

And History will call them...

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And History will call them...

by [WeirdV](#)

Summary

They talked about it, long and often and then - it's decided and Shane feels oddly at peace. He feels peaceful as he laces up his skates and he feels peaceful standing across Ilya on the ice, his smile softer than usual.

“You still want to do it after the game?”

“Yes”

He wins the face off.

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The press conference after is the moment. They made Shane and Ilya sit next to each other, and although he had expected it, he's still relieved.

"Hollander - this was your 100th game playing against your rival, Rozanov - how are you feeling about this?" a reporter asks, and Shane smiles.

"Did I ever tell you guys about the first time I met Ilya?" he asks, purposefully using his first name, "I was 17. We were standing outside a gym and I went up to introduce myself."

"You told me I couldn't smoke there" Ilya interjects, and the crowd of reporters laughs.

"I remember being impressed by him" Shane smiles, "And looking forward to the next meeting."

"What do you remember about that first meeting, Rozanov?" another reporter asks.

"His freckles" he says truthfully, and Shane blushes - the crowd falls silent, a few confusing whispers going through the room.

"A few weeks ago, Ilya's plane had to make an emergency landing" Shane says, "And ever since I've thought about that first meeting a lot - and all the times we've met after."

"Did Hollander reach out after the emergency landing?" a woman in the front row asks, and Ilya places his hand on Shane's thigh, not that they can see.

"Of course he did" Ilya sighs, "I gave him quite a scare."

"The second time I met Ilya" Shane says, "Now that's a better story."

"What happened the second time you met?" a reporter shouts from the back, it's clear that this press conference is not going how anyone expected - they probably should've prepared better.

"I asked what his hotel room number was" Ilya says, and Shane can't help but laugh.

"So you've been friends since the beginning?" someone asks, and Shane laughs even harder. He doesn't answer the questions.

“So since that moment - all those years ago - after every game we would meet up” Shane says, “To be together - and then I got scared for a moment”

“That’s when he dated Rose Landry” Ilya explains, enjoying the confused looks of the reporters and then spotting Shane’s parents in the back of the room. He smiles, waving at them - half the room turns around to watch Shane Hollander’s parents wave back at Ilya Rozanov.

“Luckily he got his head out of his ass” Ilya says, Shane gives him a smile.

“You’re such an asshole” he shakes his head, there’s a fondness in his words.

“I did not” Ilya says, “But then something amazing happened. Scott Hunter kissed his boyfriend on live TV and suddenly it all didn’t seem so scary anymore.”

“Are you trying to tell us you’re gay?” Someone on the left asks.

“I am bisexual” Ilya says, he doesn’t speak for Shane - Shane has been out for a while, and he’s never denied any of the rumors. Usually going for a *My personal life is not the topic of conversation*.

Ilya looks at Shane, and he nods - encouraging him to say the one thing they did agree on.

“A few months ago, I got home” Ilya says, “After winning a bunch of games, and my entire living room was covered in electric candlelights - and then the love of my life sat down on one knee and asked me to marry him.”

“And he said yes” Shane smiles.

“I guess the point here is” Ilya says, “Is that Hollander and Rozanov might be rivals on the ice, but off the ice they’ve been so much more.”

“And this summer” Shane takes a deep breath, “I will marry Ilya Rozanov and we will return after the summer and continue playing the best hockey we can.”

“I know people will probably have a lot to say about it, and have a lot of opinions” Ilya says, “But honestly they can fuck off. They don’t know shit and we don’t really need their opinion on us. Our personal life has never affected our game - we just decided that we no longer want to hide it.”

“Are you telling us that you two - ice hockey rivals - are actually lovers”

“I hate that word” Shane says, and Ilya laughs, “But yes, I guess we are.”

“Our agent will be available for questions or interview requests, but we will probably decline most” Ilya says, “We both have two weeks off and we are planning to just spend it together, because after another year of videocalls and finding time to spend together when our schedules line up, well - I missed my fiance”

“Oh and mom” Shane says, looking at his parents as they get up, “Text before you come over!”

“We love you” she shouts from the back of the room. He can hear some reporters turn and bombard their parents with questions - which is the exact reason they decided to show up.

“Oh no” Ilya hears Yuna say, “We love Ilya, he’s family. I can’t wait until it’s official. He’s a great kid, you know, always helps with the cleanup after dinner, and he takes such good care of Shane. Couldn’t have picked a better man for my son.”

The second they’re out of the cameras’ views Shane pulls Ilya close and kisses him, “That went okay?”

“I think so”

“Of course, we knew telling would be easy - now we just wait for the response”

“That’s tomorrow’s worry”

When they walk out, they’re holding hands, not paying much attention to the camera’s. When they get in the car, they get into the same car - instead of driving separately and pretending they didn’t leave from the same house. And after they win a game, they hug each other and mutter sweet things to one another. Shane’s heart is full and he feels at ease in a way he rarely does. Outside a storm might be raging, and some of the comments online might not be nice. But at least they got to do it on their own terms.

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