

Vows

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77644166) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77644166>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Married Couple , Established Relationship , Domestic Fluff , Exchanging Vows , Honeymoon , Comfort , Emotional Intimacy , Post-Canon , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Anxious Shane Hollander , Post-Wedding , Marriage
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-14 Words: 1,815 Chapters: 1/1

Vows

by [jasxmoony](#)

Summary

“We didn’t exchange vows,” Shane mumbles, his head resting on Ilya’s strong chest.
“I thought you didn’t want to,” Ilya says, because Shane did, in fact, say he didn’t want to.
But these last couple of days, Shane catches himself thinking about what he would have said, if they had told each other their vows. He realizes he wants to know what Ilya would have said.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

After their wedding, Shane and Ilya take a week for themselves. Yuna and David gift them flight tickets to the Seychelles, insisting that they need a honeymoon.

The resort they booked is beautiful and private, and Shane admits that he is loving taking a vacation with his husband.

They stay lazily in bed until eight in the morning, not having to go to the rink or to the gym to train. Shane does yoga in the morning, while Ilya still sleeps for a while, then they eat breakfast.

They spend the rest of the day at the beach. Ilya stays in the water for most of the time, while Shane reads or does crosswords. They have lovely dinners in the evening, drink expensive wine, and walk on the sand.

It's so cheesy but it leaves Shane craving more, craving endless more vacations with Ilya. They are not in a rush, nobody knows them there, they can just relax and spend the whole day together. After all those years when seeing each other more than once a month was almost impossible, being able to go to sleep and wake up with Ilya still sleeping by his side is a miracle.

They've been there for three days by now, and Shane is loving how his husband's complexion got a bit tanned and now has a warm, golden glow.

They are back in their room, the window is open and Shane can hear the gentle sound of the waves crashing outside.

"We didn't exchange vows," Shane mumbles, his head resting on Ilya's strong chest. He feels his husband's fingers stop for one second from petting his hair, then he moves them again and speaks. "I thought you didn't want to," Ilya says, because Shane did, in fact, say he didn't want to.

When they got married, Shane just wanted to be married. He just wanted to be Ilya's husband, he wanted Ilya to be his husband. He did not want the pressure and the anxiety of having to say the right thing in front of all their friends.

But these last couple of days, Shane catches himself thinking about what he would have said, if they had told each other their vows. He realizes he wants to know what Ilya would have said.

Shane has never known how to give speeches, he is not good at it, but Ilya has always had his way with words, always knowing how to say the right thing to make Shane melt on the spot.

"Yes, I didn't want it in front of everyone, but... no, it doesn't matter," Shane says then as a flush of embarrassment washes over him.

"What? Tell me, dorogoy," Ilya insists, but Shane doesn't speak, he just buries his head in his husband's chest.

Ilya stays silent for some time, thinking better about what he is going to say.

“I wrote our vows anyway, even though we agreed we were not doing the whole vows thing.”

Then Shane raises his head, looking right into Ilya’s eyes. He stares at him for an exaggerated amount of time, but Ilya doesn’t point it out, doesn’t say anything.

His eyes are reading Shane’s, almost as if he is trying to understand if he shouldn’t have said it. The doubt is quickly swept away from Ilya’s face when Shane tenderly kisses him.

Shane is so in love with this man it physically hurts him sometimes, it’s incredible how Ilya can say things like that without realizing how much they mean to Shane.

“We could say our vows now,” Shane suggests. He’s a little bit unsure about the whole thing, because he doesn’t have any vows written, doesn’t have anything ready in his mind; but he wants to hear what Ilya wrote for him.

“You wrote vows?” Ilya raises an eyebrow, mocking him, and Shane pouts slightly.

“Fuck off,” he jokes. “I love you, I can make my vows now.”

“Okay, okay.”

“Who should say it first?” Shane asks then, hoping Ilya is going to volunteer. He feels relieved when Ilya tells him he can go first.

Now they are both sitting on the bed and they are facing each other.

“Shane, you have no idea how grateful I am to be able to call you by your name and not overthink it. But I am more grateful to have the honour to call you my husband,” Ilya starts, his voice thick, his accent wavering through the words.

Shane is already feeling overly emotional.
Get a grip, he tells himself.

“I know I was, ehm, an asshole to you when we were younger. It was because I was afraid, I didn’t want to do something wrong and screw everything up. So I tried to hide. You make me nervous, always did. First time, in Toronto, I was in the elevator trying not to panic. I didn’t understand why I was feeling that way, it never happened before, but it never happened because the others were not you.

Since 2008, in Saskatchewan, I have always been thinking about you. I love everything about you, even your maniacal need for order and the way I can’t touch anything for hours after you cleaned it.

I know I often try to joke and not talk about big feelings, important things, but I swear – I love you. I love you more than everything else in my life. You’re the reason I am who I am now, you gave me strength. I found what I thought I lost forever,” Ilya’s voice breaks, he instinctively touches the cross on his necklace.

Shane knows Ilya found his faith again, he told him once, months after they officially got together. Ilya has had a difficult relationship with faith for a long time, after his mother died.

Ilya confessed one evening – when Shane asked to know more about Irina – that Ilya deep down still believed, but didn't know exactly in what. He believed, but he was scared.

Shane didn't press him to talk more about the subject but, weeks later, he smiled to himself when he found Ilya's laptop on the bed, his last search still open: Russian Orthodox churches in Ottawa.

It takes Ilya one second to recollect himself, but then he looks again at Shane with love, and Shane wants nothing more than being looked at by Ilya like this forever.

“Shane, I never want to spend another day without you by my side. I want everything with you, a whole life, and even what's after.”

Shane is pretty sure he just shed a couple of tears, but he cannot be blamed for this. He holds his husband's hands for dear life and kisses his palms.

“I love you so much,” he tells him, and truly, he'll never get tired of saying it.

“Ya tebya lyublyu” Ilya says back in Russian.

“Your turn, see if you can top that, Hollander,” Ilya laughs, even though his eyes are watery.

“What do I get if I do?” Shane asks, the words slipping from him before he can think about it. It's just natural, it's how they do things.

Ilya grins. “Me.”

“I already have you,” Shane points out.

“You get to have amazing sex, then.”

“I already have that as well,” Shane laughs, and a devilish smile appears on Ilya's face. “We didn't try the jacuzzi yet, tho.”

Shane bites his lips. “But we know I am gonna have that even if I lose.”

Ilya shrugs. “Lucky me.”

Then Ilya claps his hands. “Stop distracting me. I want to hear you declaring your love for your hot, best player husband.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “I think I just heard all about your love for the best player in the league, but I'll see what I can do for you anyway.”

“You're becoming cocky.”

“Oh, we're talking big words now?” Shane laughs when Ilya pushes him and kisses him. The kiss heats up way too soon but it goes nowhere, because as soon as Shane's hands start to wander, Ilya pulls back and points a finger at him.

“Nope,” he pops the p. “C’mon, let me hear your vows, husband.”

So Shane takes a deep breath and clears his voice, finding the courage. The words are already in his mind, they form without struggle, so fast that is almost embarrassing. It’s just so natural, loving Ilya.

“Ilya, you’re my everything,” he starts, and he can already feel tears pricking at his eyes – it doesn’t matter that they’ve been together for years now, and that he is secure in his feelings. Every time he pauses and thinks about what Ilya is for him, it’s like he’s twenty years old again and he’s afraid to think about why he wanted to kiss the blond man.

“I was interested in you even before I saw you for the first time, just looking at you playing back in Russia got me feeling things I never felt, things I couldn’t name.

I can’t imagine my life now if you didn’t come to the cottage that summer. Those few weeks opened a new world for me. I know the first years officially together had been hard, keeping us a secret had been hard.

I was nervous before people knew about us, and it took me a while to feel safe after they found out.

You never shamed me for this, you stayed by my side, steadying me, reassuring me.

I don’t feel like that anymore. It took me a while, but I understood that what we have is precious, and I am not going to let anyone take it from us. I am not scared anymore, because I love you and you love me.”

He says everything fast, the words slipping out of his mouth as if he has no control over them, and when he’s done, he realizes that Ilya is crying. Really crying. Not just teary eyes or a tear, no, his cheeks are wet and his nose red.

Ilya kisses him and Shane doesn’t complain that he can taste the tears, because he is pretty sure that now some of them are his as well.

“I love you, forever,” Ilya tells him.

“Forever,” Shane repeats, then kisses his temple.

“I think this means I won,” Shane points out a couple of minutes later, when they are not crying anymore, but just holding each other and kissing lazily.

His hand starts to lower suggestively as he places a kiss on Ilya’s jaw.

“You want your prize now?” Ilya asks, but he is already standing up and taking Shane’s hand, heading to the bathroom.

The water starts running to fill the jacuzzi, and it takes a while, but while they wait, Ilya pushes Shane up against the sink and kisses him again.

As he closes his eyes, Shane cannot fathom how lucky he got.

He hopes he can have this man for the rest of his days.

End Notes

I just wanted to write something cheesy because I love love :)

English is not my first language so I'm sorry if somethings is wrong

Hope you enjoyed it! If there is something in particular you'd want to read about them, leave a comment and I'll probably write it!!

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