

the best revenge is living well

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the best revenge is living well

by [shanehollandertwentyfour](#)

Summary

Ottawa faces Montreal in the first round of the playoffs during Shane's first season with the Centaurs, and Ilya rewards him for playing well after the game. Loosely based on real events in the 2024-2025 NHL playoffs.

Notes

The first part (the hockey) is based on the insane game 7 in the 2024-2025 NHL playoff series between Colorado and Dallas. Mikko Rantanen was traded to Dallas after playing in Colorado for his whole NHL career, and then he faced his former team in the playoffs, and I obviously drew some connections. (Please pardon any errors in the hockey, I'm still learning.)

The second part (the smut) is purely fictional — I don't know if Mikko Rantanen has been in a secret decade-long relationship with any of the Dallas players ￣\('▽')_/

Title is taken from the song "Best Revenge" by Pup. And I may try and put a Chappell Roan reference in every work I write.

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

Shane was determined to beat Montreal in the first round of the playoffs. It was his first year playing for the Centaurs, and he was out for blood. He had tried to let it go over the course of the season, focusing more on succeeding with his new team and the joy of playing with Ilya. Of playing on the same team as *his husband*.

But this was the playoffs. It was game seven. Against his former team who would rather lose their star player than accept him for who he was. They were at home, in his hometown. And he wanted to fucking win.

Unfortunately, that wasn't looking likely. They were down 2-0 in the third period, and they were exhausted. For Shane, it was especially infuriating seeing his old coach looking so satisfied. Like they were proving something by beating him, proving it was the right decision to not support Shane and his relationship with Ilya.

He knew his success would mean a loss for Hayden and JJ, who worked so hard to be where they were right now. But he wouldn't let that get in his way tonight. The Centaurs could come back from this. They had to.

There were about 13 minutes left in the third, and Dykstra was battling JJ for the puck behind their own net. He managed to poke it free and they all turned around to speed back down the ice. Luca Haas grabbed the puck and steered it into the neutral zone where he made a wide open pass to Shane. The crowd was loud, and Shane's heart was beating out of his chest with the effort he was using to get into the offensive zone for a clear shot.

He pressed forward, maneuvering the puck away from a Montreal defenseman, and swerved left to get away from him. Suddenly he was all alone, wide open ice around him, no one else seemed to know where the puck was. He took his time, skated right where he wanted to be, and pulled back for the shot. The puck sailed cleanly over at least 3 Montreal players, and right into the back of the net.

The crowd went crazy. They were *finally* on the board. But Shane hardly even celebrated. He fist bumped his teammates, got some water, and immediately shifted his focus to the next play. It was only 2-1 now, and they had 12 more minutes to tie it up or win.

Ilya leaned over to him on the bench before jumping the boards for his shift. "That was a beauty. We're going to fucking beat them."

Shane just nodded seriously and looked Ilya in the eyes with intensity. "Go score a goal" was all he said.

Ilya didn't score. Neither did Troy. Neither did Bood or Haas. But Wyatt had blocked a couple of tough shots, and they were still only down by one.

Shane was back on the ice with just over 6 minutes left in the game, and 20 seconds left on a power play. They were circling the Montreal net, but couldn't get anything in. A Voyager shot the puck across the ice and Troy picked it up in their own zone. He shot a smooth

backwards pass to Shane who circled back toward Montreal's net with lightning speed and precision puck handling.

He was alone against 3 Montreal players, all his lineys still back in the neutral zone. He couldn't believe how much they were caught off guard, but he sailed between the three Voyageurs in the blink of an eye. Rather than attempt a shot, he sailed between the net and a defenseman, looping behind the net, and reaching out with the full length of his body to sneak the puck around the other side before the goalie even registered where he was. The puck made a lucky bounce off of JJ's skate blade and landed back in the wide-open net.

The Voyageurs were dumbstruck, and the Ottawa fans were on their feet as the horn blared. Shane's teammates swarmed him, and Ilya looked a little dumbstruck himself, shaking his head with a wry and affectionate grin. But Shane couldn't be distracted by his husband's handsome face right now. He wasn't going to celebrate yet. It was tied 2-2, and they still had time to score another goal and take the fucking win.

With four minutes left, Ottawa was on another power play. Montreal were losing their control, resorting to sloppy and aggressive play that was costing them in penalties. And the Centaurs weren't going to let the opportunity go to waste.

Bood shot the puck to Shane back by the red line. He picked it up, found no opening, and passed back to Bood who immediately shot it up to Ilya who was right next to the crease. Haas pulled up on the other side of the goal, in perfect position to take the low pass from Ilya across the seam, and he shot a one-timer at a sharp angle that sailed behind the goalie's blocker and stick, cleanly into the net.

Haas leapt into the air in celebration, the look on his face made it clear he was elated and shocked. The 21-year-old had scored the game-winner, and Shane couldn't be more proud. *Now* Shane could celebrate. Ilya met Luca with a jumping hug, Shane and the rest of the guys descending on them, circling around him in a group embrace. Luca skip-skated off to the bench with the widest smile Shane had ever seen on his young, shy teammate's face.

Shane and Ilya put their helmeted foreheads together briefly while they knew the crowd and cameras were focused on Haas, joy sparkling in both of their eyes, and held each others' shoulders for a second or two longer than they would usually allow on the ice. Shane could have kissed Ilya right then, but they still had over 3 minutes of game left. All they had to do now was stop Montreal from tying it up.

With 15.2 seconds on the clock, every guy on the ice was pushing past the point of exhaustion. Shane had played more minutes than he had in any game this season — he refused to stay on the bench for long. He wouldn't let his team down. He refused to lose.

Montreal had pulled their goalie in a last-ditch attempt to tie the game and bring it into overtime. But they just couldn't do it.

Shane won the face-off at the blue dot next to their goal, and there was a chaotic melee of the puck flying around from Centaur to Voyageur back to Centaur. It was just a game of keep-away for 10 more seconds.

Dillon gained control of the puck, poking it into the neutral zone, and Shane sped up after it to make sure they kept possession. And suddenly, he was on a breakaway toward the empty net with 4 seconds on the clock.

He knew he could just hold the puck as the clock ticked down, but fuck it. Montreal had betrayed his trust. He had given so much to that team, that city, and they tossed him away like it was nothing.

He was getting the fucking hat trick.

When the puck slid into the empty goal, the crowd went absolutely insane. It was a sea of black shirts and white rally towels, hats falling down around him, and a roar louder than Shane had ever heard. Possibly louder than the first time he won the cup with Montreal.

The hometown hero was taking them to the 2nd round in a victory over his former team who let him get away. (When he watched back the game broadcast that summer, Shane heard the TV announcer sum it up perfectly: “a legendary performance by Hollander, against his former team. A remarkable game 7.”)

Shane bent for the final, pointless, face-off, and Ilya was the first to smash into him as soon as the clock hit zero. He leapt over the boards, pushed past his teammates, and crashed into his husband. He hoisted Shane up by his waist and spun him around, bellowing and practically shaking him, and the rest of the Centaurs huddled around them in celebration, everyone jumping and yelling.

“YESSSS! YOU FUCKING DID IT! FUCK THEM, YOU DID IT!” Ilya chanted into the huddle.

With a few more hearty taps on Shane’s helmet, the group hug broke apart, and the rest of the team skated over to Wyatt to show their appreciation for the goalie.

Ilya stopped yelling and let Shane’s skates touch back down on the ice, ripped off his helmet, grabbed his face with two giant gloved hands, and planted a huge smack of a kiss onto Shane’s surprised mouth.

When he pulled back, Shane saw he had tears in his eyes. But they quickly turned into a mischievous glint. Much more quietly and into Shane’s ear, Ilya murmured, “When we get home, I’m going to make you come for every goal you scored. You’re getting two hat tricks tonight.”

Shane’s face went bright red, but before he could reply, Ilya skated away with a smirk and a wink. He steadied his breathing, and followed Ilya to give Wyatt his props for a great game.

The crowd was still loudly celebrating when the teams eventually lined up for handshakes. He knew there was no love lost between Ilya and the Voyageurs, but it still felt bittersweet to Shane. He respectfully shook hands down the line, and when he reached Hayden, Shane felt a little lump in his throat.

Hayden pulled him into a tight hug, patting his back hard as he pulled Shane's ear to his mouth.

"Amazing game man. It's such a fucking shame they let you go," Hayden said in a choked voice. "I'm proud of you. Good luck in the next round. Me and Jackie and the kids will be rooting for you. I love you man. See you this summer."

Shane couldn't speak, he was too close to letting tears fall, so he hoped the way he squeezed Hayden and patted his back showed how much he appreciated his friend, and how much he respected how hard Hayden had played in this series.

They squeezed each other's arms one more time, and Shane moved on to JJ, who had a chagrined look on his face. He gripped Shane so tightly, he lifted him off the ice a centimeter. "You just had to get the game winner, didn't you, superstar?"

Shane laughed and gave JJ a squeeze back.

"We'll get you next year." JJ released Shane with a sad smile.

Shane returned the smile and nodded, and saw in JJ's eyes that he knew Shane couldn't talk in this moment. But they were good too.

In the tunnel back to the dressing room, the rest of the Centaurs were raucous, overjoyed, and loud as hell. Their win song, Hot To Go by Chappell Roan, was already blasting, and Ilya was singing at the top of his lungs while doing the "H-O-T-T-O-G-O" dance to the chorus. (The song had been his choice, he had insisted they needed something a little more gay this year.)

Shane lagged behind everyone else, quiet and trying to compose himself for the media he knew would be hounding him any second.

He was happy, but as the adrenaline wore off, grief began crawling its way out of the pit of his stomach. Grief was cruel like that, finding you in what should be your happiest moments. Reminding you of what you lost, no matter how good things were right now. Nothing about this moment should be sad — he had led his team to a huge comeback victory, they were moving one step closer to the Stanley Cup, he got to do all of this with his husband, their team loved and supported them both as players and as a couple, and the Ottawa fans adored him *and* Ilya.

But the pain of rejection from Montreal still stung. All Shane had wanted, from when it became clear in his tween years that he had what it took to be one of the best ever, was to prove himself and gain the respect of his teammates and coaches. His whole career, he maintained the tightest control, stuck to the strictest workout regimens and performance diets, dedicated himself to hockey and hockey alone. And it tore him up inside that no matter how hard he worked or how good he was, that hadn't been enough. He had done one thing just for himself, and that meant all his work and loyalty would never be enough for some people. And it hurt.

He stopped outside the loud room where the rest of his team was continuing to celebrate, and took several deep breaths to ground himself.

Tomorrow, he could face these complicated feelings. Right now, he needed to be media-ready, and then he wanted to fucking celebrate. He remembered Ilya's proposed celebration, and that was more than enough to put a smile on his face.

He walked through the doors to another big cheer and the whole team started chanting, "Holl-an-der! Holl-an-der! Holl-an-der!"

"Okay, okay, that's enough." Shane waved his arms to get them to stop, but smiled big.

Harris stepped up to him and said, "I know you probably want a minute to breathe, but the press are really chomping at the bit for an interview."

"I can take a few questions now, just let me get this off."

Shane pulled off his jersey and sat down in his stall, pushing his sweat-soaked hair out of his face. He waved Harris over with the gaggle of reporters behind him.

After giving vague, media-trained hockey robot answers to the questions he had anticipated — "What was on your mind going into the third that helped you finally get one in the net? How does it feel beating your former teammates? Anything you want to say to the Montreal management? What did your old friend Hayden Pike say to you after the game?" — Shane made eye contact with Harris in the clear signal that he was done, and Harris shooed them away to talk to the coaches.

With the media gone, Bood's voice boomed out over the room.

"We're celebrating all night tonight! We killed those guys, and it's time to party, no excuses!"

Everyone got showered and dressed, and they all agreed to go to Monk's to start the festivities. Ilya and Shane promised they'd meet everyone there, and said goodbye with hugs and "see you there"s.

But they had no intention of going to Monk's.

It started in the car.

Ilya made sure they were the last to leave, calling out that he left something inside and lingering with Shane for an extra few minutes while the rest of the team drove off.

"You drive," Ilya said, tossing his keys to Shane. Shane usually insisted on taking his car because he "didn't drive like a maniac," but he was so on edge before the game, he'd asked

Ilya to drive.

Shane shot Ilya a questioning look, but didn't argue, just got in on the driver's side.

After Shane buckled his seatbelt and turned the ignition, Ilya placed a hand high up on Shane's thigh and squeezed. Shane whipped his head around to face Ilya.

"What are you doing?"

"I said you were going to come three times tonight, one for every goal. This is number one."

"We're still in the *parking garage* ." Shane glanced around nervously. "Anyone could walk by."

"You better get us out of here then."

"Wha—" Shane's words were cut off when Ilya slid his hands from Shane's thigh to cup his balls gently.

"I'm not going to be able to drive like this." Shane whined.

"You can do it. Go ahead, take us home."

"But you're..."

"I am going to start getting you off while you drive us, yes." Ilya stated matter-of-factly.

"Ilya..."

"I'm not going to touch you more or remove my hand until you drive, so we can sit here all night with me cupping your balls, or you can drive us home."

Shane rolled his eyes, but put the car in reverse. Ilya kept his hand where it was, rubbing slightly when Shane shifted into drive and steered toward the exit. Shane was taking long, steady breaths in through his nose and letting them out through his mouth as if he were meditating.

Ilya loved having this effect on Shane. He loved to put him in situations where he was torn between reason and arousal, knowing his husband would always give into his seduction. Of course, he would never put them in a truly dangerous situation, but what was wrong with pushing the boundaries a little bit? (Shane would have plenty of answers to that question, so Ilya kept it to himself.)

Ilya also knew that Shane needed to be distracted tonight. When the rest of the team was busy celebrating in the dressing room, Ilya was focused on how quiet and subdued Shane was after the post-game interviews. He knew how much hurt Shane still carried after the Voyageurs turned their backs on him, despite his constant reassurance that he was okay. Whenever they played Montreal, Shane needed a day or so to get back to his normal self, especially after away games. Shane didn't relish the boos from his former fans the way Ilya did when they played in Boston.

Tomorrow, Shane could process his emotions however he wanted — probably by working out too hard and watching video of tonight's game and starting to plan for the next round of the playoffs against Washington. But tonight, Ilya would clear Shane's head the best way he knew how.

They only lived about 10 minutes away from the arena, and Ilya was impressed by how composed Shane remained, using his deep breathing technique as he drove. The whole drive, he had been alternating between stroking Shane's rigid cock and lightly caressing his balls over his pants.

When they turned onto their street, Ilya squeezed and said, "Almost there, you're doing so well."

Shane moaned. "Fuck Ilya, I'm already so close to coming."

"Better get us home."

Shane drove uncharacteristically fast down their quiet residential street and up their driveway. As soon as the car was in park he unbuckled his belt, opened his pants, and put Ilya's hand down his boxers.

"So eager," Ilya cooed.

"You've been teasing me for *ten minutes*. I'm dying here."

Ilya had so much more planned that he didn't belabor it any longer. He pulled his hand out, spit in his palm, and shoved it back down Shane's pants. He gripped Shane tightly and stroked hard and fast. Within a minute Shane was panting and coming into Ilya's fist with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"One down," Ilya said, and wiped his hand on Shane's pant leg.

"Hey, my suit!"

"You'll get it dry cleaned, who cares? Or you'll get a new suit. That's not important. Come inside now, I have plans for you."

Shane didn't need to be told twice.

They had just barely made it in the door when Ilya pushed Shane against the entryway wall and took Shane's mouth with his. Shane was probably expecting a bruising, forceful kiss, but Ilya was taking this one slow. He held Shane's face in both hands, thumbs brushing his cheekbones, and tenderly slid his tongue together. He poured everything he was feeling into the kiss.

I love you.

I'm proud of you.

I'm in awe of how you played tonight.

Anyone who can't appreciate you isn't worth a single thought.

I'm so lucky to live this life with you.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's hips and pulled him close, humming in contentment. After another minute, Shane pulled away, just an inch, and locked his eyes on Ilya.

"Have I told you how much I love you today?"

"Yes, but tell me again."

"Ilya, I love you more than I love beating Montreal with a game-clinching hat trick in a playoff game seven."

Well, that was just too damn much for Ilya. He grabbed Shane by the waist and yanked him up over his shoulder, fireman style.

Shane let out a squeaky laugh, "What are you doing with me?!"

"You can't just say things like that and expect me not to carry you right to bed."

He patted Shane's ass and marched them upstairs, Shane laughing the whole way. Then he flopped Shane down on the bed with a grunt.

"Clothes off. Now." Ilya ordered.

Shane jumped up and stripped quickly. Ilya removed everything but his own briefs. Clothes flew across the room, and Shane seemed to have forgotten the mess on his suit pants.

Ilya stalked toward Shane, who was sitting on the bed. Shane reached out to his waistband, but Ilya slapped his hand away.

"I want to touch you too," Shane practically whined.

"No. This is about you. You got three goals, you get three orgasms."

"But —"

Ilya cut him off. "Do not worry, ljubovnik, my dick will get plenty of attention when it is inside you soon enough."

Shane let out a needy groan, and Ilya pushed him back on the bed. As Shane settled back on the pillows, Ilya pushed apart his knees until they were bent and spread wide. Wide enough for Shane's balls to be front and center, right in Ilya's face. They were his next target.

Ilya lay flat on his stomach, arms around Shane's thick thighs.

"Shane, look at me."

Shane's eyes met Ilya's and it looked like he gulped. Ilya grinned wickedly.

“I’m going to lick and suck your balls until you come.”

“Fuck, Ilya. Yes. Please, yes.”

“And you’re going to watch me. Don’t take your eyes off me.”

Shane swallowed hard again and shook his head to indicate he wouldn’t. Ilya had rendered him speechless.

Ignoring Shane’s cock, which was fully erect and red with need again, Ilya slowly licked the seam between Shane’s already tight balls. He let the saliva pool in his mouth, and then let it trickle between his lips, slowly dripping down over the sensitive area. Ilya swirled his tongue around one tender ball, lapping up his own spit, then the other.

Shane was panting heavily, eyes glazed. But still intently focused on Ilya’s every move between his legs.

Ilya spent a generous amount of time laving Shane with long licks, alternating sucking each ball, and gently holding them up to plant wet kisses on the sensitive spot beneath them. Shane’s moans were turning to whines, and he began begging for release.

“Ilya, please, this is torture. Please, I need to come.”

“It was torture playing two periods with no goal, but we got there eventually.”

“Oh my god, you’re evil,” Shane was breathing so hard he could hardly get the words out.

“You love it.”

“Fuck, I do. But come *on*.”

Ilya gave in and took both sensitive balls in his mouth and rubbed his tongue on the underside. At the same time, he used the moisture underneath to gently rub his thumb on Shane’s perineum.

That sent him over the edge. Shane bucked up his hips and let out a string of animalistic grunts, as he spilled untouched over his stomach. He came so hard that some even shot up to his chest and neck. When he started to mewl out, “too much, too much,” Ilya released him with a pop and peppered light kisses on the creases between Shane’s groin and thighs.

“You are so beautiful like this, sweetheart.”

Shane just grunted a soft “mmmmm” of contentment, unable to speak again quite yet.

Ilya quickly ran to the bathroom to grab a cloth to wipe him up and snuggled up next to his husband, still limp in bed.

“That was *so good*. Thank you.”

“That was just number two.” Ilya nudged him gently.

“Oh god, I don’t know if I can come again tonight. I’m exhausted. I can’t even move.” He flopped his arm limply at his side to prove his point.

“Do I need to remind you why we are doing this?”

“Because I got the hat trick,” Shane sing-songed.

“And were you not exhausted and unable to move at the end of the game before you scored your third goal?”

“Like I said, you’re evil.”

Ilya just laughed and pulled Shane in to spoon him. Shane sighed contentedly, and then Ilya tilted his hips forward to press his own erection into Shane’s ass.

“I will give you a little break. But can you feel how ready I am to finally fuck you?”

Shane only wiggled his ass in response.

“I know you can do it. You can give me one more, can’t you?”

“Fuck.” Shane groaned, frustrated with how easily Ilya could get him going again.

They lay there for several minutes, Ilya softly kissing up Shane’s shoulder, across the back of his neck, and then down his other shoulder. He rubbed Shane’s chest soothingly with his big hand and nuzzled into his hair, breathing in his distinctly *Shane* scent.

When he sensed Shane was nearly falling asleep, Ilya started rocking his hips slowly. He had done it a few times when Shane let out a soft moan and pushed back into him slightly.

“You’re so hard,” Shane cooed.

“For you, Shane. Always for you.”

“You’re so good to me.”

“You deserve it, moya lyubimaya.”

“Are you going to fuck me now?”

“Are you ready?”

“Mhmm, please.”

Ilya didn’t want to pull away, but he reluctantly reached over to the nightstand to grab the lube, and shimmied out of his briefs. He knew Shane was too tired for anything strenuous, so he pulled Shane’s knee up until it was bent forward and 90 degrees, giving Ilya access to the spot he was craving.

With one arm cradling Shane’s head, he slicked up the fingers on the other and started gently circling Shane’s opening. He was so relaxed, Ilya knew it wouldn’t take long. He stroked one

finger inside, slowly sliding in and out, while Shane hummed with pleasure.

“Another, please. I need you.”

Ilya smiled against Shane’s shoulder and slid in another slick finger, starting to spread Shane open.

It didn’t take more than a minute for Shane to whisper, “Three now. I’m ready.”

Ilya groaned and pressed one more finger in. This time, he bent his fingers and reached for Shane’s most sensitive spot and started applying some pressure, eliciting a long “ahhhhhhhh.”

“That’s so good Ilya, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me, I need your cock.”

“It is yours,” Ilya whispered, then took Shane’s earlobe in his mouth and swirled his tongue around it, sending a shiver up Shane’s spine. While he did this, he slowly pulled his fingers out and felt around for the lube bottle.

Ilya drizzled a generous amount on his throbbing length, and grunted with relief just at the feeling of his own hand. It had been at least an hour, probably longer, since they got to the house, and Ilya had been hard since they were in the car. He knew he wouldn’t last long.

He gripped his cock and guided it to Shane’s entrance.

“Ready?”

“Mmhmmm.”

Ilya slid slowly into Shane’s tight, dripping wet hole. He had used so much lube, he was able to smoothly seat himself fully inside Shane in one slow thrust. They let out tandem groans, with all the anticipation of the night finally reaching its peak.

Ilya began to pump in and out, holding Shane’s right knee up to his chest, and murmuring a litany of encouragement and praise into Shane’s ear.

“I knew you were going to win us the game tonight.

You’re so good, Shane, you earned this win.

You earned every ounce of pleasure I’m giving you.”

Shane moaned louder.

“You deserve it, moya lyubimaya,” Ilya repeated, voice breaking.

He started to thrust harder, tilting them so he was half on top of Shane, pressing him down into the mattress.

“Fuck, Shane, I’m going to come so hard, you feel so good.”

“Please, Ilya, give it to me.”

“Can you stroke yourself? I want to come together.”

Ilya let Shane’s leg fall and Shane grunted with pleasure when his hand finally touched his cock.

They were moving fast, Ilya pumping into Shane harder, and giving Shane even more friction on his cock as he kept up the tempo with his hand.

“Yes, fuck, Ilya, I’m going to…”

“Come for me, this is three, you can do it.”

Shane almost screamed, muffling himself on the pillow below him. His whole body shuddered, spasming hard as ribbon after ribbon of release exploded onto the bed.

It was too much for Ilya, and he pressed his open mouth into Shane’s shoulder as he keened and slammed a final time into Shane’s sensitive hole. He held there, pulsing for longer than he thought possible, letting every bit of stress and concern for Shane melt away with his pleasure.

They both lay there for several minutes, not moving, breathing heavily, and coming down from the intensity of their shared release. Eventually, Ilya shifted and pulled slowly out. Shane let out a soft “ah” but settled down into his pillow again.

Ilya had been wise enough to bring out another damp washcloth earlier, and he gently cleaned Shane up, lingering with soft swipes around the spot where he was extra sensitive. Unable to even get out of the bed, Ilya just tossed the cloth aside and rolled onto his back.

Shane turned himself over, slinging an arm and leg over Ilya, and snuggled his face up into his neck.

“Two hat tricks in one night is pretty impressive, eh?”

Ilya chuckled softly. “Only Shane Hollander could do that.”

“Thank you,” Shane whispered into Ilya’s chest.

“I really meant it when I said you deserve it.”

“I know. You deserve it too, Ilya.”

“Hmmm,” he assented. After another peaceful moment he said, “Tomorrow, do you want to talk about it? Beating Montreal?”

“Maybe,” Shane sighed. “I *am* happy, you know. It’s just... hard. I wanted to be over it already, but I’m still so angry at them.”

“You do not have to move on until *you* are ready.”

“I know. But I don’t want to dwell on the past. I’m ready for our future. For us to win the cup, together.”

Ilya kissed him hard on the crown of his head and squeezed Shane tight.

“Hell yes. We will.”

And they fell asleep like that, tangled together, a wet spot still somewhere on the sheets. They would deal with everything tomorrow, Ilya thought. Whatever it was, they would deal with it together.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Every comment and kudos gives me the external validation I always craved but never got from my parents <3

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