

More Than Everything

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More Than Everything

by [agreatwave](#)

Summary

“Last night was a lot of emotions,” he added simply.

“Yeah, but they were good one. Amazing ones,” Shane insisted.

Ilya shrugged.

“Sometimes the wires get crossed. A lot is a lot.”

The day after they win the Stanley Cup for the first time does not go as expected.

Notes

Inspired by Ilya Rozanov saying: “I wanted to say you are fucking everything to me. Everything.” (to Shane, who deserves it.)

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

Shane had always loved being a centre. He loved being the playmaker, loved the strategy and the quick thinking under pressure, loved always being in the middle of the action. But right now, he wished with his entire heart that he was a winger just so he could be on Ilya's line in this exact moment.

They were in the last two minutes of Game 7 of the Stanley Cup Final against the New York Admirals, and Shane was watching the final minutes tick down on the clock from the bench with his heart in his throat. After a tense grapple near the Centaurs' net, Ilya was on a breakaway, speeding away from everyone with the puck, focusing every ounce of that breathtaking strength and focus on keeping it on his stick and away from the Admirals so they could hold their 4-3 lead and avoid overtime. Shane desperately wanted to be skating alongside him and taking his passes, lungs burning from trying to keep up with his powerful husband, the man who had made him faster, smarter, better at hockey every year they'd been playing just so he could have the satisfaction of beating him.

That motivation had shifted this year, but in no way diminished. Now they pushed each other to be better than they'd ever been before by practicing and playing together, able to fully take advantage of the opportunity to learn from the other person's strengths. They both had something to prove to the world, and they were using that edge to make sure it happened. Everything came down to this moment.

Watching the clock out of the corner of his eye, Shane trembled with adrenaline, a mix of anxiety, joy, hope, and overwhelming love filling his body as he watched Ilya give everything he had to keep their lead, having scored the goal that pushed them ahead only minutes ago. He didn't dare even blink. He needed to watch the moment Ilya won this for his team, for Ottawa, for Canada, for Shane, for *himself*.

Because they were going to win. They were actually going to win. It was going to happen in:

5

4

3

2

1

The buzzer sliced through the arena, and Shane's husband tilted his head back and roared.

Shane was over the boards before he knew he had moved, skating as fast as he could. Teammates flowing off the bench with him like a wave, gear strewn behind them. Ilya threw off his helmet and spun around to face them, blazing eyes scanning for one face and one face only. As Shane hurtled toward him, Ilya flung his stick to the ice just in time to catch his husband, heaving him up into the air, skates and all.

“Ilya! Ilya!” Shane found himself unable to yell anything but his favourite name, clutching Ilya’s shoulders.

His heart rabbited in his chest, joy surging through him almost violently, too much for his body to contain.

“You fucking did it!” Shane yelled joyfully, chest aching with pride.

“We fucking did it,” Ilya growled back.

Shane’s feet had barely touched the ground before Ilya was tearing off his gloves, and then two large hands were cupping his face. Shane briefly registered the deafening cheers of the crowd surging even louder before, like one moving thing, Ilya ducked down and Shane tilted up into a kiss that was so romantic, so passionate, so unexpectedly sweet, so *Ilya*, that tears finally slipped down Shane’s cheeks even as he kissed back just as fiercely. He gripped Ilya’s jersey, an anchor to the world he felt he was in danger of floating away from. Ilya let go of his face to wrap him up as close as was possible with all their padding, still kissing Shane soundly. Shane let his knees go weak. Ilya would hold him up.

The moment they parted, the rest of the Centaurs slammed into them, giving the overwhelming impression of kids on Christmas morning who had waited impatiently for their parents to make coffee before they could open their presents. Ilya and Shane’s eyes met in the centre of the fray, and Shane laughed incredulously. Ilya beamed at him.

“I love you!” Shane yelled.

He caught the shape of “Ya tebya lyublyu” on Ilya’s lips before they were swept away by their teammates. Shane was pulled under Bood’s giant arm, laughing as he watched Ilya grabbing Barrett and Hazy by the backs of their jerseys like stray cats, pulling them into a group hug. Dykstra seized Shane’s forearms and jumped up and down, screaming in his face. Lucas Haas blushed a deep red when Ilya smacked a kiss on his sweaty forehead. It was a whirl of tears, laughter, hugs, and NOISE.

Shane extricated himself from the huddle for a moment to gaze out over the crowd, taking a deep breath and committing what he saw to memory. His hometown was screaming, crying, jumping up and down and banging on the glass for their first Stanley Cup win and for their team - their team with three out players and a Captain married to his star center. His parents were out there somewhere cheering too, their neighbours and friends. Shane let it all in for just a moment: everything he had worked for, everything he’d sacrificed, everything he’d fought for to end up here, in this ear-splitting arena. How had it worked? How could he have been so lucky?

When Shane turned back to the team, a more relaxed Ilya was skating across the crowded ice toward him, pulling him back into a hug that scaled everything back to life size. Shane sank into it gratefully, feeling floaty and unreal.

“I love you more than anything,” he whispered in Ilya’s ear, soft and intimate, hoping he would be able to hear him over the noise of the arena.

He needed him to know, right now, right here, when they'd just won. Because however good the last 5 minutes had felt, this would always be the best part. Ilya squeezed him tighter, and Shane peeked up at him just as a tear slipped down Ilya's cheek.

"I love you more than everything," Ilya rumbled, accent thicker than usual.

Shane closed his eyes and let it wash over him. Everything.

While there were countless photos taken and videos shared of that night — Tiktok reactions to Shane Hollander's gorgeous first period goal, Instagram posts showing Ilya Rozanov raising the cup above his head from a thousand different angles, a compilation of Wyatt Hayes' best saves of the night, a Youtube video of Hollander's rapt face as he watched his husband in the crucial final minutes of the game — there were two enduring images that would come to define the Centaurs' historic first Stanley Cup win.

An especially well-framed photo of Ilya kissing Shane on the ice after they won the Stanley Cup, helmets discarded, smiles pressed against each other's, a sea of happy, blurry Centaurs surrounding them, went viral outside of the hockey world, ending up on a list of the 100 most influential images of the year.

But it was a photo Harris took at the afterparty and posted to the team's Instagram that Shane and Ilya loved the most, that they joint reposted to their own accounts and that they eventually kept in a frame over the fireplace at home. In it, the two best players in the NHL are in their own world, wrapped in each other's arms, slow dancing at 3:30 am on an empty dance floor strewn with streamers and glitter. The Stanley Cup glimmers in the background like a disco ball.

Harris captioned it, "The First Husbands of Hockey" on the Centaurs' official account.

Shane and Ilya's posts simply said, "We won."

Shane woke up the morning after the best day of his life with a knot in his chest.

He raised his head cautiously to look at the alarm clock. 1:06 pm flashed back at him judgmentally, and he felt a weird swoop of panic despite the fact that they were out until 4 and up until 5, celebrating publicly and then privately, and they had absolutely nothing to do today. Anya had slept over at Shane's parents', and they had a full day off before they had to do any more press. Shane looked back over his shoulder, some of his tension releasing at the

sight that met him. Ilya was sprawled out next to him, still fast asleep, one arm flung up behind his head and one hand splayed possessively over Shane's bare hip. He watched Ilya breathe in the curtained semi-light, chest aching like he might cry if he kept looking at him a minute longer.

He sat up gingerly, sore everywhere from playing harder than he'd ever played in his life, from the most stressful playoffs he'd ever experienced, from having sex in the early hours of the morning. He brought a hand up to rub at his chest where his heart raced for reasons he couldn't pinpoint, half asleep and uneasy. He felt a creeping sense of dread, like something was wrong, like he needed to cry, and his brain searched for a source but couldn't find one, which kicked his pulse up another notch.

Shane swung his legs out of bed, afraid to stay still in that weird suspended midday dark, and stumbled to the bathroom to piss. He brushed his teeth, avoiding his own gaze in the mirror. His skin felt tight. He knocked over the toothbrush cup with a trembling hand, wincing at the loud clang of glass against porcelain, heart leaping irrationally.

"Shane?" Ilya's croaky morning voice sounded from the bedroom.

The tightness in Shane's chest eased just slightly. He wasn't alone. Ilya was here.

"Sorry," he called back, trying to sound normal, because everything was in fact normal.

Everything was *amazing*. He must just be overtired, maybe a bit hungover. He hadn't actually had that much to drink last night, but if he was dehydrated from the game it could still happen. And he was out of his routine. It felt weird to do nothing today even though they definitely needed it after months of days scheduled practically to the minute. This too was planned, Shane reminded himself. Harris made sure they'd have a recovery day before the press obligations started. Shane was supposed to relax today, it was on the schedule.

Ilya padded into the bathroom, hair a tangled mess, completely naked except for the bruises sustained during the game last night. Shane was momentarily distracted from his weird feelings. He couldn't believe he was married to someone this beautiful. It still blew his mind sometimes.

Ilya slumped over his back like an overgrown sloth, eyes half shut, and Shane swore goodnaturedly as he adjusted his stance to take his weight.

"Good morning, four time Stanley Cup Champion Shane Hollander," Ilya mumbled into his hair.

Just like that, Shane's heart was back in his throat. He felt overly hot even as his skin erupted in goosebumps, and again, that feeling like he could cry at any moment crept up on him. He smiled weakly, shrugging Ilya off slightly so he could turn around. His husband was the perfect distraction, soft and gorgeous in the morning.

"Good morning, Captain," he said quietly, winding his arms around Ilya's neck.

Ilya's eyes softened in a way that meant he wanted to kiss him.

“You still need to brush your teeth if you want to kiss me,” Shane reminded him.

“Even the morning after I won the Stanley Cup?!” Ilya whined.

“Especially then, I know where your mouth was last night,” Shane countered, mood lifting a little at that banter.

This was normal.

Ilya smirked, pleased at the memory of their private celebration last night (or really this morning) and let him go with a sigh, grabbing his toothbrush. The second Ilya’s hands left him, Shane felt bereft and needy, wanting them back. God, what was going on with him?

“I need a shower,” Shane said abruptly.

That would help, surely.

“Are you sore?” Ilya asked as Shane stepped into the shower.

“Yeah, a bit,” Shane called back.

Alone behind the curtain, he scrubbed hard at his chest, willing down that quiet feeling of wrongness, the lump in his throat. He listened to Ilya brushing his teeth on the other side of the curtain, to the tap running, the clatter of Ilya’s toothbrush being placed back in its holder, the medicine cabinet being opened and shut.

Ilya ducked into the shower with Shane, a palm full of extra-strength Tylenol held out toward him. Shane hummed his thanks, swallowing them down, and dipping out of the hot stream of water to let Ilya in. By now they had a well-honed strategy for comfortable shared showers that accommodated their height difference. Shane watched water find the rivets in Ilya’s muscles, at their bulkiest at this time in the season, making little rivers across the map of his body. Ilya smiled at him as he shook out his curls like a dog and pulled Shane in to tuck him against his chest. Shane went easily, ducking his head so the water wouldn’t get in his face. Ilya’s hands predictably drifted lower, smoothing over his ass questioningly, and Shane pressed into them despite his tiredness, wanting to be settled, to have help getting out of his head. Ilya had always been so good at that, even before admitted they were in love. Confident fingers brushed over his hole, another hand coming up to tweak his nipple. Shane gasped into Ilya’s throat, and Ilya hummed, satisfied, always happiest when he was making Shane feel good.

“You played so well last night, moy lyubimyy,” Ilya murmured, abandoning his nipple and reaching down to fondle his balls as he dipped a finger teasingly into Shane’s hole.

Shane shuddered from the sensations, but something in him shied away from the words. He normally loved praise, but he didn’t want to talk right now. He just wanted to feel. Shane turned his head to catch Ilya’s mouth, minty fresh and inviting, stroking a hand over the playoff beard that would probably be gone by tomorrow. Ilya kissed back happily, reaching blindly for the silicone-based lube they kept especially in the shower.

In the steamy haze, Shane unwound, the tension wrung out of him by capable hands that knew just how to touch him.

The relief didn't last long. After he came down from the high Ilya brought him to, the feelings came right back.

Ilya left him to go make breakfast while Shane started his much longer morning routine. Left alone with his thoughts and his reflection, Shane was once again faced with the inexplicable feeling that something was *off*. He just felt . . . fragile. Small. Like he needed something. He cast around in his mind for what that something was, but it all felt vague and indistinct. It didn't make sense. He was so happy last night. He'd done it! Everything he dreamed of, everything people thought he couldn't do, everything he'd desperately needed to do to prove himself - he'd done it all. He should be on top of the world right now.

Shane finished up in the bathroom and pulled on some clean briefs and one of Ilya's Centaurs t-shirts, big and comforting. He wandered into the kitchen, not sure whether to tell Ilya how he was feeling when he didn't even understand what it was himself. He didn't want to bring him down today of all days. Ilya was already plating up breakfast, standing in the kitchen in shorts and nothing else. His bare feet on the kitchen floor made Shane oddly emotional, the way his hair curled at the back of his neck.

"I have made you pancakes AND a gross smoothie," Ilya crowed, turning to face him, smiling fondly.

"Best of both worlds, yes?"

Shane promptly burst into tears.

Ilya froze for half a second, before quickly setting everything down on the counter and pulling Shane into his arms. Shane cried harder, fingers immediately gripping Ilya's shoulder blades.

"Sweetheart," Ilya murmured, one hand cradling the back of his head.

"I don't know what's happening. I'm happy, I promise," he gasped out between sobs.

Ilya shushed him gently and reached down to hoist him up into his arms, carrying him like a child to the couch. Shane couldn't even pretend to be upset about it so he just clung tighter and Ilya sat down on the couch with Shane in his lap. He didn't say anything, just rubbed his big hands soothingly up and down Shane's back. Shane felt almost instant relief, even as he continued to cry. Ilya's arms were the safest place he knew.

Shane cried until there was nothing left. When he was done, he felt emptied out, but calmer. Embarrassment trickled in quickly to fill the space.

“I’m sorry,” he sniffled, wiping his eyes.

“You do not have anything to apologize for,” Ilya said lowly, still rubbing his back in a way that made Shane’s eyelids feel heavy.

“I have no idea what happened,” Shane said, shaking his head, “I was so happy last night, but I woke up feeling so *weird* this morning. I can’t even explain it.”

“Shane,” Ilya interjected.

When Shane finally met his eyes, Ilya looked entirely unsurprised.

“It has been a lot,” Ilya explained carefully, tenderly, “Everything that has happened. Not just yesterday but the whole year. And you have been tying yourself up into knots and putting so much pressure on yourself.”

Ilya’s voice was hushed and pained and calm all at once, which was a lot for Shane’s already shaky emotional state. The realization that Ilya had just been waiting for him to crash when Shane himself wasn’t even aware of how much he was carrying was simultaneously embarrassing and comforting.

Ilya tucked a lock of Shane’s hair behind his ear, playing with his earlobe briefly.

“Last night was a lot of emotions,” he added simply.

“Yeah, but they were good one. Amazing ones,” Shane insisted.

Ilya shrugged.

“Sometimes the wires get crossed. A lot is a lot.”

Shane took this in. If anyone would know, it would be Ilya, who had done so much work to understand and manage his own highs and lows. Shane thought about the way Ilya was sometimes restless or unhappy after a party, even one he enjoyed or threw himself, the way a big high could cause a crash when it was over — not predictably, not all the time, but often enough that Ilya was aware it could happen and tried to accept it when it did. He had worked on coping mechanisms and communicating what he needed to Shane, and Shane just tried his best to follow his lead. As ashamed as he was to admit it, Shane hadn’t really thought a lot about mental health before Ilya started sharing more with him, about himself and his mother, and before he started working with the foundation. He had always just sort of powered through everything without thinking too much about it. And honestly, he’d had a pretty easy life up until the past year. He had amazing, supportive parents, his absolute dream job, friends, awards, money, everything he could want. Sure, hiding a relationship and wrestling with his sexuality hadn’t been easy, he supposed. But it was nothing compared to what Ilya had gone through. Even last year, with the outing and losing friends and being so so petrified that he wouldn’t have a job again—even that had been more than balanced out by marrying the love of his life and *not* losing his job and getting to live and play with Ilya, like he was living in his own wildest, most impossible dream.

Shane thunked his head down on Ilya's shoulder, tired from crying and from messy, confusing thoughts. He suddenly wished Anya was here too. He wanted to hold her soft, warm body in his arms for comfort. Anya still felt more like Ilya's dog than his (Shane was definitely the spare human), but he realized how much he valued her sweet, easy presence.

"I'm sorry," he said again, "I feel like I'm ruining everything. We should be celebrating. I've thought about how this morning would go for the last year, and this isn't what I imagined at all."

As if in mockery, another tear slipped out of his eye and onto Ilya's skin. Shane huffed, annoyed, and sat up, tilting his head back and blinking. Ilya sighed, looking at Shane calmly.

"You will never know how much I love you."

Shane should really have stopped being surprised by Ilya's romantic non sequiturs after so many years together, and yet. Ilya gave him a tiny smile.

"Do you remember what you said to me, when I came home after the playoffs last year?"

Shane nodded slowly, remembering Ilya getting in the door and crumpling into Shane's arms. Shane hadn't been surprised then, but Ilya had *lost* that time. Later that night, Ilya had shared that it was maybe something more, something bigger, that made him crash like that sometimes. But Shane had just been grateful to be able to be there for him for once, not separated by geography or other people's expectations or miscommunication. He was so proud to be the person who got to hold him and comfort him.

"I am here for everything. All of it. I don't just love you when you're smiling," Ilya continued, with that same intensity he seemed to reserve just for Shane and that Shane would never, ever get used to, not if they had 100 years together.

"Ilya," Shane groaned, burying his face back in Ilya's chest.

How could he just *say* these things?

Ilya chuckled, and Shane sighed at the delicious feeling of being pressed up against the sound.

"You have been there for me when I am down. You take care of me. And I take care of you. This is being married, I think," Ilya said, voice lighter, fingers trailing up and down Shane's back in a way that made him want to stretch like a cat.

"Ok," Shane replied, because, yes, ok.

When Ilya put it like that, it was hard to argue with him.

"And if you ever want to talk to someone else, you know that would be ok too, yes?" Ilya ventured.

Shane sat up cautiously.

“What like . . . therapy?”

Ilya shrugged again, looking back at Shane with clear, non-judgemental eyes.

“Maybe. Has helped me very much.”

Shane squirmed a little.

“I would feel silly. Like, you had so many hard things happen to you when you were little. Traumatic things. And you have depression.”

Ilya nodded.

“You have had a lot of things happen to you too, lately. You don’t need to have the hardest life in the entire world. Is not a contest. If it was, I would lose too, I am a millionaire with a hot husband and the cutest dog in the world.”

Shane snorted, making Ilya smile.

“It is ok to just want to talk to someone.”

Shane nodded slowly, turning the unfamiliar notion over in his mind. Ilya smiled at him again, fond in a way that embarrassingly still made Shane blush like they’d only been together a month and not . . . however long they’d been together which was still kind of fuzzy to even them. Ilya chuckled like he knew what Shane was thinking, which he probably did, perceptive bastard.

“Just think about it, maybe,” he said lightly. “And in the meantime, you can always talk to me.”

“You’re my favourite person to talk to,” Shane said honestly.

Ilya glowed like the sun, and the last vestiges of Shane’s mood lifted off of him, like the light feeling when he took off his gear at the end of a hard game. He was still tired, maybe even more tired, but he was happy and safe and loved beyond his wildest dreams. The crying helped a lot too.

Shane would spend the rest of the day napping and watching tv with Ilya, switching out ice and heat packs and recovering their bodies. Maybe he’d do yoga in the afternoon and convince Ilya to join, maybe they’d go for a walk, maybe they’d have sex again. They’d make dinner together in their kitchen or order in if they felt lazy, enjoying not having to keep their bodies in peak physical condition for the first time in months. Ilya would shave his playoff beard, and Shane would both miss it and enjoy seeing his face again.

Tomorrow, his Mum and Dad would bring Anya back and stay for lunch, and Shane, for once, would be the one to slip Anya scraps under the table. Soon, Ilya and Shane would go back to the lake and spend some much needed time together *not* working, Ilya growing more sun-kissed and stunning by the day, Shane unspooling from his tightly wound playoffs state into something softer, more flexible, more open. When they were done with hockey camps and returned to Ottawa, maybe he would find someone to talk to, someone he felt

comfortable with, like Ilya did with Galina. No matter what happened, Ilya would be right next to him for all of it and for the rest of his life.

For right now, he had everything he needed.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments are welcome and appreciated <3

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