

Love in the Light

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Love in the Light

by [literally_my_luck](#)

Summary

5 times Shane and Ilya displayed affection in front of the centaurs and 1 time they displayed affection in front of the whole world.

This is set in the season after The Long Game, following Shane and Ilya playing together and learning how to be a couple and teammates.

Notes

partially based off of the Adele song "Love in the Dark"

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

1. Shane's first practice

Going from the Montreal Voyageurs to the Ottawa Centaurs was like night and day. From the inclusivity of the management to the kindness of the players, Ottawa seemed like the perfect fit for Shane. However, these facts didn't stop him from being terrified for his first team practice.

On the day of, Shane and Ilya had driven to practice together, a new pleasantry they would definitely be taking advantage of now they were on the same team. Ilya's constant reassurances in the car on the way to the arena only somewhat soothed Shane's worries.

He knew his new teammates were good people, they had all come to his wedding after all, but he was still nervous about what they would think of his and Ilya's relationship. Would they make comments in the locker room? Doubt him on the ice? There were several concerns contributing to Shane's current state, many of them stemming from his previous experience on the Voyageurs.

Shane walked into the locker room and was quickly greeted by all the guys, even if some of the rookies seemed shy around him.

"What did I say, Hollander? You are fine. They love you," Ilya said to Shane as he walked past his husband to his cubby. Shane only offered him a shaky smile in return.

The men got changed and got on the ice. Shane managed through the rest of practice, easily falling into the familiar rhythm of practice. Everything was going perfectly until Ilya had to be his competitive self.

"Listen up, Centaurs! When I joined, I said we are going to win the cup, and I meant it. This year, we play to win and we will win," Ilya started. "To do this, we fucking train and we fucking train hard, starting with a competition."

Most of the team clapped, feeling the intense energy. A couple of the guys, like Hayes and Boyle, scoffed at the last part, having an idea of where this was going.

Ilya continued, "We will have a shooting competition and a skating competition. Don't get too mad if you can't beat me, you all know I am best player in the league, but you can try." He explained how the activity would work; the first part was about accuracy and the second was about speed with players going against one another. Of course, Shane ended up against Ilya.

"Are you still so sure about winning?" Shane chirped at his husband, moving forward in his line.

"I guess we'll see, Hollander," Ilya fired back. The rest of the team watched, unsure of how this would go. It was still weird for them to experience Ilya and Shane's dynamic after years of only regarding them as rivals. The couple's current behaviour didn't do much to rectify this view.

The two stepped up to the blue line, readying their sticks. The rest of the Centaurs looked on in awe as Rozanov barely beat Hollander in the goal scoring. Before Ilya could gloat too much, Hollander beat him in the speed skating.

“That’s fucking insane, dude,” Boodram muttered, mostly to himself, yet many of his nearby teammates heard.

“We’re definitely winning the cup this year,” Haas said, the players around him all humming in agreement.

The practice eventually came to an end, Rozanov and Hollander constantly at each other’s necks.

Ilya and Shane slowly skated off the ice, side by side. “I win though because I am captain,” Ilya said loudly. Hayes and Boyle exchanged concerned looks in their side-by-side spots in line, in front of the couple.

“Yeah, sure. You’re definitely winning at being second in the league.” Shane was pretty proud of this comeback.

“No, no, no, Hollander. I can’t be second in the league because I am married to second in the league.”

“Ha ha, fuck off, Rozanov,” Shane responded sarcastically.

Ilya hastily leaned in for a short peck. “What was that for? Trying to distract me?” Shane laughed at his husband’s antics.

“No, you are just really hot when you’re like this,” Ilya whispered in his ear.

2. The Centaurs’ first game of the season

The buzzer went off with five seconds left in the game. The Centaurs won against the Admirals, 5-4. The players flood onto the ice, giving out hugs, and clapping each other on the back.

“We couldn’t have done it without you, moya lyubov,” Ilya said to his husband.

“Shut up, I wouldn’t have gotten my second goal without that setup,” Shane laughed back, lining up to shake hands with the Admirals.

“What can I say? We make good team.” Ilya leaned into his husband until he remembered a conversation from the beginning of the season. Shane wanted to keep their lives fairly private still, despite being outed and having the entire world know about their relationship. The Canadian especially wanted to keep the PDA to a minimum – which did result in Shane having to explain to Ilya what PDA meant. They had both agreed on not kissing or being overly affectionate during games.

Ilya pulled away from his husband, resigning to celebrate once they got home.

The handshakes passed with only a couple remarks thrown between Ilya and Scott Hunter. Soon enough, the Centaurs were back in their locker room.

“Great way to start the season, team,” Ilya kept it short. “Good goal, Haasy, and some amazing saves from Hayes.” Their win spoke enough for itself.

“Don’t cut yourself short, your two goals and assist were incredible, Roz,” Barrett yelled out.

Ilya smirked, “Thank you, Barrett. Now it is finally clear I am the best in the league.” This was directed towards Shane, yet Shane only rolled his eyes in response, used to his husband’s jokes.

Ilya looked over at Shane, clearly waiting for a response. When he didn’t get one, he walked over to Shane’s cubby. He crossed his arms beside his husband, leaning in, and huffing when he still didn’t receive a retort.

“Okay, I can admit you did good tonight, Hollander,” Ilya relented and teased, but the love in his eyes was unmistakable.

“What did you say before? ‘We make a good team?’” Shane recalled from their earlier conversation, looking so damn pleased with himself. Ilya couldn’t hold himself back any longer, he swooped in to steal a kiss. Only after a few seconds did he realize his husband had not pulled back, instead, he returned the kiss.

Ilya knew his husband would probably be mad later, but the wolf whistles and hollering around him from the team only encouraged him to deepen the kiss, and dip Shane.

“Okay, okay, cut it out!” Wyatt finally yelled. “You two are lucky you’re so cute.”

The team wouldn’t forget about or stop bringing this moment up in the subsequent weeks.

3. Dinner at Ilya’s and Shane’s

In early December, Ilya and Shane decided to have a get together for the team. It would serve as an early Christmas and an overall energy booster for the team. It only made sense to host the event at the Hollander-Rozanov’s, it was the Captain’s house and one of the bigger houses between the team. After some convincing and promises of lots of alone time after the party, Ilya allowed Shane to host this party.

As soon as it hit five o’clock, their teammates and their significant others began showing up. Almost every player brought something, from a nice wine to freshly baked goods.

Soon enough, the team had loosened up. Drinks were flowing and the conversation was nonstop. Shane loved his new team – they were 1000% better than Montreal – but that didn’t mean they weren’t basically party animals.

The dinner was served and, thankfully, was received well.

“This is amazing, guys,” Bood exclaimed as he gnawed on a turkey leg.

“Does it live up to your barbecuing standards?” Shane joked.

Bood made a face, “Eh... let’s not go that far.” The team laughed, knowing how seriously their teammate took barbecuing; they had all been to his fantastic cookouts.

Shane and Ilya sat beside each other, resting more and more of their weight on each other as the night went on. Shane placed his hand on Ilya’s thigh, squeezing his husband’s muscle softly. Similar to their previous public displays of affection, this did not go unnoticed to the rest of the team.

“Hey! Whatever you two are doing over there, cut it out!” Dykstra shouted out from down the table. Of course, he was only half-joking, aware of his captain’s and teammate’s inability to keep their hands off each other.

“What, are you saying I can’t even touch my husband in my own house?” Ilya remarked, earning some giggles from his guests.

Dykstra gave him an even look. “Okay, but I’m watching you two. This is a family friendly event after all.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, man,” Ilya said, moving to get up. “I think is about time for desserts anyways, right Shane?”

Shane took a quick look around the table before replying, “Yeah, you’re right. Let’s get it.” He shot a wink at his husband as he did so.

Ilya and Shane moved into the kitchen. They began taking desserts out from the fridge and from the oven, where some were being kept warm. Although they started off strong, the two men were swiftly distracted by the other.

Being the troublemaker he was, Ilya walked up behind his husband as the Canadian was cutting up some brownies. The former wrapped his arms around the latter and began kissing the back of Shane’s neck and ears. This soft intimacy continued until he put down the knife and turned to face Ilya.

Ilya’s hands found their place on Shane’s lower back as Shane brought his hands up to his husband’s face. Ilya walked the two back into their cabinets, not breaking from their kiss.

After a couple minutes, the players had only intensified their makeout session. Ilya ran his hands up and down Shane’s back, eventually reaching under his shirt. Simultaneously, Shane ran his fingers through Ilya’s curls. The two were captivated by the other and completely oblivious to their surroundings.

A throat being cleared was the thing that finally broke them apart. Shane and Ilya both whipped their heads towards the sound. They turned to find half their team standing in the kitchen doorway.

“What are you doing?” Ilya asked affrontedly.

Holmberg guffawed, “What are we doing? You two are the ones shamelessly making out when the entire team and our families are in the next room over.” A couple of the guys nodded in agreement, including Hayes.

“Really? You too, Hayes? I thought you were supposed to be perceptive or some shit,” Ilya said, trying to fix his hair and clothes at the same time. Shane was fairly quiet, seemingly very embarrassed based off of his blush.

Wyatt considered this for a second. “I can’t say I am unsurprised. I just hoped I might be wrong.”

The guys laughed at their goalie, Shane and Ilya even joining in. Shane knew if this was his old team, it would be meant as an insult, but he was grateful that his new team was so accepting of him and Ilya – even if this meant accidentally witnessing a heated moment.

4. The team plane

“Stop it, Ilya, you are hogging the blanket,” Shane hissed from the seat in front of Young.

Ilya turned and gave Shane a look. “Hollander, you literally have more than half of the blanket. Is not even covering me fully!”

Young turned to Holmberg, wondering if his best friend was witnessing this interaction in the row ahead of them. The team was currently on their plane, flying back to Ottawa from a game in Tampa. Holmberg met Young’s stare, meaning he was aware of the couple in front of them too.

The rookies tried to ignore the husbands’ bickering, which only grew in volume over the next five minutes. Their arguing escalated until it suddenly quieted for a few minutes. Unfortunately, the low volume was short lived as the couple began squabbling again, which caught Young’s attention once more.

To Young, it appeared like Shane won the blanket fight as they had found another, larger blanket they could both use. Now, the couple were arguing over which movie to watch.

Young would be surprised if the entire plane couldn’t hear them, although it was apparent they didn’t notice how loud they were. It got to the point where Young and Holmberg paused their movies, tuning into the ‘in-flight entertainment’ as they would joke.

Finally, Coach Wiebe turned around in his seat, shouting, “Hollander, Rozanov, some of us are trying to sleep, please keep it down!”

Shane and Ilya were instantly silent for the first time in the entire flight. They then quietly picked a movie. Young thought it was some Russian film, probably to help Shane with learning the language and to calm Ilya.

Young watched the married couple settle down; they cuddled up together, Ilya resting his head on Shane's shoulder and Shane resting his head atop Ilya's. Just when Young was about to return to his movie, Shane kissed Ilya on top of his head and muttered a few words in Russian.

He, and the rest of the team, knew this wasn't Hollander and Rozanov's first disagreement and it definitely wouldn't be their last. Despite how annoying they could be, Young's heart swelled seeing the lovebirds so happy – and finally silent. He turned his movie back on, able to relax for the rest of the flight.

5. Celebrating a win

It wasn't a surprise when the Centaurs won against the Voyageurs. The latter team was basically nothing without their star center. That, on top of the Centaurs' need to defend Hollander and Hollander's need to prove himself, only ensured the Voyageurs' loss.

"Let's go fucking celebrate, baby!" Ilya announced to the entire team. He got more than a few whoops of agreement.

The team made their way to a nearby club. The energy was still high, the team fresh off their win.

"First rounds on me!" Shane said. It wasn't common for him to go out to celebrate a win, but it only made sense after this game. If the Voyageur's were still having doubts about Shane's worth, at least they were having those doubts and being losers. Needless to say, it felt absolutely incredible to beat his old team.

Shane sensed someone come up behind him as he approached the bar. He felt hands on his waist and a warm body pressing up against him as his husband's voice rang in his ears. "You good, moya lyubov?"

Shane turned to face Ilya. "I'm amazing. Amazingly perfect. I'm perfect."

"That's a lot of nonsense for someone who hasn't even drank yet."

"I'm just glad we won."

"Obviously we won. We have you and me, we are perfect team."

The two shared a heartfelt moment, just taking each other in before Chouinard interrupted them. "Are we getting those shots or what, Hollzy?"

Shane snapped to attention and he huffed a laugh at his teammate. "Yeah, yeah, one sec." He got a bartender's attention, back on his mission to obtain the team's well-deserved first round.

The night went on with many drinks to go with. It was fairly easy for most of the players to justify getting drunk as they didn't have a game to play the next day. Additionally, this win meant the team was one step closer to the playoffs, another reason to celebrate.

Multiple rounds later, Shane switched to ginger ale instead, nursing his drink at the bar. A few of the guys had retired early, but a good portion of the team was still there.

Shane was left alone at the bar as his teammates and husband danced. Ilya had tried to convince Shane to join them with pleading words and careful touches, but Shane refused; he did not want to make a fool of himself. Ilya gave up after a few minutes, leaving his husband with an adoring peck.

He now watched his husband from across the club, reminded of a similar scene a few years ago. That night when he went out with Rose and saw Ilya dancing with another girl in the same club. Obviously, tonight was different; Shane was sitting at a bar by himself and Ilya was only dancing with their teammates.

This memory pulled on something in Shane. They had to hide their love for so long, for an entire decade. They should be dancing together now, making up for lost time and creating new, better memories.

These thoughts pushed Shane to get up from his seat at the bar. After making sure the bartender would watch the team's drinks, he left to find his husband on the dancefloor.

Shane made his way through the crowd, making it to Ilya. "Hey, Rozanov!" Hollander got his attention over the noise of the nearby speakers.

Ilya quickly turned to start dancing with Shane. Shane, unused to dancing, struggled to keep up with his husband at first.

The Russian leaned in to whisper something in his ear. "Relax, it is just me." Ilya pulled back and sent Shane one of his signature smirks that just made Shane's knees wobbly and his stomach all gooey.

Shane slowly let loose, trusting his husband to take the lead. He was reminded of his wedding day, where the two of them also danced in front of the Centaurs. The two kept dancing, sharing a few kisses along the way.

+1. Winning the Stanley Cup

Ilya felt himself get slammed into the boards by his husband. For one of the few times in their careers, it wasn't to wrestle the puck away from him, but to hug him.

The third period just ended in game seven of the fourth round of the Stanley Cup Playoffs. Ilya knocked in a goal with a minute to spare, leading to the Centaurs' 4-2 win.

Shane was the first player off the bench, hopping over the boards to make it on the ice and to their Captain. The rest of the players followed shortly after, creating a massive group huddle around Ilya.

The group was rowdy, but Shane and Ilya managed to cling together in the center. "We just won the Stanley Cup!" Ilya yelled.

“We just won the Stanley Cup together!” Shane yelled back.

They both giggled to each other as the team started making their way to center ice.

The ceremony commenced as both men knew; the Captain carried the Stanley Cup around the ice. Shane glowed with pride as he watched his husband do the honours. Soon enough, Ilya’s lap was done and he passed the Cup to Bood.

The ice was then filled with partners, children, and parents. Before Shane’s parents made it onto the ice, he turned to Ilya.

“Let’s one up Scott, yeah?” Ilya asked with a smirk.

“Sounds good, Rozanov.” Shane captured his husband’s smile with a kiss. It was the first time the world would be seeing the two famous hockey players perform such a public display of affection since the video outing them, but both men couldn’t care less. They deepened the kiss, wrapping their arms around each other, fully focused on one another. Shane thought there may have even been some tongue snuck in there.

They broke away only to get air, sharing another brief kiss before searching for Yuna and David. To their mutual embarrassment, the couple was standing only a few feet away, clearly waiting for the men to notice them.

“Well, that will certainly be in the highlight reels tomorrow,” Yuna remarked with a laugh.

Ilya only looked pleased at this. “It should! We are the first husbands of hockey, we each scored a goal tonight, and we just won the Stanley Cup!”

“Congrats, boys, you definitely earned it,” David chimed in.

“Thanks, Dad.” Shane went to hug his father, which turned into a Hollander-Rozanov group hug. Once Yuna and David moved away, Shane and Ilya stayed glued together.

Surprisingly, Shane felt completely at ease. He expected to be embarrassed of being so close to his husband in full view of the entire world, but he was unaffected. In that moment, all that mattered was Ilya and their love for each other.

They no longer had to hide in the dark, their love could live in the light.

End Notes

I haven't written in a really long time, but I hope you enjoyed
this series has literally taken over my life I cant wait for season 2

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