

i wanna share an apartment, a room, and a bed

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by [sargeantwoof](#)

Summary

Shane's been on the receiving end of Hayden's assessing gaze enough times to be able to guess at what he's going to ask next as he wrinkles his nose and juts his chin out, narrowing his gaze at them. "You know, you never really did say how long it was that you two were hooking up for before you got serious."

"Is a long time," Ilya says, with more than a little bit of pride in his tone. Shane tips his head back to meet his eyes and shrugs. Neither of them has ever dropped anything more than *several years* in interviews, keeping the details to themselves, but it's less of an issue than he expects. He sort of *wants* to brag about how long it's been; he wants to celebrate the fact that they had all those broken years together and still managed to make it through.

At this point, they're coming up on more years together than *not*, which is insane if he thinks about it too hard.

OR: As always, the truth shall set [Shane] free.

Notes

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

The thing about keeping secrets, Shane has found, is that it's not that they get *easier*; it's just that it becomes a habit.

They're out now, out and fiercely, unrelentingly proud, but there's still so many questions that they get, so many of which center around *how long has this been happening*, *how long have you lied*, and in the beginning they had decided—made off of a want for privacy and a scramble to keep a handle on the story without it turning into something else entirely—that it was no one else's business about just how long they'd been dancing around each other.

Even Hayden still doesn't fully know, though Shane is pretty sure that he's thinking longer term than most people, since a vast majority seem to think 2017 is the start.

So, for years now, it's been an unspoken agreement that they don't intend to ever tell anyone, and by the time it *finally* comes to light, it's been well over a decade.

Everyone is tipsy, bordering on flat-out drunk, laughing together at their home; the entire team is over, for the first real get-together since their insane press run after they won the Cup. Even Hayden is here—Shane's singular non-team invite—having been let in by a clearly sulking Ilya, but he hasn't chirped at him too badly, which Shane plans to *thoroughly* reward him for later, after all the guests have gone home. Maybe even a little before, who knows? He's feeling a little reckless tonight, and it's his house; he knows where all the best unscrupulous hiding places are.

The room is full of their team sprawled out across their couch and floor, the lights dim as they spill from shaded lamps, the music low. He's not one for parties, but he thinks that if they were more like this, relaxed and lowkey, he'd find himself attending them more often.

It's been nice to be able to sit down next to his husband and let everyone else drift around them; they've been on the couch just chatting for hours now. Hayden's stuck mostly close to him, which Shane can't really blame him for, although he did seem to really like talking to Bood about proper grill management; Shane can't relate, but he still had listened dutifully, more focused on the slow circles Ilya was drawing on his hip, his thumb tucked under his waistband.

He's not paying attention enough, still entranced by the smooth press of Ilya's fingertip, so he's not sure *how* they get on the topic of hook-ups, but suddenly Hayden's nudging him and wagging his eyebrows.

“Boston Lily was around for a *while*,” he says, over the hoots and hollers of the team as they bicker over who can fit the most marshmallows in their cheeks. Shane rolls his eyes, letting himself sit back against Ilya, glad that for once they aren't the center of attention, though he has no doubts it won't last for long; somehow they're always getting pulled into some argument as the deciding vote. Hayden continues, grinning at the two of them, “What, you were hooking up with her for like forever, dude?”

Ilya laughs, tossing his head back, and Shane smiles involuntarily at the noise, raising a brow at Hayden as Ilya grins. “You are still calling her, *her*? Even after knowing it is me?”

Hayden shrugs, his cheeks pink. “Habit, I guess,” he says, taking another long pull, before he squints at the two of them. Shane's been on the receiving end of Hayden's assessing gaze enough times to be able to guess at what he's going to ask next as he wrinkles his nose and juts his chin out, narrowing his gaze at them. “You know, you never really did say how long it was that you two were hooking up for before you got serious.”

“Is a long time,” Ilya says, with more than a little bit of pride in his tone. Shane tips his head back to meet his eyes and shrugs. Neither of them has ever dropped anything more than *several years* in interviews, keeping the details to themselves, but it's less of an issue than he expects. He sort of *wants* to brag about how long it's been; he wants to celebrate the fact that they had all those broken years together and still managed to make it through.

At this point, they're coming up on more years together than *not*, which is insane if he thinks about it too hard.

“I was so fucking nervous the first time,” Shane admits, heat searing across his cheeks as he glances up at Ilya, who smiles down at him, curling his arm around him tighter. He looks smugly pleased, but Shane can't hold it against him; it's his default setting most days, even more so now that they've won the Cup together. “Sitting in that hotel room, waiting,” he laughs, hardly able to believe his past self, before he confesses, “I put on a suit, you know.”

Hayden chokes on laughter, his eyes flying wide. “Dude,” he says, loud enough to capture the attention of the room. “*What?*”

Shane flushes even deeper as everyone's eyes begin to land on him. “It wasn't—I don't know,” he says, picking at the label on his mostly full beer bottle. “It was my first—shut *up*, Ilya,”—he elbows his husband when he starts to laugh, his cheeks bright red—“first real hook up, what the hell was I supposed to do?”

“Wait, did you *wear* it—”

“No,” Shane says, shaking his head. He can't believe he's fucking admitting this; he'd sworn he'd take it to the grave all those years ago. “I put on normal clothes, but for a moment, in the haze of it all—yeah, I was maybe, *maybe*, wearing a suit.”

Hayden's wheezing, he's laughing so hard.

“That's so fucking cute,” Hayes blurts out as the rest of the group resettles in around them, all of them grinning. Shane just *knows* this is going to follow him out onto the ice; he can't bring himself to mind when everyone looks so genuinely delighted by the information. “A suit for a hook up?” He wiggles his eyebrows, grinning brightly at them. “Must've been serious, huh?”

Shane snorts, his lips twitching. “I had no idea what I was getting into.”

“We,” Ilya corrects, squeezing his hip. “We had no idea.”

Shane grins at him, flushed and happy, and doesn't even try to bat him away when he drops a kiss atop the tip of his nose, despite Hayden's mocking groans and the cheers from the

others.

Bood clears his throat, dragging their attention away from each other. “Can I ask a question?”

“Didn't you just ask one?” Dykstra says, laughing when Bood shoves at him. “I'm kidding, I'm kidding!”

Shane arches a brow at Bood, waiting as he refocuses.

“How long ago, exactly, did this,”—he gestures between the two of them, his eyes glittering with amusement—“Start?”

Shane breathes in, peeking back at Ilya, who's staring back at him, a smirk playing around the corners of his mouth.

“Is so they can settle bet they think we do not know about,” he says, and tweaks the bottle out of Shane's hand to take a sip of his beer. He grins at them all, smug and pleased to be at the center of the drama as always. “They are nosy, nosy beavers.”

“C'mon, Roz, just *tell* us, I swear—”

“—know about that—”

“Man, fuck you—”

“—a beaver even be nosy? I thought it was more like—”

“Not even *funny*—”

“—gotta be like 2017, right?”

“—cheek kiss was *the* moment, I've been told—”

“You haven't really been subtle,” Shane points out when Luca quietly asks how they know about the bet, cutting through the uproar. He blinks at them all when they frown. “Hazy, when we met, you literally went, *I wonder what it would've been like to celebrate the Cup with a partner who played on the ice before 2020 was like* and then everyone turned around and stared at us.”

“And when we did not answer, Dykstra coughed about losing money on a bet,” Ilya adds, taking another pull of Shane's beer. “It was not so hard to put pieces together.”

“Wait, so I have insider information?” Hayden says slowly, glancing around the room. “Since I—” He pauses, pressing his lips together, looking self-conscious as most of the room leans in. “Never mind.”

Ilya snorts over the sound of someone muttering about how unfair it is, but Shane can hear the deeply buried fondness in his voice as he murmurs, “Have outed us once, Pike. What is another?”

Hayden glares at him as a low *ooo* rolls around the group. “I hate you.”

“Mm, no, I do not think so,” Ilya says, completely assured. He winks when Shane glances at him, his mouth set into a smirk. “Is just deep, big dislike.”

Hayden rolls his eyes, even as his mouth tugs into an annoyed smile, before he meets Shane’s gaze. “Do you mind?”

Shane shrugs, leaning back against Ilya. “If you think you know when we started, feel free.”

“Oh, *wow*,” Barrett mutters, as Harris—Ilya’s chosen non-*playing* team invite—leans forward eagerly from where he’s been petting Anya as she leans against his legs. “Shots fired, Hollzy, then. Damn.”

Hayden squints at them and then glances around the room, pulling his thoughts together. “You were texting before the 2017 All-Star game,” he says slowly, a brief flicker of glee sliding across his face when Shane nods. “But you’d definitely been texting before that.”

Ilya scoffs, completely unimpressed. “This is what you know? You know nothing, then; is like baby who plays in kitchen. Only plastic food, no meal.”

Hayden rolls his eyes. “I’m working this out *aloud*, asshole,” he says, smiling faintly when Dillon mutters something in agreement. “Can you be patient for once?”

“Patience is for losers,” Ilya says, a smirk on his face when Shane glances at him. “But, da, yes, fine. Go slow. Should be a familiar feeling for you.”

Shane nudges his elbow into Ilya’s ribs, ignoring the mocking groan he lets out, and looks back at Hayden. “Okay, so, let’s say we were together before 2017.” He twines his hand with Ilya’s, a pulse of eagerness sliding through his veins. “When did we start?”

“This is crazy,” Chouinard whispers as the rest of the room falls into silence, only the faint music from some playlist Ilya put on filling the air.

Hayden hums, his cheeks pink. “I noticed you were texting in like 2013,” he admits, to whoops from the team. Someone shouts *attaboys!* and Shane can feel his entire body vibrating from how hard Ilya is smothering his gleeful laughter. “But I don’t know if that was just—hm.”

“No *way*, it was 2013,” Boyle shouts, a murmur of agreement swelling. “That’s so early in your fucking careers.”

Shane shrugs, his cheeks bright red as Ilya grins beside him, amusement spilling through them both. “Hayds, final guess?”

Hayden sighs, rolling his eyes. “I’m sure I’m wrong,” he says, glaring at Ilya’s enthusiastic nod. “But 2013?”

All of their gazes swing back to the two of them.

He ignores them, tipping his head back to find Ilya already grinning down at him. Shane arches a brow, and Ilya drops a kiss on his cheek, an agreement made without words.

“Did not start in 2013,” Ilya says, his mouth twitching. “Is good attempt, though. Would be hard to know when, I think.”

“Would be?” Bood says, shaking his head. The rest of the team is booing softly, echoes of teasing displeasure flitting around the room. “This is literally the cagiest I’ve ever seen you be, Roz.”

Shane tracks the flicker of confusion across Ilya’s face and presses into him. “He means like we aren’t giving them information,” Shane murmurs, and Ilya smirks, shrugging.

“I’m just confused as to why no one knows when exactly they started this shit,” Hayden mutters, a shit-stirring smile on his face. “Like, didn’t you try to ask them? I know that Shane probably won’t say shit—”

“Man, fuck *you*, Hayds,” Shane says, grinning. Something hot and tight uncoils in his chest; never in all of his frantic imaginings could he have hoped for a night like this, all those years ago. “Just for that, I don’t know if we should tell—”

“He’s *sorry*,” LaPointe shouts, as everyone pelts Hayden with various marshmallows and pillows; Anya, well-trained, despite all of Ilya’s best efforts, ignores the food as it flies through the air, and Shane makes a note to give her extra treats tomorrow as she paws at Harris for more pets. “*Please*, tell us. It’s killing me.”

“Like gossipy old women,” Ilya says, laughing when Boyle flips him off. “I will tell if everyone throws more at Pike.”

“Do *not*,” Shane orders, fighting a smile when the room immediately settles. “I don’t want to clean that up later.”

Hayden scowls, his nose wrinkling. “So it’s not protection for me, huh?”

“You are bad at guessing,” Ilya says pointedly, over the low chatter that’s beginning again, everyone well aware of how much Hayden and Ilya like to needle each other, their relationship clear even after only a few hours. “Why would Shane protect you?”

“I can’t stand your ass, Rozanov,” Hayden shoots back, and beside him, Shane can feel Ilya leaning forward; he can practically taste the acidic response he has readied.

“Do you want to know or not?” Shane interrupts, exasperated with both of them. The room falls quiet immediately, and Shane blinks, glancing around at the shocked expressions on everyone’s faces.

“Wait,” Harris says, into the silence. “For real?”

Shane nods, frowning. “Unless I shouldn’t?”

Harris inhales, his eyes flying wide, but before he can say anything, the team erupts into more noise and speculation.

“You *have* to—”

“No take-backs *now*—”

“—fucking kidding me with this—”

“—*always* wanted to know.”

Ilya whistles, cutting through the explosion of sound, and sends Shane a smirk as the room quiets down again. “Is not nice to cocktease, moy lyubimyj,” he says, his amusement growing more clear on his face as Shane splutters, pink streaking across his cheeks. “If you want to tell them, tell them.”

“It wasn’t a cocktease,” Shane says weakly. “It was a genuine question, I swear.”

Ilya presses his palm against his hip, smiling when Shane looks at him. “I know,” he says easily. “But do not leave the team waiting. When did we meet? When did we start?”

“Two different answers,” Hayes breathes out, looking entranced, as Shane smiles helplessly up at Ilya. “This is so insane.”

“May be two different answers for Shane,” Ilya says, easily and without shame. “But spark was always there for me.”

Shane shakes his head, tearing his eyes away from Ilya's knowing gaze. “We did meet in 2008, in Saskatchewan, for the World Juniors.” He glances around the room, listening as their friends all seemingly hold their breaths, eager for more information.

He inhales and lets the thought of the truth settle inside of him. *You are brave*, Ilya had said in the Cottage, all those years ago.

Shane's spent the majority of his adult life being told to love quietly. He's let them push him into boxes and cut away the ragged, messily human edges of him. He knows there's been safety in that; some days, even now, he's earnestly and genuinely *thankful* for those carefully clipped wings.

He meets Ilya's eyes, takes in the familiar, warm love in them, and lets the honest truth of the start of them roll over him.

“It began there, sort of, but not really. I mean, like, it did, because that's when we first caught sight of each other,” he says, into the silence, still looking at Ilya. “We, *man*, I can't believe I'm saying this—we *did* start hooking up somewhat early on in our careers.” He smiles at Ilya, his cheeks burning. “We were pretty bad at the no feelings thing from the get-go.”

Ilya beams down at him, an amused glint in his eyes, well-aware of all the ways that Shane likes to drag things out when he's in a particular mood.

He lets a smirk roll across his face at the suspicious expressions on everyone's faces as he glances around the room; Hazy, in particular, has a dawning look of understanding. "So, if anyone has our pre-rookie season down, you've won."

The room freezes.

"No fucking *way*," Bood says, after a beat. His voice is hushed, as if they're in a chapel; reverence in his tone. "But then the—rivalry?"

"Was *very* real," Ilya confirms, and Shane doesn't even need to look at him to know he's smirking. "Made for even better times off the ice."

Shane elbows him even harder than last time, his face going up in flames. "I hate you," he mutters, before the room *really* explodes, laughter and shouting, Anya barking excitedly.

"The whole *fucking* time—"

"—for a few years my *ass*—"

"—and *no one* caught on?"

"Who'd even *believe*—"

"If I'm doing the math right, which I *am*—"

"—fucking *christ*, it's always something—"

Ilya knocks into him, a smile on his face. "You do not hate me," he says happily, his voice a soft rumble in his ear through the noise of everyone else. "I think, Shane Hollander, you may even like me."

Shane rolls his eyes, turning to face him. "I'll do you one better," he says, the edge of competition that has always fueled their relationship rising. "I think I just might love you."

Ilya tips his head against his, a gentle, easy touch; his unspoken love settling between, a balm to Shane's nerves. "Everything you want?" he checks, as if Shane could have any complaints, as if he could ever really, truly want more than this; Ilya and company, love so large they can't even keep it in.

"More than I've dreamed," Shane answers, a little raw with the release of it, and lets his eyes flutter shut as Ilya kisses him; both of them smiling too wide for it to really be good.

"I love you, too, moy lyubimyj," Ilya whispers against his mouth. "I am glad we found each other, all those years ago."

Shane laughs, pulling back. "I'm glad too," he says, watching Ilya's face settle into softness. "You've always made everything better."

Ilya beams at him, and Shane lets his mouth curl up into a smile, helpless against the tide of love that rushes through him.

“You know,” Hayden says, his voice pointed, as if to remind them both that they're still in public. Shane flushes, dragging his gaze away to find that nearly everyone is watching the two of them, grins on their faces. Hayden continues, reaching out to pat Shane on the arm, “Knowing it's been so long really paints all your interactions in a totally different light.”

“Yeah, you're both really bad at being subtle,” Hazy says, agreement thick in his tone. “So now I'm kinda baffled by how no one else figured it out.”

Ilya shrugs. “Not our problem. The whole world is blind, no?” he says. “We play hockey like we fuck; the best at both.”

Shane half-heartedly swats at him as the room erupts again, more booing and shouts, more questions being flung from every corner.

He leans back against Ilya, relishing in the feeling of his arm around him, and lets a lovesick smile paint his mouth as Ilya pulls him in tighter, both of them happy and warm, their whole future of *together* stretching out before them.

End Notes

this was supposed to be a little drabble about shane confessing about wearing the suit but then it grew wings. have a little post-stanley cup hollanov as a treat.

my [twit](#), if wanted. let me know what you think!

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