

i came to win, to fight

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/55132774) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/55132774>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Rose Landry
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Humor , Soft Husbands , Shane is baby , Ilya is a troll , Rose never helps , Don't mess with Yuna
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-11 Words: 1,262 Chapters: 1/1

i came to win, to fight

by [weathereyehorizon](#)

Summary

Shane has his first NHL fight.

Notes

It feel so good to complete and post a piece again! Happy (belated) birthday Gee! This is for you because of your ongoing love for Shane/Ilya and newfound love for the hockey!

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

- Inspired by [\[Podfic\] i came to win, to fight](#) by [cottagepodfics](#)

"Hello?" Shane winces as he leans over to jab his finger at his phone screen, answering the call on speaker.

"Hey you!" Rose's voice sounds far away and tinny like she's calling from inside of a stairwell. "I'm just between takes and thought I'd see if I could catch you. We were filming so I missed the game, but I saw that you're trending on Twitter! What record did you break now?"

Ilya snorts and pulls a pillow over his face, muffling his laughter poorly.

"Okay, now I'm really glad I called," Rose says, sounding delighted. "Spill it Ilya. What happened?"

Shane narrows his eyes at his husband and gives him his best *don't you fucking dare* look. Not that it has ever worked on Ilya before, but it's worth a try.

"I do not know if I should," Ilya says, still laughing. "Shane is looking at me like a grumpy little squirrel. So cute, but so mean."

Shane flips Ilya off and lets out a pained squeak when the motion pulls at his bruised rib. "Ilya," he begins, his tone laced with annoyance in equal parts because his husband is making fun of him and because everything fucking hurts.

Rose's voice cuts him off before he has a chance to finish the thought. "You can take him, Ilya. You can't be scared of a little shit like him." She is taking way too much pleasure in his distress.

"I think after tonight I am," Ilya says, voice wobbling from trying to hold his laughter back. "I think everyone in the league is very terrified of Shane Hollander now."

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*The Centaurs were tired. Shane was tired. It was a dog fight every time they met up with Montreal, nevermind when they were facing them in the final game of a grueling eight game away stretch. The game had been chippy since Ottawa had taken a two goal lead in the second and the Voyageurs' late period goal in the third meant they had nothing to lose and that had apparently given them a second wind.*

*"Why don't you 'trip' and give us a breakaway?" Comeau grunted in Shane's ear while he was pressed up against the boards as they both fought to dig the puck out.*

*"Why don't you fucking get over it?" Shane spat back as he finally kicked the puck loose and out to Luca who tried to deke around his defender and ended up with a high stick under his visor for his trouble.*

*With Ottawa on the power play and both Shane and Ilya on the ice, it was time to put the nail in the coffin and end this game. Shane started the breakout and brought the puck into the zone, watching Troy get into good position and Ilya setting up near the goal line. Shane split*

*through Comeau and the other defenceman just past the blue line and fed a pass to Troy who quickly snapped it across the ice to Ilya. Just as Ilya turned to the net, following through on his signature one-timer, Comeau skated down, and laid a cross check right across Ilya's numbers, causing him to lose his footing and slam into the boards.*

*The puck was in the net, and Shane heard the whistle on the play, but it didn't matter. He just sighed and started to skate towards Comeau, resigning himself to the colossally stupid thing he was going to do next. He'd never been in a fight before, for many reasons including his size and his value in other roles on the ice, but the Centarus didn't have any of their big guys out on the power play; it was the right thing to do. That was their captain and teammate who'd just taken a dirty hit and Shane was closest to the play. And more importantly, that was his fucking husband.*

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“Ooh, that’s the guy that Ryan used to fight all the time, right?” Rose is way too excited about this.

“How have you managed to retain nothing about hockey, but somehow remember the guy that Ryan Price used to throw down with?” Shane asks her.

“I listen! I know lots about hockey now. Like, I know what the sin bin is and that no one playing still has all their factory installed teeth.”

“Hey! I do!”

“Maybe not for long now that you are a tough guy,” Ilya says to Rose’s delighted giggles through the speaker. “Is so amazing, Hollander! I cannot believe you got into your first NHL fight for me! It has only been 12 years.”

“That is pretty swoon-worthy, Shane.”

“Anyway,” Shane speaks over them. “He’s almost as big as Ryan too, so I knew the only way I stood any kind of a chance was to drop my gloves and throw the first punch. I think I got a couple of good ones in.”

“Of course you did, baby,” Ilya says while rubbing his back in a way that Shane knows is meant to be mollifying but doesn’t actually care because it feels so good. “But Rose, Shane has not told you the best part yet. As soon as Shane dropped his gloves, Yuna was screaming, ‘Beat his ass!’ from the crowd. It was so loud everyone could hear. Well, I do not think Shane heard actually, because that is when Comeau punched him very hard in the chin and Shane went for a little sleep.”

Shane can hear Rose stifling her laughter as Ilya retells the part of the evening he doesn’t actually have a very good recollection of.

When she finally has herself under control, Rose says, “I’m glad you’re okay. What counts is that you tried to defend your husband's honour and you had your mom travel for the game so you had her there as backup.”

“You know, it’s bad enough that I’m never going to hear the end of this from the team and hockey Twitter. Talking to you two is supposed to be my safe space!” Shane whines pitifully, looking for some sympathy from his Russian.

“No, I actually do love that you stood up for me like that. Is very sexy even though you are so little and lost very badly.”

“Shut up,” Shane tells him with too much affection in his voice. He can feel the heat from his cheeks pinkening as he nuzzles further into Ilya’s chest.

“You were very brave, sweetheart,” Ilya murmurs into his hair. He is most likely placating him, but it makes Shane feel warm and soft anyway. He is safe in his husband’s arms, no matter how badly he (or his mother) had embarrassed himself or how badly every part of him aches.

"Okay, this was more fun when we were teasing you, Shane. Now you two are making me feel lonely, and I need to go find a video of this online before my break is done," Rose chimes in, reminding Shane that they’re not really alone.

"Is on social media," Ilya says.

“Which one?” Rose asks, and Shane can hear her tapping on her phone.

“All of them,” Ilya responds easily. “And Harris put it on the team's Twitter.” He pauses as if considering his next words. “And I put it in my stories,” he says laughing so hard it shakes Shane’s head where it rests on his chest.

“Of course you did!” Rose cackles.

"I'm gonna tell my mom if you two don't stop making fun of me," Shane says. Ilya hugs him closer as Rose sends kisses through the phone before she ends the call.

End Notes

Shane's fight, in particular his big sigh at the beginning, was inspired by this [fight](#).

Yuna inspiration is from Darnell Nurse's dad yelling "Beat his ass!" from the crowd during one of his early NHL career fights. 😊

Thank you, as always, for the eyeballs [blackandwhiteandrose](#)!

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