Show Them

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by ompalompap

Summary

Shane lets out a quiet, humorless laugh. His shoulders sag. “I just-“ He stops, words tangling. “It’s the final. So much is on the line. And- and it’s Montreal…”

Ilya’s thumbs brush slow circles over Shane’s pulse points. “You don’t play for them.”

“I know. I know.” Shane presses his lips together. “But I want to prove-“

Ilya leans in a fraction, voice firmer now. “You don’t have to prove anything to them. You gave them everything, and they didn’t give you shit back.”

Shane and Ilya are both playing for Ottawa, open and married. They make it to the Stanley cup final, and Shane is anxious about meeting their opponent, his previous team, Montreal.

Notes

Post Long Game. I don't see enough fics out Shane and Ilya in Ottawa, so I thought I'd write one myself :)

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The locker room hums with a low, restless energy, the kind that settles into the bones before something irreversible. Skates clack softly against concrete as guys pace, retie laces that don't need retightening, tug jerseys straight and then crooked again. Someone laughs too loud at nothing. The smell of sweat, sharpened steel, and tape hangs thick in the air.

Shane sits on the bench with his elbows on his knees, helmet dangling loosely from one hand. His stick rests between his skates, untouched. He's staring at the floor like it might give him answers if he looks long enough.

Stanley Cup Final. The words still don't feel real. They feel heavy. Too heavy.

Across the room, red and black blur together, but Shane's mind isn't here. It's in Montreal. In the old locker room. The way conversations went quiet when he walked in. The way jokes stopped landing. The way eyes slid away from his and never came back. He remembers the looks when the news broke, when *they* broke, him and Ilya, together, now married, unashamed. Like something had curdled.

He swallows hard. Tonight, they're playing *them*. His old team. The city that once loved him and then decided it didn't know him at all. The year Ottowa finally makes it to the final, so does Montreal.

Shane wants this so badly it almost hurts. Not just to win. To prove something. To prove that leaving wasn't weakness. That loving Ilya didn't make him soft, didn't make him worse. That it made him sharper, braver. Better. But the pressure coils tight in his chest, anyway, squeezing until his breaths come shallow. What if he disappears out there? What if he fails, proving everyone's point? What if he becomes the headline, he's been afraid of since the trade, *carried by his husband*, *passenger on a stacked line*?

His knee bounces. Once. Twice. He forces it still with his free hand, fingers digging into muscle.

"Hey." The voice is quiet, pitched just for him. Shane looks up.

Ilya is suddenly there, standing between Shane's knees, skates already laced, jersey half-on. His hair is still damp from the shower, curls escaping where his helmet will sit later. There's a crease between his brows Shane knows well, concern he's trying not to show too loudly.

Ilya crouches so they're eye level. He doesn't touch Shane at first, just looks at him, really looks. "You're not breathing," Ilya says softly, not accusing. Just observing.

Shane lets out a shaky laugh that falls apart halfway through. "I am. Just…badly."

"What's wrong?" Ilya asks, tilting his head.

Shane exhales, shaky. "Nothing. I'm fine."

Ilya's mouth tilts, not buying it for a second. He reaches out then, hands warm as they wrap around Shane's wrists, grounding. Solid. Real. "You're still a really bad liar."

Shane lets out a quiet, humorless laugh. His shoulders sag. "I just-" He stops, words tangling. "It's the final. So much is on the line. And- and it's Montreal…"

Ilya's thumbs brush slow circles over Shane's pulse points. "You don't play for them."

"I know. I know." Shane presses his lips together. "But I want to prove-"

Ilya leans in a fraction, voice firmer now. "You don't have to prove anything to them. You gave them everything, and they didn't give you shit back."

That lands. Shane's throat tightens. Ilya's eyes soften. "You belong here. With me. On this team. In this moment." A pause. "We're here, finally together."

Shane nods, once. Twice. His breathing steadies under Ilya's steady gaze. The noise of the room fades, replaced by the familiar presence in front of him, the man who has seen him at his worst and loved him anyway. The man who made the choice worth it.

Shane chuckles lightly, shaking his head. "Sorry, I'm ruining this. I am excited, really, just-terrified, you know?"

"I know," Ilya says, cutting in gently before Shane can spiral again. His thumbs still, press a little firmer, anchoring. "Just remember who you are. You are still Shane fucking Hollander, with or without those assholes by your side."

Shane finally smiles; feeling his shoulders relax just a tad. Ilya glances around. No one's looking at them, all too occupied getting dressed and hyping each other up. He leans in, presses a brief kiss to Shane's mouth, nothing showy, nothing dramatic. Just a promise. A reminder.

Shane's eyes close for half a second as it happens, like he's memorizing the feeling. When Ilya pulls back, he rests his forehead against Shane's. "Let's fucking win this," he whispers. He pulls back, grinning. "As husbands."

Shane smiles again, small, real, fierce. The nerves are still there, but they're sharper now, focused. Purposeful.

"Husbands," he echoes.

Ilya smiles, standing up and clearing his throat. The room quiets without anyone asking it to. It's subtle at first, one conversation trailing off, a laugh cutting short, but then it's complete, every eye lifting toward the center of the locker room where Ilya stands. He's fully dressed now, captain's *C* stitched bold and undeniable on his chest. Helmet tucked under one arm. Stick resting against the bench like an extension of his body.

He doesn't look calm. He looks *ready*. Determined. Hot as fuck.

Ilya steps forward, boots heavy against the concrete floor. His jaw is set, eyes burning with something fierce and focused. When he speaks, his voice carries, deep, sharp, edged with adrenaline.

“Look around,” he snaps, sweeping a hand through the air. “Every single one of you knows how hard it was to get here.”

No one breathes.

“No one really believed in us,” Ilya continues, louder now. “Said we were too new, too soft, too *distracted*. That we wouldn’t last.”

A murmur ripples through the room, anger, agreement, heat.

Ilya’s voice rises with it. “But we are *here*. Final game. Stanley Cup. For the first time in fucking decades.” He jabs a finger toward the door. “And there is not a team on the other side of that ice that wants this more than we do.”

His eyes flash as they drag across the room, landing on each player, holding them there. “This isn’t about where you came from. It’s about who you are *now*. About the guy next to you. About trust.”

He slams his fist into his palm. “You play for each other. You block the shots. You take the hits. You don’t let up for one second, because they will try to break you, and they will fail.”

The room is buzzing now, electricity crackling under skin. Ilya’s chest rises as he draws a breath, voice dropping low, dangerous. “We finish this. We take what’s ours.” Then he shouts, raw and unrestrained; “Let's fucking go!”

The locker room explodes, sticks banging, shouts, cheers echoing off the walls.

Shane hasn't moved. He's sitting there, frozen, heart pounding so hard he can feel it in his throat. He watches Ilya like the rest of them do, but differently. Pride swells in his chest, fierce and overwhelming. *That's my husband,* his mind supplies, stunned all over again.

There's something about the way Ilya commands the room, voice rough with conviction, shoulders squared under the weight of leadership. The way everyone listens. The way everyone *believes* him. Shane swallows, heat curling low in his stomach despite the nerves, despite the stakes. Awe mixes with something darker, more intimate. Admiration sharpened into want.

Ilya turns, just for a second, and their eyes meet across the room. The intensity softens, just a fraction. A private smile ghosts across Ilya's mouth, accompanied with a wink, before he grabs his helmet and heads for the tunnel. Shane exhales, grinning to himself. Yeah. He'd follow that man anywhere.

The ice gleams under the lights like something sacred.From the moment Ilya steps onto it, everything sharpens, the cold biting through his skates, the roar of the crowd swelling and crashing around him, the weight of the C on his chest settling heavy and right. This is where he belongs. This moment. This game.

His eyes find Shane almost immediately. Shane is already circling near the boards, stick tapping the ice in a restless rhythm. His shoulders are a fraction too tight, jaw set hard beneath his visor. He looks focused, locked in, but Ilya can see the tension coiled through him, the way he holds himself like he's bracing for impact before it comes. Ilya exhales through his nose. *I've got you.*

They skate past center ice as the teams line up, Ottawa in red and black, Montreal in familiar blue and white. For half a heartbeat, the past presses in, ghosts of locker rooms Shane no longer belong to, but then someone laughs from the Montreal line.

"Shane," Hayden calls, grinning under his helmet.

Shane's face breaks, just a little. "Hey," he says back, bumping gloves with him. Easy. Familiar. Real.

Ilya nods at Hayden too, respectful. There's no hostility there, just competition, clean and sharp. The kind hockey was meant to be.

Then the puck drops. Everything explodes into motion. The game moves fast, brutal and beautiful. Montreal comes out aggressive, forechecking hard, testing Ottawa's blue line early. Their passes are crisp, their hits deliberate. They know Shane. They know exactly where to lean their weight, when to close space, when to finish a check just hard enough to send a message.

Ilya glances toward Shane out of habit more than thought. Shane is already moving, cutting clean arcs across the ice, shoulders set, eyes intense beneath the visor. He looks fast. He looks dangerous. He also looks wound tight, like a wire pulled too far. Ilya feels it immediately; an ache of worry threaded through the exhilaration.

The first period is a blur of motion. Ilya blocks a shot that rattles up his arm. He digs the puck out of the corner, shoulders burning, breath already heavy. He loves this, the physicality, the speed, the way his body feels fully used, fully alive. And he loves this team. Every line change is seamless. Every shift, someone's got his back. There's trust here, real, earned, unspoken. When he glances over his shoulder, there's always a red jersey where he expects one to be.

Including Shane. Midway through the first, Shane takes a hit that's a second late. His shoulder slams into the boards with a sharp crack that makes Ilya's stomach drop. Shane gets up fast, too fast, jaw clenched, skating it off like it's nothing. Ilya clenches his fists.

The second Late. Shoulder high. Just subtle enough to avoid a call. Ilya's vision narrows, heat flaring behind his ribs. He glides over, not saying a word, just planting himself between Shane and the Montreal player on the next whistle. The look he gives is cold, furious, unmistakable. *Try that again.*

Montreal does. They crowd Shane. Finish every check. Slash his stick when the ref's back is turned. Whisper things Ilya can't hear but knows aren't accidental. Knows are meant to dig, to reopen wounds Shane worked so hard to close. Ilya feels anger coil tight in his chest,

threatening to spill over. How dare they. How dare they turn their backs on him, then try to punish him for surviving it.

He channels it the only way he knows how. He plays harder. Every stride is powerful, deliberate. He leans into checks, pins players along the boards, strips the puck clean with brutal efficiency. When a Montreal forward cuts too close to Shane again, Ilya levels him with a hit that echoes through the rink. Clean. Devastating. The message spreads quickly.

The game opens up after that. End-to-end rushes. Chances at both nets. Ottawa's goalie stands on his head, glove flashing, pads snapping shut at the last second. Montreal answers with speed, pressure, relentless drive. Late in the second, Ilya sees the lane before it fully forms. He cuts inside, draws two defenders, releases the puck with a snap of his wrists that feels perfect the moment it leaves his stick.

The goal horn screams. The roar of the crowd slams into him like a wave. Ilya throws his head back, shouting, heart hammering as teammates crash into him. He's grinning like it hurts, adrenaline singing in his veins. When he finds Shane, Shane is already skating toward him, eyes bright, smile fierce and proud. *God*, Ilya thinks, chest tight. *I love this. I love all of this.*

The third period is brutal. Montreal ties it up early, capitalizing on a broken play, and the air in the arena goes electric with tension. Every shift matters now. Every mistake feels catastrophic. Hits come harder. Sticks clash. Bodies sprawl on the ice.

They target Shane again. Ilya sees it, the way they crowd him, lean into him after whistles, try to chip at his focus. Shane absorbs it, skating harder, playing sharper, but Ilya can see the strain now. The pressure. The history wrapped up in every shove. Still, Shane uses it as fuel into his play, winning every face-off, stealing pucks like he's playing against toddlers, skating faster than Ilya has seen before. Ilya smiles, proud.

Ilya wants to tear the world apart for him. Instead, he skates. He plays the best hockey of his life. Near the end, with the score still tied, Ilya hops over the boards knowing this could be it. His legs are screaming. His lungs burn. Sweat drips down his spine, soaked into his gear. Shane is out there too. Their eyes meet for half a second, enough.

They move like they always have, like they've trained their whole lives for this exact moment. Ilya carries the puck through the neutral zone, sells the shot, dishes it wide. Shane returns it instantly. Back and forth, weaving through traffic, forcing Montreal to chase shadows. The defense collapses on Ilya. He feels it, pressure closing in, sticks reaching, bodies converging. He grins. *Time to show these fuckers what Hollander and Rozanov can do.*

Ilya hears his own heartbeat in his ears. He fakes the shot, pulls the defense toward him, and passes. Shane takes it in stride, cuts toward the net, everything fluid and fearless. The goalie drops. The crowd inhales. Shane shoots. The puck hits the back of the net with a sound Ilya will hear in his dreams forever. The arena erupts.

Ilya is already there, crashing into Shane, arms wrapping around him so tight it's almost painful. He's laughing, shouting, overwhelmed with joy so fierce it blurs his vision. He grabs Shane's face through the cage and kisses him hard, uncaring of cameras, of noise, of anything but this moment. *My husband*, his heart screams. *My teammate. My home.*

Ilya presses his forehead to Shane's, breath shaking, smiling so wide it hurts. "Fuck, you're amazing," Ilya grins widely at Shane, impossibly and helplessly in love with the man in front of him.

The clock winds down around them. The team swarms. The Cup is seconds away.

The final seconds bleed away in a blur of noise and light and motion. The puck is dumped deep into Montreal's zone, desperation sharp in every movement now. Ilya's lungs burn as he backchecks out of instinct, legs screaming, body running on nothing but momentum and will. Somewhere behind him, the clock ticks down, five seconds, four, and the sound inside the arena swells into something feral, uncontrollable.

Three. Two. One. The horn sounds. For a split second, everything freezes. Then the world explodes.

Sticks fly into the air. Gloves scatter across the ice. The roar from the Ottawa crowd is so loud it feels like it might lift the roof clean off the building, a wall of sound crashing down over them in pure, unfiltered ecstasy. Red jerseys flood the ice from every direction, players screaming, laughing, tackling each other in clumsy piles. Stanley Cup champions.

Ilya barely has time to register it before he's being grabbed, slammed into by teammates, helmets knocking together as they shout into each other's faces. His vision blurs, not from exhaustion, but from the sheer magnitude of it. Years of work, of sacrifice, of belief, condensed into this single, perfect moment.

And then, Shane. Ilya turns and Shane is there, eyes bright and wet, mouth open in a laugh that looks dangerously close to a sob. They crash into each other again, arms wrapping tight, bodies pressed together amid the chaos.

They're shaking. They're laughing. They're crying.

"We did it," Shane chokes, voice cracking apart.

Ilya squeezes him tighter, one hand fisted in the back of Shane's jersey. "You did it," he says fiercely, almost laughing, almost crying himself. "You fucking did that.

Shane pulls back just enough to look at him, eyes red, lashes wet. "*We* fucking did that."

Their helmets are long gone, giving Ilya all the freedom to cup his face and kiss him, hard, messy, utterly unrestrained. The world is watching and he couldn't care less. They're never hiding this again. The noise swells even louder, the crowd feeding off it, chanting, screaming, loving them openly.

The officials skate in, herding players toward the blue line, trying to impose some semblance of order on the beautiful mess. Ilya feels hands on his back, guiding him forward, and suddenly the Cup is there, gleaming silver under the lights, impossibly large, impossibly real. The captain's call comes, muffled through the noise. The whole team claps him on his back, ushering him forwards.

Ilya skates forward on unsteady legs, heart pounding so hard it almost hurts. When the Stanley Cup is placed in his hands, it's heavier than he remembers. Cold. Solid. Real. For a second, he just stares at it. Then he lifts it. The roar that follows is deafening. Ilya raises the Cup high above his head, arms trembling with effort and adrenaline, a wild grin breaking across his face as he throws his head back and lets himself feel it, every cheer, every chant, every ounce of love pouring down from the stands.

This is his. This is theirs. He lowers the Cup and turns immediately, scanning the line of red jerseys until he finds Shane. The team is already pushing Shane forwards, to which he reluctantly smiles, waiving them off, trying to send someone else.

Ilya doesn't hesitate. He skates over and presses the Cup into Shane's hands, fingers lingering like he's afraid to let go. "You're next," he says softly, fiercely. "You earned this."

Shane laughs, a broken, breathless sound, and lifts it, arms shaking, face crumpling as the weight of it hits him. Tears spill freely now, tracking down his cheeks as the crowd loses its mind, chanting his name, chanting their names. Ilya watches with his chest aching, pride and love and fury-for-what-they-survived all tangled together. Montreal tried to make him small. Tried to erase him. And here he is.

Shane lowers the Cup eventually, laughing through tears, and Ilya pulls him back in, one hand cradling the back of his neck as he presses their foreheads together.

"I love you," Shane whispers, like it's sacred.

Ilya smiles, brushing his thumb under Shane's eye, wiping away tears even as his own vision blurs. "I love you too," he murmurs. "I'm so fucking proud of you."

The Cup moves on down the line, more cheers, more hugs, more joy, but Ilya barely notices. His world has narrowed again to the man in his arms. Then the crowd shifts, sound changing shape, rhythm locking in. A chant rises. Loud. United. Impossible to miss. Their names. Together.

Shane stiffens in shock, then laughs again, incredulous, overwhelmed. He turns toward the stands, pulling Ilya with him, and they face the crowd side by side, arms wrapped around each other, bodies pressed close. The love hits them full force. Shane's breath hitches. His shoulders shake. He cries openly now, tears spilling without shame, face twisted with relief so deep it almost hurts to witness.

"I'm so happy," Shane cries, the words breaking apart as soon as they leave his mouth, like he can't quite contain them in any recognizable shape. He laughs through it, breath hitching, eyes shining impossibly bright as he looks at Ilya like he's afraid to blink and lose him.

Ilya's throat tightens. He pulls Shane in without thinking, one arm locked firm around his back, the other coming up to cradle his face, forehead pressing gently into Shane's temple. "I know, me too," he murmurs, voice rough and warm and certain.

"I never thought this would happen. I feel like I'm dreaming, this can't be real," Shane says, in disbelief.

Ilya exhales a shaky laugh, pulling Shane closer until there's no space left between them. "It's real. We won, together, as husbands. We've waited so fucking long and now it's here."

Around them, the crowd keeps roaring, red and silver confetti drifting down like snow, teammates shouting and laughing and celebrating with their loved ones entering the ice. Shane closes his eyes, clutching at Ilya's jersey, grounding himself in the warmth and solidity of him. "I'm so proud of you," Ilya murmurs into Shane's hair. "And I'm so fucking in love with you."

Shane laughs again, soft and wrecked and happy, nodding against his chest. "I love you," he says, like it's the truest thing he's ever known.

The Cup gleams nearby. The crowd is roaring. And the man he loves is right here in his arms. Nothing has ever felt more right.

End Notes

Guys... if you REALLY want me to, I can try writing a smutty second chapter as Ilya and Shane celebrate the victory. Though I've never written smut so, it might not be great xd

Let me know what you think of this <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!