five seconds

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five seconds

by m00nbig

Summary

Ilya sees Scott Hunter kiss his man on the ice and is immediately filled with horror at being out-done by him, so calls Shane so they can plan how they're going to fix this.

Notes

pulling up to the fanfic writers convention aka heated rivalry ao3. why r we ALL here, love yall tho!!!

If ur here from my other works, just turn away. I am ashamed – not of the fandom, but purely my level of sanity.

WE ARE PRETENDING BEING GAY WAS THE ONLY THING STOPPING THEM FROM COMING OUT AND THAT THE SKIP KISS SOLVED ALL THEIR PROBLEMS. IT'S A CRACKFIC JUST GO WITH IT.

See the end of the work for more notes

June, 2017
Boston

“What the–”

“We cannot let *Scott Hunter* upstage us like this. We must one-up him.” Ilya insisted the moment Shane picked up.

The mere thought horrified him to his very core. How could they have let old, boring, mediocre-at-best Scott Hunter best them and have such a big, dramatic coming out? Calling his partner onto the ice after winning the cup and kissing him in front of everyone? He and *Shane* were meant to be the best gays in hockey – they were arch rivals for Christ's sake! How could Hunter beat them to the punch?!

“*That's* what you're thinking about right now?! Another player just kissed a man in front of the entire hockey world; the crowd was *cheering!*” Shane whispered, sounding lost in his awe. Forget *awe*, they had a mission!

“Exactly! They should have been cheering for *us!* Come on, Shane, think about it. We are the best two players in the league, arch rivals, and we’re going to let *Scott Hunter* take all the gay Hockey glory?” Ilya whined, trying to get Shane to focus on what *really* mattered.

“*Gay hockey glory*– Nevermind, I get what you mean, you don’t want people to care more about him just because he was first. ”

“Now you've got it! So we just need to come up with something better. Think, what is better than one Stanley Cup… Two Stanley Cups?” He brainstormed.

“If only Hunter had gotten his act together so we could have done this back in 2016,” Shane replied dryly, but Ilya paid the sarcasm no mind, not when he was too busy strategising.

“Must be why he waited…”

“...So you think Scott Hunter knows we're gay, knew the Metros would win back-to-back cups, and decided to wait to not only come out but also win a Stanley Cup just so we couldn't upstage him?”

“Da, obviously.”

“Right…”

“Okay, fine, forget two cups, we can be best in other ways. We make sure final game next season is Boston vs Montreal. In the last five seconds, we abandon the game, skate over to eachother, and make out in front of everyone. It’s perfect!” He suggested, failing to see any faults in his flawless plan.

“So you think we could abandon the most important game of the season in the last *five seconds* for any reason and not get immediately murdered by both the fans *and* our

teammates? Setting aside the fact that we can't control who plays in the finale *that* easily, that's *insane*."

"Ugh, we already have a billion Stanley Cups between us, who cares about another?"

"WHO CARES–?!" Ilya winced and had to pull the phone away from his ear as Shane's voice rang through, though not before he almost certainly developed some permanent hearing damage.

"Fine, fine, forget the Stanley Cup, I don't want us to dickride Hunter anyway, we must be original. What's more important than the Stanley Cup?"

"Uh, *nothing* – or at least, there's nothing with more eyes on it."

"Hm, okay, fine. What if we make it a big deal by what we do? Hunter just kissed a guy, that's *nothing*, you could full on blow–"

"I'm stopping you there, public indecency is a crime."

"Boo! Boring! But maybe we need to think about this more… I'm coming to the cottage, we'll plan there."

July, 2017
Quebec

"Wake up, I've got it."

"Hm–? Got *what*? What time is it?" Shane groaned, rubbing sleep from his eyes as he sat up.

"How we beat Hunter! And it's about 4 am."

"*Four?*"

"Yes, I said that, now listen. So, Stanley Cups matter, we can't throw those, people will be mad, but All-Stars games? No one cares! We can do anything and people will love it!"

"Mm… It's not bigger than winning the cup, though." Shane commented unhelpfully as he shook off the last dregs of sleep.

"Oh, fuck the cup–" Shane sucked in a breath like Ilya had just called for Satan himself to strike them down, "–and fuck Scott Hunter. No matter what we do, it'll be cooler than him because we're hotter, younger, better players, and arch rivals. It's perfect!"

"Okay… But people are friendlier at All-Star games anyway, what if people think we're joking around?"

"Shane, if the way we make out looks like joke, then we have some serious work to do. But if you really want everyone to be sure, I could blow–"

"–NO. Wait, you'd be blowing me now?"

"Does that change your mind?"

"No!"

"Then no, you'd still be blowing me."

"Neither of us is blowing anyone on the ice!"

"So you hate me?"

"I'm ignoring you," Shane replied flatly, turning away from Ilya.

His resolve lasted all of about five seconds.

"...It would be good though. The All-Stars game idea – *without* the blow jobs."

"Yes! We skate to eachother, make out sloppy style–"

"–*Where* did you hear that?"

"–Not important. Then everyone cheers, remembers us as best gay Hockey players of all time, Hunter cries like little baby, and we win!"

"But most importantly, we don't have to hide our relationship anymore, we'd be out to the public, not having to live in secrecy anymore." Shane prompted.

"Yes, that too, but *mostly* Hunter would cry like baby. Ooh, do we know anyone who can bribe the NHL into putting us on the same team again?"

"We are *not* bribing anyone! It doesn't matter what team we're on, it'll still be just as dramatic."

"Wait, no! It's more dramatic if we're on opposite teams, you're right!"

"–*not* what I said."

"–Sure it was! Well, it has drama either way. I suppose we don't need to bribe anyone."

"It could also destroy our careers!" Shane protested to deaf ears.

"I already said we didn't need to!"

November, 2017
Montreal

Shane was awoken at – if the time glowing back at him on his phone screen was to be believed – 3:56 am, by a phone call from the man he loved, but was beginning to hate if these interuptions to his sleep were to continue.

"*What?*"

"Do you think we can be wearing eachother's jerseys?"

"*Huh?* When?"

"When we kiss! Keep up, Hollonder." Ilya sighed impatiently.

"It's almost four in the morning."

"It would be *so* much better than Hunter if we were in eachother's jerseys. Everyone would think 'oh haha, funny, the rivals swapped' then we make out and everyone's shocked! It would be perfect!"

"I'm hanging up now."

"No, wait, Shane!" Ilya cried distantly as Shane lowered his phone, before doing just as he said he would, and promptly going back to sleep.

January, 2018
Tampa

Even though they'd been planning this for almost half a year now, Shane's heart was still racing as Ilya gave him the signal. With only fifteen seconds left on the clock and their team – because they had somehow lucked into being on the same one *again* – being up by three points, it's not like abandoning the game now would do anything, but it still felt sacrilegious.

Still, he skated over.

“You still want?” Ilya asked, echoing words spoken a lifetime ago, whether intentionally or not.

“I still want,” Shane replied, finishing the sentiment as Ilya’s eyes lit up in recognition. He was sure all eyes were on them, but he didn’t care. They were doing this, here and now, unfortunately wearing their own jerseys, but still.

“Let’s make history,” Ilya declared, and just as the game officially finished, they each threw off their helmets in near synchronicity, and Ilya hauled Shane towards him, kissing him for all the world to see.

All around them, people cheered.

End Notes

I cannot emphasize enough how little I know about Hockey. Im Australian, i dont even think that's a thing here?? If someone here said they were a hockey player I'd assume they were a tourist and played back home even if they were the most aussie aussie of all time. I know literally NOTHING about this sport. OR any other sport I am... such a team sport hater. BUT HERE I AM ANYWAY!!! My heart is full of gay whimsy and I believe that is all I need. Arguably this is the least lesbian I've made a ship I've written about so im calling this character growth! They're only like 60% lesbian which for me is MASSIVE. I still dont entirely understand what an all-stars game is, even after reading the Wikipedia article, but im pretty sure its just an excuse for them to all hang out. Good for them!! Boy aquarium enrichment time!!

Canadians, yes i KNOW Quebec is a province and every other location is a city, but I couldn't find any more info about where the cottage is meant to be located in the show, I'M SORRY I TRIED.

I have had a change of heart. Instead of telling you all to be nice to customer service workers, I'm going to say yell at us more, because I have peak apathy and emotionlessness which produces the byproduct of ridiculous, fever dream crack. Actually you can only yell at me if you're not white. The only customers who yell at me are white ppl so im promoting diversity. I have NO idea what im saying but it is true that of the COUNTLESS customers that have yelled at me every single one's been white, holy infighting. I literally work in a mostly Muslim area, most of the ppl I serve aren't white, statistically it shouldn't be the case.

That is infact all relevant to this fic, it's called backstory, look it up.

Anyway that got me to half-write this fic, and exiting a three-day-long depressive episode got me to finish it! Everyone say ty to my poor mental health and people who treat customer service workers like shit! If you're wondering why this is kind of bad even if its hilarious it's because I was not sane for a single second during the entire process of coming up with, writing, and editing this!

Ur also welcome for Ilya saying "make out sloppy style" it was my consolation prize after removing him suggesting he quote un quote "dick [shane] down on the ice" thinking about it now idk why i took that out it was funny :/

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