

On Our Own Terms

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by [Lydibug522](#)

Summary

After the success of Troy's coming out video, Shane and Ilya ask Harris to help them make one of their own.

An alternate coming out scene. Takes place towards the end of The Long Game. Brad doesn't exist in this universe.

Notes

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

“Are you sure about this?” Harris asked from his chair across from the couch as he fiddled with the tripod.

“Absolutely,” Shane replied. “We want to do this now before it’s too late.”

After Shane's proposal and Barrett's well received coming out, Shane and Ilya had slowly started telling more people about their relationship, starting with Troy and Harris. Ilya had since come out to his team as bisexual, though he hadn't named any names or mentioned a relationship, but still several teammates had approached him privately to ask about his friendship with Shane. Now, knowing that every person they told increased the chances of the news getting out, they wanted to control the narrative. They'd moved up their timeline for coming out publicly and asked Harris to help them make a video for social media.

They sat down next to each other on the couch, not quite touching but close enough for comfort. Harris checked to make sure they were both in frame and gave them a thumbs up.

“Whenever you're ready. If you're nervous, just pretend like you're talking to me.”

Shane and Ilya looked at each other. “We do not have to do this now,” Ilya whispered to him. “Or we can record this but not post it until we're ready.”

“No,” Shane said confidently. “We've hidden for long enough. I want everyone to know you're mine.” He leaned in to kiss Ilya quickly, then settled back into his spot on the couch and nodded at Harris. When Harris nodded back and hit record on the camera, Shane started speaking.

“Hi,” he began. “I'm Shane Hollander.” He waited for Ilya to say his part, then elbowed him when Ilya still didn't say anything.

“What?” Ilya replied. “They know who I am.”

“Just say your part please,” Shane whispered with an exasperated tone.

Ilya rolled his eyes, but sat forward and rested his elbows on his knees and looked at the camera. “And I am Ilya Rozanov.”

Satisfied, Shane jumped into their prepared speech.

“For nearly a decade now, many of you have followed our careers closely. You know us on ice as rivals, and in more recent years as colleagues through our work with the Irina Foundation.”

“What none of you know,” Ilya jumped in with a smirk, “is that off the ice we are not rivals at all. In fact, for many years now we have been...”

He paused, seemingly trying to think of the best word in English, while Shane fought every instinct to bury his head in his hands, internally cringing as he remembered the way Ilya had introduced their relationship to Shane's parents as *lovers* all those years ago.

“Partners.” Ilya finished, glancing over at Shane and smiling at the blush creeping across Shane’s cheeks. He rested his hand on Shane’s knee, and Shane placed his own hand over the top of Ilya’s, interlacing their fingers.

Shane smiled back at him and squeezed Ilya’s hand before looking back at the camera to continue.

“We’ve kept our relationship a secret for several years now because, well, we’re not stupid. We know this will be a shock to people. The idea of queer NHL players is still relatively new, and two players dating is uncharted territory, especially considering the way the media has covered our careers and pitched us as rivals for so many years. But we’ve decided to share now because –”

“Because we are getting married!” Ilya cut him off with a shout, raising their joined hands in celebration.

Shane blushed and shook his head at how adorable Ilya was in moments like this. His unabashed glee was so different from the stoic persona he normally wore publicly.

“Yes, because we’re getting married this summer.”

“Shane proposed, I said yes. Was so romantic. He cried.” Ilya had released Shane’s hand so he could dramatically cover his heart as he talked.

“I did not cry!” Shane protested.

“You cried a little bit,” Ilya replied, holding his fingers close together.

“Oh fuck off. You cried too.”

“Of course I did. Was very beautiful.”

“Anyhow, yes. We’re sharing because we’re getting married. And because frankly, we’re tired of hiding such a major aspect of our lives.”

“He wants me to take him to a new restaurant.”

“Well it’s not unreasonable for me to want to go on a date with my boyfriend!”

From behind the camera Harris chuckled as he watched the two men fall into the natural banter he’d gotten to see from them recently.

Shane took a deep breath and looked back at the camera as he continued their planned remarks.

“We know people will have lots of questions for us, and maybe someday we’ll be up for sharing more, but for now the most important thing is this. Ilya and I have played against each other for over a decade, and we’ve been involved together off the ice for many of those years. Our relationship has never affected our game. It has never stopped us from competing

and trying to beat each other. We are both competitive people by nature. We have never let each other win, and we will never stop trying to outshine each other.”

Ilya huffed. “I do not need you to let me win. Anyone that thinks you let me win is insulting to me. I am better at hockey than you.”

“Fuck you, no you're not.” Shane elbowed Ilya.

“I am. Everyone says so.”

“Well I have more cup rings than you.”

“Ah yes, but I have the only ring that matters, moy lubov.” Ilya pulled the chain with his ring out from under his shirt and patted it against his chest. Shane blushed again as Ilya leaned in to kiss his cheek.

“So if nothing changes, why are we telling you?” Shane continued. “For you, as fans, it changes nothing. We will get married this summer, run our hockey camps like normal, and in the fall we'll be back to play more hockey.”

“I will keep playing until I'm so old they have to kick me out of the league to make room for younger players. Shane will retire years before that because he can't keep up with me.” Ilya loved teasing Shane and never missed an opportunity to provoke him, especially when Shane needed to relax.

“You're an asshole.” Shane elbowed Ilya with a laugh. “We're telling you all this because for us? This changes everything. This means we no longer have to hide who we are or what we mean to each other. It means we can go out and play even better hockey because we can fully be ourselves.”

“Just wait until they see how good we can play when we're not keeping secrets,” Ilya chuckled.

Shane smiled and rested against Ilya's side. “Sometimes I don't know what I'm going to do with you.”

Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane and kissed the top of his head.

Shane turned back to Harris. “I don't really know how to end this.”

“Don't worry, this is perfect.” Harris was already reaching up to stop recording. “Give me a bit and I'll send you a final cut.”

“We don't need to do it again?” Shane had assumed it would take several tries to get something usable.

“Not at all,” Harris answered. “This shows your personalities beautifully.”

That evening, Harris sent through the finished video. Shane and Ilya watched it together in bed. Harris hadn't cut anything, but had faded out on the image of them snuggled together on

the couch and finished with a shot of them at the 2017 all-stars game, where they had played on the same team for the first time. He'd chosen a still of Ilya kissing Shane on the cheek after an impressive goal they'd scored together, and just from looking at it Shane couldn't believe no one had figured them out yet.

Ilya kissed Shane's cheek. "You still want to do this, yes?"

"More than ever after watching that," Shane replied as he pulled up instagram and drafted the post. "I'm ready, and I want to do this on our own terms."

End Notes

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