Since We Were 18

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Since We Were 18

by vechen

Summary

If Ilya and Shane had written their own vows, this is how it would go. (Loosely based on 18 by One Direction. Spoilers for The Long Game!)

Notes

Hi! I'm sure we're all in the same boat of needing more content about our wonderful Heated Rivalry boys, so I thought I would write a short fic on what Shane and Ilya's vows would be if they had actually written any themselves lol. This is my first time writing on AO3, and it's probably been at least 10 years since I've written a fic period, so please be gentle 🥹 If you see any tags that I should add or change, please let me know! Hopefully there aren't any grammar errors. Enjoy!

The justice of the peace, Nancy, stood between Shane and Ilya and said, “Ilya, would you like to start with your vows?”

Ilya nodded, took Shane’s hands, and began.

“Hollander. Shane. There aren’t many words I can say to describe our love, but I will try my best. The first thing I noticed about you at 17 years old were your freckles. They are still my favorite thing to look at on your face. Like stars in the sky. I want to spend the rest of our lives mapping them. Will be easy because I look at you always; is a very stunning face.” Shane rolled his eyes, but the smile on his face showed that he wasn’t really annoyed, and Ilya’s smirk was nowhere near apologetic.

“I did not want to love you. Was just hooking up on and off for first few years, but then my father died, and I found comfort in only you. So far away, but the closest in my heart. I had fallen in love with you, but I could not let it go any longer. Too much could go wrong, and I would not have been able to go back to Russia, but we got to play together for the first time at the All-Star Game, and it was *fun.* Playing hockey was so fun with you, and our relationship changed. In that hotel room. Was no longer just hook-ups. Maybe wasn’t for a long time.”

Ilya’s face took on a pained look from remembering this next memory, “Then you got hurt in that game in Montreal, and I felt my heart get crushed as you crashed into the boards. I could not let you go. Then you invited me to the cottage, and because I was coward, I told you “maybe” instead of breaking up with you.” A small gasp was heard, probably from Harris, but no one paid him any mind. Ilya had them hanging on every word.

“I have to give credit to super old guy, Scott Hunter, who is so dramatic he kissed boyfriend on national TV after winning Stanley Cup.”

A wave of laughter rippled through the audience as Scott Hunter yelled out, “HEY!”

“Is okay Scott. Kip is very beautiful. I would have done the same if Shane wasn’t Shane.” Ilya ripped his hand from Shane’s after feeling a pinch to his palm.

“Asshole,” Shane muttered, but there was only love in his eyes.

“Anyway… Scott did that, and gave me hope we could *maybe* do that too. So I went to the cottage, and I said “I love you” first. I would keep what we built safe. We took a chance on love, and now we get to have second wedding!” Ilya threw a wink to Amber and Jade who cheered from their positions next to Hayden and Jackie.

“But, we almost did not get to have this wedding. When the plane almost crashed, I was so afraid that I would never get to tell you what you *truly* meant to me. Not like before. Not the right way. How I would choose you over hockey, or anything else, every time, though Anya is very close. There are things about me only you know, and there are parts of my life that only we will share. You are my future, Shane.”

“I did not think, after all that time, we would eventually be outed by *FanMail* thanks to dumbass *Brad.* Is not your fault Hayden. Brad is asshole. You are good friend, and okay hockey player.” Hayden’s jaw dropped at the compliment.

“We had whole plan to tell our story, but it did not happen. Is okay though. We have our friends, our family, our team. That is all that matters. I love you Shane. I think I have since we were 18.”

“Ilya, please repeat after me. I, Ilya Rozanov, do take you, Shane Hollander, to be my lawful wedded husband.” Ilya repeated the words, somewhat clumsily, as he slipped the newly resized ring onto Shane’s ring finger as cheers erupted from the guests.

“Thank you Ilya. Shane, it’s your turn,” said Nancy. Shane took a deep breath, and started.

"Ilya. When we met at 17 in that parking lot in Saskatchewan, I thought you were a dick. You didn't really say anything nice to me, and regardless of how awkward that first conversation was, and it was really awkward, I couldn’t get your stupid smirk out of my head. Trust me, I tried.” The guests had let out a collective chuckle, knowing what Shane meant. Ilya may be annoying, but there’s something about his smile that is very charming and unforgettable.

“The first time I realized I wanted to kiss you was the night after the draft. You managed to carve your way into my heart, and you just wouldn't leave, or maybe I secretly wanted you to stay.” A couple of stray “aw’s” came from the crowd, but mostly more laughs.

“Years of only secret hook-ups, sorry Mom and Dad, allowed us to learn the little things that may not matter to some, but are everything to us,” Yuna and David both shook their heads with slightly embarrassed smiles on their faces, but only pride and happiness shone in their eyes.

“That night in Tampa Bay at the All-Star Game, almost 10 years after we met, I think was when it all changed for me. Not only did I finally admit to myself that I was gay, but I realized that I loved you, and was that not the scariest thing?” Ilya squeezed Shane’s hands a little tighter— a silent signal that he agreed.

“It was also the first time we actually played hockey *together* and not against each other, and when I say we’re going to win Stanley Cups for years, it’ll be for Ottawa. I can’t *wait*.”

Hoots and hollers came from the multitude of Centaurs players in the yard, and a few stray “boos” from Hayden, JJ, and Scott, but one look from Ilya and the three of them promptly shut up.

"That first summer at the cottage was the first time I allowed myself to stop worrying about everyone else and just focus on you- on us. No hockey. No outside world. Just me, you, and the loons, or as you call them, wolf birds. We got to exist simply as we were. We shared our first “I love you’s,” became boyfriends in secret, then friends to the public.” Shane and Ilya’s smiles grew fonder with the mention of that summer. Their relationship was irrevocably altered, but there was no looking back.

Shane took a deep breath, steeling himself, before diving into this next memory, “You once asked me if I would choose you over hockey. At the time, I thought that was the stupidest question because you and hockey don't even compare. But it wasn't until I almost lost you to a plane crash that really put it into perspective. The trophies, the awards, *hockey* mean nothing if you aren’t in my life.”

Harris could be seen weaving through the crowd holding out a box of tissues.

“Our relationship was going to be so complicated for so many reasons, but I would do it all again because you're worth fighting for. *Our love* is worth fighting for. And for the days that are harder than expected, I’ll be there so you never have to fight alone.” Shane placed a kiss along each of Ilya’s knuckles.

“I can’t wait to finally win a cup with you because we’re going to be the best damn team in the entire league. So, Ilya Rozanov, I promise with my three Stanley Cups and Rookie of the Year award, that I will love you until our next life. *Ya tebya lyublyu.”*

“With this ring, I shall love, honor, and cherish you. And this ring is the symbol of my love,” Shane said as he slipped the ring onto Ilya’s finger as whoops, claps, and sniffles filled the backyard, and Ilya wiped the stray tears off of his and Shane’s cheeks.

Nancy concluded the ceremony by saying, “I do hereby pronounce you, Shane and Ilya, to be married. You may celebrate your marriage with a kiss.”

Ilya grabbed Shane, dipped him, and smacked a kiss onto his lips as their friends and family cheered around them.

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