It Was Always You

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It Was Always You

by freckledloon

Summary

"Why'd you do it?" Ilya asks lazily, gentle fingers tracing along Shane's spine to calm his nerves. "Do what?" Shane asks absentmindedly, far too distracted by the electricity Ilya's careful fingers are leaving against his skin.

"Propose." Ilya clarifies. "What?" Shane says through an unsure chuckle. Isn't it obvious? He thinks to himself as they lay naked, tangled together in their shared bed on the day of their wedding.

"It was because of plane crash?" Ilya braves himself to say.

~

Or, a conversation between Shane and Ilya the morning of their wedding.

Notes

Story/book spoilers in this little piece of writing

I just couldn't sleep without them having a proper talk about how Ilya had felt about THE fight. He even wondered if they were actually going to get married. UGH my certified yearner loverboy. Also felt like maybe they should have talked a little more about everything? Anyways, here's Hollanov being soft for each other. Enjoy! <3

See the end of the work for more notes

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"Propose." Ilya clarifies. "What?" Shane says through an unsure chuckle. *Isn't it obvious?* He thinks to himself as they lay naked, tangled together in their shared bed on the day of their wedding.

"It was because of plane crash?" Ilya braves himself to say. Shane almost feels angry. Offended maybe. That the man he loves could ever question his reasoning for wanting to *marry* him. Could just chalk it up to something so rash and somewhat hallow. Like Shane only did it in the heat of the moment kind of thing.

As if Shane hadn't spent hours on end imagining a life where he got to call *Ilya Rozanov* his husband.

He lifts himself up, his body immediately feeling the loss of contact with Ilya's warmth. His eyebrows are furrowed and he's sure maybe there's also a pout there on his lips. *Ilya loves this particular look.*

"That's what you think? Really?" He huffs. Ilya shrugs. "I think..." Ilya says carefully as he tries to find his english. "We fight. You leave. I get into accident. You propose." It's been weighing on his mind since Shane got down on one knee in his living room.

"Fuck you." Shane removes himself completely from Ilya's touch and sits back against the headboard with his arms crossed tight against his chest. "Oh, you are ready for round two?" Ilya tries to lighten the mood, he didn't mean to pick a fight. Not today.

When Shane turns back around to meet his lover's gaze he realizes just how serious he is. His hazel eyes carrying a sadness that he quickly tries to mask as soon as their eyes meet.

It dawns on him then, that they hadn't really fully talked that fight through. Yes they had touched briefly on it and Shane did apologize for not recognizing just how much Ilya had given up for him. But they never fully circled back to the part where Ilya thought there was even the smallest possibility that Shane would pick hockey over him.

Over this. Them. Their love.

Truthfully, he didn't think he had to press that issue. Everyone who has ever been in a room with the pair have always been quick to clock his heart eyes. How could they not? Shane was so completely and utterly head over heels in love with Ilya sometimes it felt like he would split in two.

"Ilya..." Shane sighs and places an apologetic palm against Ilya's cheek. He watches Ilya's eyes flutter and his body relax instantly with the touch. His own heart flips. "Is fine. I do not want to fight on our wedding day." Ilya's curls bouncing a bit with the shake of his head.

"*You* are *everything*." Shane says pointedly in Russian. "Nothing else. No one else. *Only you*." It was something he had been practicing. Although they had opted for generic vows for the ceremony he wanted to do something private only for them two.

Ilya's beautiful hazel eyes go a bit wide and a hint of lust circles around in them as it always does whenever Shane speaks in Russian.

He couldn't believe he was hearing Shane speak these words in Russian. Part of him, maybe the sad part, wondered if Shane really knew what he was saying. *Maybe he googled romantic things to say in Russian.*

"I will love you. Only you. Until the day I die." Shane continues stumbling a bit over the Russian words. A blush spreads over Ilya's cheeks even though he still claims to this day that Russians *don't blush* and Shane's heart swells.

Shane can't help but lean in and kiss him. Nothing hungry or urgent. More tender and slow. Wanting to convey to his soon-to-be husband that he knew exactly what he was saying and meant every single word. Ilya pulled him closer and Shane allowed him his lips for as long as he needed them.

Of course he knew what he was saying.
This is Shane fucking Hollander.
Perfect at everything he does.
How could Ilya allow his mind to trick him for even a second?

They didn't pull back until both their lungs were on fire and begging for air. Shane thinks he could probably live on Ilya alone if his body would allow it.

"The airplane was scary, yes. And it did make me think a lot about us and what would happen if you were gone." Shane starts, tears building with the horrible memory, Ilya's own heart hurting in his chest.

"How I wouldn't be able to mourn you openly and why? Because I was scared of what some random people who don't know us would think? It was stupid." Shane continues, resting his forehead against Ilya's.

"Was not stupid." Ilya laces their fingers together because of course even when he's hurt Shane is always his priority. Sometimes Shane feels like he doesn't even deserve him. "It was. And I'm sorry I made us wait so long." Shane frowns.

"You did not *make me*. I chose this. You. Us." Ilya nods confident in his words just as he was when he told his therapist the same thing. "Was not so black and white." He places a quick kiss to Shane's freckles.

"I'm sorry if I ever made you feel less than hockey to me. I was just..." Shane doesn't like to think about that time now. They've come so far since being outed in that stupid video. But when he does think about it he feels regret. Regret that he let his fear make such big decisions for them.

He doesn't like to think about all the years wasted in hiding. All the kisses and touches he could have been getting whenever he wanted for *years*. Instead, they had all been reduced to darkened hotel rooms and locked doors.

"You were scared." Ilya finishes for him. "I was scared also." He dismisses in his very nonchalant Ilya way. "I wanted to marry you before the plane. I think I've wanted to marry you from the day I laid eyes on you." Shane snorts out the last part. *Even if they had been teenagers back then and he had a girlfriend at the time.*

It was something magnetic between them. Something undeniable.

Ilya's heart feels so full hearing the words he could cry.

"Embarrassing, Hollander." Ilya teases instead and steals a chaste kiss mainly to hide the pink on his cheeks. "Whatever." Shane shoves him lightly not feeling too embarrassed by it. Ilya confesses his love at least once a day especially as they've gotten closer to saying I do.

"I will admit I was...maybe a little scared." Ilya speaks hushed. Shane offers a confused tilt of the head. Ilya always tells him he looks like a cute puppy when he does it but he can't help it. "That you would back out I mean."

Ilya quickly darts his eyes away. Shane feels the wind get knocked out of him in the worst way possible. He shakes his head and climbs into Ilya's lap, needing to be closer to him.

"I-I would never. *Could* never." The words coming out a little desperate as he feels frustrated with himself. "I love you so much Ilya. These past years, having to hide the best thing that's ever happened to me, have been the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life."

"I am best thing to ever happen to you?" Ilya grins almost giddy with it. "Of course." Shane captures his lips to seal his promise. "If things had been less complicated, if I had been braver, I would have told the world sooner."

"I was also not so brave." Ilya reasons because they were a pair and in this together. "Sorry we could not be simpler." He adds, hands on Shane's hips. "I wouldn't have wanted simpler if it meant a life without you." Shane assures.

"*It was always you.*" He adds, once again in full Russian.

Ilya can't seem to control himself then, his hand cupping the back of Shane's neck to bring him impossibly close, loving the sound of the words leaving his lips.

Their lips move together in a kiss of pure passion. Shane's torn between riding Ilya like this or letting him pound his skillful hips into him until he's having trouble on his walk down the makeshift aisle outside.

He decides to stay in Ilya's lap, both men needing to stay close and touching as much skin as possible. As his fingers tangle in Ilya's curls and he sinks himself down onto his favorite feeling in the world, he silently promises himself he'll spend the rest of his life showing Ilya how much he means to him.

"I'm going to be *so* out and proud, everyone will be begging me to go back into hiding." Shane breathes between moans. "You are already super gay." Ilya smirks. "Shut up." Shane groans, both of them laughing into their next string of kisses.

Yes. Shane can't wait to do this for the rest of their lives. To hold onto Ilya's hand whenever he wants. No matter where they are or who is around.

And although it's not quite like his dream where they fucked in the middle of the rink, he'd like to kiss Ilya in front of everyone when they win their team their first ever Stanley Cup. *Together*.

His body shutters with his climax so overwhelming he goes a little dizzy with it. Ilya's open-mouth kisses to his neck slowly bring him back to their room.

"When did you learn that Russian?" Ilya's voice raspy after his own climax. "Secret. Wanted to learn for you. For our wedding." Shane's still trying to find his brain after that high so it's all he can manage, still a little breathless.

For you. Echoes in Ilya's mind and he's never felt lighter yet hungrier than in this moment.

"I love you." Ilya says in Russian. "I love you, too." Shane replies in Russian. "Let's go get married."

Ilya smiles wide, squeezes him close planting one, two, three, more kisses to his lips before nodding and pulling them along to the shower where he would be thanking Shane for all his efforts.

End Notes

If you like soft domestic shit I am your guy. Also follow me on twitter so we can cry about Hollanov together. New hyper fixation is hyper fixating. @/freckledloonn

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