

As Long As We're Together

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As Long As We're Together

by [Ameel19](#)

Summary

Shane's heart shatters when he finds a ring at Ilya's, the kind you propose with.

A woman's ring.

With Svetlana's name on it.

Notes

Hi guys ❤️

So I dedicate this story to rozanover on Twitter for inspiring me ❤️

<https://x.com/i/status/1995802491905024491>

So in this universe, Ilya never went to the cottage but they kept seeing each other without ever clarifying their relationship.

Please let me know what you think ❤️💜❤️ this fandom is by far the best I've ever been in and I never got so much response to my fics before ❤️

More stories are coming soon 💜

Enjoy and until next time 💜❤️💜

The night wasn't supposed to end like this.

It started off as most of their nights together do, with a game between Boston and Montreal.

Montreal wins, completely shutting out Boston, Shane scores a hat trick plus an extra goal and he has two text messages from “Lily” waiting for him when he comes back to the locker room.

Lily: Nice game 🍷🍷

Lily: I have a surprise for you tonight

And if “Lily's” past surprises are anything to go by, it's gonna be an amazing night!

Usually, whenever they're in Boston, he goes back to the hotel with the team and later lies to Hayden to sneak away but there's something in the air tonight that makes him feel cocky.

Invincible even.

So he does something he never did before.

“Don't wait for me tonight!” he announces after showering, quickly dressing up and throwing his duffel bag over his shoulder.

The locker room falls completely silent as all of his teammates stare at him with wide eyes and their mouths open.

“You're going out?” J.J. tries to clarify. “You?”

“Who are you and what have you done to Shane Hollander?” Beaulieu teases him.

“Is that so surprising?” Shane wonders to which all the guys collectively answer together.

“Yes!”

He just shrugs to that and doesn't even bother to try to hide his smirk.

“Well I am and I'm spending the night so I'll see you guys tomorrow at the airport!”

His teammates then begin whistling and clapping and cheering for him.

“Go get it, Cap!”

“Fuck yes, Hollander!”

“Fucking finally!”

“About damn time!”

“She must be fucking hot!”

Like a good captain though, he still takes the time to fistbump the whole team before walking out of the locker room, immediately bumping into Theriault.

“What is it I just heard about you skipping curfew?” the coach wonders with a frown, crossing his arms over his chest.

Usually, if Shane was caught breaking one of the team's most sacred rules while on the road, he would dig himself a hole to hide but tonight...

Tonight he doesn't care.

“It's just one night, Coach,” Shane defends himself because there's nothing he wants more than to hurry over to Ilya's house to fuck. “You know I never do that.”

The old man glares at him for a few seconds before breaking into laughter and reaching over to pat Shane's arms.

“If she's the one for who you scored like that tonight, give me her name and I'll make sure she has front row tickets for every game!”

Shane laughs along with him until his phone buzzes three times in a row in his pocket, causing Theriault to give him a knowing look.

“Seems like some lady is impatient! Better go before she starts without you!”

He walks past Shane, heading into the locker room but he stops in the doorway and turns back around.

“Just don't do any stupid shit,” he warns him, shaking his head. “Captain or not, I will not bail you out of jail if you get arrested doing something stupid, like pissing in a public fountain!”

He's gone before Shane can ask him if it ever happened. Not that he truly wants to know though.

There's only one thing he wants tonight.

As he walks away he pulls out his phone and smiles to himself when he sees three more texts from “Lily.”

Lily: Hurry up

Lily: C'mon

Lily: Not changing your mind are you? 🙄 You really would leave a girl hanging like that?

The emoji makes Shane chuckle and he quickly types out a reply.

Shane: Heading out now, you're on your way home?

The next text comes fast but it's another question rather than an answer.

Lily: Wanna do something we never did before?

Shane snorts but he can't deny that he's intrigued. They have never done anything he didn't like so whatever Ilya has in mind...

Shane: What are you thinking of?

Lily: Wanna take a ride in the Ferrari? 😊

Shane chokes on his saliva.

He can't tell if Ilya means it literally or figuratively. Or maybe even both.

The thing is, he usually would say absolutely fucking not. They can't be photographed together in Ilya's car. They're supposed to hate each other.

But he really wants to ride the fucking Ferrari!

And then ride Ilya in the backseat.

Shane: Fuck yes! Where are you?

Lily: Indoor garage, in the back near the emergency exit.

Lily: No worry 😊 nobody will see you

Shane knows he's grinning like a madman but he doesn't even try to hide it. Instead, he shoves his phone back into his pocket and starts walking faster.

By the time he makes it to the garage, most of Boston's team must have gone home already as there's nearly no car left in there but just like Ilya said, at the very back, almost hidden behind a concrete pillar next to the emergency exit, he spots a bright red Ferrari and the thrill of trouble does a little something to his heart.

He has to hold himself back from running over to it, Ilya would never let him hear the end of it, but he does walk as fast as he can without actually running.

Just as he reaches it, Ilya unlocks the trunk for him so Shane hurriedly shoves his duffel bag in it before sliding into the passenger seat and closing the door after him.

“Is someone chasing you?” Ilya teases him with a shit-eating grin because of course he saw him speed-walking.

“Shut the fuck up,” he replies but there's no heat behind it and Ilya doesn't take it to heart either as he laughs before leaning over the console and kiss him.

The fear of being seen right now only lingers for a second or two before Shane forgets about it entirely and eagerly kisses him back, tangling his fingers through Ilya's hair and gently pulling at it.

Ilya makes a noise against his lips and slips his tongue into Shane's mouth as his hand cups his cheek.

They kiss and keep on kissing until they run out of breath and have no choice but to pull away.

“Was that the surprise?” Shane whispers as he bumps their foreheads together.

Ilya chuckles and shakes his head, brushing their noses against each other.

“No, your surprise is at home.”

“Then what are we waiting for?”

Ilya smirks and turns on the ignition, the engine roaring to life.

“You ever rode a Ferrari before?” he wonders as they pull out of the parking lot.

Shane snorts as Ilya knows he never did but he still shakes his head for good measure.

Ilya then winks and looks back at the road ahead, keeping one of his hands on Shane's upper thigh near his crotch and the other on the wheel.

“Then hold on tight!” he warns him before pressing on the accelerator.



Just a year ago, Shane would have been absolutely terrified to head to Ilya's place with him but everything changed after the Admirals won the cup last year.

And it's all thanks to Scott Hunter kissing his boyfriend live on TV and becoming the first openly gay player in the league!

This led to a good dozen players across both conferences to come out through the summer that followed.

That was too much and commissioner Cromwell died.

A sudden heart attack early in August.

Some say he just couldn't handle how quickly he went from zero gay players to a dozen.

One way or another, to say he's missed would be a lie, especially since the new commissioner is a much younger and open-minded man who is actually working for the league to become more inclusive.

Shane never thought he would live to see that day and yet, here he is!

The whole ordeal took a heavy weight off his shoulders and suddenly, just like that, if somebody found out about him and Ilya...

Then, maybe, just maybe, it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world...



The ride to Ilya's place takes them half of what it usually takes Shane.

He's still not a fan of sports cars and speed but he can admit the Ferrari has some power under its hood!

"So?" Ilya wonders as he turns off the engine once the car is inside the garage. "You liked it?"

Shane smiles and nods before quickly kissing him.

"Will you ever let me drive it?" he wonders although he already knows the answer and tries his best to look offended when Ilya shakes his head vividly.

"I like you but not that much! Besides, it's a Ferrari, not an electric scooter. You can't drive at 10 kilometers per hour!"

Shane rolls his eyes but doesn't push even though he knows exactly what he would need to do to convince the other.

But that will be for another time!

Tonight, he has other plans.

"Is the backseat as comfortable as the front?" he innocently wonders and Ilya smirks.

"Want to try it out?"

Ilya ends up sitting in the backseat with his pants pulled down to his knees while Shane rides him, his own pants down his thighs. He's got one hand grabbing the headrest behind Ilya, digging his nails into the leather, while he's got the other pressed to the Russian's chest for leverage. As for Ilya's own hands, both of them are squeezing Shane's hips hard enough to leave bruises while he guides him up and down his cock.

"Shit!" Shane swears loudly, throwing his head back. "Shit! Shit! Il-Ilya, I-"

"Come for me, Shane! Show me you can still come untouched."

And just like that, Shane is gone. His back arches as a loud moan escapes his lips while he comes all over his and Ilya's stomach. He clenches viscerally around Ilya and the other immediately follows, groaning Shane's name while he definitely leaves hand-shaped bruises on his waist.

Then, Shane sags forward and rests against Ilya's chest, the two of them slowly catching their breath as they come down from their orgasms.

"Wow," Shane whispers against Ilya's neck. "That was so fucking good."

"Promised you a ride in the Ferrari," the Russian teases him as one of his hands comes up to cup Shane's chin and pushes him back a little so they can look at each other. "You got two."

Shane tiredly chuckles but nods in agreement.

"The second one wins," he declares before pressing his lips to Ilya's, lazily kissing him.

"How much time you got tonight?" Ilya then wonders in between two gentle kisses, making Shane grin.

"The whole night!" he proudly answers and Ilya grins back at him. "I've only got to be at the airport in the morning."

"Good! Cause I have plans for you!"

It takes them a few more minutes before they can get themselves out of the backseat, their legs a little wobbly, but they walk into the house hand in hand and Shane feels happier than he did in a while.

He and Ilya have yet to properly talk about the future or even what they are to each other but this year, Ilya has started referring to them as boyfriends so Shane rolled along with it.

He likes the idea.

He wonders if they could ever become husbands...

He's lost in his thoughts; he doesn't realize that Ilya has led him to his big, amazingly comfortable couch before he pushes him onto it and pounces on Shane like an animal.

"You want your surprise now or later?" Ilya wonders in between two kisses, making Shane chuckle.

"Now!"

Ilya smirks.

"Good boy!"

The words go straight to Shane's cock which twitches with interest in his underwear.

His boyfriend then pulls away to grab a small gift from the coffee table and hands it to him.

"Open it!"

Chuckling, Shane sits up, his legs thrown over Ilya's lap who squeezes his thighs as he expectantly waits for him.

It's not something cheap bought at the dollar store. Even the black bag itself is high quality, filled to the brim with white silk paper.

“Is it fragile?” Shane teases as he lightly shakes it but Ilya's clearly having none of it.

“Open. It!”

So he hurriedly tosses all the silk paper aside and smirks when he sees what's waiting for him at the bottom of the bag.

“Really?” he laughs as he flips the bag upside down so its content falls onto his lap.

A pair of fancy handcuffs, expensive ones with padding around the wrists, a cock ring, a vibrator along with some batteries.

“I want to use all of those on you tonight,” Ilya whispers as he begins sucking and nibbling on the sensitive skin of Shane's neck. “It's your reward for tonight.”

And if he usually would tell him off for leaving marks, tonight, his whole team including the coach know he's spending the night with someone.

“And if you had won the game?” he points out. “I'm the one who would have used them on you?”

But Ilya just shakes his head and smirks.

“Then using them on you would have been my reward.”

Shane sighs happily and tilts his head to the side, giving more space for his boyfriend to work on leaving a plethora of hickeys on his neck.

He's just about to close his eyes and let Ilya have his way with him when he notices something.

“Ilya.”

“Hmm.

“Ilya!”

“Hmm?”

“Rozanov!”

“What?” he finally replies with a smug grin. “I'm trying to work right now.”

“Well you fucked up!”

Ilya freezes as he slowly pulls away, suddenly looking nervous and Shane can't take it.

“It's not that bad,” he quickly corrects himself, pulling his boyfriend into a gentle kiss, “but you can't use that vibrator on me.”

“And why not?” Ilya wonders, raising an eyebrow.

Shane chuckles and shakes his head.

“Because of this,” he tells him while pointing at the warning underneath the toy's box.

Requires 2 AAA batteries

Batteries not included

“And you bought AA ones.”

“Fuck!” Ilya groans, rolling his eyes as he sits back, looking halfway between annoyed and disappointed.

“We can still use the other things,” Shane suggestively offers as he dangles the handcuffs in front of him.

But Ilya isn't listening, a pensive look flashing across his face before turning into determination. He then stands up so quickly he startles Shane.

“I'm sure I have batteries somewhere around,” is all he says before walking over to his bedroom.

Shane hears some rummaging around, probably his boyfriend looking through drawers, as well as what he assumes to be curses in Russian, making him chuckle as he stands up as well.

“Can I help you search?” he calls out, already making his way to the kitchen anyway.

“Suit yourself!” Ilya replies. “I have nothing to hide.”

So Shane begins looking through the different drawers and cupboards. He finds dishclothes, utensils, cleaning supplies until he finds a particularly messy drawer, filled to the brim with a variety of items haphazardly thrown in there.

“Don't you ever clean your kitchen?” he teases, shaking his head.

“I'll buy you a French maid costume and watch you doing it instead!” Ilya replies just as teasingly, causing Shane to blush furiously all the way to the tip of his ears.

It's not...

An entirely bad idea.

Not tonight obviously.

Tonight, they just need some fucking batteries.

So Shane begins taking the items out of the drawer one by one; crumpled up receipts, old phone bills, a screwdriver, a small ball made out of elastics wrapped around each other, a lone forgotten pack of cigarettes he quickly puts into the trashcan, a lighter that sounds empty when he shakes it. There's also a glue stick, a handful of change made out of Russian, American and Canadian coins, a loose key which Shane puts aside as it might be important, a roll of tape.

Then, buried underneath all that random junk, he finds a ring.

His heart immediately does a somersault in his chest because it's not just a random ring.

It's a golden band with a single diamond on it.

It's the kind of ring you propose to someone with!

Oh my god!

But before he can properly freak out though, he notices there is no way this ring can fit him.

It's a woman's ring.

Maybe it's a family heirloom of some sort. Ilya will be glad he found it.

As he takes a closer look at it, he notices something is written inside in Cyrillic and although he knows he should wait and ask Ilya about it, curiosity gets the better of it. So he pulls out his phone and opens Google translate before aiming his camera at the inscription.

But he immediately regrets it.

Svetlana

Oh...

His heart shatters in his chest and he feels tears welling up in his eyes already.

He thought...

But clearly he was wrong.

It's still just sex to Rozanov.

No feelings involved.

No strings attached.

Shane is so fucking stupid!

Here he was ready, no longer caring if he got caught with him.

While Rozanov is still planning to marry Svetlana, just like he told him he would during that phone call after his father's death.

It hurts.

It hurts so fucking much!

“Shane!” he suddenly hears Rozanov calling after him from the bedroom, startling him. “I got them!”

Fuck!

No.

No, no, no!

Shane can't face him. Not now.

Not anymore.

So he places the ring on the counter, grabs his coat and then he runs, slamming the front door behind him.



“Shane! I got them!”

He lets out a victorious sound as he rips the plastic package open and the two batteries fall into his hand.

“Shane? You heard me? I found some!”

But the only answer he gets is the sound of his front door slamming shut and dread suddenly washes Ilya like cold water.

He drops the batteries and runs out of the bedroom.

“Shane?” he desperately calls out but there's no sign of him anywhere and his coat isn't there anymore.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

He swears loudly as he gets his phone out and calls Shane with shaking hands.

It rings and keeps ringing until it goes to the voicemail so Ilya tries again and again but Shane never answers.

Fuck!

But why?

Everything was going so well tonight! Coming home together in the Ferrari, Shane riding him in the backseat, Ilya's gifts.

So why? What happened? What did he miss?

Did he say something? Did he do something? Did he-

But then his eyes catch the light shining onto something on his kitchen counter and his blood runs cold.

No!

No, no, no!

He nearly stumbles as he runs into the kitchen because this must be his imagination or a trick of the light because-

No.

It's real.

It's fucking real.

Shane found that fucking stupid ring!

Fuck!

He really fucked up everything! And he needs to fix it before he loses Shane for good so he begins typing, sending message after message.

Ilya: Shane!

Ilya: Come back!

Ilya: It's not what you think!

Ilya: Shane!

Ilya: Fuck!

Ilya: Please call me!

Ilya: Please!

Ilya: Please!

Ilya: We need to talk about this!

And by some miracle, Shane begins typing a reply.

Jane: There's nothing to talk about!

Jane: You want to marry Svetlana

Jane: I clearly misread everything

Jane: It's over

Jane: Fuck you!

But there's no way Ilya will just let him walk away without fighting for Shane, without fighting for what they have.

Without fighting for them, for their future.

Ilya: I bought it after my father died

Ilya: I wasn't in a good place

Ilya: I wanted the citizenship

Ilya: I don't love her

Ilya: I never did

Ilya: Not like I love you

Ilya: I love you

Ilya: I love you Shane Hollander

Ilya: I love you so much

Ilya: Just tell me where you are

Ilya: I'll come pick you up and we'll talk about this

Ilya: Just please

Ilya: Give me a chance

It takes Shane a minute to reply but for Ilya, it feels like forever, every second stretching into eternity but then the most beautiful Ilya has ever read appear on his screen.

Jane: I love you too

Jane: I went right after walking out and then straight ahead

Jane: Now I'm on a bench near the river

Ilya smiles to himself as he knows that spot, he runs by it every morning

Ilya: I'll be right there!

Actions speak louder than words though but Ilya just so happen to have exactly what he needs to prove Shane he's serious about them...



Shane sighs and smiles to himself as he sits down on the bench overlooking the river.

Ilya loves him.

He loves him!

And Shane loves him right back.

He just has to wait for Ilya now.

His phone buzzes in his hand but it's just some notifications from the team's groupchat, the guys teasing him and hoping he's having a good night. There's so many winking emojis as well as eggplants and peaches and cats.

Obviously, they think he's having the time of his life fucking some Boston girl.

He doesn't bother replying and instead mutes the chat for now before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

Those few minutes he thought things were over between them, he felt like he was dying on the inside, like someone had ripped his heart out of his chest, leaving nothing but a bleeding, hollowed pit.

He can't pinpoint the exact moment he began falling in love with Ilya but at some time along the way he did and now, life without him seems impossible.

Secret hook ups whenever they play against each other are no longer enough.

No.

He needs to be able to publically call him his boyfriend.

He needs to be able to kiss him and hold his hand whenever he wants.

He wants to introduce Ilya to his parents and to Hayden and JJ.

He wants everyone to know how much he loves Ilya.

He simply hopes Ilya wants the same things...

"Shane!" he suddenly hears a voice calling out his name so he jumps up to his feet and turns around to see Ilya running down the path, relief palpable on his face.

"Ilya!" he sighs with relief as he sprints towards the Russian.

They meet halfway and immediately fall into each other's arms.

“I'm so sorry,” Ilya begins to apologize, burying his face into the crook of Shane's neck. “I'm so fucking sorry! I love you! It was never her. It was you! Always you! From when we met!”

Some tears well up in Shane's eyes but this time, they're tears of joy, not heartbreak.

“I love you too! So fucking much! It was you for me too since the beginning!”

Whether it's a minute, an hour or a whole day later, they pull back just enough to bump their foreheads together and Shane no longer cares.

There could be an entire TV crew around them right now and none of them would matter.

“I thought I had lost it,” his boyfriend explains, shaking his head as he pulls something out of the pocket of his coat and Shane freezes when he sees that fucking cursed ring.

“Ilya-” he begins to protest but Ilya just keeps talking.

“That's why I never got rid of it!” he insists, placing a hand on the back of Shane's neck and squeezing it lovingly. “I didn't even know I still had it before you found it or I would have thrown it away.”

Then, he turns his head towards the river and promptly tosses the ring as far as he can into the water before looking back at Shane with a blinding grin.

“We never talked about it,” he continues, taking a deep breath, “but what do you want in the future?”

And the answer comes as naturally as breathing to Shane.

“Everything! House, dogs, kids. I want to win a cup with you! I want to kiss you there on the ice like Hunter did, I want the world to know how fucking lucky I am to have you as my boyfriend.”

He expects a smile, a kiss, a nod even but instead, Ilya just shakes his head.

“No,” is all he says.

“No?” Shane repeats after him, confused.

Ilya's grin widens.

“Let's fucking one-up Hunter!”

He then drops to one knee and Shane's breath catches in the back of his throat as his boyfriend pull out a black velvet box out of his pocket and opens it, revealing another ring.

This one though is definitely made for a man; a wider and thicker black band rather than gold while the single, lonely diamond has been replaced by an emerald and a pearl. And this time, Shane doesn't need to look it up to know what the Cyrillic inscription inside says.

Shane

“So what do you say, Hollander?” Ilya wonders, his smile a little nervous as he searches for Shane's eyes. “You want to one-up Hunter and kiss your husband on the ice instead?”

“Yes!” he breathes out, grinning from one ear to the other. “Yes, yes, yes!”

He then grabs the lapels of Ilya's jacket and pulls him up to his feet before crashing their lips together.

They kiss and keep kissing as Ilya blindly slips the ring on Shane's finger and of course it's a perfect fit!

“I love it!” Shane declares in between two kisses, taking a look at how perfect the ring looks on his finger. “And I love you!”

“I love you too!” Ilya replies as he wraps his arms around his waist to pull him as close as physically possible.

There's so many details left for them to plan. They have to have to come out to their friends and family. They have to be signed by the same team if they want to win a cup together but with both of their contracts expiring at the end of the season, it will not be as complicated.

They have to anticipate the fans and the medias' reaction and they have to start planning the wedding but as long as they're together, there's nothing they can't do.

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