

his hands are in my hair, his clothes are in my room

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya play their first game as Ottawa Centaurs together.

Notes

Y'all. Y'ALL. I did it. I wrote my first Hollanov fic. Woof. Ok so a small note to say -- what I know about hockey I learned from Rachel Reid. I think realistically Shane and Ilya would have played on different lines but for the sake of wanting to write something mushy and cute about them playing together I just pretended like Shane was playing left wing with Troy and Ilya. please don't come for me I am still learning hockey. Also for the record I listened to the audiobooks so if anything is spelled wrong... I'm blaming it on that. BIG WOOF. Ok please be kind this is my first fic for this fandom and hopefully the first of many and I just wanna love on these boys so much!

OH ALSO. I blame Ashleigh for this fic <3 that is all.

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

Playing against Ilya is something Shane is used to. The push and pull of their rivalry is like the ebb and flow of the tide – natural, meant to be. He knows the gleam in Ilya’s eye, the flash of a wicked smirk that means nothing but trouble, the chirping and banter that has always come easily between them. That had been their status quo these past eleven years.

It’s time for something new.

Playing with Ilya is *magical*. Sure, they’d played together on all star teams, and at the cabin they’d shoot pucks back and forth. Of course they knew the chemistry that flowed between them when they were off the ice was easily translatable to on the ice, it just wasn’t what they were used to. Now they get to play together all the time. Now, they’re standing on center ice, and the Ottawa crowd is going wild. For them. This is all... for them.

Shane feels the prickle of tears threatening to fall. It’s the season opener, a big game already, but it’s their first season together, and that’s something that makes Shane feel *unstoppable*. Being here in Ottawa with Ilya, donning a Centaurs jersey, joining a team that prides itself on acceptance, inclusivity, and teamwork above ruthless winning, feels damn good. And now with both Shane and Ilya... well. Maybe, just maybe, this is the year the Centaurs make it all the way to the Stanley cup finals.

As the game begins, Shane feels more alive than ever. He can practically hear the blood racing through his veins as Ilya crouches into face off position. He’d deferred center to Ilya, because it felt right. Ilya had already given up so much for him, he could take a mild position switch up at the very least to make playing with his *husband* possible. His husband. Shane was so giddy just thinking the word that he almost missed it – Ilya winning the face off and knocking the puck back to Shane. But he was quick, and took off immediately, his grin wide as he streaked down the ice and towards the goal. He was playing with his husband and they were going to be unstoppable. He and Ilya were finally a *team*, and he was going to make the most of it.

“Fucking right!” Ilya slammed into Shane, and in turn they both slammed into the boards, laughing and breathless, sticks raised in the air as the score buzzer blared. The Centaurs were up two to one against the New York Admirals, and Ilya can’t help but think it feels right to get to beat Scott Hunter during their first game as a newly married, proudly out couple. Ilya’s gloved hand rests on the top of Shane’s helmet, and he butts the forehead of his own helmet against Shane’s, grin wide and easy. Troy’s quick to dogpile on them, and the three men laugh and nod, giddy after such an amazing play. They’re a well-oiled machine, and if Ilya didn’t know better, he’d think they’d played their whole careers together.

The crowd was going nuts, eating it up and screaming for more. Ilya hadn’t realized just how much Shane had been missing from this picture. The last season with the Centaurs hadn’t been *bad* – they’d played well in the end, made it through the first round of play-offs, and had ended on a high. But playing in Ottawa with Shane feels like home. It feels like the final piece of the puzzle has clicked into place, and Ilya doesn’t know if he will ever come down from this high. If the first quarter of this game is any indicator of how the rest of their season will go, getting Shane onto the Centaurs might just be the saving grace they need.

The boys skate back into formation to take on another face off, this one going to Scott Hunter. Hunter is determined, Ilya notes, and he's damn good, but with his husband by his side on the ice, Ilya feels invincible. He's a damn god, and they can't take that from him. He wants to do something drastic, he wants to fucking *win*, and the energy buzzing through his veins is intoxicating. He knows its adrenaline, knows the crash out from this high is going to be big, but he doesn't care, because Shane is at his side, Shane is on his damn team, they're a united force against the fucking world, and no one can take that from him right now.

They win.

They. Fucking. Win. And it's glorious. The team pours off the bench as the final buzzer sounds, and Shane's arms around Ilya as he yells along with the crowd. Shane kisses his cheek, once, twice, and when he goes in for the third time Ilya turns his head, catches Shane's lips with his, kisses him on fucking television (take that Scott Hunter). Because this is their reality now. This is their life, their one wild and precious life, and Ilya isn't going to hide in the dark anymore. He isn't going to tone it down for the homophobes who call themselves fans. If they can't handle his truth then they don't deserve him, goddamnit. He's sure there are people burning Rozanov jerseys out there. He's sure he's angered his fair share of fans. But with Shane's lips pressed against his, with this awkward fumble of a kiss, Shane's gloved hand braced against his chest, their helmets in hand, the thick padding between them that means this can't be anything more than chaste, Ilya feels like he could take on the whole fucking world.

The Centaurs and Admirals shake hands, and sure, they didn't win the Stanley cup, but this feels pretty damn close. This feels like a win of a different kind.

The team shuffles into the locker room, and there's plenty of chatter and whooping as everyone strips out of sweaty gear and showers. The energy in the room is palpable, and Ilya feels proud, so proud that he thinks he might burst at the seams. Coach Wiebe is complimentary, tells them not to party too hard, to get some rest and take it easy. But Ilya doesn't know if he will be able to get a wink of sleep with how keyed up he is. Ilya's in front of his stall, thoughts racing, mind replaying highlights from the game, giddy smile crooking his lips, when Shane bumps their shoulders together.

"You wanna go out with the guys?" It's the kind of question that makes Ilya's breath catch in how simple yet special it is. Last year they'd fought over something as simple as Shane coming to a party to meet his teammates. Now Shane was the one suggesting they go out. That goofy grin widens on Ilya's face as he tugs down at the hem of his shirt. Sure, they could go out. Or they could go home and Ilya could use all of his pent up energy to show Shane just how special tonight was for him.

But Ilya has resolved to be a better captain this year. He's been trying, making a point, working harder. He hadn't realized how far he'd slid until it was too late. Hiding his relationship with Shane had taken all of his energy these past few seasons. Now, he can take Shane's hand whenever he wants to, which he does now. He doesn't have to work out lies for why he wasn't coming out, doesn't have to drive to Montreal on his off days because Shane is right here, in his home and in his bed. He didn't have to lie about bringing random women

home because a ring permanently lives on his ring finger now, and damn, that feels fucking good.

“We could,” Ilya agrees mildly, and that glint is in his eye, the one that says he might be up to no good. Or he’s horny. “Or... we could celebrate at home?” He drapes his arm over Shane’s shoulder. They’re the last two in the locker room, and Ilya leans in to nuzzle his nose in the crook of Shane’s jaw, breathing in the clean scent of his body wash.

Shane’s laugh in return is light, infectious. It makes Ilya feel like he’s glowing, that private sound that’s just for him. He pushes against Ilya’s chest, and Ilya’s arm falls to his side, where Shane intertwines their fingers. “Mmmm, there is a right and a wrong answer here,” Shane teases as he pulls them towards the door and out of the arena. They’d driven here together in Shane’s sensible Jeep Cherokee, and Shane guides them towards the car, walking backwards, hand still wrapped up in Ilya’s, eyes dancing playfully. “Which do you think is right?”

Ilya pouts, knowing they should go out. It’s the first game, the first win, the start of a fucking dynasty. But damn, all he wants to do is get his mouth on Shane right now. “To the bar we go, then,” Ilya sighs in defeat as he climbs into the Jeep, and Shane slides into the driver’s seat. They follow the line of players leaving the arena, and are parked in the lot soon enough. As usual, wives and girlfriends have come out to join. Harris and Troy are already at the touchtunes picking out songs, and Hayes is at the bar ordering pitchers of beer. The team is laughing and chatting, and the atmosphere hums with it. It’s like they’re living in this little bubble, one that Ilya knows will burst at some point, but he’ll protect it at all costs, keep this space safe and happy for as long as he can.

Ilya kisses Shane’s temple as they enter the bar and they’re naturally separated; Ilya gets sucked into a playful argument over who’s playing the first round of pool, and Shane offers to help Hayes pass out cups which are quickly filled with beer from the pitchers. Somehow, Ilya ends up playing pool against Boodram, and as he waits for his turn his eyes flicker up, finding Shane huddled near the jukebox with Troy and Harris. Shane’s eyes meet his, and Ilya raises a mock cheers to Shane, who mimics the motion before they both drink and laugh, and Shane seems to excuse himself, coming over to settle into Ilya’s side. Ilya’s arm slides protectively around him again, and he marvels at how natural this whole moment feels. He’s struck by how right this is, and the certainty that this is what was meant to happen washes over him.

“I’m forfeiting,” Ilya waves a hand at the pool table, and Bood looks offended.

“Aww, c’mon. Hollander, you owe me!” He calls after them as they go to sit at a table, just the two of them, for now.

“This is nice,” Ilya comments mildly, his words an understatement. This is fucking amazing. But he’s still used to keeping his cards close to his chest. Their fingers tangle together on the table, and Shane sighs happily as he nods.

“It’s really nice,” Shane agrees, and he meets Ilya’s gaze. “Like, I’m not really big into the whole fate thing, but everything happens for a reason and I feel like... how all of this unfolded for us really got us to where we were meant to be.” They’re both quiet for a beat

and Shane's cheeks flush, which Ilya adores. The fact that Shane still blushes around him, his cheeks a pretty pink, his freckles popping from the flood of color, is on the list of his favorite things about Shane. It's a long list, but that's besides the point. "Sorry, that's stupid, I just –"

"Not stupid," Ilya says easily as he squeezes Shane's hand. "I agree."

That makes Shane's smile brighten. This feeling that they're finally on even playing ground, there's no tension there, no uneven footing, is refreshing. Ilya can't imagine how he'd gone around with the weight of all of that stress before this.

The song switches and Shane brightens. "Hey, I love this song!" He says, shocking Ilya. It takes him a moment to place the tune, and he laughs when he realizes. Usually when they're in the car, Ilya plays the music. It's not that Shane's taste in songs are *bad*, they're just not... always great. He's gotten better, Ilya admits, but he'd not expected his husband to be so enthused about Taylor Swift.

"You have been spending too much time with Harris," Ilya teases, and Shane's standing, offering Ilya a hand.

"Wanna dance with me?"

Ilya takes Shane's hand and chuckles, standing up and wrapping an arm around Shane's waist. "This is a weird place to dance, Hollander." But despite the teasing he loves it. He loves that Shane has come into his own, loves that his husband is confident enough to slow dance to a Taylor Swift song in a crowded bar. Shane's cheek rests against his shoulder as they sway, and a few of their team mates whoop, which makes Ilya scoff like he doesn't love the attention.

They continue swaying, and Ilya's cheek rests on top of Shane's head. "Wildest dreams, huh? Are your wildest dreams about me, Hollander?" He teases, his voice a low rumble. He can feel Shane's smile through the thin fabric of his dress shirt.

"Only you," Shane promises, and he looks up to meet Ilya's gaze before leaning in, pressing a soft kiss to Ilya's lips.

End Notes

Wanna follow along with my writing? you can find me on tumblr as priincebutt !! If you liked this fic a comment and a kudos is greatly appreciated, and if you made it this far, god love you <3

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