I'll Make Up for All of Your Tears

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I'll Make Up for All of Your Tears

by probsnothawkeye

Summary

> *I'll build a house / out of the mess / and all of the broken pieces / I'll make up for all of your tears / I'll give you the best years*
>
> or
>
> Shane was so tired of hiding. Tired of being scared. Tired of hurting Ilya because he was hiding and scared. Hockey had always been Shane's life– it had been the thing he loved most for so long. But now he loved something more– loved someone more. Ilya was far more important than hockey could ever be, and Shane let Ilya believe that wasn't the case. Like an idiot.

Notes

> Hello hello!
>
> I'm continuing on my train of writing Heated Rivalry fics inspired by 5 Seconds of Summer songs. Because I'm very normal about both of these things clearly. I've been thinking about The Long Game a lot since the season 2 announcement and decided it was my turn to write a fix-it for their fight in TLG. As a treat.
>
> Dedicated to my wonderful friend Louis who read all of the books in like 2 days when I gave him the ebooks for Christmas. This was, of course, a selfish act on my part because I desperately wanted someone to talk about these books with and knew Louis would come through for me as he always does <3
>
> Title and summary snippet from *Best Years* by 5 Seconds of Summer

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane was so tired of hiding. Tired of being scared. Tired of hurting Ilya because he was hiding and scared. Hockey had always been Shane's life– it had been the thing he loved most for so long. But now he loved something more– loved some*one* more. Ilya was far more important than hockey could ever be, and Shane let Ilya believe that wasn't the case. Like an idiot.

He hadn't gotten more than 20 minutes into his drive back to Montreal before he was turning around, racing back towards Ilya's– towards the house that Ilya had bought with the two of them in mind. How could Shane have been so stupid? So selfish? How did he let his own fear cloud him so much that he didn't realize how much Ilya had been hurting? There would be time to answer the questions later– after he fixed this, *if* he could fix this. He hoped he could. A life without Ilya Rozanov wasn't a life worth living, not to Shane, not anymore. As he pulled the car back into Ilya's driveway, Shane paused, mind racing; was now the time to take what he had been hiding in his glove compartment out? It felt too soon and not soon enough all at once. Would Ilya think it was only there as an apology? Would he understand how long Shane had had it, how long he had *wanted*, even with the fear?

There was only one way to find out. Shane reached with trembling fingers for the glove compartment, pulling out the small box within. This wasn't how he wanted to do this, but if Shane kept waiting for the right moment, he may never get the moment at all. He pocketed the box, grabbing his keys and making his way back into the house.

It was quiet– deathly so. The house looked the exact same as it had when Shane left roughly an hour ago, and yet it *felt* wrong. It felt cold, *shattered*; so different from the warmth and connection that had been in the house just last night.

Shane had done that. He broke the home Ilya had made for them.

Tears welled up in Shane's eyes, though he tried to force them away. He had no right to cry, not when he was the one who caused this problem in the first place. But he couldn't seem to stop them. Between one blink and the next, he felt the wetness sliding down his cheeks. Between that blink and another, the figure of Ilya Rozanov– love of his life– came into focus. It was clear Ilya had been crying too. "Shane? What are you doing–"

He threw his arms around Ilya, stopping the other man's words as Shane squeezed him as hard as he could. Distantly, Shane could hear himself muttering out apologies, begging for forgiveness that he most certainly didn't deserve, but he couldn't quite tell if those were actual words he was saying or just the result of his racing thoughts. He could feel Ilya's own tears falling onto his shoulder and soaking into his shirt, could vaguely hear mutterings in Russian that he only loosely understood, but he felt the heart of the message:

You came back. I love you. Please don't leave again.

"I'm sorry," Shane choked out, finally aware of himself again. "God, Ilya, I'm so sorry–"

"It's okay–"

“It’s not! I know it’s not. Don’t– Don’t try to make me feel better right now, please. I, I need to be doing that for *you.* I need to take care of you– please let me take care of you? Let me show you how much I care?”

Shane could see the confusion on Ilya’s face. “I know you care, Shane. I know you didn’t mean–” Ilya cut himself off, wincing at the memory of Shane’s words. “You were scared. You lashed out. That’s… It was not fair of me to spring that on you.”

“Yes it was,” Shane said, practically pleading with his boyfriend to understand that Ilya had done nothing wrong. “You had every right to ask that and I should’ve handled it like an adult and I didn’t and I’m so sorry, Ilya. I’m sorry I didn’t realize how much I was hurting you– how much my fear and anxiety were hurting you. God, you built this home– this *life*– around me and I almost wrecked it all; I can never apologize enough for that, Ilya, but please know that I’m sorry. That I’ll do better– That I’ll *be* better. That I want to be better, for both of us. You deserve to be seen and loved and heard, and I wasn’t doing that. I’m sorry that I didn’t realize how alone you felt–”

“I didn’t want you to know,” Ilya cut in, taking Shane’s face into his hands. “I didn’t want you to know how much I was hurting. I know it is hard for you to understand social things sometimes– I took advantage of that. You did not know because I did not want you to.”

Shane shook his head. “I didn’t know because I didn’t even bother to ask,” he whispered, shame boiling in his stomach. “I just continued on as if everything was fine, even though I didn’t always feel fine about it. If I wasn’t feeling fine, how could *you* possibly have been feeling? You gave up so much for me–”

“I gave up for *us*, Shane,” Ilya insisted, pressing a kiss to Shane’s forehead. “I did this for *us*. Because I know you love me– because I know I love you. Because I know we both want to be together.”

There was something in the understanding tone Ilya was using that broke Shane further– only to mend it immediately. Ilya hadn’t given up on them– hadn’t given up on *him*. Despite how little Shane deserved this man’s understanding, he had it; he had Ilya’s heart in his hands and for a terrifying moment it seemed like he had crushed it. But he didn’t. Not beyond what could be fixed. Shane pulled away from Ilya, barely registering the confusion on his face before Shane was down on one knee, pulling the ring box out of his pocket.

The band wasn’t anything too flashy– even though he knew Ilya might’ve liked that. He wanted something that felt personal to them, something simple and intricate and *beautiful*, just like what they had. In the end, he went with black titanium, a golden braid around the center. On the inside, there was a small etching of a loon– the numbers 24 and 81 on either side of it. He had etched the numbers in himself– not wanting to cause any further scrutiny of the ring he was buying. Looking back, it felt like a silly thing to worry about; the person who made the ring was so kind, Shane felt like an asshole for distrusting their ability to keep a secret. Then again, he had been distrusting everyone to keep this secret– himself included.

“Before you say anything,” Shane blurted; he hadn’t planned on starting like this, but he had barely planned this at all at this point. All he knew was that he loved Ilya and would do anything to show that to him. “This isn’t just because we fought. I’ve… I’ve had this for

awhile now. I've *wanted* this for awhile now. Wanted *you* for awhile now. You asked me before if I would choose you over hockey and the answer is yes. Of course I would, Ilya– I can live without hockey, but I can't live without you. Not any life that's worth living. You gave up so much for me– your team, your life, your country– and I need you to know that that hasn't gone unnoticed. I need you to know that I love you with all of me. And I would be honored if you'd marry me. Please? Marry me?"

Ilya was still standing in front of him, mouth agape and eyes wide. Nerves clawed at Shane's chest– was this a mistake? Should he have continued to wait? Was this making things about him more than about Ilya? Thoughts were racing and racing through Shane's head, his breath coming shorter and shorter and–

And then Ilya nodded.

"Yes."

"Yes?" Shane asked, barely believing it.

"Yes, *moya lyubov*, yes I will marry you." Ilya was crying again, but Shane felt more confident that they were happy tears this time. He slid the ring onto Ilya's finger– it was a little big, but that was fixable. "I love you, Shane."

"I love you too," Shane said before throwing his arms around his boyfriend– his *fiance*. All of the turmoil and heartache of the last couple hours seemed so far away now. In fact, all of the fear that Shane had been holding in him seemed to fade away as he looked at the ring on Ilya's finger, as he looked at the smile on Ilya's face. He put that there– put *both* of those things there. If he could be brave in this moment, then maybe– "What time was Boodram's party?"

Ilya looked taken aback once again. "Eh, around 6 or so? Why?" He wiggled an eyebrow, that cocky flirtatiousness flooding his voice. "We have plenty of time to celebrate if that is your concern."

Brave, Shane thought to himself. *I can be brave. For Ilya. For **both** of us*. "Do you think your teammates would want to meet your fiance?"

"I– Really?" There was a level of amazement in Ilya's voice that would've gutted Shane if he wasn't so focused on keeping that beautiful smile on his fiance's face. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," Shane said– and he believed it, too. "I might not be ready to tell the whole world, but you deserve to have people in your life who know. That includes your team. You trust them, and that should've been enough for me before. I'm sorry it wasn't. But if you'll still have me, I'd love to go with you tonight. Meet your team, show off my beautiful fiance…"

Ilya laughed, picking Shane up and spinning him around as they both giggled like school kids. "I would love nothing more than for you to meet my team. They…" Ilya looked away, a shy look on his face. "They are like family to me. I would like for you to meet my family."

Shane tilted Ilya's face towards his, their eyes meeting with matching looks of fondness. He leaned up and kissed Ilya gently before pulling back and grabbing his hand. "I'd love to meet your family, Ilya. They seem wonderful."

"They are," Ilya said with a smile Shane had only ever seen on his face when he was working with the kids at the camp. "They are good people. And a good team– just need a little work is all."

"Well, they have the best captain in the league to straighten them out," Shane teased. He felt light, free in a way he hadn't in so long. How long had he been hiding from Ilya? From *himself?* Shane wasn't sure, all he knew is that standing in the path of Ilya's smile was warming his heart in a way it hadn't been in far too long. "Thank you."

Ilya raised an eyebrow at him. "What for?"

"For waiting for me," Shane said, drawing his fiance in for another kiss. "I promise I'll make the wait worth it."

"Oh, *moya lyubov,*" Ilya said, pulling Shane into a warm embrace. "It already is."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and kudos are always appreciated but never required. I'm supposed to be working on my own podcasts but instead I keep writing about these gay hockey boys because I love them so much. If you'd like to check out my other work, you can find my podcasts *Tales from the Fringes of Reality* and *Forged Bonds* wherever you get your podcasts! And you can find me on tumblr/bluesky @probsnothawkeye, just like on here.

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