Winning Goal

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Winning Goal

by FestiveFerret

Summary

Eight months after the events of The Long Game, the Ottawa Centaurs win the Stanley Cup.

(Spoilers for books 5 and 6 and also probably others)

Notes

I just finished book 6 and I had to get all smushy and write them being dumb and smushy and in love because while I may seem cold and uncaring on the outside, I'm also cold and uncaring on the inside, but I do keep a little bit of soft smushy centre in a wee box by my bed and it needs airing out once in a while. I'm also desperately sad that I have to wait for more Ilya in my life, so I'm choosing the be the sexy, Russian asshole I want to see in the world.

Huge love to Jules who recced the series to me and then enabled my desire to write my feelings about it and then betad this and will no doubt continue to enable me in the future. <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's lungs burned as he powered across the ice towards Hunter. Shane's goal two minutes ago had brought their 2-2 tie to 3-2 in Ottawa's favour, and with only thirty-five seconds left on the clock, now, Shane wasn't going to give up the lead again.

The rest of the team was screaming on the bench, along with what felt like the entire population of Ottawa. Shane imagined he could pick Ilya's voice out of the crowd, shouting his name.

Jalo tried to cut him off but Shane darted around him and snagged the puck as Hunter tried to pass to Huff. Shane flicked it to Bood, who twisted away from the action. Shane shot after him, shaking the Admirals' defense. Bood passed to Luca, who quickly found himself in trouble, and snapped it back to Shane. Shane hooked the puck and took off, feeling the countdown of the clock in his chest, next to his heartbeat.

Five.

Four.

Three.

Two.

One.

The horn blared and Shane stared at the puck still nestled in the curve of his stick, heart in his throat. *Had they really -?* Then Wyatt collided with him, and the rushing in Shane's ears cleared enough to hear the screaming of the Ottawa crowd.

Wyatt squeezed once, then shoved Shane away from him a little, and Shane ripped his helmet off and turned to see Ilya flying at top speed across the ice towards him. The team parted around him, leaving a little bubble of space around Shane, even as they piled on each other shouting and cheering.

Back in Montreal, Shane would have assumed it was because no one wanted to celebrate with him, no one wanted to touch him in case the gay was contagious, but now, safely on a team that loved him, Shane knew they were giving him space to celebrate with the one person he always wanted more than anyone else.

When Ilya flew into him, helmet off but gloves weirdly still on, a brilliant, glowing smile on his face, Shane's chest swelled so full of gratitude he was worried he might burst. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane and nearly lifted him clean off his the ice, shouting in Russian in Shane's ear, everything too loud and Shane's Russian still too bad to catch more than a few words.

Shane took two handfuls of the front of Ilya's jersey, hot tears burning the back of his eyes. He wasn't just here winning the cup; he was here, winning the cup, with a team he was damn proud of, after a season he'd not just put his all into but been genuinely happy throughout,

and in the arms of the best man in the entire universe, who, by some miracle, had agreed to marry him. Free and open and in front of the whole damn world.

"I love you!" Shane yelled, breaking into wild, giddy laughter.

Ilya put a gloved hand on either side of Shane's head and tipped him forward until their foreheads touched. "You did it," Ilya croaked out, voice rough like he'd been screaming for a while now.

"We did it." Shane tugged on Ilya's jersey, knowing there was no way they could be physically closer in their pads but still wanting to find a way. He could feel the weight of his wedding ring on its chain around his neck, pressed against his chest, and he wanted to wrap his fingers around Ilya's and hold it tight.

"I choose you," Ilya said. "You know that, right, Hollander? Always you."

"We don't have to choose, anymore," Shane reminded him, unable to keep the shake out of his voice.

"Yes, but is important you know before I lift up that cup that if I have to, I choose you, no hesitation."

"I know," Shane rasped out. "Me too. I choose you, too."

"Is good we don't have to, though." Ilya leaned back far enough to wink, lips curling up in his beautiful crooked smirk. "Because I really want that cup."

"You earned it, cap." Shane punched him lightly in the "C" on his chest. And then, because it didn't matter anymore, because they'd just won the Stanley Cup and Shane had never felt so unafraid in his life, he twisted his fingers in his husband's jersey and hauled him in for a heated, breathless kiss.

It didn't last long, the rest of the Ottawa Centaurs deciding the lovebirds' moment had passed and smashed into them, jumping and shouting. Shane ducked his head, laughing at the onslaught of back slaps and the scrambling grip of giddy hugs, his sweaty hair twisting into a mess which hung over his face. In the fray, Shane caught Ilya's eye and he smiled.

This was the first season Shane could remember where finishing anywhere in the standings would have felt like the top of the world, and yet here they were, at the top.

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Ilya couldn't tear his eyes off Shane in the aftermath. The team had each had their victory lap with the cup, and now the families and reporters were milling around on the ice, celebrating and catching interviews and adrenaline-fueled soundbites. Shane stood with his parents, an arm around his mom's shoulders, his dad's hand gripped tight around his bicep, tears in his eyes.

Beside Ilya came the gentle *snick* of skates grinding to a stop, then a shoulder bumped against his. "Hell of a night," Troy said.

"I have never had one like it before," Ilya agreed.

"It's nice, isn't it?" Troy shuffled his skates back and forth. "To be able to celebrate openly."

Ilya's eyes cut over to where Harris was talking to Gen and Wiebe. But he couldn't keep his gaze away from Shane for long. He nodded. "Is very nice. Perfect."

Wyatt collided into Ilya's other side, nearly tumbling them both to the ice. "And how much does it sting that your hubs scored the winning goal?" Wyatt's eyes twinkled.

Ilya hummed. "Winning goal?" He snorted. "Last goal is not definitely the winning goal. My goal got us started. I think that makes a winning goal."

Wyatt and Troy both burst out laughing.

"I will let him think he won, though. Because when he has made a winning goal, then, when we are back at home -"

Wyatt's hand smacked over Ilya's mouth. "For the love of hockey, do not finish that sentence."

Ilya looked over Wyatt's hand at Troy and winked, getting another chuckle out of Troy. He wrapped his arm around Wyatt's neck, knocking his hand free, and leaned into him sliding them across the ice. "Go get your man!" Ilya told Troy, who grinned and skated off towards Harris. Ilya leaned heavily on Wyatt and watched Harris light up when his eyes landed on Troy.

"I think those crazy kids are going to make it," Wyatt said.

"Hazy." Ilya gave him a little shake. "I told you we could do it."

Wyatt laughed. "I love you, Roz."

Ilya pressed a kiss to the side of Wyatt's cheek. "Am sorry, Hazy. You are very beautiful man, but I am very taken."

"That's what I like to hear." Shane appeared behind Ilya, his hand finding the middle of his lower back and staying there. "You after my man, Wyatt?"

"Hell, no. Honestly don't know how you haven't murdered him after all these years."

Ilya's smirk twisted dark and his heart fluttered when the tips of Shane's ears turned pick. "Oh, he does try," Ilya murmured.

"Gross." Wyatt patted them both on the chest. "Try to keep it PG while the cameras are around, boys." He skated off towards where Lisa was laughing with a few of the other Centaurs wives.

"You know," Ilya drawled. "I hear being a Stanley Cup winner is very sexy. Gets you laid."

"Oh, did you?" Shane was clearly a little too joyful to manage his usual glare, but the attempt was nothing short of adorable.

"Mhm," Ilya hummed. "Just trying to scout out my options. You think Troy and Harris want a threesome?"

"Rozanov…" Shane warned, his voice dropping to a low growl.

"Maybe Haas will take me home. He is young but enthusiastic. I think he is a very gentle lover." Ilya leaned back against Shane's hand, still on his lower back. "Plus he stares at my ass so much."

"Shut up."

"What? Is a good ass."

"I was crazy to ever think that us being out would mean you'd tease me less," Shane huffed.

"Yes, that is true. You are crazy." Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane and drew him in close. He pressed his lips to his ear. "Do you know what the worst part of all this is?"

"What?" Shane sounded a little breathless and the hitch in his voice went straight south, heating Ilya's blood.

"That all the celebrating means it will be way too long until I get to take you home."

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In the end, it was well past two in the morning when Shane and Ilya unlocked their front door and stumbled into the house. And even then, they'd left with the other Boring Marrieds, the rookies fired up enough that Shane was pretty sure they were going to see the other side of dawn. He certainly had after his first cup win.

But he wanted to spend the rest of this one with one man and one man only.

"I love you so much." Shane slung his arms around Ilya's neck.

Ilya traced his thumb over Shane's cheek and then down the column of his throat, making Shane shiver. "You were incredible tonight, sweetheart."

Shane glowed.

"Not as incredible as me, though."

Shane laughed. "Of course." He leaned forward and kissed the end of Ilya's nose. "I don't think I'll ever find anything as incredible as you."

"You are my everything," Ilya stated, plainly, simply, but the words would never stop going right to Shane's heart, twisting him up and stealing his breath.

He hauled Ilya in for a kiss, ever grateful that Anya was staying with his parents and wouldn't need a walk either tonight or first thing in the morning. "I couldn't stand not being able to touch you out there," Shane confessed. "I never hated hockey pads til that moment."

"Touch me now." Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, one hand sneaking up under the back of his shirt, and started walking him backwards to the stairs.

At the bottom step, he hauled Shane up until he wrapped his legs around his waist, letting Ilya carry him up to the bedroom and dump him on the bed. He laughed as he bounced on the mattress. "You have a thing for carrying me," he teased.

"Perhaps I have a thing for - what is it? - *manhandling* the second best player in the NHL. Making him do whatever I want. Is very hot."

Shane hooked the back of Ilya's knees with his ankle and drew him in so he could grind up against him. "I certainly have a thing for letting the third best player in the NHL manhandle me. Not sure who you're giving the number one spot to, though. Hunter lost tonight."

Instead of snarking back, Ilya barked out a laugh and folded over Shane, burrowing his face into his neck and breathing out hotly. A heartbeat later, they were both scrambling for each other's clothes, shuffling up on the bed, Shane on his back, Ilya on his knees between Shane's legs.

They stripped off their shirts and kicked their pants and underwear to the floor. Shane groaned when Ilya's hand finally closed around his cock.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya growled, mouth descending on Shane's chest.

Shane snapped his mouth shut so a high-pitched whine wouldn't leak out of it. He arched up into Ilya's touch, the steady stroking of his hand offset by occasional sharp nips of his teeth on Shane's nipples.

Ilya was entirely too unhurried for how long Shane had been forced to keep his hands off him. He huffed, making Ilya laugh. "Come on," Shane whined. "Please."

"We have won. The season is over. The summer is all ours. Next week we will be at the lake with the hammock and the dog and the wolf-birds. Tonight, we have all the time. Let me take it."

Shane grumbled. He loved it when Ilya took his time, but he was too impatient not to complain about it. Adrenaline from the win still throbbed through his veins, and when Ilya shuffled lower and took Shane's cock between his lips, Shane wondered if he was genuinely having an out of body experience.

He spread his legs and the pad of Ilya's thumb teased his hole as he swallowed down Shane's cock. Shane fumbled with the bedside drawer, and he managed to find the bottle of lube and hand it down to Ilya.

Ilya's hand disappeared then returned slick, two fingers sliding deep into Shane right away. Shane lifted his hips, spreading his legs wider. He threw one arm over his eyes and let out a long, slow breath, willing himself to relax and enjoy the moment instead of begging for more.

Ilya's mouth moved from Shane's cock to his balls, sucking one of them between his lips. Shane groaned and rolled his hips, his cock twitching in the suddenly cool air after the heat of Ilya's mouth. Ilya sucked hard, and Shane yelped. "Fuck, Ilya. If you don't stop, this is going to be over really fast."

Ilya chuckled darkly without removing his lips, and Shane shuddered at the vibrations. Ilya lapped at his skin, his fingers rocking in and out, rubbing up against Shane's prostate. He gave Shane's balls one more rough suck then pushed up to his knees between Shane's legs. He slipped his fingers free and rubbed both hands up Shane's sides, from his hip bones to his ribs.

Ilya's fingers brushed over a bruise from a second period check, and Shane shivered, a little rush from the game flushing through him again. Shane squeezed Ilya's hips, begging for more without words, and to his surprise, Ilya complied without argument.

Ilya drew Shane up into his lap then pushed into him with a groan, squeezing his eyes closed. He folded forward, braced on the mattress with one elbow, and his chain hung down until his crucifix and his ring rested on Shane's chest, next to his chain. "You are so hot inside," Ilya told him.

"Fuck me hard," Shane gasped out.

Ilya growled and hooked his arms around Shane's shoulders, one hand gripping the back of his neck as he plunged into him over and over. It wasn't long before they were both sweating and gasping, a frantic edge pushing Shane to dig his fingers into Ilya's back, one leg keeping their bodies locked together.

"You better come for me soon, Hollander," Ilya huffed out. "Show me."

Shane gritted his teeth and tried to pull in enough oxygen. There was no hand on his cock but it rubbed up against Ilya's rock hard abs with every thrust, and that was enough to bring him right to the edge. "I will - I - I'm going to."

"Yes, sweetheart. Come on."

Shane tensed up, one hand twisting into Ilya's hair, the other still holding onto his shoulder blade for dear life. He arched up, getting that last little bit of friction and last little shift of angle, and that was it. Shane came so hard spots danced through his vision as all the air was pushed out of his lungs. He shot come between their chests, Ilya's unrelenting thrusts rubbing it between them immediately and slicking the slide of his still-throbbing cock.

Every thrust after that pushed a gasping whine out of Shane as he was driven towards oversensitivity, but just when he worried it was going to become too much, Ilya held him even tighter then stilled, locked inside as he pulsed against Shane's rim.

They panted together, twisted into a knot. Shane could feel Ilya's heart beat against his own chest and he wished he had the energy to shuffle down and press a kiss over it.

When their breathing had nearly returned to normal, Ilya nestled a kiss deep in Shane's hair, then pulled out and rolled onto his feet beside the bed. "Right back."

Ilya returned a moment later, damp, with a warm, wet cloth and he cleaned Shane's chest before tossing it towards the hamper. He stretched out beside him, drawing Shane into his arms before he could obsess himself with whether the cloth had made it to its destination or not. Shane snuggled into a soft, sweet kiss.

Ilya buried one hand in Shane's hair then brought the other to the back of his neck to unclasp his chain. He slid Shane's ring off and folded the chain on the bedside table. He held it up, turning it so the metal glinted in the light. "Back to summer life," he said.

Shane held up his hand, and Ilya slid the ring on, just like he had almost a year ago in front of their friends and family. Shane then did the same with Ilya's chain, re-clasping it around his neck after the ring had come off. He pushed it onto Ilya's finger.

"I do," Ilya said with a light laugh.

"You did," Shane corrected, grinning. "Last summer. You already are."

"No, I do." Ilya rolled them over, pressing down over Shane. "I always do."

And Shane knew the rest of the words were *choose you.* "Every day," Shane added. "Hockey is our now, and I love it, and this win is… indescribable. But someday it'll be over. You -" Shane spread his fingers over Ilya's chest "- are my forever."

"Also," Ilya said, a hint of tease in his voice making Shane tense up, eyes narrowing. "I won the bet."

"What bet?"

"You did not think the Centaurs could win the cup."

Shane spluttered. "They *couldn't!* Not til I joined the team!"

"Was not the bet. Centaurs won. You owe me, Hollander."

"I don't even remember there being a bet," Shane grumbled. "What do I *supposedly* owe you?"

Ilya braced one elbow on the mattress and gazed down at Shane, not even trying to hide the stupid-in-love glow in his eyes.

It didn't really matter what he said next, whatever absurd favour or embarrassing Instagram post or ridiculous tattoo he'd claim Shane had promised if they won. Shane beamed back up at him. Ilya already had him, heart and soul, there wasn't anything Shane wouldn't give.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! If you're new to me, you can find me on tumbly at festiveferret.tumblr.com

Wouldn't be surprised if I write more for this series...

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