Kiss Cam

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/38635173.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Idiots in Love, Kiss cam
Language:	English
Series:	Part 19 of Game Changers Boys
Stats:	Published: 2022-04-27 Words: 1,103 Chapters: 1/1

Kiss Cam

by WriteFandomRepeat

Summary

There is a kiss cam. And shenanigans.

Notes

STOP IF YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED THE LONG GAME

This spoils the ending. So back up, read the book, and come back later 😀 I left the tags light, but it is just fluff, so no major tags are missing as a result.

If you have read it, enjoy 😉 I blame the Arkells for this.

They had one rule: No kissing during games.

Shane had tried very hard to institute more rules, but Ilya had been persistent in finding loopholes to all of them and it was just not worth arguing with his husband, really. But, the no kissing during games was one Shane refused to budge on and Ilya had been surprisingly good about it once Shane had absolutely agreed that winning the Stanley Cup together was the exception. Of course he could kiss him then! If Scott Hunter could do it, they could outdo him on this one.

So, Stanley Cup notwithstanding, no kissing at games.

So far, Ilya had kept to it. Though he'd snuck a kiss in the dressing room after Shane's first game in a Centaurs uniform (and promised he didn't welcome everyone to the team that way). Ilya had also kissed him between periods after his first goal with the team. And after the first time he scored with an assist from Shane. And the reverse too. He snuck lots of quick pecks in the dressing room, but on the ice? No.

It was as close to a win as Shane could call it, really.

They'd gotten through most of the season, the team absolutely crushing it and riding the high of the previous season into this one. The Centaurs' annual Pride night was here, and Ilya hadn't been kidding about the atmosphere at the game at all. The arena wasn't just packed, it was filled with the team's Pride shirts, more flags than Shane had seen at a game before, and signs everywhere. The players had all kept their rainbow tape for the game after swapping to their regular jerseys and Shane had loved that. No one in Montreal would ever have gone for it if he'd suggested it.

The Centaurs were in the lead by a couple goals and the joyous atmosphere in the arena was contagious. They were still focused on the game, and on keeping their lead and winning, but the vibe was a bit lighter tonight and everyone on the bench was smiling during the TV break, as the ice crew was getting ready to come out for their turn around the ice.

Shane was leaning over the edge of the boards from his spot on the bench, trying to listen to Bood who was going on about the get-together at his place the following night — the guy was always thinking of barbecued food. Shane was mildly aware of the music changing in the arena and the in-house entertainment team announcing something that got the crowd to perk up a bit (there were so many giveaways and games and dance moves he had never seen, he just couldn't keep track). Shane spotted Ilya from the corner of his eye, skating by and trying to stay out of the way of the ice cleaning crew.

"Hollander," Bood called to him. "You are in charge of dessert. Troy's bringing crumble, so just not that."

Shane laughed. "Sure, put *me* in charge of bringing sweets. Roz is who you want to talk desserts with." While he wasn't as strict with what he ate as he'd been the year before, he still didn't have the biggest sweet tooth. Not like his husband.

"Yeah, but he's gonna forget. I expect you to remember."

Shane just shook his head with a fond smile, but didn't get much of a chance to reply.

The crowd around them ooh'ed and aah'ed in unison, and Shane looked up to the jumbo screen above centre ice, expecting a cute baby with giant noise cancelling earphones in a Centaurs onesie, but instead he saw they were doing a kiss cam. Shane looked away, knowing he was probably blushing and hoping he could still blame the exertion from a few minutes ago on the ice.

He was about to ask Evan Dykstra if he had noticed the opposing goalie seemed to be a bit slower than usual on his glove side when the crowd erupted in cheers. Everyone on the bench looked around them to see what was going on. Somehow, over the crowd, Shane heard Ilya call out to him.

"Hollander! Heads up!"

Shane turned to find Ilya skating towards him. He had no time to move before Ilya had stopped in front of him and was giving him a kiss. It was by no means heated, and couldn't have lasted more than a couple seconds, but Shane's entire body felt like it was set ablaze. And he wasn't as upset about it as he expected.

"What the hell?" Shane laughed, the crowd cheering like they'd just hoisted the Cup instead of breaking their rule about on ice PDA.

Ilya smirked and pointed up. "Kiss Cam."

Shane rolled his eyes at him "Yeah, but that doesn-"

That's when he saw them on the screen and understood. Shane had been the one on the kiss cam when the commotion started and Ilya had come to cash in on kissing his husband.

"I could not let someone else kiss you," Ilya shrugged innocently. His broad smile showed absolutely zero remorse and again, Shane just didn't mind one bit.

"You're lucky you're cute." Shane leaned in and gave Ilya a kiss, managing to rile up the crowd even more somehow.

Ilya looked smug at knowing he'd gotten Shane to reciprocate the kiss. "What happened to the no kissing rule?"

Shane shrugged. "Ammendment to previous stipulations. We can add the kiss cam on Pride night?"

Ilya skated backwards to the face off circle, the widest grin on his lips. "We can talk at home, but I agree."

"You know that'll be all over the highlight reels and on social media in minutes," Dykstra told him.

"Well, good thing we're used to that by now," Shane replied, happy he could joke about it now. "As long as Coach isn't pissed, that's all that matters really."

"*Coach* had to okay your husband's little stunt," the man himself replied, a twinkle in his eye. "Don't make it a habit though."

Shane was definitely blushing now. Of course Ilya had orchestrated this. He'd need to work extra hard to convince Shane this was a good idea now.

"No sir," he replied to Coach Wiebe, making him shake his head fondly as he headed for the opposite end of the bench.

Shane heard the whistle and went back to focusing on the game, certain there were cameras on him even as play was set to resume. And he couldn't get rid of the smile on his lips no matter how hard he tried to bite it down.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!