

Well, baby, I surrender to the strawberry ice cream

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Well, baby, I surrender to the strawberry ice cream

by [rachelrae](#)

Summary

“Puppy!” Came Jade's happy cry as Chiron licked her face. Both of Hayden's twins lay giggling on the floor of the Ottawa locker room, a squirming puppy bouncing between them. “Can we get a puppy, Uncle Ilya?” Ruby's voice rose even louder as she spoke, eyes pleading towards Ilya.

Shane heard the door slam open behind him. Hayden Pike, his best friend and beloved father, staggered to his side. Out of the corner of his eye, Shane could see him taking in the mess in front of them.

“Well, shit.”

Or

What if Shane and Ilya's relationship was revealed to the Ottawa Centaurs before Hayden's video. It was still Hayden's fault though.

Notes

You know the Heated Rivalry Brain Rot is real with this fandom has me posting fanfic again for the first time in years.

I spent the last two weeks searching for a fic like this before I finally realized I should probably just write this myself and churned it out in one evening.

In those words, if you see any mistakes, please feel free to let me know!

Title from "Accidentally in Love" from Counting Crows

This fic is now translated into Russian by the lovely CreateWorldsWithWords:

<https://ficbook.net/readfic/019c2f21-9763-7ee7-839e-8174407ed474>

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

Shane could feel his heart pounding in his ears, drowning out the questions being shouted, too loud, across the room.

This was a disaster. A very preventable, predictable disaster.

Fucking Hayden Pike.

He could only meet Ilya's panicked eyes across the room as their wall of lies came tumbling down around them.

“Puppy!” Came Jade's happy cry as Chiron licked her face. Both of Hayden's twins lay giggling on the floor of the Ottawa locker room, a squirming puppy bouncing between them.

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“Well, shit.”

10 Minutes Before

It had been a great game. Ilya had scored three goals to Shane's two. And even though the Centaurs had ended up losing in the third, the loss barely stung. His team had fought for the win, and they nearly had it this time. The Ottawa Centaurs were no longer the team they were when Ilya had first joined. No longer a team that guaranteed an easy win. No longer not a threat.

And the Voyagers had noticed.

Ilya had delighted in watching the shock and fear grow in Shane's teammates eyes with every

growing minute of the game. How the shock had made their play's messy. Easier to steal the puck right from under them.

Shane had not underestimated them, which Ilya had himself to blame for that. He had tried to stop himself from bragging about his wonderful teammates and their increasingly less frustrating practices to his fiancée, but he knew Shane had not missed it. His beautiful, too smart fiancée.

Ilya couldn't hold back his grin as he shook Shane's hand on the ice.

"We will win, next time."

Shane's answering smirk was intoxicating. "In your dreams, Rozanov."

Pike gave a barely suppressed heave behind Shane. "Can you guys not?"

Ilya let his fingers run across Shane's as long as he dared before he was forced forward to shake Hayden Pike's hand. "We can not. But we can also not not."

Pike's answering handshake was hard, pressing down against the bruise Ilya still had from a stray puck at practice last week. Ilya didn't let himself flinch as he sent a wink back at Shane, still watching over Pike's shoulder.

"Dear God." was Pike's muttered reply.

Ilya ignored him and skated on, making his way off the ice.

"Harris." Ilya felt the man lean across the glass next to him where he stood at the exit of the rink. "I think it would be good for the team if Chiron would come by the locker room."

Harris snorted, but before he could answer, the humored reply from Coach Wiebe came from Ilya's other side. "No pets allowed in the locker room."

Ilya tore his eyes off the disappearing 24 jersey across the ice to stare pitifully into Coach's eyes. He even jutted out a quivering lip to really sell it. "But, the team. So sad. Bad loss."

Harris was full on giggling at the display.

Ilya could only hope some news channel had their camera pointed at him right now. Let them speculate more about his emotional downfall. Shane and Yuna always found those articles hilarious.

There came a long, suffering sigh, before. “I will keep the meeting after brief. And once I'm gone, what I don't see, did not happen.”

Ilya gave a small whoop, twisting further around to beam at Harris. “You heard the man. Puppy love plan. Ten minutes. Go go go!”

He gave one last grin to Coach Wiebe before heading down the tunnel towards the locker room with the rest of his team.

2 Minutes Before

“And at practice tomorrow, we'll focus on...” Coach Wiebe's voice droned on but Ilya was hardly paying any attention, more focused on his phone in his hands. An unsent message blinking back up at him.

Operation Puppy go time

The mood in the locker room hardly warranted such a move. Ilya was proud of the anger bristling in the sweaty air. It showed how much this almost win had really meant to the Centaurs. His team.

Still, puppy cuddles would help. They were always helpful.

“Get some rest, gentlemen. Tomorrow is a new day.” The closing remarks. Finally.

Ilya tried his best to keep his face neutral as Coach Wiebe made his way out of the locker room.

Ilya's thumb was pressing down hard on the screen before the door had even finished shutting behind him.

After a quick glance to confirm the message had indeed been sent, Ilya pulled himself off the bench and sauntered to the middle of the room.

“So, we lost.” He began to get a couple chuckles from his team mates. “Was not bad loss. We played much better than we did last time against the Voyagers. You should be proud. They were scared.” That earned a louder laugh. Ilya could not help but join in. “So now, they go home, yes, with a win. But also with fear. That is what we have won tonight.” A whoop from Bood at that. “And what do we get for this win?”

“The knowledge that the Voyagers might finally take us seriously?” Came Troy's stilted reply.

Ilya spun, smile wide. “Yes. We are serious.” Troy's posture loosened and Ilya saw the darkness in his eyes begin to lighten. “But we all get a reward.”

“A reward?”

“Yes, we play good, so we get reward. Harris!” Ilya called out, gesturing an arm wide towards the door.

Almost perfectly on time, Harris pushed open the door and a squirming Chiron came tumbling into the room.

Ilya smiled as excited coos and laughter filled the locker room, the last of the defeat of the game sinking away as his teammates greeted Harris' adorable dog.

He was having so much fun watching Chiron tumble from one pair of hands to another that he missed the noise out in the hallway until it was right behind him.

“Puppy!”

Ilya whirled, brain working faster than his eyes as he filled in the sound. Recognized the voice before he saw her.

Ruby Pike stood, all of three feet tall, in the locker doorway. The still open locker room door. Her sister was only a step behind her. And Shane, only a few behind them, fear and panic painted his face as he reached out with panicked hands, as if to snatch the twins away from the Centaurs. But he was too late.

Ilya heard the room around him quiet down as the two girls tumbled in, collapsing in a pile in the middle of the sweaty locker room when Chiron rushed to meet them.

Their high pitched laughter, which usually made Ilya feel sappy thoughts about his future with Shane, was damning.

What was more damning was when Ruby finally looked up from the puppy to find him in the crowded room. "Uncle Ilya!"

Ilya could feel the eyes of every one of his teammates on him.

Shit.

"Can we get a puppy, Uncle Ilya?" Ruby's voice was so innocent. So full of love and trust. As if it would be Ilya, her dad's best friend's boyfriend, who would determine if she could get a dog - and what a life commitment that would be - or not.

All at once, Shane's heart slowed down to a livable speed. Ruby and Jade didn't know any better. Hell, for all they knew, Shane and Ilya were, well, Shane and Ilya. Not Hollander and Rozanov. Not some of the biggest hockey rivals of all times. Just their fun uncles who brought them strawberry ice cream and treats every time they were over for dinner.

Shane met Ilya's eyes again, the chaos around them being to fill his ears.

"Uncle Ilya?"

"Wait, are these Pike's kids?"

"Roz, what is going on here?"

“Why the fu-, uh, fudge, is Hollander in our locker room?”

Shane could tell Ilya had no idea what to say. Didn't know what to answer without checking with Shane first. It both warmed him up and tore him apart from the outside.

Shane was standing there, his best friend panicking beside him, the love of his life panicking in front of him, and yet all he could focus on was Ruby and Jade, playing with Chiron between them.

They didn't know any better. The world had not shaped their views against them, yet.

And suddenly, Shane wanted to make sure it never would.

Cause how unfair would that be. How unfair it already was.

Shane was standing here, fresh off a win against his most favorite competitor and fiancée. With his best friend who, begrudgingly, loved and supported him and Ilya. With two of his favorite kids, who alternated between looking up at Shane and Ilya with pleading yet playful eyes.

And Ilya, Ilya had no one. No one who knew.

How unfair was that.

Shane was out to his team. Sure, not all of them were happy about that, and they sure as hell would not be happy when they found out who Shane was planning on spending the rest of his life with, but they knew. He was himself.

Ilya, he had held himself back. For Shane.

Ilya, who stood surrounded by his team, a team he had chosen despite their terrible stats. For Shane.

Ilya, who was silent, unsure, freaking out, unable to answer. For Shane.

It's not fair.

And who could change that?

Me.

Shane felt himself standing taller. His hands were still shaking, but it felt more with excitement instead of world-ending fear this time.

“Uncle Shane.” Jade whined. “Can we? Get a puppy? Please?” She drew out the last word so long and so loud, Shane nearly missed the further confused mumblings of the Centaur players.

Shane couldn't help the smile. “Jade. Sweetie. Uncle Ilya and I can't decide that for your parents. We don't live with you so it would not be our responsibility to take care of the puppy. You need to ask your mom and dad that.”

The room went silent at his words before it was broken by twin whines from Hayden's girls.

But Shane was not paying attention to the building tantrum. He was focused on Ilya's bright eyes and astonished expression.

Maybe they should have talked about this before. Maybe Shane shouldn't have made this decision by himself, to decide to reveal this side of Ilya without asking.

Yet, as a small smile grew blinding on Ilya's face and a sparkle twinkled in his eyes, Shane knew Ilya was on his side.

He didn't look around him to see what the reactions on the other players' faces looked like, but the continued shocked silence and the feeling of multiple pairs of eyes analyzing his every move told him they were paying attention.

“But Uncle Shane!” Ruby tried again. “A puppy. Tell him, Uncle Ilya, tell him how cute the puppy is!”

Ilya's smile turned mischievous and Shane felt his stomach swoop. God, he loved this man.

“Yeah, Uncle Shane. Cute puppy. Please?” Ilya's mocking reply was accompanied by a further set of puppy eyes, pleading at him.

“What the fuck.” Shane didn't know which one of Ilya's teammates finally broke, but he couldn't help the snort he let out.

“No.” He tried again. But really, with the way Ilya was looking at him now, a part of him wanted to say yes. Let Ilya get a dog, one they could bring to the cottage in the summers.

As if he could read Shane's mind, Ilya took a step forward, head tilting to the side with an exaggerated pout. “Why not? Moya lyubov, we could get puppy. Then it would be our responsibility.”

Shane heard Hayden's hand slap against his forehead as he groaned over Ilya's antics, his daughters' excited cries rising between them.

“Ilya. No. You are not bringing a dog into our house.” *Yes. Ok.* Shane wanted to give in so badly. Anything to keep that look of pure joy on Ilya's face.

There was a suspended second in the air as Shane physically felt his last two words sink in.

“Our house?”

“What the fuck.”

“*Ilya?*”

“What the fuck!”

Shane didn't care. Or, well, he did. He cared so much.

Ilya's eyes were glistening with unshed tears as he carefully stepped around the twins to get up in front of Shane. He was still mostly dressed in his gear, sweaty from the game. Shane was too. He hoped it hid his response to what seeing Ilya like this was doing to his body. Ilya's knowing smirk told him he'd been caught out anyway.

“How about a deal?” Ilya pulled Shane in, hands resting on his hips. Shane heard another choked off gasp from across the room, but was distracted from looking at it as Ilya swung in closer. “I win our next game, and we get puppy.”

Shane reached a still trembling hand out and grabbed Ilya's bicep to steady himself. And pull Ilya in closer. “And what if I win?”

Ilya's shocked laugh was bright. “No need, Hollander. I will win. For puppy, I will win.”

The fire in his eyes, the playful deal, the entire Ottawa team surrounding them, the entire context came crashing down on Shane. But instead of pushing him down, like he always feared it would, it felt like breaking free. A first, truly deep breath of air.

He couldn't help out the small giggle in response to Ilya's cocky tone before he leaned forward and pressed his lips against Ilya's.

Shane felt the shocked jolt ripple through Ilya. Felt the moment sink in for Ilya. Felt him give in and kiss Shane back, probably a little dirtier than he should be in front of that many people based on Hayden's louder groan.

“Come on, really?” From Hayden.

“I fucking knew it.” From Troy Barrett.

“Oh my god. The ring!” From Wyatt Hayes.

“What the fuck.” Happily piped up from either Ruby or Jade, an excited puppy bark following.

Shane broke off the kiss, the both of them smiling too wide. Ilya's expression of awe and disbelief further cracking down Shane's walls. He pulled Ilya closer to him, awkwardly tucking him against his shoulder. This close, he could still feel the tremors shaking through Ilya. Could feel his warm breath against his neck.

The first thing Shane took in, other than Ilya, was Hayden's panicked face. *Here? Really?* it seemed to scream.

As he swept his gaze around the rest of the locker room, he was met with similar confused looks, but was surprised to see such looks outnumbered by large grins and knowing looks.

“Um.” Shane started. And stopped. He could practically see the entire team leaning in to listen.

Ilya let out a huff of laughter, still tucked against him. “Let Pike explain. It's his fault.”

Hayden's sputtered protest raised more than a few laughs. “My fault? How the fuck is this my fault, Rozanov?”

Ilya rolled his head to the side and fixed Hayden with a playful glare. “Language, Pike. They are children here. *Your* children.”

That gained further laughs from the Centaurs and further choked out cursing from Hayden.

Ilya gave Shane one last squeeze around his hips before pulling himself tall, leaving one arm tucked around Shane.

“Ah, alright. Introductions. If you are so incapable, Pike. It not hard. Shane, meet my team. Team, meet Shane.” He paused for a minute and Shane knew he loved the attention on him in the moment. “Ah yes, team, this is Pike. Bad hockey player. Good father. My fiance's best friend, unfortunately.”

“Fiance?”

“Shane Hollander? Oh my god.”

“What the fu-fudge.”

Ilya pulled Shane closer into his side, smiling down at him as the cheers started around them. Kissed him again, short and sweet, still to Hayden's groan. Pulled Shane further in the locker room and began introducing him to his teammates, properly this time.

“And this, sweetheart, is our most important player.” He held a wiggling Chiron up to Shane's

face, much to the amusement of the team. “Shane, meet Chiron. Chiron, meet Shane Hollander, the love of my life.”

End Notes

Ahh! You made it to the end! Thank you <3

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