yours, forever

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yours, forever

by beetlesandstars

Summary

"Shane," Hayden says, voice tight.

At once, the hairs on Shane's arms stand to attention. He sits up, bracing himself.

"What's happening?"

"You're getting married to Rose Landry."

Shane chokes. *"What?"*

Or: news breaks that Shane Hollander is getting married to Hayden Pike, and then, improbably, to Rose Landry. The only problem? He isn't.

Notes

this is SO STUPID okay please keep that in mind.

enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The day the entire world finds out Shane's getting married to Hayden Pike starts out honey-sweet and syrupy slow.

It's hard to deny that most days start out that way, when Shane wakes up with Ilya's head on his chest. The sun, only just making its sleepy ascent over the horizon, trickles into the bedroom as the minutes tick by, casting Ilya in a soft light. It makes his skin glow golden, inspiring the gentle shadows his eyelashes create to grow longer.

Unable to suppress a yawn, Shane's chest expands. This, finally, rouses Ilya. He has a certain look on his face when he's just woken up – which is how Shane has, throughout the years, been able to tell when Ilya pretends to wake up at the same time as him – that makes Shane's heart swell. A dazed, helpless expression slowly morphing into something sappy and delighted, the second his eyes find Shane.

Today, though, Ilya blinks up at him and shudders.

Sympathetically, Shane squeezes him. He murmurs, "Another nightmare?"

"Stress dream," Ilya corrects, voice rough with disuse.

Shane hums. "What was it about?"

"I was in the jeep," Ilya mumbles, eyes fluttering shut again. "And these… sea turtles. They were everywhere. And I was driving over them."

"Poor turtles."

"Very," Ilya wrinkles his nose. "Was disgusting. And also sad." He sighs. "I am glad no sea turtles are dead because of me in real life."

"I'm sorry," Shane says, pressing a kiss to the crown of his head. "You still don't know why you're having stress dreams?"

Ilya tenses up. Shane pretends not to notice.

The thing is, Shane knows very well why Ilya is having stress dreams. He can even pinpoint the exact date Ilya started having them, because it was the day he ran a secret errand, and came back with a small paper bag he told Shane not to worry about.

The paper bag has not resurfaced again, but because Shane is Shane – and also a chronic deep-cleaner – he spotted it in one of the kitchen cupboards three days after Ilya first told him not to worry about it.

He definitely shouldn't have looked, but he did. Which means he knows there's an engagement ring in a bag behind the cereal only Ilya eats, that, suspiciously, he has not touched for weeks.

“No,” Ilya replies, and Shane can’t believe he ever believed a single lie he ever told in the earlier days of their partnership. Ilya is the worst liar on the planet.

“Okay,” Shane says anyway, biting back a smile. He’s always buzzing these days, battling the swarm of butterflies in his stomach. Ilya could propose to him any day, and Shane just– won’t know until it’s happening. It’s equal parts exciting and nerve-wracking.

Today, Ilya’s heading out to grab lunch with Svetlana. This gives Shane ample time to run his own secret errand– namely, buying Ilya an engagement ring. He’s not going to steal his thunder and propose first, or anything, but… well, he wants Ilya to have a ring right away too. He wants him to know he’ll always meet him halfway.

Together, they make their way through their morning routine. Ilya’s taken to brewing Kenyan coffee – Java House’s brand – that Shane’s also grown fond of. Even Yuna, when she was over last week, hummed her appreciation for it.

After a coffee, smoothie, and shower each (not all experienced separately), Shane waves Ilya off by the door. As soon as the car is out of sight, he toes on his own shoes and grabs the car keys.

He has a ring to buy.

Shane meets Hayden by a little coffee shop two streets away from the ring shop he’d found on Google (raving reviews, and the rings did look beautiful in the photos), and once they’ve hugged each other hello, they make their way toward the shop.

“You’re walking too fast,” Hayden complains, half-jogging beside Shane. “The rings aren’t going anywhere, man.”

“We have forty-five minutes before Ilya texts me to let me know he’s on his way home,” Shane explains. “That gives us thirty-five minutes to find the perfect ring. I have to get home before him.”

“I know,” Hayden says. “I just think– Shane, slow *down–”*

“We’re here,” Shane says breathlessly, pushing the glass door open and stepping inside. Behind him, Hayden skids to a stop, catching himself on Shane’s shoulder to keep from stumbling.

“Gentleman,” says a woman behind the counter, eyes a little wide. Shane resists the urge to snort, wondering what his life would have had to look like for his first instinct to be, upon being surprised, exclaiming *gentleman.*

“Hi,” Shane says, before clearing this throat. “Hi, sorry. We’re looking for a ring.”

The woman smiles, looking a little more settled. She adjusts the nametag on her shirt, reading Emeline.

“Right, well,” Emeline says, tucking her red hair behind her ear. “You’re in the right place. Do you know what you’re looking for?”

“Something timeless,” Hayden answers for Shane. Hayden and Rose had been the only ones to receive a photo of the engagement ring Ilya had bought, a photo Shane had taken very quickly and guiltily while Ilya was showering. To Shane, Hayden says conspiratorially, “To match the other one.”

Emeline nods, eyes brightening. “That’s wonderful, of course. I’ll show you two our most popular collection.”

She does, waving them over to one of the displays. The rings are, Shane must admit, gorgeous. He’s never been one for jewellery, but he understands the appeal. Understands why rings are used to signify commitment and eternal love.

While they’re oohi-ng and aah-ing over the rings, Emeline asks, “So, who proposed to who?”

Shane flickers his eyes up to her in surprise, realising she’s mistakenly assumed that Hayden and him are a couple. He opens his mouth to reply when Hayden laughs.

“No one. Yet.” Hayden nudges Shane’s arm. “But soon, I think.”

Emeline nods and smiles like this makes sense. “Well, I’m sure it will be worth the wait. Do you have a picture of the other ring?”

“Uh– yeah.” Shane retrieves his phone and finds his secret photo album. He angles his phone away – lest he scar his best friend and an innocent ring shop employee with some very NSFW photos – before clicking on the ring. He presents it to Emeline, who snaps her fingers and makes a small noise.

Without a word, she turns and disappears into another room, door swinging shut behind her.

Shane frowns, looking at his phone to make sure he didn’t accidentally show her something unseemly. The photo of the ring stares back at him.

“Huh,” Hayden says. “Wonder what–”

The door swings open again, and Emeline smiles sheepishly. In her hand is a small box, and she slides it over to Shane.

“Sorry for running out,” she says. “But– the ring you showed me, it reminded me of another one we have. Take a look.”

Curiously, Shane slides the box closer. Hayden peers over his shoulder as he cracks it open, *ooh*-ing theatrically.

Shane makes no noise, because– this is it. This is the ring.

“Beautiful,” Hayden comments, voice oddly thick, and Shane nods jerkily. He’s going to give this ring to Ilya. Ilya’s going to wear this ring, and the whole world will know he belongs to Shane.

“I’ll give you two a moment,” Emeline says, walking back into the other room. Shane listens to the door swing shut, the creaky hinges loud in the otherwise pristine room.

Next to him, Hayden sniffles.

“Are—“ Shane turns, but Hayden ducks his head. “Dude, are you crying?”

“No,” Hayden says, crying. “I’m just a little emotional, okay? My best friend’s getting married!”

Looking down, Shane smiles. “He hasn’t even proposed yet.”

Hayden groans. “So tell him to hurry up! You’re not getting any younger.”

Heatlessly, Shane punches him in the arm. Hayden retaliates by stepping on his shoe.

From the door, Emeline clears her throat.

“We’re done,” Shane says, beckoning her forth.

“So,” Emeline says, approaching them. She wraps her knuckles on the glass display, eyes flickering between Hayden and Shane. “Would you like me to show you another collection?”

“No,” Shane says immediately. “No, this one’s perfect.”

Behind them, the door jingles, and another customer steps inside.

“I’ll be right with you,” Emeline tells them, before turning her attention back to Shane. “I’ll *ring* this up for you over at the counter,” she says, cracking a smile when Hayden honk-laughs.

“Awesome.” Shane says, his smile turning into a full-blown grin when Emeline heads over to the counter. He turns to Hayden, who is once again surreptitiously wiping at his eyes.

“Come on,” Shane says, nudging him. “We have time for a coffee after this.”

“Yeah,” Hayden sniffles. “Because your dream ring was *waiting* for you, man. You’re living a fairytale.”

Once Shane’s paid and reverently accepted the bag Emeline passes him, he turns and nearly bumps into the other customer. The customer is a young man, and his eyes widen when Shane steps around him awkwardly, mumbling a quick apology. The man very quickly pockets his phone and stutters out something unintelligible, turning red.

Shaking his head, Shane exits the store with Hayden.

“Fans, am I right?” Hayden says, sighing like a world-weary celebrity.

“Sure,” Shane snorts. “The guy was probably just– freaking out over what ring to get.”

“Mhm,” Hayden says, distracted.

Shane rolls his eyes, but he’s too content to commit to ragging on Hayden. He got the ring, and his best friend is so happy for him he cried, even though he used to (professionally) hate Ilya. Shane is getting married, and then he’s coming out to the world with his husband’s hand in his own, ready for all and any reactions.

Life could be worse.

Shane’s phone buzzes the moment he’s parked (in the exact same place he was parked this morning, to make sure Ilya doesn’t grow suspicious), but he doesn’t have time to check it until he’s inside again, flat out sprinting to the bedroom to stash the ring in a shoe box he then slides carefully under the bed. As curious as Ilya can be, he wouldn’t be tempted to open a shoe box. Shane’s sure of it.

Ilya isn’t home yet, and if the text he sent is anything to go by he won’t be for another ten minutes. Knowing this, Shane takes his time eating a banana in the kitchen, humming tunelessly to himself as he ambles into the living room and collapses on the couch.

What a day, he thinks. *A job well done.*

And then he checks his phone.

HAYDEN: *Dude. I was right. It was a fan.*
[Link]

Frowning, Shane clicks the link. It takes him to Twitter, which immediately doubles his heart rate. Nothing good ever comes out of Twitter.

@bananaramalama
i swear to god i just saw shane hollander and hayden pike RING SHOPPING TOGETHER
Comments: 19 Quotes: 12 Likes: 251

A photo is attached to the tweet, too blurry to discern Shane or Hayden’s features, but– well. *Shane* can tell it’s a photo of himself and his best friend.

Fuck.

Okay, this is bad. One, because Ilya might see it, and then he’ll know Shane knows about the *other* ring, or worse, he’ll take a step back and let Shane propose to him first. Two, a (not so small) part of the Internet is full of hockey enthusiasts who already think Shane and Hayden are having some sort of sordid, tragic affair, and this will for sure fan the flames if enough people see it.

Three, Hayden is already married. To a woman. Who has given birth to three of his children.

SHANE: *Shit.*

HAYDEN: *Don't sweat it. We won't interact with it, and it'll blow over.*

SHANE: *Ok.*
It better.

HAYDEN: *It will!*

The sound of a car door slamming shut outside startles Shane. Hastily, he exits Twitter and thumbs over to Instagram, before tossing his phone onto the table. Better not to draw attention to the very thing he doesn't want Ilya to be looking at right now.

"Shane?" Ilya calls.

"Living room," Shane calls back.

"I bought disgusting kale smoothie for you," Ilya announces, rounding the corner with a grin on his face, brandishing the smoothie. He shakes it, grin softening into a smile when Shane lifts his arms in greeting. Barely giving himself time to set the smoothie down on the coffee table, Ilya collapses on top of Shane, pressing a loud kiss to the side of his neck.

"Hey," Shane says, nuzzling him. "How was lunch?"

Ilya sighs, body relaxing. "Good. How bored were you without me?"

"It was kind of peaceful, actually," Shane lies. Nose digging into Shane's shoulder, Ilya groans.

"No. Is lie. Shane Hollander is helpless without me," he declares, voice muffled. Shane slides his fingers into Ilya's hair, tugging playfully.

"I mowed the lawn," Shane fibs. "And I had a party. We finished the vodka you'd put in the back of the freezer. Sorry."

Ilya groans again. "You hate me."

"I love you," Shane corrects. Instantly, he feels Ilya smiles.

"I love you," Ilya says, so sure of himself these days. He doesn't hesitate before asking for what he wants, which is how Shane knows he's going to say, "Give me kiss."

Tugging Ilya's head up, Shane catches his mouth in a soft kiss, a gentle greeting. When they part, Ilya looks about as dopey as he's capable of looking.

God, Shane is so in love. He can't wait to marry him.

"What?" Ilya asks, eyes flickering between Shane's.

Pursing his lips around a smile, Shane says, "Give me my smoothie."

The really stupid thing is that Shane sort of forgets about the whole ring shop debacle. Not that he forgot he bought the *ring*– but the Twitter of it all. The tweet itself didn't gain much traction, before it was deleted (mysteriously), and Ilya is, as far Shane can tell, none the wiser.

And so, Shane forgets.

It's not like he has the brain capacity to think about it anyway, not when Rose texts him a week later with some pretty exciting news.

ROSE: *Come to dinner tonight. Bring your partner, I'll bring mine ;)*

SHANE: *You have a new boyfriend?*
Ilya has a thing tonight, but I'll be there :)

ROSE: *No. Not quite. You'll see.*
And shame, I miss Rozy :(

SHANE: *Mysterious lady.*

ROSE: *You know it.*

The restaurant is simple, yet elegant.

He thinks, once Ilya and Shane have come out, that he would like to bring Ilya here. As long as the food also passes muster, but it's almost guaranteed to; Rose is a foodie through and through. She would not eat somewhere she hasn't vetted.

With the help of a kind-eyed waiter, he weaves his way through the restaurant to a table by the window, where he spots Rose in a beautiful black dress, next to a woman in a blue dress.

Confused, he starts to smile, only to halt a few steps away. Because– well. Rose had said she wanted to introduce Shane to her *partner,* and– she's sitting next to a *woman,* and Shane *knows* this woman, because she's–

"Svetlana?" Shane asks, disbelieving.

"Hello," Svetlana greets, lips ticking up.

He flounders, "What are you– why are you–"

"We're a couple," Rose says quickly, like she physically can't stop the words from escaping her. Beside her, Svetlana snorts a laugh.

"I–" Shane eyeballs her. His entire world tilts sideways, mouth falling open.

But through the disbelief comes a swell of pride. Of *excitement.* As difficult as his own journey has been with self-acceptance, Rose looks radiant. She looks like she's figured

herself out.

Wordlessly, he falls into the seat opposite of them.

Shit, he thinks. *I totally should have made Ilya come.*

“Shane?” Rose asks, eyebrows lifting. “You okay?”

“This is just– holy shit,” Shane says lamely, blubbering like a fish. And then, shaking his head around a laugh, he beams. “Holy *shit,* Rose. This is awesome. And– Svetlana– congrats. Both of you.”

“Thank you,” Svetlana says, smiling shyly.

“So, uh,” Shane starts. He regards them both, chest achy and warm in the best way. “I mean, Rose, you never mentioned that you…”

“I know.” Rose purses her lips, ducking her head briefly. She releases a breath, and says, “And I didn’t really know. Or– I guess… a part of me sort of… knew. Or, didn’t know, but had an inkling, I guess. And, I mean, gay people have always gravitated towards me.”

Shane opens his mouth to argue, then snaps it shut.

Rose doesn’t notice, continuing, “Not that it wouldn’t have been amazing, just being a safe person to come to. But as it turns out…”

“You attract gay people because you *are* gay people.”

Rose giggles, hand finding Svetlana’s, who looks at her with twinkling, smiling eyes.

Abruptly, Shane starts to laugh. He can’t quite fathom that this is his life now. That he has so many great friends, and that they want to share their joy with him.

“What?” Rose asks, grinning.

“I’m just happy,” Shane tells her honestly.

“Well,” Rose says, leaning into Svetlana. “So are we.”

“So are we,” Svetlana agrees, squeezing her hand.

Shane has to resign himself to the fact that he will probably never see Ilya make the face he made when he told him about Svetlana and Rose again, but it was so, so worth it.

He’s still riding that high, of shocking Ilya so thoroughly his eyes grew five sizes, that he climbs into bed that night feeling light and playful.

They’re too busy teasing each other to do more than exchange a handful of kisses before Ilya falls asleep, and, retrieving his phone again, Shane draws little patterns into Ilya’s bicep.

He checks in with Jackie, who sends him an adorable picture of the newest addition to their family (a cat!). Afterwards, he sends Rose a string of exclamation marks for no particular reason other than residual excitement, to which she responds with her own string of red hearts.

Some time after that, he peruses Twitter.

This, shockingly, does not put him in a good mood.

He doesn't find much on Twitter that directly mentions the whole ring shop debacle, but the few vague-tweets he does find make him feel itchy.

Shane tries to blow those tweets up with his mind.

Nostrils flaring, Shane exits the app, glancing at the time. *12.14.* Oops. He meant to go to sleep an hour ago.

Sheepishly, he deposits his phone on the bedside table. When he looks up, Ilya's stirring.

"Hey," Shane says, soft and gooey all the way through with affection. "You okay?"

"Hello," Ilya says, voice rough. Then, as if rebooting, he blinks. "I am okay. Had bad dream again."

Shane scratches his scalp. "What was it about?"

"I was being… how to say…" Ilya squints. "Accused of murder."

"Oh, wow. That's— new."

"Yes," Ilya agrees. "And I was found guilty. Was bad."

"That sucks," Shane whispers, kissing his brow. "Go back to sleep, baby."

Ilya sinks back into the mattress. "Okay. I will dream of you this time."

Shane smiles. "Yeah?"

"Yes." Ilya's eyes fall shut. "I will not be lonely, then."

Watching Ilya settle, Shane lets his own eyes flutter shut. Blindly, he slides his phone onto the bedside table, pulling Ilya closer.

He hopes he proposes soon. He wants to marry him, like, yesterday.

The next morning, Shane wakes up in an empty bed. It's not often that he sleeps in, or that Ilya isn't right beside him indulging in an extra hour of sleep too. Yawning, he snatches the note Ilya's left on his pillow for him, tracing the edges of it while he waits for his eyes to focus.

Out on run. Green smoothie in kitchen.
Love,
Ilya XOXOXOXOXOXO

Helplessly fond, Shane presses the note to his chest. Then, quite rudely, his phone starts ringing.

He fumbles for it, picking it up once he's checked the Caller ID.

"Hayden?"

"Shane," Hayden says, voice tight.

At once, the hairs on Shane's arms stand to attention. He sits up, bracing himself.

"What's happening?"

"You're getting married to Rose Landry."

Shane chokes. *"What?"*

"Dude, I know," Hayden laughs, an edge of hysteria bleeding through. "The fucking– Daily Mail, or whatever– all the gossipy sites are saying you're getting married."

"But I'm not," Shane blurts.

"Well..." Hayden trails off.

"Shut up. Ilya hasn't- he's taking his time." Blinking at the wall, Shane asks, "Why do they think I'm getting married to Rose?"

His phone buzzes three times.

"I sent you the photos," Hayden says, and Shane pulls his phone away to put it on speaker, thumbing over to Messages.

The photos aren't exactly incriminating, half-blurry as they are, clearly taken through the restaurant window. There's Shane, laughing into his glass of wine, and Rose with her twinkling eyes, but she's not even looking at Shane. She's looking at Svetlana, who is very visible in every photo.

"Dude," Shane says, voice getting louder.

"Dude," Hayden agrees, equally as incensed.

"We were there with her *girlfriend,"* Shane says, baffled. "Would I propose to my ex-girlfriend in front of her new partner? Would *anyone?"*

On the other line, Hayden makes a noise that, under normal circumstances, would have been extremely funny.

“Rose is dating a girl?”

“She’s dating Svetlana.”

“Holy shit.”

“That’s what I said.”

“No, holy shit, check Twitter.”

“Why?”

“Just do it!”

@nhlrevive
Rose Landry and Shane Hollander spotted last night having dinner together at a veeery romantic restaurant. Perhaps Hayden was helping Shane pick a ring for the occasion? 👀
Comments: 67 Quotes: 103 Likes: 11k

→ @RoseLandryOfficial
I was there with my girlfriend, actually. Shane was third-wheeling :)
Comments: 300 Quotes: 220 Likes: 23k

Shane stares. Then he stares some more. Then, finally, he says, “Did Rose just come out on Twitter?”

Hayden laughs hoarsely. “I think so?”

“Holy shit.”

He scans the comments, his instinct to protect Rose rearing its head. But… Well, it seems that people are, largely, being normal about this.

→ @landryssecretwife
ONE OF US ONE OF US

→ @lesbianwendy
this is the best day of my life. welcome home rose landry

→ @Officialhaydenpike
So proud of you, Rose! Lots of love to you and your girlfriend :)

“Did you seriously respond to Rose on Twitter?”

“Well,” Hayden says. “I figured, you know, this way you and I won’t be suspected?”

“Of having a sordid affair?”

“Exactly.”

A pause. Then, “Should I also respond?”

Hayden scoffs. “You’re her best friend.”

“You’re my best friend,” Shane defends, weakly.

“Rose and I share custody,” Hayden tells him. “So, yes. As her best friend, you should respond.”

Shane’s thumbs hover over the keyboard for a long moment.

→ @ShaneHollanderHockey
I’m so lucky to call you my best friend, Rose. Love you.

In his ear, Hayden sighs. “You didn’t have to tell the whole *world* you’re best friends. Where’s your loyalty, Shane?”

“This all feels very juvenile,” Shane says.

“We barely had a childhood,” Hayden says. “On account of our careers, and everything. I think we can indulge, on occasion.”

Shane barely represses the urge to roll his eyes. “Sure. Okay, I’ve gotta prep for lunch.”

“Whatcha making?”

“I know you’re stalling,” Shane accuses. “But I’m making this lemon oven fish thing Ilya loves.”

“I forgot you’re like, in love, and shit.”

Shane presses a smile into the palm of his hand. “Shut up.”

Shane can’t say he knows for sure he’s getting proposed to the very next day, but he has a feeling.

For one, Ilya had returned from his run the day prior completely sweat-free. This simply does not happen. For two, Ilya has made four separate detours to the kitchen all day, like he’s checking that the ring is still there. Shane watches it all happen fondly, and tries to reign his wildly beating heart into submission.

He’s completely sure he’s about to get engaged when Ilya asks him if he wants to take a walk right before sunset.

“You in a rush, or something?” he teases, increasing his pace to keep up with Ilya.

Ilya’s the one leading, pushing through the forest brush. Shane knows a clearing lies up ahead, and, picturing it, his stomach flutters with nerves. *Good* nerves.

“No,” Ilya denies. “But sun does not wait for slow humans. It will be dark when we get there.”

“Get where?” Shane asks, just to be a dick. He loves Ilya, but it’s a little funny, making him sweat.

“You had good time with Rose and Svetlana?” Ilya asks instead of answering, an obvious misdirect.

Stepping over a root protruding from the ground like an arm, Shane says, “During dinner? Two days ago?”

“Yes.” Ilya doesn’t look at him. Out of the corner of his eye, Shane watches his hand drift closer to his back pocket.

Pursing his lips around a smile, Shane says, “Why? You worried, or something?”

“Why would I be worried?”

Shane shrugs. “I don’t know.”

“You are a loyal man.”

“You got me there.”

“You do not want to marry Rose Landry,” Ilya says. Then, wrinkling his nose, he adds, “Or Hayden Pike.”

Momentarily, Shane freezes. Then he resumes walking, stomach twisting. “You know about that?”

“Baby.” Ilya turns to take Shane’s hand, squeezing it as his mouth curls up into a teasing smile. “I Internet stalk you like Mission Impossible hacker.”

Shane stares at Ilya, at how earnest he looks despite the joke, and gets sort of dizzy. He's suddenly overcome with lust, knees nearly buckling with it. Which- *Jesus.*

Blush high on his cheeks, Shane shakes his head and lets Ilya tug him forward.

“Here,” Ilya says soon thereafter, pulling Shane along. Laughing, Shane follows.

And then, his mouth falls open.

The clearing, which overlooks the lake, has been decked out. Fairy lights cling to the trees surrounding it, white sheets hung up artfully to accentuate the gentle light. The sunset itself is a magnificent feature, casting the whole place in a golden orange, making the whole place feel a little magical.

It looks like something off of Pinterest, which makes sense, given Ilya’s secret love of the website.

He walks in a circle, basking in it.

When he's facing Ilya again, he loses his breath at how beautiful he looks, eyes blue and bright and excited.

"This is…" Shane swallows.

Ilya's fingers twitch at his sides, excitement clearly warring with nervousness. "Is not too much?"

"Never," Shane promises immediately. "Nothing you do will ever be too much."

And it's true.

"Shane," Ilya says, voice thick. And then he drops to one knee.

Heart beating wildly, Shane watches Ilya retrieve the small velvet box out of his back pocket with shaky hands. Shane wants to join him on the forest ground, wants to soothe the tremor in his arms and kiss him until the adrenaline coursing through him dissipates.

But he doesn't. Instead, he smiles down at him, blinking fast against the tears in his eyes.

"I have loved you for many years," Ilya begins, ducking his head as if to gather himself. He inhales, raising his head again. "Being with you has been- has been an honour. You make me better. You make me a better man. Who we are on the ice, with the whole world watching- is special. But I also— I also love who we are alone. Together. At the cabin, in Boston, with Yuna and David. I love finding peace with you. I do not know who I would be without you, Shane Hollander, and I do not want to find out. So—" Ilya cracks open the box, presenting the beautiful, elegant ring to Shane. "Will you make me the happiest man in the world and be my husband?"

"Yes."

A laugh, elated and bright, bursts from Shane as he falls to his knees, presenting his hand. Swiping at his eyes, Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's cheek. And then, reverently, he slides the ring onto his finger, looking up to meet his gaze.

"God," Shane breathes, flickering his eyes between Ilya's. "I love you so much."

Another swell of tears escapes Ilya's eyes as he says, lips trembling, "I love you."

He leans in, but Shane leans back.

"Wait—" he says, and Ilya makes a mournful noise. Remiss to deny his fiancé (!!!) anything, Shane hastily reaches for his own pocket. Out of it, he pulls a box of his own.

Ilya freezes.

"I— I don't have a speech prepared," Shane admits. "I wanted to… I don't know. I wanted you to have this moment. But, Ilya…" Shane cups the back of Ilya's neck, tipping him

forward until their foreheads touch. Softly, he says, “You are the love of my goddamn life. Thank you for choosing me.”

“Always,” Ilya chokes out.

They barely separate enough to walk home after that. Shane feels ridiculous and young, giggling, hand-in-hand with Ilya. Privately, he wonders if it would have felt like this, had they met when they were kids. If they’d be the type to sneak off to have adventures of their own. Shane imagines they would have.

He’s glad they’re like this now. That’s what true happiness is about, isn’t it? Living life without thinking about the fact that you are. Without planning, or wondering if you’re doing enough, or secretly wishing you could fast-forward. If anything, Shane wants to pause this moment, wants to bask in Ilya for a couple more hours, days, years.

Which he’ll get to do, Shane realises, heart flipping giddily. He’ll get to indulge in Ilya, get to love him, until the day he dies.

“Bedroom,” Shane says, once they’re inside. Ilya squeezes his hand, face softening as he drags Shane down the hallway.

They’ve had sex hundreds of times, and still, somehow, it feels different this time. Closing the bedroom door, Ilya turns to look at Shane. Shane looks back.

After a moment, Ilya smiles, snagging him by the collar to pull him closer. His hand finds Shane's shoulder, slipping it up to cup the side of his neck.

“You’re so beautiful,” Ilya murmurs, and Shane feels like he’s glowing.

Nose nudging Ilya’s, he breathes, “Says you.”

Ilya’s still smiling when he catches Shane’s mouth in a kiss. It’s a gentle thing, soft and exploratory. It stokes the heat in Shane slowly, lets the embers catch until the fire roars to life, burning big and bright. Squeezing his waist, Ilya licks into him, pressing close-close-close.

“Off,” Shane pants into Ilya’s mouth, tugging at Ilya’s shirt. At the low chuckle this elicits from Ilya, Shane’s dick twitches.

Ilya does as he asks, unbuttoning his shirt. Next, his undershirt comes flying off. And then his trousers. Shane watches him hungrily, eyes roving over the miles of tan, mole-dotted skin revealed to him.

His heart aches a little at the sight.

Pupils blowing, Shane says, “Bed.” Apparently he's only capable of monosyllabic phrases, right now.

“You want me to fuck you?” Ilya asks, stepping close to unzip Shane’s trousers, tugging them down.

Shane swallows. “I want you to make love to me.”

It’s corny. He knows it is. But he’s getting *married*– surely, if it’s ever allowed, it would be now.

Ilya pauses, dark eyes flickering between Shane’s. “Yes,” he says, voice low. “Yes, I will do this.”

Stripping the rest of his clothes off, Shane wonders idly if he’s ever felt like this before. Desperate, but in no rush.

Duvet shoved to the side, Ilya takes his time opening him up, deft, clever fingers making a home inside of him. He touches Shane reverently, like making love to him is something holy. Something just for him. Shane yields beneath him and doesn’t stop himself from telling him he loves him.

When Ilya finally pushes into him, he makes a noise like a wounded animal. His mouth skids across Shane’s cheek to find his mouth, arms trembling around Shane. He fucks him slow, moving like water, like he feels it too– this sense of belonging, of surrender.

“Ilya,” Shane breathes, back arching to accommodate his size. Body jolting in time with Ilya's thrusts, Shane’s eyelids flutter. “I– I can’t wait to marry you.”

“Fuck. Shane,” Ilya chokes, cock pulsing wildly inside of Shane. And– wait, is he–

“Are you coming right now?” Shane blurts, chest heaving.

Ilya moans, hips jerking as he buries his face in the crook of Shane’s neck. “Sorry,” he gasps. “You– too perfect. Too beautiful.”

A laugh bubbles up Shane’s throat, spilling out of him like confetti. “Ilya. Did you actually–”

“Yes,” Ilya interrupts, hips circling one, two, three more times before stilling. The movement is slippery with Ilya’s come now, wet and warm. “Your very horny boyfriend already came. I am sorry.”

Shane squeezes him, heat flooding his gut. Ilya’s *never* come this fast before. “Will my husband also be very horny?”

Inside of him, Ilya’s dick jolts. Ilya makes a pained noise, smacking loosely at Shane’s chest before raising his head.

It floors Shane, how beautiful Ilya is. His eyes are glazed over, but just as vibrantly blue as ever. His cheeks, dusted pink, look as kissable as his plump lips. Shane kind of can’t believe he’s real. That he’s *his.*

“You like that?” Shane says softly.

“I like,” Ilya confirms, wetting his lips. “Can I use my mouth?”

Shane’s lips tick up. “You know I’m not saying no to that.”

Heat gathers in Ilya’s eyes. “Good. Later I will fuck you properly.”

Carefully, Ilya slips out of him and shimmies down the bed. Shane gasps at the sudden loss, letting his legs fall open.

“You’ll last longer than– than thirty seconds, you mean?” Shane asks, a spurt of pre-come wetting Ilya’s lips as the memory replays in Shane’s head.

Ilya licks his lips and declares, “Was two minutes.”

And then he sinks down, swallowing Shane in one go.

“Okay,” Shane squeaks, voice tight. He’s so horny he kind of just wants to stay in bed all day, fucking around. Or maybe defile the house; he could let Ilya fuck him in the kitchen, and up against the living room wall, or maybe bent over the couch–

“Oh, fuck,” Shane gasps, hands flying to Ilya’s curls. "I- Ilya, I'm-"

Ilya groans, bobbing his head, and Shane's done for. He comes with a violent shudder, sucking in air between high, whiny moans. It's a display and a half of giving in to pleasure, but he finds he's not embarrassed. Not when it's in front of Ilya, because of Ilya.

"Beautiful," Ilya says again, panting as he falls into Shane's side.

"Beautiful," Shane echoes, tucking a stray curl behind Ilya's ear.

The next morning, Ilya takes a photo of their hands while they’re still in bed, their matching engagement rings shining in the morning sun, posting it on Instagram with a flourish. He captions it: Yours, forever.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading :D let me know what you thought in the comments!

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