

Opened My Eyes

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by [stardust_and_sunlight](#)

Summary

Shane laughed. “You wanna kiss me on television?”

“Yes. After I win the Stanley Cup.”

Shane spread his arms out. “Oh, so in this romantic scenario, you’ve just defeated me?”

“Yes. Sorry.”

[Ilya gets his chance, just a few years later.]

Notes

Hello again my friends how are we all feeling!! The show comes out in about seven hours. I’m going to get up early tomorrow to watch it before work, like a normal adult person. Going to lose my goddamn mind.

Also, brief forewarning that I know literally nothing about ice hockey, so if something sounds weird here, that’s my bad. Although I have learned some things! Proud of myself. The places queer romance will take you.

Thank you to Marra for beta-reading this and Jules for general emotional support and yelling and also to everyone who’s left kudos/comments on my other fics. You better believe I have more coming.

Hope you enjoy this, and hope we all love the show!!

Title is from the song [All The Things She Said by t.A.T.u.](#) Truly iykyk. (Edited post watching ep 4 to add: we didn’t know!!! We didn’t know!!!!!!)

Comments and kudos are always appreciated <3

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

The seconds were winding down on the clock. Ottawa were 2-1 up. There was nothing more that the San Jose Sharks could do.

Ten.

The fans were shouting, screaming, incandescent. Shane had never heard the stadium so loud in his life. He wasn't sure he'd ever heard *any* stadium so loud in his life.

Nine.

Shane had scored the first goal, a clean hard strike late in the first period, putting them ahead. It had been the boost that the Centaurs had needed, after six gruelling games in these finals.

Eight.

The whole team had played perfect hockey after that. Gorgeous defensive play, stopping the San Jose front line at every opportunity.

Seven.

The Sharks' goal had been a scrappy one in the second period, a scramble at the goalmouth. There was no blaming Wyatt for that one—it had been a mess of a goal. But a goal was a goal.

Six.

The game had changed when the score was tied. Bitter, aggressive, both teams playing hard. They both wanted this. Ottawa had never won a Stanley Cup in its history; neither had San Jose. Both teams were desperate for the win.

Five.

But the Centaurs wanted it *more*.

Four.

Ilya had scored the second goal to put Ottawa back ahead in the third period. It had been a gorgeous goal, a classic Rozanov move, a flick of his blade under the puck. It had been a cheeky sleek goal that would probably be on highlight reels tonight and forever.

Three.

San Jose hadn't had time to pull it back. It was 2-1.

Two.

Ottawa were going to win the Stanley Cup for the first time ever. The banner would hang here, above the fans who were so loud and so ecstatic.

One.

Shane and Ilya had done it.

Zero.

They had won.

If Shane had thought it was loud before, it was nothing compared to the wall of sound that hit him now.

The home fans were raising the roof for this, for something they'd waited for years for.

His teammates were converging on him, helmets coming off, sticks dropped and abandoned. Bood, and Troy, and all of the men who'd become his friends and his family in this last year. Everyone was shouting, crying, tears in their eyes, pure joy in their faces. They had worked so hard for this. They *deserved* this.

And no-one deserved it more than Ilya.

But Shane couldn't see him.

He spun on the ice, looking, but Shane couldn't find him through the mess of all the Ottawa jerseys crowding around.

And then Wyatt moved, and there Ilya was.

Halfway across the ice, so many people between them, but not far, not far at all, and Shane's mind was suddenly playing back a memory that was so vivid in his mind.

Of Ilya saying, years ago, that maybe he would kiss Shane on the ice after winning the Stanley Cup, just like Scott Hunter had done.

Shane had laughed away his panic, leaned into the lightness, joked about how even in this dream coming out scenario Ilya had beaten him. Shane had quipped that he would hardly want to kiss Ilya after he had just lost the Cup.

He had never imagined this.

He and Ilya on the same team, Ilya his Captain. Training together, working together, playing on the Power Play together.

Winning the Stanley Cup *together*.

He was moving without thinking about it, skating past teammates, towards Ilya, and Ilya must have been moving too because they were crashing into each other, hard and solid and holding on tight.

"We did it!" Shane yelled, the roar of the crowd like a living creature around them.

Somewhere, Ilya had lost his helmet and his mouthguard, and his eyes were bright, and his smile was so wide and so beautiful that it was almost blinding. Shane was so proud of him. He was so proud of them both.

“We fucking did it!” Ilya shouted back, sheer euphoria in his voice.

And then his gaze dropped down to Shane’s lips, just the tiniest glance. Shane knew in that moment that Ilya was remembering the same thing that Shane had.

Ilya still wanted to kiss Shane on the ice after winning the Stanley Cup, and this scenario was so much better than the dream, because they were winners together.

But Ilya didn’t move. He just stayed there beaming, arms around Shane, as platonically as all of the other guys on the ice, and Shane realised that Ilya was waiting for him.

Again.

Sometimes Shane thought that Ilya had always been waiting for him. Waiting for Shane to be comfortable enough to tell people about them, to tell anyone about. Waiting for Shane to come out, for Shane to decide, for Shane to know what he wanted.

Even now in this moment Ilya was holding back from what *he* wanted, to make sure Shane was comfortable. He knew Shane so well. Shane loved him so much.

But he was frozen.

His mind was racing back to how he’d felt back then, when the thought of people knowing about him was the worst thing he could imagine. The fear of the public knowing that he and Ilya were together, that Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov were something more to each other than just rivals.

He had been so scared back then. He had never imagined a universe where he would want to kiss Ilya on the ice.

But... why not now?

The world knew about them. The worst had happened, and the fallout had been terrible, and now everyone knew. Their team, their family, their friends.

The whole world knew that they were husbands. The world could look at Shane and know that he loved Ilya Rozanov enough to want to spend his life with him, and know that Ilya felt the same.

A lot of fuss had been made about the fact that they were spouses who played on the same NHL team together, something that was common in the women’s league but unprecedented in the men’s. But they had always kept that off the ice, merely been teammates.

But they had just won the fucking Stanley Cup.

Shane's brain was firing at lightning speed, through his lingering terror even now, through his love for his husband and his joy at winning. The adrenaline was firing through his body.

He had made his decision before Ilya even started pulling away. There was nothing to think about, really.

Shane leaned forward and kissed him hard on the mouth.

There was a moment of total stillness, the blood rushing to Shane's head. His ears were ringing, and everything felt quiet.

And then Ilya was kissing him back, fierce and passionate and so familiar, with all the joy and the love in the world. Shane couldn't stop his laugh, and he could feel Ilya's smile making the kiss awkward, and it was incredible. When they pulled apart to breathe Ilya was grinning, the happiest Shane had ever seen him look.

"Better than our wedding day?" Shane shouted, and Ilya beamed, white teeth and red lips.

"Don't know yet," he shouted back. "What are you doing tonight?"

Shane laughed, and Ilya smirked, and this time when they kissed Ilya dipped him, holding the weight of Shane and all his gear as they kissed deep. When Shane straightened up he was dizzy, and he didn't know if the crowd were cheering for the kiss or for the win, but either way, the sound was lifting the rafters and buoying his heart.

He looked at his husband, gorgeous and flushed and *his*. He knew that he must look deliriously happy. "Same again next year?" he said, and Ilya grinned, wicked and sure.

End Notes

I actually had this idea one of the first times I read the book. The quote in the summary is directly lifted from the book—how did Rachel Reid expect me to read that and not want to let it happen for them?!

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