

it wasn't right (the way it went down)

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by [theoneiam2277](#)

Summary

And so Shane steps into the Voyageurs' locker room, Luca on his heels, leaving the door open just a crack so Ilya and the others can hear what's going on.

The room goes quiet immediately, all faces turning to Shane in shock.

Hayden's the first to react, scrambling up from his stall, eyes wide. "Shane? What's going on?"

"I just wanted to see if any of you were willing to talk? So quiet on the ice today. I thought you'd have things to say to me, all things considered." Shane sweeps his gaze over his former team, uses his disappointed-Captain-voice and feels a smidge of smugness when it clearly hits them as it always has. "So say them to my *fucking* face, not behind my back."

Shane needs to clear the air with the Montreal Voyageurs. Post-Book 6: The Long Game.

Notes

An entirely indulgent, probably OOC piece, because the idea just wouldn't leave me alone last night. I may add to it/edit it later, but for now I just want it off my to-do list!

Title from Taylor Swift - closure.

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

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Shane doesn't know why his feet take him to this locker room. He hasn't been in it in months, but once it was home. This arena, the team... It was all home.

It feels so utterly wrong to have been in the locker room designated for the visiting team today.

Ottawa's victory on the ice didn't help. It didn't feel like vindication or revenge, or even satisfying.

Well, perhaps a *little* satisfying.

But facing his former teammates on the ice, all of them stone-faced and avoiding his eyes... It hurt like hell. Ilya at his side, as his captain, soothed it a bit. The Cens surrounding him like a wall, like a solid shield, sticking close and bumping shoulders and helmets with him to show their support – that helped too.

Hayden and J.J. keep telling him the guys are regretful now, if still angry. That no one speaks about Shane except for the two of them, everyone tip-toeing around the matter.

Shane doesn't really believe them. It's more likely that they're just disgusted and have decided to act like he never existed at all.

But he has to *know*. Once and for all.

So that's why he's in the corridor leading to the home team's locker rooms. Leaned against the wall, trying to gather his courage.

Doing this after he and Ilya and their respective lineys just crushed Montreal's defense and beat them soundly is perhaps not his brightest idea, but if he doesn't do it tonight, he'll lose his nerve. Right now, he's still running on adrenaline, furious at the way people he played with for nearly a decade shook his hand but didn't speak to him.

If they'd hurled insults, at least he'd know where he stands. But no, the ice was silent. Not a single comment or chirp aimed at Shane through the whole fucking game.

"Shane?"

That's Ilya's voice, and he's concerned. Blinking, Shane opens his eyes. He hadn't realized they'd slid shut. Behind Ilya stands Bood, Wyatt, Troy and Luca. They're like a little army, prepared for a fight.

And they're definitely not supposed to be over here. None of them are, least of all Shane.

"Why are we here?" Ilya asks gently, but there's a knowing look in his hazel eyes.

"Because you fucking *followed* me here?" Shane mutters, but the heat in his voice isn't strong enough to make it sound like he's seriously offended.

Bood crosses his arms, eyes the door to the locker room skeptically. "As if we'd let you walk into enemy territory alone."

Enemy territory. Shane swallows, tries to squash the pain in his chest. *Is that what it is?*

Straightening his back, he steps away from the wall.

He needs to find out.

"I'm going to talk to them."

To their credit, none of his teammates try to talk him out of it. They've already learned how stubborn Shane Hollander can be, even if this is their first season together and they're not even far into it.

"Okay. We're coming with you," Wyatt says calmly, which makes Shane shake his head immediately.

"They'll just get fired up if you guys are there."

"You're not going alone," Ilya states, a hard edge to his voice. "This is not negotiable."

If Shane can be stubborn, Ilya is worse. There's no point wasting time arguing. "Luca, will you come with me?"

Luca's eyes widen, but he nods. Shane knows of no rivalries between the Voyageurs and Luca Haas, and Luca's his liney, besides. Shane likes his quiet, friendly nature.

Ilya nods too, even if he doesn't seem pleased, and grabs Shane's upper arm firmly for just a moment. It's a steadying, grounding touch that Shane leans into shamelessly. "We'll be right outside."

And so Shane steps into the Voyageurs' locker room, Luca on his heels, leaving the door open just a crack so Ilya and the others can hear what's going on.

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"Hollander—"

But he cuts J.J. off.

"No, J.J." It's perhaps sharper than Shane has ever been with his friend. "You and Hayd have told me how you feel. It's time they do, too."

Silence reigns in the locker room. Shane takes a single step forward. Forces out an icy, cold tone that doesn't reflect the anxiety rolling in his chest. Luca's quiet by his left shoulder, a comforting presence.

"Come on. You owe me that much." It's a challenge he volleys at them, and finally, someone speaks.

"Yeah, we owe you that much." It's a tired, defeated voice, and Shane turns to Drapeau. The goalie looks worn and not like his usual snarky self. "And you owe us a fucking proper explanation."

Anger flares in Shane's chest. "I tried to give you one last spring. You weren't listening, were you?"

Drapeau's eyes narrow, and the tension in the room could be cut with a knife. "Well, it's not every day your teammate turns out to be involved with the captain of a rival team, *who by the way*, you're going to be facing in the playoffs."

"It's not like we *chose* to come out just then!" Shane's not one for raising his voice, but now it echoes across the locker room walls. "It was fucking *inconvenient* timing, and also a fucking inconvenient way to be forced out into the open!"

"We're just saying you couldn't expect us to not be *shocked!*" Comeau cuts in, and some of the guys nod.

Svensson, a relatively easy-going Swede that Shane's always liked, is the calmest voice so far. "We reacted badly. And we weren't ready to listen."

Shane snorts out a burst of almost manic, dry laughter. Like *they're* the victims here? He can't help the way his voice is bitter when he spits out: "Yeah, and I wasn't ready to tell. But I didn't have a damned choice, did I?!"

There it is again. The silence, the averted eyes.

Shane takes a furious step forward, and Luca lays a warning hand on his arm, but it doesn't stop him. This isn't truly *hostile* – it's more of a brewing pot of hurt and anger and betrayal and unspoken words.

"Fucking *look* at me!" he explodes. Begs. He doesn't know anymore. "I was your *teammate*. Your *Captain*. For years." His voice breaks, and he hates himself for it. "Was none of it worth anything to you?"

"It was like we don't even know you anymore!" Drapeau counters, eyes blazing. "Like all along, we'd known someone who wasn't real. And suddenly there was this version of you who was willing to hook up with fucking Rozanov?!"

"You've never even *known* a Shane Hollander who wasn't in love with Ilya Rozanov, you fucking idiots!" Shane spits out. He's practically vibrating with anger, but at least they're clearing the air. If this ends badly, at least it ends. At least he's tried, a final time, to make them listen. "Yeah, so maybe you never knew me at all! But that says more about you guys than about me, doesn't it? That it took me years to trust you with the fact that I was gay, and when I did, it was never quite the same after. That I couldn't ever *trust* you enough to tell you about me and Ilya?"

"Don't you think we don't know that?" one of the defenders says, slow and pointed. "Why do you think we weren't talking to you? Most of us took a fucking long look in the mirror this summer and didn't like what we saw!"

Shane feels like he's been slapped across the face. "W-what?"

Drapeau rubs a tired hand across his face. It seems all the fighting has drained from him. "I think I watched replays of you tripping about a hundred times. From all angles." He sweeps his hand out to indicate the rest of the team. "We all did, and we know we fucked up, accusing you like that."

That's the closest Shane's ever heard Drapeau come to an apology. And the rest of the team, they— mostly they look ashamed. Quiet. Drawn.

"We just— we didn't understand. And we were angry. We regret it."

That's Svensson again, ever diplomatic.

"You... Regret it?" Shane's reeling, almost swaying in place. "Why didn't you say so? You've all got my number. I sent you all fucking wedding invites."

Even if he knew none of them would show up. And they proved him right.

The guys trade looks. A few hang their heads. Hayden looks pained, hovering awkwardly close to Shane. J.J. is shaking his head slowly.

"I told you, Hollander," he says. "That they are regretful. It just happened too fucking late."

Comeau swallows, and sits up straighter. "We saw the wedding photos on Rozanov's instagram." Shane had forgotten Ilya and his parents had shared a few tasteful photos of the ceremony. He rarely uses his social media, though Harris is dead set on changing that. "You guys looked— happy." It's like he's having to force the words out. "In love."

"We are," Shane says firmly. He's not sure where this is going.

"But at that point, you'd already signed with Ottawa. And none of us had spoken to you for months." It's Novák, one of their wingers, a veteran Czech who has been on the team for the last five years. Shane's always had respect for him, even if they've not been close. "We had a meeting. Decided it was best to not make it worse."

Shane can't tell if he wants to laugh or cry. "So you thought not talking to me at all would make me feel better?"

Novák shrugs helplessly, looking awkward. "Didn't know what to say."

"*Sorry* would have been a good starting point," Luca says quietly at Shane's side. It startles Shane, because Luca is about as conflict averse as Shane himself. "Even I'm old enough to know that."

"The kid is right," Comeau admits, though he still sounds like someone's pulling out his teeth.

"The *kid*," Shane says sharply, immediately defensive, "is called Haas, and he's half the reason you lost tonight."

Luca scored two goals off of Shane's assists. Shane and Ilya scored once each.

Comeau lifts his hands up in an *I concede*-gesture. "Sure, Hollander."

Svensson takes one for the team. "We apologize for accusing you. Logically, you were right. We've played against Rozanov several times. There was no reason for you to throw that game."

Luca snorts quietly. "Those two are obsessed with beating each other."

Hayden hums in agreement. J.J. rolls his eyes. "It's fucking exhausting," he says.

Shane can't quite let go of the tension or the betrayal, though. Maybe he never will. But he can at least leave this room feeling like he's had closure. Sighing, he rubs a hand over his eyes.

"Ask," he says quietly. "You weren't ready to listen then. So ask now."

It's a dangerous thing to offer, when he's not sure how much he wants to share about his relationship with Ilya.

They're interrupted before anyone can formulate a question.

A harried looking man wearing Voyageurs' admin team gear pops his head into the locker room, and goes even paler at the sight of Shane and Luca. He must be new, because Shane doesn't recognize him. "Uhm, it's time for post-game interviews? And you... Are aware that Rozanov, Hayes and Barrett are outside the door, right?"

His voice is almost shaking.

Drapeau throws him an exasperated glance, but it's Novák, wearing the A on his jersey, who answers shortly. "Tell them to wait. We're in the middle of something."

"O-okay." The poor man looks like he's about to have a panic attack.

"And tell the fucking Centaurs to either leave or come in. We're not about to fucking jump 'Lander," Comeau snarks. The familiar nickname cuts deep. Shane wasn't sure he'd ever hear it from his former teammates' lips again. While the admin team member disappears, Ilya walks in before he's even been invited, Wyatt, Bood and Troy on his heels.

"Couldn't be sure of that, could we, Comeau?" Ilya's face is hard, but there's a dangerous smirk on it. "With how you've been treating him lately."

"Fuck off, Rozanov," someone groans, and this is exactly why Shane didn't want Ilya here.

But in a few long strides, Ilya's at his side, shoulder to shoulder, a hand landing low on his back. Supportive, but not obvious. Shane is thankful.

"You good?" Ilya asks Shane, but doesn't take his eyes off the Voyageurs. Shane hasn't realized he's shaking, but he feels it now, pressed against the firm line of Ilya's body.

"Never better," Shane snarks, looking up at his husband, who flashes him a small, private smile. "Welcome to the Q&A they should have participated in last spring."

"You hate Q&A," Ilya points out, and Hayden grimaces, probably remembering some of Shane's rants on the topic of media.

"They get one free pass," Shane grumbles, and turns to his former teammates. "Well?"

It's Novák who goes first, to his surprise. "So how long—" he waves a hand, "has this been a thing? Is only, you specified we've never known a you that wasn't with Rozanov."

Oh, shit. Shane flushes. He *had* said that. Screamed that. Too late to take it back now.

"Revealing secrets, are we?" Ilya sounds smug, as if he didn't hear the whole altercation. Still, Shane sees how tense he is, how on edge. The teasing is just a mask. "Tsk, tsk, Hollander."

Shane rolls his eyes. He's too tired for games. "This has been a *thing* since before our rookie year." Someone whistles in disbelief, and a lot of jaws drop. "Officially we've been together since the summer of 2017."

"I can tell you the exact place, date and time," Ilya offers, and while his tone may be the lazy drawl he uses to piss opponents off, there's unmistakable pride in his eyes.

"No thanks, Rozanov," J.J. answers with a shudder. "Don't want details."

"Well I fucking do!" Drapeau snaps. "How the fuck did you keep it under wraps? You must have been lying to our faces."

"A few times," Shane answers honestly. "Not saying I would change it, but I didn't *want* to lie. It was just, you know—" he blushes, which he hates, scrambling helplessly for words.

"A hookup?" Ilya offers, ever cruder than Shane. "Fucking? Sex?"

Shane elbows him sharply enough that Ilya winces. "Yeah. That." Embarrassment burns through his body to speak so openly about his private life. He forges ahead as fast as possible, wanting to move past it. "We saw each other a few times a year. It wasn't serious."

Or, at least, neither of them *admitted* it was serious.

"You were often missing from cellies when we'd won against Boston," Svensson says slowly, squinting at Shane, who feels like his shoulders are so tense they're almost touching his ears.

"Who can blame him? I am irresistible," Ilya says smugly, and for a few blessed seconds all attention turns to him as several of the Voyageurs spit comebacks at Shane's husband. It gives him a moment to regroup, which was likely Ilya's intention.

"We were just— careful. Neither of us was out. Ilya is Russian." There's a few awkward glances exchanged at that, some of the players from Eastern Europe nodding slowly. They know what that part of the world is like. "And eventually it became more, and we saw each other when we had time."

"But you've never shown it on the ice," someone says quietly. "We never would have known you were hiding."

"That was rather the point?" Shane can't seem to find the right words, cringes at how silly he sounds.

"It was— unexpected," Comeau says. "The two of you. We seriously thought you borderline hated each other."

Shane shrugs. Doesn't want to explain the concept of hate-fucking, let alone the way his and Ilya's rivalry has always been something else than what it looks like in public.

"Not our fault the hockey world is blind," Ilya says bluntly.

Drapeau snorts. "No, but we expected our teammate to be honest with us."

"I was going to," Shane says quietly. "After last season. Tell you all. About us and about getting married. I just knew you wouldn't take it well."

They can't exactly refute that, with how the chips fell. Drapeau turns his anger somewhere else, his gaze sweeping over the gathered Centaurs.

"And I suppose Rozanov told you guys? So we were the only ones in the dark."

"No," Bood says simply. "He didn't. What part of *it was a secret* don't you understand, Drapeau?"

“I knew,” Troy shrugs. “Or guessed. But only because Roz knew about *me*. I just knew he was into men and put the pieces together.”

“I knew Roz had someone,” Wyatt says. “But that was just a matter of being observant. Paying attention to my friend and teammate. How he was feeling.”

The goalie sweeps a judging gaze over the Voyageurs, clearly implying their failure to do so.

“Hayden guessed. My parents knew.” Shane feels exhausted. It’s been a long and tense night. “Our circle was very limited for years.”

“*Skit också*,” Svensson sighs, a familiar expression to Shane. It accompanies situations where things have gone wrong. “And we were blissfully fucking unaware anything was going on.”

Maybe that’s one of the points of contention, Shane realizes. “I didn’t mean to make you feel dumb. It was just none of your business.”

“We should have been better teammates and friends,” Novák says. “That’s on us.”

There’s a few scattered nods, some agreeing murmurs.

“No shit,” Ilya mutters, and Shane doesn’t have the energy to correct him.

“It’s been shit without you, Hollander,” Novák says quietly. That’s pretty much him saying he’s been missing Shane, and a clump forms in Shane’s throat. “But you’re good in Ottawa?”

Shane glances left and right, at the Centaurs lined up beside him. Feels incredibly grateful for them, most of all Ilya. “Yeah, I am.”

“Good,” Novák responds, and while Comeau wears the C now, it’s clear he’s the leader. “That’s what we want for you. Fucking sucks that you’re beating our asses.”

Ilya snorts. “Always knew he would.”

“Yeah, yeah, shut it Rozanov,” J.J. mutters. “Don’t you have interviews to get to?”

“Can we— keep in touch, Holly?” Drapeau asks carefully.

Shane draws in a deep breath, nods decisively. “Yeah. I’m not saying I forgive you, because god knows you lot don’t deserve it. You weren’t even at my wedding, though I’ve been to most of yours and cheered you on when you found love.” Ilya touches his arm softly, like he knows how much that cuts Shane. “But we can talk. Continue clearing the air.”

The Voyageurs nod, mumbling affirmatives. Most of them still can’t seem to look Shane in the eyes.

“Let’s go then,” Wyatt murmurs. “They probably want you for interviews with Roz, Haasy and Hollzy.”

“See you later,” Hayden reminds Shane, and J.J. claps him on the shoulder. It feels good, that they're publicly saying they still see Shane, still talk to him. Still make plans with him. And while Shane isn't sure he can ever trust his former teammates again, at least he has Hayden and J.J.

"That was a short Q&A," Bood quips, and Troy smacks his arm.

Shane turns to go, to follow Bood and Troy out, and Ilya sticks close to him, a proprietary hand on his back. It doesn't bother Shane that his former teammates are seeing it. In fact, it feels good to shove it in their faces.

“Hey, Roz!” Drapeau calls out, and Ilya half-turns, Shane stopping with him. “You fuck with Hollander, or break his heart, and we'll break your bones next time we meet on the ice.”

Ilya's eyebrows rise minutely, but then he smirks challengingly. “And what makes you think it won't be Hollander breaking *my* heart?”

“As if you have one,” Drapeau scoffs behind them as they leave the locker room.

“Should I tell him you're a sappy softie?” Wyatt asks Ilya teasingly in a low tone. “At least around your husband and puppies, that is?”

“Fuck off, Hazy,” Ilya says, knocking Wyatt's shoulder with his own.

Novák and Comeau follow them into the corridor, clearly for interviews, and it doesn't feel too bad to be walking alongside them for a bit.

And when the five of them – Luca, Shane, Ilya, Novák and Comeau – show up by the press station at the same time, it's quite clear the hatchet's been buried. Maybe that'll quiet some rumors as well in the media.

“How was it, playing against a former teammate?” someone asks Comeau, who shakes his head, a frown on his face.

“Tough. But we wish Hollander the best.”

Smiling slightly, Shane turns to his own crowd of reporters.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! <3

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