Wedding morning

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Wedding morning

by Chocolatecandy

Summary

Ilya and Shane wake up together the morning of their wedding

Shane woke to the soft hush of sunlight filtering through the curtains and the heavy, familiar weight of Ilya wrapped around him like a second blanket.

This wasn't just any morning.

This was the morning.

A huge smile bloomed across his face before he even opened his eyes. His heart was thudding, butterflies fluttering. He felt like a teenager again, like his entire body was vibrating with joy and nerves and love.

Today, he was marrying Ilya Rozanov. His Ilya. His best friend. His chaos. His comfort. His person.

It still didn't feel real.

He stayed still for a moment, soaking it in — the warmth of Ilya's body, the scratch of his stubble against Shane's neck, the steady rhythm of his breathing.

Then came the softest press of lips to his skin.

"Morning, sweetheart," Ilya mumbled, voice rough with sleep.

Shane smiled so hard his cheeks hurt. He turned over to face his fiancé, whose bedhead and crooked grin made Shane's chest feel too small for his heart.

"It's our wedding day," Shane whispered, barely containing his joy.

"Mmm," Ilya hummed, leaning in to kiss him.

Shane didn't even care about morning breath. Didn't care that they both probably looked a mess. He kissed Ilya back, eager and laughing into it — until Ilya pulled away, eyes mischievous.

"Hold that thought," he said, rolling out of bed and padding naked to the closet.

Shane propped himself up on one elbow, still grinning, watching him curiously.

Ilya returned with a small wrapped box in one hand and an envelope in the other. He sat beside Shane and held them out like offerings. "For you. On our special day. I can't wait to marry you — in front of our friends, family…" He smirked. "And Hayden."

Shane laughed, heart aching with affection. He felt so full. So grateful. So ready.

"I got you something too," he said, cheeks pink. He reached into the drawer beside the bed and pulled out his own small box and envelope, pressing them into Ilya's hands. "I… I'm not always the best gift giver, but I'm really excited about this one."

They exchanged their boxes first.

Ilya unwrapped his with the enthusiasm of a kid on Christmas morning. Inside: a pair of polished gold cufflinks engraved with a small, elegant S&I. He went quiet for a moment, studying them with reverence.

“I love them,” he said softly. “I’m wearing them tonight. Thank you, sweetheart.”

Shane flushed, biting his lip.

He opened Ilya’s box next — and blinked in surprise. A sleek, gleaming Rolex nestled in the velvet lining. He gaped.

“I’ve never owned one of these,” he said, stunned.

“Turn it over,” Ilya prompted, almost giddy.
Shane flipped it. There, engraved in Russian, was the simple phrase: To my beloved. — Your husband.

His throat tightened instantly.

“Ilya…”

“Check the envelope,” Ilya said, voice gentle now.

Shane reached for it, grabbing his glasses from the nightstand to read. The moment he saw the header, he froze.

The deed to the house in Ottawa. Their house. The one they’d been building a life in. And now, his name was on it — right there, in ink.

“Ilya,” he said, blinking rapidly. “You—this is…”

“This is our home,” Ilya said. “Where we live. Where we make memories. Where I get to annoy you until we’re old and grey.”

Shane gave him a watery smile and leaned forward, brushing their lips together in a tender, tear-slicked kiss.

“Thank you. I can’t wait to keep building our life here. Together.”

Ilya wiped a thumb under Shane’s eye.

“You’re crying.”

“You started it.”

“Fair.”

Shane nudged Ilya’s envelope toward him. “Your turn.”

Ilya waggled his eyebrows dramatically, teasing about it being coupons for sex, before carefully opening it. Inside: the deed to Shane’s lakeside cottage — the place Shane had

always gone to find peace. Now it bore both their names.

He stared at it, silent.

“I always imagined sharing that place with the person I loved,” Shane said quietly. “It already felt like yours. I just wanted to make it official.”

Ilya’s eyes shimmered. He set the envelope down with trembling hands.

“I never really thought I’d find my person,” Shane continued. “But then there was this annoying, loud, infuriatingly handsome russian who I could never get out of my mind.” He smiled. "I love you, Ilya. I will always choose you."

Ilya gave a wet laugh, eyes damp. He looked at Shane like he was seeing him for the first time, and also like he’d been seeing only him forever.

“Thank you,” he said softly, voice rough around the edges. “For loving me. For letting me love you.”

He took a shaky breath, then cupped Shane’s face in both hands. “I love you, so much. And I swear, I’ll spend the rest of my life showing you. I’ll do everything I can to make you happy, every single day. Because you—” his voice cracked, and he smiled through it, “—you are everything.”

Shane’s breath caught in his chest. He leaned into Ilya’s touch, eyes shining.

They leaned in at the same time — a kiss that was soft and tear-salty, clumsy and too full of emotion to be perfect, but perfect nonetheless.

They kissed for a while.

“We’re getting married today,” Shane murmured, breathless against Ilya’s lips. “We should really get out of bed…”

Ilya hummed, already trailing kisses along his jaw. “Later,” he said, voice rough and sleep-warm. “The ceremony isn’t until four.”

Shane let out a breathy laugh, fingers sliding up the back of Ilya’s neck. “You say that like you won’t need at least an hour to get your hair under control.” Shane teased.

“My hair looks amazing,” Ilya muttered, pulling back just enough to give Shane that smug, lopsided grin which made Shanes heart still skip a beat. “You, however…”

Shane raised an eyebrow, about to fire back — but Ilya silenced him with a kiss. This one slower. Deeper. His hand curled around Shane’s waist, pulling him close with that effortless strength that always made Shane melt. They where still naked, and Shane could feel that Ilya was just as hard as he was.

“You’re really mine today,” Ilya whispered against his mouth. “Officially.”

“I’ve been yours for years,” Shane said, fingers gliding along Ilya's back. “But yeah. I like the sound of ‘husband.’”

Ilya’s answering smile was slow and dangerous, and when he rolled them over so he was on top — Shane breathless beneath him, laughter turning into something softer, heavier — it was clear they weren’t leaving that bed anytime soon.

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Later, after some great blow jobs and Ilya fingering Shane to a second orgasm, they finally got up. Shane wanted the next time Ilya was inside of him, to be when they were husbands. Which Ilya found really romantic. And he loved how pink Shane's cheeks had gotten when he mentioned it.

They showered together, exchanging lazy kisses between the steam, and Shane laughed when Ilya tried to style his hair with Shane's expensive shampoo.

Breakfast was simple — coffee, fruit, toast, Shane's stupid kale smoothie — but it tasted better than anything Ilya could remember. Maybe it was the butterflies. Maybe it was the way Shane kept looking at him like he was the only thing that existed.

Either way, today was already perfect. And it was only just beginning.

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