

You wanna kiss me on television?

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You wanna kiss me on television?

by [mjetkind](#)

Summary

Shane laughed. “You wanna kiss me on television?”

“Yes. After I win the Stanley Cup.” -Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry

Notes

This takes place post The Long Game. I don't know anything about hockey, so obviously I chose to write a hockey heavy hockey romance fic.

Shane laughed. "You wanna kiss me on television?"

"Yes. After I win the Stanley Cup." -Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry

"These *Ducks*, they do not play hockey, they are quacks, I will beat them." Ilya said, his voice boomed through The Anaheim visitors' locker room. He echoed how the entire team felt. "You are tired." He nodded towards Haas. "I am not, I have played lot of games this season. I have not slept in own bed for many nights. But I am not tired, not yet." He caught his husband's eye from across the room. "We work harder than the other teams in the league. We played more games. That makes us better, no?"

He scanned the room, his team was suited up and ready to head out. It was the last playoff game of the season, whoever won tonight would win it all. They had gone all seven rounds in all 4 series of the playoffs. They had missed the home-ice advantage in every single round, meaning they had won each series on the road. Ilya was 30 now and his stamina for this sort of challenge was waning, much to his chagrin. He still had many years left but this had been a marathon even he wasn't prepared for.

"But we have not come so far to fucking lose." He continued. "I come to win." He pointed his chin up in a slow nod. "We win, we go to Disneyland, we lose, we go home. I want to go see the mouse." There was a nervous chuckle through the locker room. "This team can win. This is the best fucking team in the NHL, we have the best fucking players, the best god damn coach, the best fucking city. We deserve this Ottawa, deserves this." He paused to take a breath, the locker room at gone silent except for his words. There was no more jostling in the locker room, not even the sound of laces being tied.

"Let's fucking go, let's bring this home for Ottawa." He yelled, his voice rattling through the stalls and across the concrete floor. He could feel the energy increase, the pride as his team silently pledged to leave everything on the ice.

Each member of the team left the locker room and Ilya clapped them on the back. He offered each player their own encouraging words.

Finally, there was one player left, his husband. "Hollander, don't fuck up my chance for the cup."

Shane's lips quirked into a smile. "Fuck you."

"Only if I win,"

"Is that a promise."

"You'll find out," Ilya said, the locker room had cleared out and instead of giving Shane a friendly pat on the shoulder, he let his hand sink down to his ass, giving it a firm slap. "Let's win this game."

The buzzer rang out through the arena but all it signaled was more play time. Shane squinted up at the score board, but he already knew the game was tied 2-2. After completing seven games in all four rounds of the playoffs, they still had overtime. Shane loved hockey, but now he was ready to win this and finish the season. It had gone far too long.

He couldn't lose this game, not the first season he was home and not the first time he played with Ilya. Of all the games he had played before, this one was somehow the most important.

It wasn't going to be a quick win. They had finished the first 20-minute overtime period and no one had scored. Shane was pretty sure he lived at this game now. Maybe he had taken a hit and died, and he was in some sort of limbo. He got to play hockey for the rest of his life but he was constantly playing in Stanley Cup overtime, and his husband was just beyond reach on the other side of the ice.

Another face off, this time Shane took it, he had to battle for the puck against Anaheim's Copperfield, a young guy from New Hampshire. The kid looked exhausted, he didn't have the stamina for this. Shane did.

Shane won the face off and in a moment the puck was off with Ilya and Shane was following along the action and then in a moment they were in Anaheim's Zone. Shane was open and in a stunning pass, Ilya sent the puck flying across the ice. Shane volleyed with his stick and shot true. It passed Anaheim's goalie. The puck hit the net and the buzzer rang. Ottawa had won the Stanley Cup in sudden death overtime, on the road, in game seven.

Shane ripped off his helmet and threw it on the ice and music blared through the arena. Strong arms spun him around on the ice. Ilya was standing there with a sloppy grin and a full playoff beard. And then his lips were colliding hard with Shane's. It was a messy, sweaty kiss. They hadn't even been presented the cup yet, families hadn't been invited down to the ice to celebrate, the other team hadn't even cleared the ice yet.

Shane could hear the clicks of a thousand cameras around them, but he didn't care. Just over a year ago this would have been his greatest fear, the worst thing that could have happened. Now though, it just felt right.

"I'm surprised you're kissing me," Shane said, when Ilya pulled away.

"Why, because we are on ice, in our skates. With all these people looking at us."

"No, because I just won the Stanley Cup," Shane said and then he kissed Ilya again.

"Asshole," Ilya said, when he pulled away once more.

"Does that mean you'll fuck me tonight?" Shane asked, even as the league officials rolled out the Cup on its giant platform.

"We'll see, I said I had to win," Ilya said as he turned to accept the comically large trophy but at the last minute, he nodded towards Shane. "I think I hurt my shoulder, help me with this?"

"Are you okay?" Shane said with concern. "You should see a doctor, get x-rays."

“Just help me with this.” Ilya said and there was no more room to argue because it was time to hoist the cup high. They had both done this before, alone, longing to celebrate with one another.

Together, both members of the Ottawa Centaurs hoisted the trophy above the ice. The cheers from the crowd were anemic, they didn’t have many fans from Ottawa but it didn’t matter. They would celebrate at home. For now, this was enough. For Shane, it was more than enough. It was the best Stanley Cup win of his entire life. He had worked the hardest, he had done it with the person he loved the most, for the city he loved the most.

It was early in the morning by the time they dragged themselves to bed. Ilya rolled over on his side and looked at his husband. He had never been so proud in his life and Shane had never looked so hot.

Shane propped himself up on his elbow so they were facing each other. “How’s your shoulder?” Shane gently brushed a hand across Ilya’s bare skin.

“My...Shoulder?” Ilya asked. His shoulder was... “It’s fine.” He said, remembering.

“You didn’t see the doctor.”

“Always so boring Hollander.”

“Your shoulder wasn’t...” Shane realized.

Ilya didn’t wait for him to continue. He kissed him deep and slow and hoped that that would be enough to make him remembering all the promises they had made before the game.

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