

Pride Night

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Pride Night

by [raphenuclei](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya have decided to finally come out and announce their relationship. The perfect opportunity presents itself when their teams play against each other during Pride Night.

Notes

I was in the car, listening to bad things, when this fic formed in my mind. I desperately wanted to write a positive coming-out story for them, which is just pure happiness (maybe a bit sappy as well) with no negative reactions, because they deserve it!

Aside from Ilya playing for the Centaurs, this fic completely ignores the events of the Long Game.

Writing this made me happy, so I hope it will do the same for you!

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

Anticipation thrummed through Shane's veins as he stepped onto the ice. His skates felt sharp against the ice, and he relished the feeling of gliding forward. He twirled his stick, his eyes lingering on the rainbow tape. His heart sped up, the thrumming in his chest so strong, it was almost like his heart was about to burst.

A huge grin spread across Shane's face the moment Ilya stepped onto the ice. Ilya's jersey was sporting pink, purple, and blue, matching the tape on his stick. He stood out among the rest of his team, who were all equipped with the usual rainbow colors of Pride Night.

"Looking good, Rozanov," Shane yelled across the ice and skated over. Ilya mirrored his grin and spread his arm before giving a small twirl, showing off his outfit.

"I did not know you had good taste, Hollander," Ilya returned, now standing directly in front of Shane, his eyes twinkling. "Who knows, maybe I'll just knock at your door later."

Shane stared at him, his brain trying to look beyond the literal interpretation of the sentence. "But we live to- Oh! Well, I might just knock," Shane said, catching on. Ilya's grin spread even wider.

"Oh my god, could you start warming up instead of eye fucking each other?" Hayden skated by, his voice hushed. "You are being the opposite of subtle and secretive today."

"Maybe we are not trying to be," Ilya said, winking.

Hayden's eyebrows shot up in the air. "Are you planning to?"

Shane and Ilya both nod, their grins still spanning across their entire faces. Their glances found each other, and Ilya reached out to squeeze Shane's shoulder before he began his warm-up routine.

"Tonight is a very special night," one sports commentator announced.

"Indeed, it is. It is Pride Night, and tonight we will be celebrating diversity and showcasing that everyone is welcome on the ice," the other commentator joined in.

The camera panned across the crowd, showing fans holding up rainbow hockey merch amidst a sea of pride flags while cheering loudly.

"And the crowd is certainly into it!" The screen continued to show fans, excitedly waving at the camera, showcasing their colorful pride items.

"Now let's see who we can spot in the crowd."

"Is that Rose Landry?"

"I believe it is! Right next to Shane Hollanders' parents."

"Now there were rumours that Rose Landry and Hollander dated back in 2017."

“Maybe we will be able to confirm tonight.”

The camera zoomed in on the Hollanders and Rose Landry. Rose and Yuna were both dressed in Montreal colors and were holding small rainbow flags that they were waving enthusiastically. Next to them stood David, dressed in an Ottawa Centaur jersey, gently smiling while holding a bisexual pride flag.

“Always nice to see families getting into the spirit. Even though David Hollander seems to be a die-hard Centaur fan, despite his son being the face of the Montreal Metros.”

The commentators continued to chat about the audience and then moved on to discuss the teams’ current stats. The Ottawa Centaurs had been on an upward trajectory ever since Ilya Rozanov signed with them, yet they still had missed out on the play-offs the last couple of years, something that might change this season. The Metros, on the other hand, were solid favourites for the play-offs, having secured their spot at the top of the division since early in the season. As they were talking, the camera showed the individual players during their warm-up routine, each showing off their pride tape proudly. The camera, however, lingered on Ilya Rozanov, who was a clear stand-out amongst the sea of rainbow, breaking the pattern with pink, purple, and blue.

“Now, that is something we rarely see at pride nights.”

“That is true. Ilya Rozanov seems to want to steal the spotlight as usual, sporting a different fit than the rest of the players.”

“Pink, purple, blue - those are the colors of the bisexual pride flag, as I’m being told.”

“Way to go for Rozanov to show up for the community.”

Noticing the attention on him, Ilya gave another spin, showing off his jersey. His gaze searched for the camera, and once he found it, he winked, the camera capturing the moment for the whole crowd to see, eliciting cheers all over.

Playing against Ilya was always exciting for Shane. He loved how they pushed each other. He loved how they riled each other up and how his heart rate was through the roof at every glance they spared. He loved to score against the Centaurs and then look over to Ilya to gloat. He loved how Ilya gloated when he scored, that idiotic grin plastered across his face.

Tonight, the game was even more physical than usual. It was almost like Shane and Ilya couldn’t stay away from each other on the ice, always on the same shift, battling for the puck, repeatedly checking each other into the boards, lingering a bit to enjoy their closeness. Even the commentators picked up on their unusual behavior today, noting more chirps than ever. Yet they were concerned that their rivalry might escalate tonight, discussing whether they would finally see Hollander drop his gloves in a while. This only served to hype up Shane and Ilya even more, leading them to skate even faster and lock in on the puck.

By the end of the game, Shane had managed to score two goals and two assists overall, while Ilya scored the only two goals of the Centaurs. Shane moved down the line of Centaurs, shaking everyone’s hand, a huge smile plastered on his face. He hoped they didn’t think he

was boasting. But he just couldn't help himself, not as he was moving closer and closer with each handshake to the love of his life. Their eyes met shortly, only five players between them, and Ilya smiled back. Shane loved to see Ilya smile, his real smile, the one that seemed to tear his face apart, as if happiness was beaming out of him.

Shane tore away his gaze from Ilya, focusing on the player in front of him. He gave him a nod and a firm handshake, almost hastily trying to move on to the next player. Four to go. If he was rushing through the handshakes, or maybe seemed like he was boasting, Shane couldn't get himself to slow down. He itched to finally shake Ilya's hand, to stand in front of him, to finally be with him for the world to see. Three to go. His mouth was dry. He had considered popping a mint in the break to the third period, but hadn't done so. He hoped his breath didn't smell. He didn't even look at the last two players, his eyes fixed on Ilya, who was staring back just the same.

Finally, they stood in front of each other. Their hands touched, and Shane could feel the calluses running across Ilya's palms. The touch was electrifying, sending bursts of energy through Shane, as he felt warmth spreading through his entire body.

"Shane Hollander"

"Ilya Rozanov"

"The slowest player in the NHL with a weak backhand. Oh, and boring." Ilya smirked, their hands still interlocked.

"You're such an asshole," Shane laughed. Ilya's eyes twinkled as he came closer.

"We're doing this?" Ilya checked in.

"Yes!" Shane nearly yelled and closed the distance between them, pulling Ilya into a kiss. It seemed like the world disappeared around them. All Shane could feel were Ilya's lips on his, the warmth of them contrasting with the cold of the Ice. Ilya's heavy arms came to rest against his back. It felt like they kissed endlessly, a kiss with no beginning or end. The only thing in time and space is each other, and their soft, yet slightly chapped lips pressed together.

Ilya drew back, a small, disappointed whimper escaping Shane's lips.

"I love you," Ilya said, and Shane's heart leaped, knowing this was him proclaiming his love in public, for the world to see. High on oxytocin, Shane could only smile stupidly as he stared into Ilya's eyes, unable to tear his gaze away. Then Ilya moved. Shane almost wanted to stop him, tell him to kiss him again, tell him to say again that he loves him.

Ilya dropped to one knee, fumbling with something under his jersey. Shane was pretty sure his heart stopped beating in that moment. His ears were ringing, the cheers of the crowd far away as he watched in shock as Ilya pulled out a neat little black box and opened it. It held a ring, elegant yet simple. Ilya looked up at him, that idiotic grin wiped from his face. He almost looked nervous. "Shane Hollander, will you marry me?"

Shane's eyes widened as he finally processed the words.

“You fucking asshole!” Shane yelled and started hastily fumbling for something underneath his jersey. “You just had to fucking beat me to it!”

Shane dropped to his knee, not caring for the harsh sound it made, and the slight pain that spread through his knee due to the hard impact. Ilya looked at him, confused, his head cocked slightly to the side, still on one knee, presenting the ring. Then realization spread across his face, and his furrowed brows relaxed as his wide grin took over. Finally, Shane managed to fish out the box that he had tucked away and sprang it open, the ring falling out and clattering on the ice.

“Fuuuck,” Shane groaned and scrambled after it, shooting Ilya an annoyed look, who had started laughing softly. Shane secured the ring, got back on one knee, and met Ilya’s eyes again.

“Ilya fucking Rozanov, will you marry me?”

Ilya’s smile widened impossibly. “No, no, this is not how this works. I asked first. You answer first.”

Shane laughed. “Fuck you. Yes. Yes. A thousand times, yes. I will choose you again and again. I love you. I love you so much it hurts. So yes, I will marry you. Fuck. Now you. Will you marry me?”

“Yes. I will marry you. It’s always been you.” Tears have gathered in Ilya’s eyes, and Shane reaches out to wipe them away, his own eyes prickling with tears just the same. A giggle escapes Shane’s tight throat, and with shaking hands, he slips the ring on Ilya’s hand, who returns the favour. Still kneeling, they kiss again, softer this time. They break apart, eyes locked together. Between whispered I-love-you’s, they get up, hands clasped together.

Sound gets through his ears again, and Shane turns his head, taking in the surrounding situation. The rest of the players stand around them, roaring, the sound almost drowned out by the cheers of the audience. Most of them were standing while screaming and waving their pride flags. Shane searched the audience for his parents. His mom was crying. David was hugging her from the side, waving the bisexual pride flag he was holding. Rose stood next to them, and once he noticed Shane’s eyes on them, blew him a kiss.

Ilya raised their hands in the air, almost like they did in a boxing match when they announced the winner. He yelled something and then pointed at their rings, hyping up the audience. Then their teammates slammed into them, almost tackling them to the ground, knocking Shane back into Ilya’s arms.

“Hollanov! Hollanov! Hollanov!” They cheered, a bunch of overly excited hockey players crushing into one pile. Somehow, they got lifted into the air. Their teammates, who were still chanting, held up Shane and Ilya.

Shane could hear the commentators talking, and he shortly switched his attention to them, curious to hear what they were saying. “I always knew they were competitive, but leave it to Hollander and Rozanov to upstage Scott Hunter’s coming out, while also rushing to be the first to propose.”

That made Shane laugh out loud, and he could see Ilya throwing back his head to laugh just the same. It was true. They had planned to upstage Scott Hunter by revealing their relationship during Pride Night. Shane had wanted to propose first, but he had wanted to save that for the press conference, looking for a double shock moment. He should have known that Ilya was planning to propose as well, all the sneaking around of the past months, but Shane had been confident that he would get to say it first. He wasn't upset, however, that Ilya had beaten him to it. It made it all the more exhilarating, knowing that they were on the same page. The concept of their double proposal made Shane giddy all over again.

The desperate need to kiss Ilya overcame Shane once more. He reached out to him, making grabby hands towards his fiancée, who was currently being thrown up and down. In an attempt to get closer to Shane, Ilya leaned over to him, almost falling, but was saved at the last second by Hayden, who then helped bring them closer together.

And then they kissed again, still held up by their teammates. Cheers of "Hollanov" sounded through the entire arena. And their love was visible to everyone, out there for all to see and celebrate.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed!

At first, I wanted Shane to propose in Russian, but then apparently the phrase differs based on gender, and I couldn't figure out the gay version for that. So if anyone knows how to propose in Russian as a man to another man, please let me know!

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