We decide

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We decide

by CanadianAsPuck

Summary

Why were you staring?”

Shane huffed out a laugh. “I really wasn’t. Just got lost in thoughts.”

“Naughty thoughts?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Yes. You know me so well,” he deadpanned.

Notes

It's been a while. 😉
Might have been inspired by seeing the newest nameplate on that pretty trophy, and how our fave hockey husbands will definitely have their names on there (at least 10 cups in a row for Ottawa. Duh!)
Enjoy!

“I know I look good, but you do not need to stare so much,” Ilya said with his signature smirk, sunglasses pulled down to the tip of his nose, eyes shining with mischief from his side of the table, next to Shane.

“I wasn’t- that's not-“ Shane sputtered. He could feel his cheeks heat as Ilya's smirk morphed into a soft smile.

While Shane had been telling the truth, it was hard not to agree that Ilya was a sight. They'd been on their honeymoon for almost a week and Ilya's skin was perfectly golden, his curls sun-bleached. He was wearing a button up shirt that was mostly unbuttoned, showing off more skin than was strictly necessary while they were out for lunch, and shorts that showed off his muscular thighs. Shane had definitely stared earlier as they’d left their hotel room.

But mostly, it was Ilya’s smile that Shane couldn’t get enough of. He hadn’t stopped smiling since they’d gotten to Spain, and Shane’s heart hadn’t recovered from seeing his husband so happy and carefree.

Husband, Shane thought, letting the word roll around his mind again. It still didn’t feel real.

“Love you,” Shane murmured with his own soft smile in return.

Ilya pushed his sunglasses back up his nose and crossed his arms on the table, leaning on them and forward to place a kiss on the corner of Shane’s mouth – the main reason he’d insisted on not sitting across from Shane at the table, just so he had him within easy access to kiss him at will.

“Me too,” he replied before placing a kiss on Shane’s lips. “Why were you staring?”

Shane huffed out a laugh. “I really wasn’t. Just got lost in thoughts.”

“Naughty thoughts?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Yes. You know me so well,” he deadpanned, trying and failing to hold back a smile that just wouldn’t go away.

“Then it must be hockey.” Shane’s nose scrunched up at that, embarrassed that Ilya had guessed so easily. “Seriously? We are on our honeymoon. You should be thinking of my dick, not how many goals you will score next season.”

“Oh my god, do not say that!” Shane looked around them, but there was no one close enough to have heard Ilya, thank goodness for small miracles – or said dick making them late leaving their hotel a few hours earlier and missing the worse of the lunch rush. “I wasn’t thinking about goals or plays. It was like-“ Shane made a motion with his hand that made Ilya look confused. “Hockey *adjacent*.”

Ilya straightened in his seat just as the waitress came back with their drink order. Shane took a sip of his sangria, hoping Ilya would drop it.

He, of course, did not.

“What was the hockey-“ Ilya made similar movements with his hands Shane had.

“Adjacent.”

“Yes, those thoughts.”

Shane sighed, fiddled with a piece of fruit on the side of his glass. Ilya took a sip of his beer, but waited him out. “It’s silly,” he finally said. “Not even something I can have.”

Ilya’s face changed from amused to something more serious – what Shane had come to know as his captain face. “You are Shane fucking Hollander. You can have whatever you want in that league.”

Shane reached for Ilya’s hand and brought it to his lips. He kept Ilya’s hand in his as he crossed his arms on the table. “I was daydreaming about winning a Cup with you-“

“We are *definitely* getting that.”

Shane smiled fondly. “I know. I was just thinking of looking at our names on there, on the same team. Next to each others.” Ilya made a small noise and Shane ran his thumb over Ilya’s knuckles. “Ilya Rozanov-Hollander? Shane Rozanov-Hollander. Or, just Rozanov would be fine too, not picky.”

“Shane… *fuck*.”

“I know, right?”

Shane couldn’t see Ilya’s eyes behind his sunglasses, but he could imagine. That slightly far away look as Ilya pictured it too. Those familiar hammered letters they’d both seen on the trophy already, but finally together against the smooth curved silver on the best trophy in sports.

Their legacy, all in one place.

“Why can we not have it though,” Ilya asked moments later.

“Well, *captain*,” Shane teased. “Your name goes first, remember?”

“I’ll give it to Bood, easy.”

“The fuck you will.” Shane huffed out a laugh. “I’m not letting you give that up. You worked way too hard for that team to get where they are. Our names are gonna be close enough for me, Ilya. Was just silly daydreaming.”

Shane took another sip of sangria, but he could see the determination on Ilya’s face. He should have lied and said he was trying to perfect Ilya’s signature move some more.

“You would really change your name,” Ilya asked, his brow knit in question. His voice sounded genuinely surprised.

“I would. I asked. When I went to sign my contract? I asked how that might work since there really wasn’t a precedent for it in the league. The lawyers didn’t seem to think it would be an issue. We could even keep our separate names for our jerseys, just to not piss off the equipment team, but just change it on contract documents, like an amendment. And then we can put whatever we decide on the Cup.”

Ilya’s free hand came to Shane’s cheek, fingers curling behind his head to pull him in for a kiss. Slow and indulgent and absolutely perfect.

“I cannot believe you thought of all this before we were married,” Ilya said against Shane’s lips. He stayed close, leaning their foreheads together.

“I didn’t think about the Cup until now, but yeah. Been thinking about the name thing for a bit.”

“We can maybe look at that when we go home. I would like that. Sharing a name with you.”

Shane couldn’t help but smile. “Okay.”

“And, we can put all the names in order, not me first, when we win. Will still say captain. They can fight me on this, I do not care. We decide.”

Shane nodded and kissed Ilya once more.

“We decide,” Shane repeated, making Ilya smile again.

Their food arrived and before they could dig in, Shane poked Ilya with his foot under the table.

“No more hockey daydreaming, promise,” he said.

The glasses slipped back down the bridge of Ilya’s nose. The smirk and mischief back in full force. “That’s right. No more hockey. Just daydreaming of me, and all the things I’ll do to you later, sweetheart.”

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