

Forever

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by [yourlocalgarbagebag](#)

Summary

The Centaurs have officially won the Stanley cup! Now, there's no better time for Ilya Rozanov to claim his real prize.

The world of hockey had been shocked enough to discover that Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov could actually be *friends*, so the discovery of the truth would surely come as even more of a surprise.

Still, the two men had decided they were done hiding.

It had gotten far too hard to wipe away the fondness off their expressions in the past few years, and today Montreal and Ottawa would be playing the final game of the playoffs.

Up until this point, they'd managed to tie, so whoever won today would have the official title of cup-winners.

And no matter who it was, Shane and Ilya were going to kiss on that ice.

Of course, they both wanted it to be them— but with only half a period left, it was obvious it would be Ilya.

Shane wanted to laugh at the absolute ego and stubbornness that had fueled him into fulfilling the fantasy he'd set for them years ago.

He'd built Ottawa up as a team and brought them to the playoffs just to defeat Shane and tell the world they were in love.

It was so weirdly romantic that he couldn't even be mad— because at the end of the night, Ilya would raise the cup over his head, kiss Shane with the ferocity of a man who truly had it all, and their secret would finally be out in the open.

Tonight, they'd both walk away winners.

Ilya skated past him on the ice, throwing him a smirk.

"You like view, Hollander? It is good to see me win again, yes?"

"Not a chance in hell!" He shouted back, but really, he was proud— because Ilya was amazing, and Ilya belonged to him, and soon everyone would know.

Before they'd stepped onto the ice, Shane had stepped in front of his team to apologize for what would come next.

They'd been confused— of course— when he'd given no further context, and he knew there was no reason to be ashamed of his relationship, but he'd felt it a necessary warning nonetheless.

When he'd come out as gay, they'd accepted him with open arms.

Then, when they'd found out he had *someone*, they were happy for him.

Hayden— who already knew about them, but didn't yet know of their surprise plans— had just said: “Fuck, Shane. Are you pulling a Scott Hunter tonight?”

That had gotten the rest of the team excited, slamming Shane on the back with enthusiasm.

“Fuck, man! It's about time. We're excited for you!” J.J had told him.

“Yeah. Thanks. I'm excited, too.”

Still, he knew they weren't prepared.

Finding out it was Ilya Rozanov might be a different story— especially with the inevitable amount of press that would hover outside the locker room afterwards.

When the buzzer rang out, Ottawa's players shot their arms up in victory, and Shane knew they were close.

First, they had to get through the ceremonials— shaking hands in good sportsmanship, lining up, and watching as Ilya's team was awarded the cup.

Shane could feel the disappointment radiating off his teammates, but as much of a bummer as it was to lose, he wouldn't let it ruin this moment.

His eyes stared down Ilya as he raised the cup over his head with an elated smile, roaring out like he'd done all those years ago.

This time, though, it wasn't an act of proving he'd done it.

This time, the bottom of the cup rested on his golden brown curls, and he screamed out in Russian.

Shane couldn't make it out; he still hadn't learned.

Still, he managed to make out the name *mama*, and realized Ilya had dedicated the moment to his mother.

And he was so fucking proud— of right then, but also of how far he'd come.

He realized, then, that the smile splitting his face in two was probably far too ecstatic for someone who had just lost to their lifelong rival.

It didn't matter anymore.

Ilya lowered the cup in his grip, handing it off to one of his teammates.

The whole arena watched as he skated over to Shane, placing his hands on either side of his face and pulling him in.

In front of everyone— finally, in a place that wasn't considered a hideout— their lips crashed together.

Ilya kissed Shane like it was the greatest prize of all, and Shane wrapped his arms around the other's neck and kissed him back.

If the world ended in that moment, they didn't care.

Finally, in the public eye, they could be *together*.

When Ilya pulled away— lowering his hands to Shane's waist— their gazes met head on.

"I love you." He said.

"I love you, too."

It was perfect.

Then the Russian gripped his sides and hoisted him high off of the ice.

"Holy fucking shit Ilya—"

"I win! I win the Hollander cup!" He shouted, attempt to lift Shane as high over his head as possible.

"Put me the fuck down, asshole!"

Ilya laughed, but he did as he was told.

When Shane's skates met the ice again, he stared back at him and started laughing too.

"You're such a dick. You've always been such a dick..."

"Yes, but you love it."

"I do."

Something settled in Ilya's eyes.

"Shane."

"What?"

"I cannot wait for dock or candles or water. Marry me."

"*What?*"

For a second, he thought that the thrill of finally being seen might've gotten to his boyfriend.

Then Ilya removed his gloves, reaching into his gear and removing his mother's golden crucifix necklace.

Beside the charm rested a ring, and Shane's eyes widened as he watched the other fiddle with the chain's clasp.

Soon, he managed, and his fingers worked to pull the ring off.

As soon as it was free, Ilya held it up between his thumb and finger to present it— a simple band, but one that meant everything.

“Hang on. Let me get down on knee...” He said, lowering himself onto the ice.

There was a collective gasp from around the arena, and it was obvious that anyone who hadn’t already understood what was happening got the picture just then.

“Shane Hollander— beautiful, boring, bad at hockey—”

“Hey!”

“Shh. Stay quiet during proposal.”

“Don’t insult me!”

“I call you beautiful. That is not an insult. You are also the light of my life. You have been constant since 2010, before rookie season. I cannot imagine life without you. I leave Boston and move to Ottawa to be with you, and now I will not wait longer. Boyfriend title is nice, but husband is better. I love you more than anyone in this world. Will you marry me?”

“Yes! Of course I fucking will! You couldn’t have asked me soon enough...”

Ilya took his hand, pulling away his glove and slipping the ring onto his finger.

He stood up from the ice, once again throwing his hands up in celebration.

“Hurrah! Canadian citizenship!”

Immediately, Shane knocked him over the back of the head.

“Asshole!”

Then he ran his fingers up through Ilya’s hair and pulled his head down for a kiss.

When they pulled away, the both of them were beaming.

“Forever?”

“Forever.”

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