away, hands fidgeting on his lap, "You want to be with me while marrying someone else?"

"For passport, Shane. Only for passport. To stay," he almost whines, voice desperate. He pushes himself up enough so his lips can graze Shane's jaw. He gives it an open-mouthed kiss, sighing. "I would do anything."

Something seems to break in Shane—the lake no longer calm, but restless with the surge of an earthquake. He turns, pushing Ilya to the floor before straddling his waist and kissing him breathless. Rough, and deep, and *desperate*.

Ilya reciprocates the sentiment, hands roaming messily over his back and ass. He slips his tongue inside Shane's mouth, letting out a strained sound when he tastes the salt of Shane's tears. Shane moans, more tears escaping his closed eyes and Ilya licks them away—pressing light pecks all over his face.

"Don't." Shane says, voice choked and breathless. His sweet, doe-like eyes look at Ilya with such despair and sadness. Ilya wants to kiss it away, all of it. "Don't marry Svetlana, Ilya."

"I won't—" Ilya begins, hands needfully touching Shane's face, but Shane cuts him short.

"If marriage is such a necessary requirement," Shane says, voice slightly louder—anger slipping through. "Then fucking marry *me*, asshole!"

For a moment, Ilya is almost sure the Earth can physically stop, that time can cease to be. Shane's words rattle him, the adriftness finally reaching shore and the depths seemingly clearing.

The water is no longer shaking.

Yet, at the same time, Ilya is washed with a stream of unbridled emotions that almost make him want to run. He is left speechless—a wave of ecstasy and incredulity and hope and fear and *relief* crashing and pulling him into a vast sea.

Ilya doesn't know what to say—mind still processing the reality of *this*—aside from, "You would want. To marry me—"

"*Yes!*" Shane says, a hint of exhaustion and disbelief in his words. "Yes, I fucking would. Jesus Christ, Ilya."

And he's crying again, pushing himself off of Ilya and sitting on his hunches. He presses the back of his hands on his eyes and lets out a shaky breath while Ilya just lays there—dazed. He feels tears streaming down the side of his face, onto the floor where his head rests and he *breaks*.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he mumbles, choked. Through blurry eyes he meets Shane’s gaze, holding it with an unyielding resolve, “I love you. I love you so much.”

Pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes, Ilya *weeps*. He can hear some movement, clothes shuffling and then he *feels* the heavy weight of Shane’s body on his own. Hands gently stroke his hair, trailing down to caress the corner of his eyes before soft kisses are planted over the back of his hands.

“And I love you, Ilya. So much it terrifies me.”

Ilya nods, because he understands that feeling perfectly.

“So for fuck’s sake, don’t marry Svetlana. I wouldn’t be able— Just don’t, okay?” Shane whispers, kissing his hands again until Ilya finally pulls them off his face to look at Shane.

And he nods, eyes hazed over with tears and so much *reverence*. He reaches over and touches Shane’s lips, thumb softly grazing the plump skin. He sniffles, smiling at the soft grin Shane gives him before closing the unbearable space left between them.

They kiss, slowly and fervently and—as if professing every agony and aching feeling he has borne all this time—he breathes against Shane’s lips, “Okay.”

End Notes

thank you for reading! I hope this brought a smile to your face :')

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