

## Silver and Gold

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# Silver and Gold

by [Mikhailov](#)

## Summary

*"You kept them?"*

An innocent, curious question sparks a fun, carefree conversation between Shane and Ilya, and maybe Ilya's a little sappier than he'd thought. No matter.

## Notes

I have been working on this fic for so fucking long and if I have to deal with Ilya and Shane for even a little longer, I'm going to start getting grey hairs prematurely so there's that ! Sorry if you find any typos, pleeeassee don't crucify me for that thank youuu

Shout out to the discord, you guys are keeping me sane actually

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

"You kept them?" There was a hint of amazement in Shane's voice when it floated out from a couple rooms over. Ilya looked up, though he couldn't *see* Shane and tilted his head. He stood, rolling his shoulders. The scratches along his back (which Shane had kindly given him the night before) protested his movement, stinging, but Ilya has had worse.

"Kept what?" He questioned.

When Shane's head popped out from behind a wall, he was beaming. He had two medals in his hands, one silver, one gold.

For one reason or another, Ilya's heart skipped a beat.

"Of course, I kept my medals," he said, trying not to sound confused. Though, he was pretty sure his bafflement was showing on his face, because Shane's features scrunched up in the way they did when he didn't believe Ilya. "You didn't?" Ilya asked. Shane's freckles got all bunched up, and Ilya snorted. He stepped forward and reached for one of the medals.

Shane gave him the silver one. Ilya looked at it, almost blankly, as he turned it over.

"'Course I kept mine. They're at my parents house though, in my old room. I... I never assumed that... I don't know why. It's just—I figured you didn't take them with you? That maybe they were back in Russia."

For a moment, Ilya wanted to laugh at the fact that Shane's medals were still at his parent's house. That was such a *Shane* thing to do; Ilya had to purse his lips and school his features into a blank look to keep himself from breaking into laughter. Instead, he focused on Shane's words.

Shane had the decency to look sheepish, and Ilya almost felt insulted. Then amusement crept up and he smiled. Most people assumed Ilya still had some connections back to his life in Russia. Except for Andrei—with whom Ilya hadn't spoken with in years—and his name and accent, nothing tied him back to Russia. Ilya liked it that way. His life was here now, in Ottawa and Montreal, and with the man he loved.

"Russia has nothing more for me, is not like I had much material... *things*... there anyway. But these medals have memories." He smirked, and Shane seemed to know where Ilya was going with this. "Beating you was the highlight of that one," he motioned to the gold medal in Shane's hands. Shane looked down at it as though it were a dead rat, then he shook his head and stuck his tongue out at Ilya. He was so childish sometimes, it made affection spark in the core of Ilya's being.

"You also lost to me as well," he narrowed his eyes, but there was a small smile on his lips as he eyed the silver medal in Ilya's hands.

"*Da*, but that gold was far better. Winning in your hometown... it is... poetic, almost."

Shane rolled his eyes, "I was trying so hard not to cry."

"I could tell," he said, cracking up when Shane shot him an offended look. Ilya had ignored it the day of the finals, but he'd seen the ways Shane's eyes were red, rimmed with tears. Shane hadn't cried, though (not in front of others, at least.) He'd kept his head high even as team Canada had to stand and watch as the Russian players had gold medals hung around their necks. He turned the medal in his hands; they hadn't carved names into the medals so that they wouldn't have an unused second set, but Ilya felt as though Shane was looking for a name. He snorted and stepped forward. "You were very sportsmanlike, took losing well," he said, being just a little mean.

Shane huffed, but he was clearly trying very hard not to smile. "You were a poor winner," he joked, they both knew Ilya had been surprisingly civil in Russia's win. He shot Ilya a look as he sauntered toward him. He reached for his free hand. "I bet you trash talked me in the dressing room after."

Ilya rolled his eyes, leaning down to all but nuzzle Shane's cheek before pressing a kiss to his jawline. Shane hummed. "You were not on my mind," Ilya told him, "I was thinking that... perhaps my father had watched that game, and I was feeling good about winning. Poor little Shane Hollander was not even a thought." He took Shane's free hand, lacing their fingers together. He placed the silver medal on a dresser next to Shane and pulled him closer to him. The gold medal joined the silver one a moment later.

"Poor little Shane Hollander was a mess," Shane admitted, laughing gently and placing his free hand on Ilya's hip. He fit against Ilya as if he'd been moulded to him; as though he were the missing puzzle piece in Ilya's life, clicking in like it was meant to be. Even if it had taken years for it to happen. Their entire life was a puzzle; their relationship the final piece.

"Is good to know you were so affected by me, even back then," he purred, pressing another kiss to Shane's jawline. Shane's neck was one of Ilya's favourite spots to kiss; his neck and shoulders. They were sensitive and had Shane melting against Ilya. His shoulders also had a smattering of freckles on them that Ilya liked to trace with butterfly kisses. Though he especially liked the way it would make Shane giggle and squirm and shove at his shoulder, half-heartedly complaining about Ilya's stubble.

He still found it hard to believe Shane had hated his freckles; Ilya was crazy for them. He wanted to kiss every one; map Shane's entire body and show how much he loved him.

"Don't let it go to your ego, you hear me, Rozanov?" He mused, but there was a look in his eyes that Ilya knew far too well. He gave Shane's hand a gentle squeeze. "Everyone expected me to win, to get *them* a gold medal for Canada, as if *they* had put in the years of effort I had. They wanted so much from me, and it was devastating to fail them."

Ilya nodded, he wasn't sure about what to say. He had never been good with words, and English still failed him in moments when he needed it, so he didn't try to say anything. He *did* understand what Shane was talking about, though, maybe even more than Shane. The pressure from his father, and from the rest of *Russia* had been unbelievable. He pressed a kiss to the shell of Shane's ear, and then his temple. Shane worried his bottom lip between his teeth; Ilya was afraid he'd break the skin.

“I was just seventeen. I just wanted to play hockey and make it to the NHL,” he whispered, sounding a lot like the young boy Ilya had first met in that dinky parking lot in Saskatchewan; young and unsure of a lot but ultimately sure of *himself*. The one who walked right up to him and told him he couldn’t be smoking where he was; the one with freckles that Ilya could never get out of his head and heart.

He sounded scared. “You managed to make it to NHL at least,” Ilya told him, trailing his fingers down Shane’s back. Tracing his spine and letting his voice fall to a quiet, but reassuring rumble. Shane sighed a long, heavy sound, and seemed to melt even further into Ilya.

He swayed. Ilya swayed with him. When Shane didn’t reply, Ilya had a feeling he was going to say nothing more. He took Shane’s face in his hands, and pressed a kiss to his forehead, to his nose, and then gently pressed their foreheads together. “I love you,” he said, smirking when Shane’s face flushed a soft pink. His gaze ducked down before meeting Ilya’s eyes again. “I love you; I love being able to play against you, to win *and* to lose. I love that you love me back, and I want you to know that.” He said, and only got a little embarrassed after speaking. Shane was looking at him as though Ilya was his world, though; Ilya thought that might just be true.

“Don’t go and get nervous on me now, Rozanov,” he winked and placed his hands over the ones Ilya put in his face. He gave him a gentle smile and closed what little distant remained between the two of them, and Ilya grinned.

It wasn’t the best kiss; Shane was giggling, and they were both grinning like idiots, but it was perfect to Ilya, because it was so *normal*. So *casual*, and because they *could* do this in the first place made it good, made it *right*.

Ilya pulled back to catch his breath, blowing a curl out of his eyes. Before Shane could find any words to say, Ilya dropped his hands from his face, hooked them behind Shane’s thighs and heaved him off of the ground and into his arms.

“*Ilya!*” Shane yelped, hands coming up to brace himself on Ilya’s biceps, nails digging into his skin.

Ilya raised an eyebrow at him and smirked. “Warn a guy next time, would you?” He muttered.

“Your reaction was cute,” Ilya said, pressing a kiss to Shane’s jawline. Shane leaned his head back, exposing more of his throat with an appreciative sigh. He complained a lot about Ilya’s stubble, but Ilya was fairly certain that Shane loved it.

He placed his hands on Ilya’s neck, fingers splayed against his skin, and he smiled as he gazed down at Ilya. His dark eyes were soft, and almost seemed brighter when he turned his gaze on Ilya. As if looking at Ilya brightened his entire being, his whole life. Ilya blinked, confused as to where this sappiness was coming from, but he didn’t quite mind. That was completely fine.

“I’m glad we played those games,” Shane said, catching Ilya off guard. Ilya peered at him curiously. “I mean, I know we weren’t exactly the nicest to each other back then, and it might have been a... intriguing way to meet, but we *did* meet, and I’m glad we did. I don’t think my life would be complete without you.” His voice was soft, but not hesitant. Shane always seemed to know what he wanted to say around Ilya, even if he stuttered his way through it, sometimes. Ilya loved that about him.

He grinned up at Shane. “I’m glad we met as well,” he told him, even if it felt corny. “Also that we played those games... though I am sad I did not win both.”

Shane patted his bicep sagely. “It’s been some odd ten years, Ilya. I hope you get over it soon.”

Ilya barked out a laugh, and hoisted Shane a little higher into his arms. He didn’t say anything, though, kissing him again. He wasn’t sure where he’d be if he hadn’t been on team Russia when they had played those games, but thinking about it now didn’t matter. Because he *had* been on that team, and he *had* met Shane.

Where he was right now, in his own home, with a gorgeous and lovely and incredible boyfriend was all that mattered, really. So he didn’t spend too much time thinking about the past. The abandoned medals gleamed softly in the corner of his eye, but Ilya paid them no mind as he carried Shane towards the bedroom. His reward was in his arms, and he’d never let him go.

## End Notes

Comments, questions, concerns?

Leave me some ! I'm always open to feedback !

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