

there's glitter on the floor after the party

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76797516) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76797516>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike/Jackie Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike
Additional Tags:	First Kiss , First Time , POV Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , New Year's Eve , Falling In Love , Idiots in Love , Rivals to Lovers
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 9,792 Chapters: 1/1

there's glitter on the floor after the party

by [maristhearcher](#)

Summary

On New Year's Eve 2010, Shane Hollander went to a party with his teammates and had the best kiss of his life, but didn't remember the face of the boy. Year after year, he attended the same party, hopefully trying to meet the love of his life.

But at the same party, his archrival, Ilya Rozanov always appears and troubles his plans. After some encounters, he started to connect some interesting coincidences.

Notes

Hi, everyone! Happy New Year!

Hollanov is in my mind from this whole year. So I decided to write something special for them in the last day of 2025. Hope you enjoy it!

2010

The lights from the Christmas decorations were too bright for Shane Hollander. It was in every spot from the club, hanging on the walls, dropping from the ceiling like snowflakes falling from the sky. There were many of them, illuminating the place in yellow and white, mixed with the wreaths and tinsels. One big Christmas Tree was on the corner, full of ornaments, like a snowman, shining glittering balls, fake reindeers and colorful garlands. Maybe it was too much for a party like that, but Jackie always liked big stuff to celebrate.

It was a tradition from the hockey players, started some years ago. All of them reunited from a special celebration from New Year's, hosted by Jackie and Hayden, with a flag between the chaos from the season matches. Even the coaches used to go with their families, and everyone got drunk before midnight, laughing loudly, making one night friendships with their rivals, dancing all night long and not leaving until the morning.

Shane never liked that big celebration, but Hayden dragged him every year, with the same sentence:

“Jackie would be so sad if you miss!”

And well, displeasing Jackie was the same as committing a crime. No one in the Metro dared to do this when she asked them for something, so all the players made their way to a club, on the east part of Montreal, with their best clothes and put a smile on their faces from her. In the beginning, it was just the Montreal team. But the other hockey players started to eventually appear with an invitation, and it became an annual thing for everyone.

Part of Shane liked to celebrate with his friends, but the other part, that one who hates crowds, public attention, small talks and contact with strangers, trembled every time Hayden sent him a message about the upcoming party.

That year, he chose a dark blue blazer, — gift from his mother — a pair of pants and fancy shoes. Jackie said he especially needed to get dressed better that time. His hair was growing, some strings falling in his forehead and Shane even put some cream on his face. It was the highest effort he had made for the New Year's party, hoping that Jackie approved.

Even hating big parties, Shane always goes because he loved Jackie and Hayden that much. They were his best friends, after all. Jackie always cooked his meals from his restricted diet and put ginger ale in the freezer when he went there. Hayden supported him on the way to be the Metro's captain, never pressuring too much, always giving him space when he needed. And the girls were amazing kids, Shane always felt like their distant uncle.

That's why he was staring at the decoration from the rented club, shaking his head in the song's rhythm — he didn't know which it was, but recognized it was Lady Gaga. He was locked into the lights, tracing mental patterns on them, thinking about how much fairy lights Jackie bought and how much they cost. The girls probably would help to choose some of them, Shane noticed, since a few lights were pink little ties.

He got so distracted, that when Hayden tapped his shoulder, Shane's heart jumped.

“Christ, don't fucking scare me like that.”

“Why are you standing like a security guard?”

Hayden asked, smiling. He was wearing a white suit, a match with Jackie's dress.

“I'm enjoying the party.”

“This is not how we enjoy parties, Hollander.” He rolled his eyes.

“I'm listening to the songs in the crowd, isn't it enough?” Shane got confused.

“Get a drink, Hollander, go find some beautiful girl to kiss at midnight.”

“Is this not a teenager thing?”

“This is just a thing. A thing to have fun!” Hayden put his hands on Shane's arms. “You always stay like a Christmas decoration, every year. Try to have fun!”

Shane sighed. He was the only one from his teammates without a company today, all of them had wives, girlfriends or a beautiful girl by their side. He thought about inviting Rose Landry, one of his closest friends, but she would be bored to stay only on the corner with him, so Shane didn't do it.

But there was another reason for his romantic loneliness: Shane was gay and no one from his team knew it. He found out this truth about himself some years ago and still didn't have courage to tell his family or friends. Most of them would probably support him, but the NHL was a hard place for queer people. They would wear rainbow bracelets from pride month, make social media posts against homophobia, and at the same time use mean words to call each other on the locker room, and whispered how the other guy was “too girly” and “play like a faggot.”

Every time he heard some comment, Shane looked away, in conflict, and swollen this part of him deeper.

“I will get a drink.”

“Jackie's sister is here.” Hayden said, in a conspiracy voice tone. “I can talk to her, she's your fan.”

“No press today, Pike. It's a party.”

Shane made fun and walked with him to the bar.

“I'm just saying that you need to meet some new people. You barely go outside from your apartment.”

“I like my apartment.” Shane shrugged. “And I don't need a girlfriend.”

“I said girl, no girlfriend. Just... You know, some fun.”

“I will think about it.” Shane put his hands on the counter and signaled to the barman. “But don't talk to anyone, okay?”

“Okay, okay...”

Shane asked for a Piña Colada and winced his eyes when he felt the taste of alcohol there.

“Did you put a bottle of vodka here, or something like that?”

“Your friend asked to add more.” The barman pointed with his head to the other side of the bar. “He said you liked it, do you wanna change?”

Shane frowned his forehead and looked at his alleged friend. A tall blonde guy, with a sly smile and a mocking face, wearing a button white shirt, with a tiger printed. A man with blue eyes that Shane stared many times in his life in the face-off. He rolled his eyes to Ilya Rozanov and he laughed back.

“No, thank you.” Shane said to the barman and made his goal to drink everything without complaining again.

“Sorry about him.” Hayden said. “I said to Jskie to not invite him, but she complained about the courtesy.”

“I don't think Rozanov knows about courtesy.”

Shane murmured and sipped his drink, the taste burning down his throat.

Years ago, when he and Ilya were rookies, he tried to be friends with him. Shane went there, presented himself, but Rozanov and his fucking arrogance was enough to put them apart. He understood that Ilya didn't want to be closer, or have any kind of friendship. So Shane stepped away, even if, sometimes, when he looked at him on the face-off, he could see something deep hidden in his blue eyes. He said to himself this was just a glance, but it was there: a flame of more.

Shane got far from him before burning himself in that fire.

“Don't let him enter your shores.” Hayden warned. “Come, the team is there.”

Shane followed him, his piña colada getting hot in his hand. He drank that in one big sip and put it in a waiter tray, with a low “Thank you”.

The Metro's players were already a little bit drunk. He could say that for the volume of the talk, high and full of curses, the way JJ hugged him tight and screamed in Shane's ear and gave him a hard hit on the back. But Shane smiled at them, sat on the spot, and tried to follow the conversation. At least, he didn't need to participate, since the others were talkative enough.

“Okay, okay, guess mine.” One of the players said. They were playing ‘Who Am I?’ but with hockey players. “I’m blonde.”

“Hayden.” JJ tried.

“Wrong. I’m blonde, have thin legs, and walk almost twerking out of the ice.”

“It’s a Centaur!” He said and a little bit of his drink fell on the floor.

“Of course it’s a Centaur.” Another person said. “They all are a team of homo. That’s why they are the worst in the league.”

Everybody laughed. JJ and Hayden exchanged an uncomfortable glance. Shane held his breath, feeling his chest burn, and it wasn’t because of the alcohol running through him: he wanted to punch those guys, scream with them, overthrow their drinks, scratch their faces and... Shane needed to breathe a couple times. He sang a song in his head, a piece from Frank Sinatra that his mother loved but never remembered the name.

He tried to stay there longer. He really tried. He even drank more and started to feel dizzy and lighter. But when his team went to the dancefloor, waiting for the midnight, Shane couldn’t stand more time. He disappeared from the crowd, his head spinning, his stomach churning and what a bad decision to drink that much alcohol, what a bad decision to come to that awful party, with his terrible teammates, and why couldn’t he just say no? Or why did he not say anything? He was their captain, why did he stay there, looking like he agreed with all of that?

Shane walked through some corridors and reached a balcony. He breathed some fresh air, his vision blurry. He felt like a child, almost crying, a fucking ridiculous toddler.

“Hollander, you’re not going to jump, right?”

Someone said behind him and Shane jumped. It was dark, he was drunk, and he couldn’t see who was there, even if the voice sounded like a feather being crushed by a rock.

“No, I’m just... Fresh air.”

“Are you not having fun at your little party?”

“It’s not my party. And it’s not small.”

Shane was surprised by how his voice sounded so good, even if his head was a mess. He listened to the music stops, probably because of the counter from midnight. Shane felt more miserable than ever.

“I don’t wanna go back.” He confessed. “I shouldn’t come, they are all idiots, and Hayden keeps saying that I need a girlfriend, but I don’t want a girlfriend!”

His voice got louder and louder, and Shane felt his entire body shaking angrily. He had so many feelings inside of him, a sea of sinking ships. It was the result of years and years trying to suppress everything and he just... He didn’t know how to handle it anymore.

“So don't get a girlfriend.”

Said the other person. Shane saw a blonde curly and a white shirt, and laughed.

“It's not that simple.”

“For me it looks very simple. You don't want to date? So don't do it.”

“I don't want a girlfriend.” Shane looked to the balcony, his voice a string of something. “But I would love to have a boyfriend.”

His drunk mouth was saying confessions of things, everything he kept trying not to think, but Shane didn't care at that moment.

“Ah” The voice said. Shane felt the smile from the other man. “So get a boyfriend.”

“It 's impossible.” He shook his head and the move made everything spin. The other guy grabbed his arm, steadying him. “But I would like to have fun.”

“Fun, huh?”

Shane shivered. The other guy was close, his voice in Shane's ear, and it was a warm, smelling cigarette. He was solid, like a stone, and would probably have some good muscles... Shane imagined how he would be under his clothes, if the way he was holding his arm would be the same way he would hold his hips.

“Fun.”

Shane whispered, because he had fear of breaking the moment with a sound, like it was made of magic. He saw the other guy getting close, and suddenly, Shane was in his arms. One hand around Shane's neck, the other one on his hips, and the touch felt like a burning mark. A small sparkle emerged from the space between their mouths, the air between them heavy, and electrified.

“... Two, one, zero! Happy New Year!”

Shane heard the party. He felt lips closer to his, the promise of a kiss.

“Happy New Year, Shane Hollander.”

And they kissed.

It was like being rocked by gravity suddenly. The weight from a thousand things wrecked Shane, and his knees failed. His head was spinning, and he felt a tongue opening his lips, and closed his eyes and let the other enter inside of him. A hand moved his head to another angle, and everything went deep, air was not enough, the space seemed to disappear from his feet, and Shane was floating in the sky.

The other guy moaned, or was it Shane? He wasn't sure, but felt something hard against his belly, and pulled the hair of the other man. It was so soft, and Shane did again just because he

could. He grabbed his shirt, and felt the wall of muscle of the other guy. Shane felt his cheeks blushing, but didn't break the contact between them. He didn't want to, though. He pretty much wanted to be kissed like that every day in his life from now on.

It was a cathartic kiss. First, because it was the best kiss of Shane's life. Second, because he discovered he could have fun with another man at a party. So he enjoyed the hands pressing their hips together, brushing the cocks deliciously, the bite on his lower lip, their tongues intertwined, the warmth of another body over him. He was melting. And loving every second.

“Oh, fuck... Hollander...”

The other guy said, and kissed Shane's neck. Shane threw his head back, giving him full access. He stared at the ceiling, and listened to distant fireworks sounds, while teeth were biting the skin between his jaw and ear. Something hot flowed through his body, and he moaned loudly. The other guy did again, this time investing himself over Shane's body and god, Shane felt the taste of heaven and rolled his eyes, his dick so hard against his pants, desperately for attention. Happy fucking New Year, everybody, he thought.

He was about to beg for more, asking to go to another place, some private place where he could devour that guy, or at least, know his name... When he saw black behind his eyes.

And that was his last memory from January first of **2011**.

2011

Shane Hollander was excited for a party. Excited. For a party. He didn't even that combinations of words were possible in the same phrase.

It was the last day of 2011, a great year for him. He solidified his spot as a Metro's captain, and even if didn't get a Stanley Cup that year, they were rocking at the season. He finally was living in his own “adult” apartment in Montreal, and tried to put some effort in turn that place a home — which included some books, two attempts to have a plant, pictures on the walls and art that he liked. He felt like a rising star on ice, faster than ever, getting better everyday, to the amazement of the journalists and his teammates. And even still didn't like fame and publicity, Shane was taking advantage of every work, his bank account never got so big, and started to make donations for some causes.

But the things were good out of the hockey too.

After accepting his sexuality, Shane had some small adventures with other men in some travels. He met a guy and had a quick affair with him — and it was his first time sucking a dick, which was pretty educational. In Paris, he dated an eccentric guy, an artist, and had his first time — another educational experience — but things didn't go well because his ex boyfriend was a jealous guy, almost toxic. Shane even dated a Brazilian guy, a drag queen performer, and he truly liked him, but the guy needed to go back to Brazil, and Shane wasn't sure about continental long distance relationships. After that, he talked with Rose about himself and she laughed off his romantic life, but not mocking, just having fun with him.

They searched about LGBTQI+ history a little bit, Shane saw documentaries and cried with some of them, he was trying to find what is supposed to mean to be a “gay man”.

On the other hand, his parents were still a brick on his path. Shane didn't find courage to talk to them. Yes, he was sure he would get full support. Yes, he knew they were awesome people. Yes, they would probably say how much they love Shane. But... But Shane was afraid. They never talk about other gays hockey players, or gay people in general, and there was a small chance that everything go wrong with them.

But he was hopeful. And all because of that fucking kiss in January.

After the part, he tried to track the guy with Jackie:

“Do you want the guest list?” Jackie raised an eyebrow for him. “Why?”

“I met someone at the party but I don't know the name.”

Jackie looked at him, surprised.

“Wait! Oh my gosh, is this a Cinderella story? Oh my god!”

Shane felt his cheeks getting red and started to regret.

“Something like that. Can you send me the list?”

“Of course!” Jackie said, her voice higher and excited than ever. “I know all the girls there, let me help you.”

Shane didn't find courage to tell Jackie that wasn't a girl. The problem was: she didn't forget, and constantly reminded Shane about the search for his “Cinderella.” Since then, he has avoided her. But even with the list in his hands, Shane wasn't lucky. All the people from the New Year's party were hockey players, some actors and actresses, and musicians. For a while, Shane thought about the possibility of kissing another player, but he discarded the idea. If it was another player, he would be threatened already to keep the things in secret.

Shane's last hope was to go to the party again. Maybe his Cinderella would be there, maybe, if he waits at the same spot, at midnight, some small magic would happen for him. So he put on his best clothes — Rose insisted to him to hire a stylist, and how he had a fashion consultant — and walk inside the club with his heart racing and attentive eyes, examining every spot from that party.

He was determined to find that guy again, even if he couldn't recall his face. Shane has an idea that he would recognize him the moment he lay his eyes on him.

Shane complimented Hayden with a hug and Jackie whispered in his ear:

“I invited the same people from last year. Good luck, charming prince!”

“Thank you.”

He said, laughing, but his ears flushed and burned a little bit.

He stayed with his teammates again, but didn't risk drinking alcohol. Shane wanted to keep a clear mind this year. He would remember about that boy. He would kiss him one more time. He would hold him again, stronger than ever. He would toss his hands around his curls, feeling the same softness from before. And... Well, he was hoping that they could fall in love, somehow, exchanging numbers. Shane didn't think so far beside finding his Cinderella.

At 11 p.m. he was anxious and feeling his guts. He was barely listening to the conversation with his teammates. They were excited about winning the Stanley Cup, and how the Metros were rocking at the season. Shane smiled, politely, but preferred to stare at the crowd. Everyone was dancing, alcohol was circulating in their hands, the smell of expensive perfume was in the air, the glowing lights illuminating the sparkling dresses and the drops of sweat. Shane studied all the faces, catching glances of blonde hair — none of them blonde enough — and big hands — but none of them seemed strong enough. But his hope bumped into every small chance of finding him.

“It's almost midnight, Hollander, my captain” Hayden put an arm around him, his hair a mess, clearly drunk. “Where is... Where is your fucking Cinderella?”

“Waiting for me. Go kiss your princess.” Shane pushed him in Jackie's direction, and heard the others laughing.

He walked on the same balcony from last year, heartbeat in his ears. Every second looked like a life, every moment Shane was praying for some kind of magic, maybe destiny would push him into the love of his life. He wasn't a religious man, didn't have any beliefs, but hoped some voice would hear what his heart desires.

Shane put his hands on the balcony, breathing the cold air, and looked at the city lights. He got distracted for a second, and the sound of footsteps made his heart jump.

“What are you doing out of the fun, Hollander?”

Shane raised his eyebrows and turned around to Ilya Rozanov itself.

“What are you doing here?”

“You look like a lost puppy. I just want to help you to find your owner.”

Ilya was wearing a black and sparkly shirt, buttons open, his chest and pale skin showing up. His blue eyes seemed to burn the dark around him, bright, mysterious and sarcastic. His hair was arranged and dark blonde curls falling in his forehead — Shane needed to admit he was charmed by that — and a smile curving his lips.

“You're an asshole.” Shane rolled his eyes. “Go back to that stupid party, please, leave me alone.”

“No.” Ilya smiled bigger and walked slowly in Shane's direction. He had a cigarette spinning between his fingers, like a toy. “I like to bother you.”

“Do in the ice.” Shane looked after him, trying to find any trace of someone coming. “Not here.”

“Why? I like both spots.”

Ilya stopped and inclined his head like a lion studying his prey. Shane gulped, part anxiety, part wishing that guy goes away.

“I don't have time for your little games.”

“I think you do.”

Shane felt his cheeks burning in anger.

“Seriously, Rozanov. Go back to the party, go drink or dance with some other girl...”

“But we're having an interesting conversation! And you didn't answer me about what you are doing here.”

“It's none of your business.”

“i thought you were friends, you know?”

Ilya looked at him in a strange way. He seemed waiting for something, looking for an answer that Shand didn't understand why. He focuses on his eyes, less bright than before, with an agony and urgency. Ilya looked at him like he didn't have enough, and Shane was trapped by that.

“You're not friends.” Shane said, low voice. “We're actually rivals, if you don't remember.”

“Can we not be both? I like both.”

Shane frowned his forehead. Ilya still folded his tongue when he pronounced “th” words, but he improved a lot in his English compared to their rookie season. Unfortunately, he still was an idiot.

“Look, Rozanov, we had our little beef, I get it. Now, can you please leave me...”

“You're not drink, today?” He interrupted Shane, the cigarette now being smashed by his fingers.

“No, I'm good.”

Shqne started to lose his patience. He felt something pressing his forehead, like all his blood was flowing to his brain to try to deal with that Russian.

“Shame. I was thinking about giving you a taste of vodka, to know the beauties of Russia.”

Shane exhaled. No one would approach him if Ilya was there, and certainly not his Cinderella.

“Okay, I'm going back.”

“So soon? Don't be boring, Hollander!” Ilya put a hand in Shane's chest, when Shane tried to walk away. The touch was hot like a burning mark. “Okay, okay, I'm going.”

Shane watched him turn back to the crowded party, slowly and lazy. He heard voices, and the sound of a clock. Everyone was counting, which means it was almost midnight and there wasn't any sign of his Cinderella around. His nerves got mixed in frustration and sadness, eyes stinger but he refused to let the tears fall in front of Rozanov.

“...Three, two, one, Happy New Year!”

And then, fireworks outside, reaching the sky in an explosion. Ilya turned to him, a smile full of emotions that Shane couldn't identify.

“Happy New Year, Hollander.”

He said and disappeared back to the party.

Shane leaned on the wall. He closed his eyes, millions of emotions crossing his mind. He waited, and waited, listening carefully, his last hopes from that night being drained with no spilled tears. Maybe he would appear in a few seconds, so stayed there, quiet, waiting and waiting, trusting in a promise filled with “maybes” and “pleases”. But time flew, little by little, and there weren't any traces of someone getting closer or approaching him.

It was closer from 1 A.M. when Shane exhaled and went back to the party. He wanted to go home and find a way to glue his broke heart pieces together, but Hayden grabbed Shane's arms and he was dragged into a conversation with some other hockey players. He danced — badly moved his feet is a better way to describe —, drank a soda with ice — he pretended to have vodka inside — and hated every second of that. Shane was desperate to find a calm spot, there was a hammer in his head, breaking his neurons and interrupting the synapses, turning him in not able to think in anything.

But different from last year, Shand had his memories from January 1st.

Starring the balcony with the sun rising, the first sunrays from the new year getting inside the club, Shane was trying to process everything from the last 4 hours. But his head was in a slow mode, almost freezing, and he felt his body exhausted. His mind was disconnected from his brain, in a form of escape from the frustrating reality. Shane blamed Ilya a little bit — irrational, he knew it, but he needed someone to be the scapegoat —, because if wasn't for him, he Cinderella would sure appeared there. Maybe he saw Shane and noticed that he wasn't alone, and ran away... God, Shane was trying to think of all the possibilities that went wrong that night.

Hayden approached from him, his suit already lost, the first buttons for his shirts opened.

“It's to go home, party buddy.” Hayden smiled. “I'll get Jackie and I can give you a ride home.”

“Okay, thank you.”

Shane nodded and looked at the girls leaving the party, heels on their hands, makeup on their cheeks, walking a little bit unstable. There's glitter on the floor after the party, he noticed. He counted the little sparkling papers, in many colors, and held his breath with the same strongness he held his tears.

2014

“I'm not going.”

“Jackie...”

“Jackie is not even there. You're not going to be there, what am I supposed to do there?”

“It's New Year, Hollander, a magic night. Everything can happen.”

Shane rolled his eyes and organized the salad in his sandwich.

“Of course everything can happen. And I will stay in my house, doing nothing.”

“That's it, I'm calling JJ to pick you.”

“Don't you dare, Pike.”

“Watch me. I mean, hear me.”

Shane heard, horrified, Hayden texting to JJ.

“Please, don't!”

“Stay just until midnight. Then you can leave.”

Shane exhaled. He hated to argue against Hayden because his friend was an insistence person, like a stick poking your arms until finally piercing you.

“Until midnight.”

“Yes!” He spoke away from the cellphone. “Jackie, he's going to stay until midnight!”

“Great, tell him to bring Rose!”

“Is Rose in town?”

Shane laughed.

“No, she's in New York. I'll say hi to her for you.”

“Ah, okay. Have fun, I need to check my babies. Bye!”

And he hung up. Hayden and Jackie had twins last month, but she insisted on doing that damn party anyways.. Shane thought he would be free and planned to sleep early with ear protectors and no celebration of New Year's around. But now, he was wearing a shirt and a pair of pants, and trying to fix his hair.

The last two years were great for Shane Hollander the hockey player. Two Stanley Cups, one after the other, MVP's prizes, golden medals for excellence at the sport and a big possibility of entering the Hall Of The Fame in the next five years. Shane has achieved what most of the players take a whole life to get, and he still has many years ahead to do even more. He saw his name in giant outdoors, a buch of propagandas — Yuna made sure he worked hard as fuck between the matches — and his bank account got bigger and bigger.

Shane didn't need all that money, because he started a foundation with other hockey players, to teach kids in a summer camp. It was the best time of his life, to be surrendered by kids who adored him, teach them moves, watching boys and girls getting excited about hockey and forget a little bit about the world. They still didn't have a name for the institute, for now it's just "Summer Hockey Camp", but Shane was working on that. Almost all the other players were involved, but Shane dared to say that Ilya Rozanov was probably the happiest among them with this project.

He has the same amount of percentage in contributions that Shane, but so more passion in his eyes. That project gave him something that Shane never saw in his eyes: joy. He already saw anger, sarcasm, frustration and even fear, in the face off, but there was something magical in Ilya's eyes when he was happy. The man turned in another person, different from the ice provoking and defiant man. Shane never thought about the word soft to describe Ilya, but that one was accurate from him.

Ilya, the same guy who frustrated all Shane's plans from past years to find his Cinderella. Two years at the New Year's party, searching and looking at the guests, hoping to see someone or feeling the same feeling from that night... But Shane came back home with an exhausted expression. Ilya followed him everywhere in the club, making jokes, asking Shane about the matches he lost, blinking at him and always getting on that damn balcony when Shane tried to avoid him. He didn't understand why Ilya looked so invested in him, staring at him like he was waiting for an answer to a question that he didn't ask Shane.

So Shane got mentally prepared for the party. He just needed to escape after midnight and could stay the rest of the night sleeping in his comfy bed.

"Thanks for the ride, JJ." Shane said when they arrived at the club.

"No problems, man." JJ smiled and gave Shane a weak punch on the arm. "I'm not drinking tonight, so after midnight I can drive you back."

"Sorry about Hayde. I don't need a nanny, I told him."

JJ laughed.

“Look, I didn't want to come either, I just came to Jackie not to get mad with me. I promised her that I would be here. So... Let's just talk to our team and, you know, let them know that we came.”

“Sounds perfect to me.”

Shane smiled in relief. Inside the club, 80's songs were playing in a high volume. The usual Christmas decoration, chosen by Jackie, was still hung on the walls, the colorful lights, big red bows and a giant tree on the corner. Shane got distracted, counting how many lights shaped as flowers were rinding in the ceiling — probably the Pike girl's choice —, lost in the sound of “Should I Stay or Should I Go?”, when a hand covered his shoulder and squeezed a little bit.

“Shane fucking Hollander is here, everyone!”

Shane closed his eyes for two seconds before glance at the guy by his side.

“Ilya fucking Rozanov is here too, as you can see.”

Ilya stared at Shane with a crooked smirk. His blue eyes looked at him, from head to toes Shane felt his skin itching, like bugs crawling under his veins.

“I was thinking that you're not here, since your little pet is not around.”

“My pet?”

“Hayden.”

Shane frowned his entire face and Ilya grinned. He has a glass of something brown in his hand, probably whiskey. Shane watched the liquid shake with Ilya's movement.

“Don’t you have someone else to piss off, Rozanov?”

“I do.” Ilya shrugged. “But you’re my favorite.”

There was something in these words, the way Rozanov pronounced the “t” in his accent, that made Shane shiver.

“I’m busy, so see you later.”

Shane got out before Ilya could answer back, his neck burning. All his guts were screaming for him to run, stay away from that guy, choose a place where those blue and inquisitive eyes weren’t able to hunt Shane anymore. For some reason, Shane saw Ilya like the sun: beautiful to watch from the distance, dangerous once you try to reach. And he refused to be the fucking Icarus.

He drank a soda with ice, tried to talk with his teammates and laughed a little bit with JJ. Shane pretended, and pretended, like he always did, and tried not to care that much in stare every blonde and curly hair around the club. It was so pathetic that he still believed that a miracle could happen, but Shane couldn’t help being less faithful. In the end, he was wishing any piece of sparkle from that night.

Ten minutes until midnight, Shane escaped from the crowd and washed his face in the bathroom. He just needed to hang for a little bit more and he could go home, just a little bit more. On his way back, he saw a curious scene on the same balcony from many years ago: Ilya Rozanov was staring at the city, looking lonely and even sad. Shane bite his lower lip, thinking if he should approach or leave the man alone.

“I can hear you thinking from the distance, Hollander. Noisy as hell.”

He said and Shane flushed. He came closer, but thought again about running back to JJ and his team.

“Sorry, I didn’t want to disturb you.”

Ilya laughed. He was wearing a white button shirt, but the material was a little bit iridescent and moonlight made him look ethereal. Shane got caught again about how pretty Ilya was.

“Do you remember when we met here, many years ago?”

“2011? I remember. Like always, you were on my back.”

Shane sighed. It was the year after his first midnight kiss and Shane was so nervous and hopeful to find his Cinderella...

Ilya shook his head and Shane looked at him in confusion. He didn't look at Shane, but Shane could see his eyes full of melancholia. They stayed in silence for some minutes and Shane thought about Ilya’s move: did they meet before in the previous years? It wasn’t possible, since Ilya spent some time in Russia and just started to come to Hayden’s party in...

“But we barely talked in 2010.” Shane retorted, and put his hand in his pockets. “You just tried to poison me with alcohol.”

Ilya’s head turned to Shane so fast that he heard a crack and widened his eyes in surprise.

“Is this everything you remember from that night?”

“Well, I was pretty drunk, and of course not, I remember more things” Shane felt his cheeks getting red and cursed inside of his head. “But you and me? We just talk for, I don’t know, two minutes? Actually, we didn’t even talk, you were at the bar, drinking, and...”

Ilya laughed and interrupted Shane. It wasn't a laugh of mocking or filled with sarcasm. It was one of those laughs that bring tears to your eyes, and you need to curve, holding your belly, because you're about to explode. And Shane just stared at Ilya, admiring his laugh but at the same time so confused.

In the club, he heard the clock and realized it was time to go back to find JJ.

"Okay... So, I'm going."

"Wait, wait." Ilya grabbed his wrist and Shane froze. "Wait a fuck second, Hollander. There's one memory missing."

"What memory?"

And Ilya looked at him, bright blue eyes, full of desire and Shane was sent back to 2010, some minutes before midnight. He could feel sparkles running in his blood, and his pulse raced, past and present mixing in front of him like two different movies overlapped.

Ilya got closer. He held Shane's face, his fingers caressed his cheeks in a gentle move. He smiled, joy and a thousand of hiding emotions there. Suddenly, the air around Shane got heavy and he lost track of his own thoughts. He heard the count, loud and excited, from the party.

"...Two, one, Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Shane."

Ilya said and kissed him.

Shane has forgotten about how good it is to be kissed with that much passion, with that much of devotion. Ilya's tongue was inside of his mouth, his hand held Shane's hips and Shane just

pulled him closer, grabbed his hair and melted in that kiss, on his arms. All his senses got filled with Ilya: his smell, his taste — alcohol, mental and something more, something that was only him —, his soft moan, the fireworks bursting behind Shane's closed eyes, Ilya's hair on his fingers, curly and blond...

Shane broke the kiss with a gasp of surprise.

"You're blonde."

Ilya raised his eyebrows in confusion, his lips red, his face twisted in amusement and lust.

"The last time I checked in the mirror, I was."

"And your hair is curly."

Ilya nodded.

"Yes, that's also true."

"And you kissed me at that New Year's party." Shane said, in disbelief, but grinning.

"Yes." Ilya smiled. He traced Shane's arms, from elbow to his shoulders. "And I'm going to kiss you one more time."

Shane lost the time. There was only him and Ilya, one kiss after the other, pausing only to catch their desperate breath, because being apart wasn't an option on that day. Not after so many years of frustration, and oh god, that's why Ilya was always close when Shane tried to reach his Cinderella, because he was, in fact, his Cinderella. And why didn't he say anything after that? Why did he watch Shane going insane, year after year, when he had the answer for his search?

“You’re thinking too much, Shane.”

Shane laughed and laid his head on Ilya’s shoulder. It didn’t go unnoticed by him that Ilya called him by his first name twice.

“Can we go to another place? I think we should talk.”

“I’m in a hotel closer to here.”

“My apartment is not that far.”

Shane stared at Ilya one more time. Ilya raised a single eyebrow, and smiled seductively.

“Oh, you’re inviting me to your place? Pervert.”

“Fuck off, Ilya.” Shane saw Ilya’s smile grow. “Are you going, yes or no?”

“Ok, ok, I’m going.” Ilya kissed him one more time. “I met you outside, is it okay?”

Shane nodded. And then, he found JJ with a horrible excuse about getting a ride with another person. He sighed in relief after finding his friend with a girl by side, seeming to care too much about Shane at that moment. Shane almost ran out, his heart still confused and excited, a lot of millions possibilities running through his head.

Snowflakes were falling outside, and Shane tightened his jacket around himself. He wasn’t feeling that cold, since his entire body was burning cell by cell. After five minutes, Ilya got

out of the club as well, his breath making white smoke from his nose. They glanced at each other, a million questions without answer.

“I came by car, tell me where your apartment is.”

Shane didn't get surprised to see an expensive sports car parked and got inside quickly. Even if the streets were empty, everybody celebrating New Year's, Shane was still anxious about getting caught leaving the club with his archrival.

They drove around Montreal, Shane whispering the directions to Ilya. It was awkward, to say the minimum, and Shane didn't stop to think how this was such a bad idea. But his curiosity spoke louder than his fear and almost laughed about it earlier, when his guts tried to warn him to keep distance. Well, it didn't work.

Ilya stayed quiet the entire time, even when they reached Shane's building and got inside the elevator. Shane started to move his feet, front and back, trying to get rid of the amount of nervous energy. They took their shoes at the Shane apartment entrance and he swallowed hard, hand in the pocket, watching Ilya studying the place. Even in his wildest dreams, Shane imagined having Ilya Rozanov at his house, with a curious and almost shy expression.

“Why didn't you say anything about that night?” Shane asked, directly. “I mean...”

“Because I thought you didn't want me to say something, Hollander. And you promised to call me, but you didn't.” Ilya looked at him, in the middle of the living room. “But now, I think you have a small amnesia.”

“I don't remember anything after the kiss.” Shane said, honestly. “I didn't even remember your face, to be honest, just the color of your hair and the curls. And looked for you but... I never imagined that could be you.”

Ilya inclined his head.

“Why not?”

“You hated me, we’re enemies, our teams play against each other all the time. And I never saw you with a man.”

“I never saw you with a man before.” Ilya argued. “I thought you’re just an idiot, you know? Or just some fun, like you said that night.”

“I wanted fun.” Shane walked close to Ilya, his knees touching the couch. “But... I wanted to kiss again so badly. That’s why I looked for you year after year.”

Ilya smiled and looked at Shane. He gave one step close to Shane, his eyes watching every small detail in his face. Shane felt his blood rushing directly to his dick.

“That means that I’m a very good kisser, right?”

“You’re an asshole.”

Ilya just laughed and kissed Shane. Again, everything disappeared. They were in a shared dimension with only their mouths and their hands. Shane pulled Ilya's hair, and heard his moan against his mouth, so he did again, numbed from the sound of Ilya moaning. They kissed and kissed, and suddenly Shane decided they were wearing too much clothes and shoved Ilya's jacket out of his way, feeling the skin against his fingers.

Ilya kissed his neck, the depression between his jaw and ear, and whispered:

“I need to know, Shane, if you want this to go until the end.” Ilya pressed a kiss on a specific spot and Shane moaned, loudly. “Because I am.”

“Please, I just need you to touch me.” Shane didn’t care if his voice was sounding so desperate or if he was begging. “Ilya, please.”

Ilya growled, and a shiver went through Shane's spine.

“You’re so beautiful.”

Ilya said before kissing him. That one wasn’t a gentle kiss. There was lust, hunger and desire in the way their tongues touched, teeth biting every piece of skin available, hands lifting the shirts. Ilya rubbed his hips against Shane, and their cocks brushed together and Shane rolled his eyes, tasting the heaven.

He broke the contact with Ilya, fell on his knees and kissed the path until his pants. Shane looked at Ilya, big blue eyes looking at him. Ilya caressed his hair, held his face and put a finger inside of Shane’s mouth. Shane sucked, using the tongue around, like a promise of what he will do in Ilya’s dick.

“Look at you, anxious to please.” Ilya murmured something in Russian after that, sexy as hell, his curls falling in his forehead.

Shane opened his zipper, the sound echoing in the apartment, and put down his pants and the underwear. He helped Ilya to pull them off, and laughed a little bit when he almost fell. One second later Shane sucked the head of Ilya’s dick, dribbling around him, his tongue passing through his slit, collecting a salty taste of pre-cum. Ilya was big, but Shane was determined to swallow everything.

He blinked, some tears accumulating in his eyes, but he moved his head up and down, opened his throat more and Ilya slipped more inside of him.

“Fuck... Shane, you don’t need to go until...” But Shane was already in his pelvic bone and Ilya moaned his name like a prayer, so beautiful, his pupils full dilated, red cheeks and messy breath. “Fuck! Come here.”

Ilya lifted him and kissed Shane again, cleaning the drops of saliva in Shane’s face.

“Was it bad?”

Shane asked, because he really wanted to know.

“No, no, no.” Ilya murmured. “I was perfect, lyubímyy. But I need you in bed, in the next five minutes.”

Shane smiled, held Ilya’s hand and walked with him to his room. He couldn’t stop himself from admiring Ilya, naked and with his full glory: tones of muscles, the small brown signs in his body, the perfect jaw line, his exposed chest and his dick standing strong and hard. Shane felt anxious to look at that man and all the next dirty things they would do.

“I need to ask, have you been with a man before?”

Shane raised his eyebrows.

“Are you asking me this after I suck your dick?”

Ilya rolled his eyes when Shane opened the door and walked until reach the bed.

“Let me rephrase that. Did any many fucked you before?”

Shane felt his cheeks getting red.

“Yes.”

“Whore!” Ilya said, but he was grinning and put a finger in Shane's chin. “A shame that wasn't me.”

“Well, you have the chance now.”

“Good for me.”

Ilya whispered and kissed Shane softly. But a second later, the kiss turned deeper, and Ilya pushed Shane against the bed, getting above him. He held his wrists together in the bed, and they shared a breath before kissing again. Shane opened his legs and Ilya happily settled in the middle, his cock brushing against Shane, in a delicious friction.

“Don't worry, Shane Hollander.” Ilya kissed Shane's neck. “I will make you feel good.”

Shane moaned. Ilya smiled, held Shane's wrist with one hand and opened his zipper with the other. But then, he spit on his free hand, glancing at Shane all the time, and Shane needed to hold his breath because all this focus was not to come on that moment. Ilya touched him, gently, but hard.

“Ilya...Ilya...”

Shane said, because it was the only thought on his mind.

“Relax.” Ilya ordered, his voice closer to a growl.

Ilya held him and pressed Shane's slit. He was pouring already, his entire body on flames, on the limit, the edgy of something. But Ilya was taking his time, slowing down every time he noticed that Shane was almost there. Ilya's fingers made a long move, touching Shane's dick, provoking and going south to his hole. He felt an electricity sparkle and arched in the bed. Shane put his legs around Ilya and pressed himself against him.

“I want you inside of me.” Shane demanded, drops of sweat falling in his face. “Now.”

“What a bossy man you are.” Ilya chuckled, and continued to masturbate Shane. “Be polite.”

Shane bit his lower lip, and flexed his toes, moving his hips against Ilya, trying a sort of relief. That man was watching him, gazing at Shane with attention, and that was making everything even more pleasant for him. It reminded him of the face off, in the ice, how Ilya looked at him fiercely, and how his eyes were at that moment, filled with the same fierce, but now added with passion.

“Please...”

Shane bagged and Ilya kissed him, their mouths clashing. Their chest touched, and Shane rubbed his nipples against Ilya's skin, their cocks touching and brushing, causing a friction that made Shane moan loudly.

“Canadian guys... Since you asked so nicely.”

Ilya winked, and Shane felt that thing on his heart, an ache that made his heart race.

“Second drawer.” Shane said, pointing with his head to his right. Ilya reached the drawer quickly and took out from there a plastic tube and some condoms. He kissed Shane's chest before opening the tube and squeezed a little bit.

“Are you okay?”

He asked, freezing for a second, eyes looking for any trace of denial in Shane's face.

“Totally fine.” Shane smiled, and traced a pattern in Ilya's hips, fingers soft like feathers, and watched the other man exhale, eyes closed, lips separated.

“Good.”

Ilya whispered and started to provoke Shane's buttohole with his fingers. At that point, Shane was on the limit, relaxed, so It was very easy for Ilya to put one finger inside him. Shane moaned, the pressure was amazing, and that man kept touching his dick at the same time. Ilya added one more, and Shane couldn't help, he just rode in his fingers, moving his hips, looking for more, more, more. And Ilya gave it to him, reaching his prostate while he was curving the fingers.

Shane screamed, crumbling the bedsheet, waves of pleasure breaking against his skin.

“It's there, isn't it?” Ilya asked, big eyes looking at Shane.

“Ilya, please.”

“Come with me.” Ilya said. He picked one of Shane's hands and put it between them. “I have you with me, Shane.”

Trembling, Shane involved him and Ilya on his hands, and made a long move, combined with Ilya's fingers inside him. They were a mess, their dicks pouring, their breath getting out in heavy gusts, mixing in the space between them. Shane squeezed and masturbated them, a little bit flustered because Ilya didn't stop with his attack at his hole, and Shane's vision got black on the edges.

He looked at Ilya, his skin shining because of the sweat, that beautiful mouth saying things in Russian that Shane didn't understand, a vein jumping in his forehead, his skin red. He looked like an angel. An angel ready to destroy Shane.

“You're so pretty.” Shane said, without a filter, his mouth already disconnected from the brain. Ilya grinned and reached Shane's mouth, kissing him in a gentle way.

Shane didn't last longer. There were Ilya's fingers inside him, their dicks rubbing together, and Ilya's mouth and voice, whispering Russian in his ear... It was too much. No; it was perfect. Shane fell from the edge, allowed him to slide in that feeling with a moan, and closed his eyes while he was coming in jets. Ilya followed after that, their orgasms mixing in Shane's chest. He fell at Shane's side, breathing heavily.

Shane stared at the ceiling and then laughed.

“What?”

Ilya asked, confused. But Shane just looked at him and laughed more. It was part because of the nervousism, and part because Shane wasn't believing in what they did: fuck your rival with is, too, the man who kissed years ago, in the the first day of the year.

“I think you're freaking out.” Ilya said, looking at him with a frowned forehead.

“A little bit.” Shane confessed, catching his breath back. “Sorry, it's just... It's so crazy.”

“I agree.” Ilya nodded.

They shared a moment of silence. Outside, the lights of Montreal were shining brightly, people celebrating the New Year, parties and clubs full of drunk and happy people. But inside that apartment, between four walls, Ilya and Shane tried to organize their thoughts while they cleaned themselves. They laid back on Shane's bed, still silent, not sure what to do next. The smell of sex was in the air, mixed with Ilya's scent, and Shane focused on that.

“Do you want this to end here?” Shane asked, carefully.

“Well, you said to me that you wanted me inside of you, so we need to do it one more time, you know?” Ilya said, with a smirk face.

“Fuck you.” But Shane got flushed in the same way. “You understood me.”

Ilya looked at Shane, his eyes were two bright lights in the dark room.

“No.” He said, and shoved a strand of hair away from Shane's face. “I don't want.”

Shane smiled and all his body got warm, illuminated inside, and if someone cut his chest, would probably find sunrays in his veins.

He thought it was a great way to start the year.

2019

Ilya didn't want to go to the party. Shane was separating their clothes, carefully organized in protective bags.

“It's a tradition.”

“But It's a boring party.”

Shane glanced at Ilya with hands on his hips.

“Ilya, last year you sang karaoke with Troy and Hayden, danced all night, ate half of the buffet and said it was the best night of your life.”

Ilya rolled his eyes and laid at the bed again, covering his face with a pillow.

“Alright, alright.”

He stood up, wearing just an underwear, and Shane admired him for the millionth time. He still didn't believe that man was his boyfriend, and they were together since that night. They felt like losing time to stay apart for so long, circulating each other like rivals, not knowing the truth about the kiss, so many years ago.

After that night, Shane and Ilya maintained constant contact. Ilya signed with the Ottawa Centaurs, so they were two hours apart. Shane never thought his rival would be such a soft, lovely and caress person. He was excited to discover any side of Ilya: when he got bored quickly and invent new activities all the time; when he was relaxed in the summer, at Shane's Cottage, and enjoyed the morning sunrise at the lake; when he laughed in comedy movies, tears in his eyes; when he became melancholy, sad and introspective; when he met Yuna and David and turned in their second son — and Shane never will admit that, their favorite.

It was the best of the times. It was the hardest of the times.

They need to be patient and figure out how this will work. They learned about talk, about being vulnerable, and about how to find the balance in that new relationship. They were young, when it comes to relating about love, at the same time, wanted to live everything they deserve it.

That summer, Shane fell on one knee and asked Ilya to be his husband. They got married on a bright, sunny day, with the lake behind them, surrendered by family and friends. Shane has just signed with the Centaurs, after problems with the commissary, the Metros and the NHL in general — they were discovered by accident in a FanMade video by Hayden — and was preparing himself to dive in the new team. Ilya was so happy that Shane couldn't stop to kiss him and touch him all night.

As a wedding gift, Shane bought the other part in the Hockey Summer Camp — known now as Irina Institute — and gave half of them to Ilya. They hang that paper on the wall, with all their other pictures collected over the years. This, and their shared trophy room, made Shane open a grin every time.

“Help me with the tie?” asked Ilya, looking like a lost puppy. They were wearing matching suits, dark blue for Shane and wine for Ilya. Jackie loved their looks, and sent excited messages about how Ilya elevated Shane's style.

“You know how to tie.”

“But my husband does a better job than me.”

Shane stared at Ilya, who kissed him quickly, and smiled.

“You're such a...”

“Asshole? Idiot?”

“A pretty boy.” Shane said, getting him with the guard down. Ilya blushed, and Shane smiled back. “Let's go, Ilya, our car is waiting.”

They took a taxi to go to the party. They rented a hotel room close to the club, in Montreal, and didn't want to locate a car. Shane and Ilya held hands, and Shane squeezed Ilya's hand three times.

“Do you have your toast ready?” Shane asked.

“Unfortunately, I have.” Ilya sighed. “I can't believe that Hayden convinced me to do that.”

“You almost offered yourself.” Shane held his smile.

“It was coerced.”

“You said you wanted to talk about the Institute.”

“Are you going to be by my side?”

“Of course.” Even if Shane hated crowds. “I will be there.”

There were many ways to say “I Love You” between Shane and Ilya. They knew it, they always knew each other unspoken words.

The club was full, and Shane and Ilya needed to stop and talk with many people, without letting their hands go. He hugged Hayden, and his team, that he could also call friends, and drink a glass of champagne. Shane laughed, with his husband by side, and smiled to the

ceiling when he noticed the lights: golden Christmas lights, but between them, some pink stars. He thought about his "Cinderella", the years of rivalry and now, the years of love and happiness.

Ilya made, as expected, a beautiful toast about the importance of love and joy in their life, about taking care of your mind and living in a family. Shane held his arms, smiling, and felt proud of the incredible man by his side.

Close to midnight, they took their space from everyone and went to their balcony. When the crowd said:

“...Two, one, Happy New Year!”

Shane looked at the love of his life and whispered:

“Happy New Year, Ilya.”

They kissed, all the promises, love and years spent together pressed in their lips. And after the party, when the sun rose, Ilya and Shane took some empty bottles from the floor to help with the cleaning. Their suits were already ruined, ties in the pocket, sleeves rolled up, feet hurting from the shoes and tiredness in their eyes.

Shane and Ilya sat at the stairs. Shane laid his head on Ilya's shoulders, waiting for their car, and they exhaled at the same time. There were some girls carrying their shoes on hands, polaroid pictures on the tables and at the bar, candle wax melted in the candlesticks, the lights still blinking.

“I love you.” Shane said and kissed Ilya's shoulder.

“I love you too, Shane.”

Ilya said, and Shane could feel his smile and love. He stared at the floor once again, with an unrestrained happiness on his chest.

And there's glitter on the floor after the party.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!