Fury

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Fury

by Franks22

Summary

Troy crouches down, the cold of the ice sinking into his pants as he hovers uselessly above Shane.

“Shane?” He says quietly, “Shane, can you hear me?”

There’s a glazed, dazed look to his eyes, unfocused as they dart around, and Troy panics.

“Ilya!” He shouts at the Alpha. “*Shane*, Rozanov.”

Troy knows that Shane is perfectly capable of handling the sexist chirps and overeager body slams, but when the opposition takes it too far, Ilya proves exactly why you don’t mess with his Omega.

Notes

Please ignore all reference to them actually playing hockey, passes and crap happen so quick in actual games I doubt there’s any time to really even hold a conversation so I am using ~artistic liberties~ to say fuck it. Idc, I just wanted to put Shane in a predicament and for Ilya to come to his rescue. I LIKE DAMSELS IN DISTRESS OK.

Hope ya like it. Just a little something before Christmas as I don’t think I’ll have time to finish off any of my longer WIPs that I’ve got camped out in my drafts right now.

Merry Christmas, happy holidays, and I hope everyone is ready for the emotional destruction that is the finale of HR s1. (I know I’m not).

Thanks,
Franks!

See the end of the work for more notes

Troy is not too proud to admit that since Shane joined the team, they've been playing some pretty exceptional hockey. It's like finally, all these separate moving cogs have been brought together, machinations working in perfect harmony just as they should.

Harris would probably laugh himself silly if Troy ever said it out loud, but it doesn't make it any less true.

There's a joy in the locker room that Troy never had in his previous team, a lighthearted camaraderie that makes going into work *fun* in a way it never has been before.

He knows it's not just him that sees, and feels, it too.

No-one can deny that Ilya Rozanov is a player whose name will go down in history, that he has the skills and (debatably) the personality to be the face of NHL hockey. He's a captain that Troy is honoured to play with, and has been since he joined the team and finally got to know him. But now? With Shane on the bench with him, together in the locker room and on their trips to other cities? It's like he's a whole new person. He laughs so freely now, like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders, his love and happiness finally able to be shown to and shared with everyone around him. And sure, it's made him increasingly more of a menace, and no one on the team is safe from his antics these days, but his laughter is infectious, and the entire team are bolstered by him at every turn.

And he's not the only one.

The rookies have come out of their shells, eager to get to know Shane and to know this brighter Ilya. Bood is basically beside himself with the amount of team BBQs he can host with the knowledge that Ilya and Shane (and probably Anya too), will join them.

It's as if the entire team has finally blown off the cobwebs that were stubbornly clinging to them after years and years of downtrodden failure.

And Troy knows, logically, that it's not all Shane's doing. The man himself is pretty reserved. Quiet. He has his routines that he sticks to religiously, spends as much time with his nose plastered to an iPad as he does on the ice, and he doesn't like to go out on the town after games as often as they wish he would, but no one can deny that having him on the bench, seeing him take to the ice in their still-hideous uniform, is a gift that few others can boast receiving.

It's why it makes playing other teams so difficult sometimes.

The Centaurs have previously always been an easy win. A team to ignore, to rule out of any playoff runs. But with first Ilya, and then Shane joining the team? They're a force to be reckoned with. A team others dread to face on the ice.

And to have their two star players mated? Bonded together with their bright shining marks sat proud on the necks, high enough that even their jerseys can't hide them?

Yeah. Safe to say there aren't many teams that are happy to go against them these days.

Troy thinks it's ridiculous. Shane being an Omega is old news at this point, he's been open about his designation from the moment he signed with Montreal, but he supposes that it's different, to some people. To know he's an Omega, in that distant and far off way that means you don't really have to think about it, is a lot different to *knowing* he's an Omega, with his Alpha mate on his team.

The vitriol that opposing teams throw his way during matches is vile, enough to turn even Troy's stomach, and it makes a sickly feeling hang at the back of his throat to know that, once upon a time, he'd have been right there with them, spewing hateful shit at a man that in no way deserves the derision.

He's different now. Has strived to accept that bitter past and work hard to learn from his mistakes, but it's hard to do, when he's on the line with Shane, close enough to hear as Alpha's and Beta's alike hiss hate through gritted teeth at a man that Troy looks up to.

There's nothing much he can do about it, though. He'd spoken to Shane about it before, when an Alpha on an opposing team had once spent his entire time on the ice slamming Shane into the boards every chance he got, throwing derogatory insults at him with every shove.

Troy was surprised Shane wasn't black and blue by the end of the match, but he'd only shrugged when Troy had approached him, told him it wasn't the worst he'd ever heard, and that he was used to it by now.

But being used to it didn't make it ok. Didn't make it any less bitter a pill to swallow.

Their last game against Toronto for the season begins just as any other.

The team are in high spirits, with their place in the playoffs already secured, and they're always eager to play Toronto now that Dallas Kent is no longer with them.

Shane and Troy both take to the ice together, and it's not long before they're racing around, the puck passing between them as easy as breathing.

Ilya had already opened the floodgates by scoring within the first minute, always eager to rub their inadequacies in the Guardian's faces, and Troy helps it along with an assist to Shane shortly before the end of the first period.

They bump fists, both of them breathing a little heavy but smiling nonetheless.

"Same again?" Troy says as he goes to get back in position, and Shane nods his head as he heads to the centre for the puck drop.

Shane wins the face-off, but he's swiftly corralled to the boards, the puck sticking with him but the Guardian's gaining ground. Troy skates close, stick ready to receive the pass if Shane can get a little room, when he sees one of the Guardian's newer players shove his way right into Shane's space.

They're far enough away that Troy can't hear everything that's said when Adam Bertram's mouth moves, but he skates a little closer and catches the tail end.

"-tle bitch." Troy hears Bertram hiss as he slams Shane into the boards a little harder than necessary, stealing the puck. Shane doesn't react in any obvious way, at least to anyone else that might be looking, but Troy sees the way he grips his stick a little tighter as he skates off, the way the muscle in his jaw feathers as he clenches his teeth. But he's quick to brush it off, speeding after the Alpha and swiftly stealing the puck back.

Troy doesn't think much of it, following Shane and getting himself into position to advance the game, but he keeps a close eye on the Alpha regardless, just in case.

They're back on the ice in the second period, Toronto still trailing them by two goals, and the momentum is still firmly on Ottowa's side.

Troy loves playing games like this, an early lead giving them that push to keep going instead of scrambling to catch up, but it also makes for meaner opponents.

"You reek of Rozanov, Omega." Bertram sneers as he jostles with Shane for the puck, Troy close enough now to hear the acidic tone of his voice. "You suck him off before the game or something?"

Shane ignores him, shoving against his side to try to wrestle the puck away.

"Nah, I bet the whole team gets in on it, right?" Bertram continues anyway, despite Shane's silence. "Bet they all sit there in the locker room, having a little circle jerk to the team's token Omega before you all come out here."

Troy's about to skate over and, quite possibly, beat the living shit out of the guy, when Shane finally responds.

"The thought of that get you hot and bothered Bertram? You gonna be thinking about me tonight?"

And then he skates away, the puck safe against his stick.

Troy sidles up to Shane on the bench as the third period starts, Ilya taking to the ice with his line.

They both watch as he wins the face off, flying from the centre of the ice down to the goal. He shoots, but their goaltender just manages to tip it out of the way, sending the puck back up the ice and towards Wyatt.

There's a scramble for the puck, and whilst everyone on the bench keeps their eyes on it, Troy nudges Shane with his elbow.

"You ok out there?"

Shane's distracted, watching Ilya shove his way into the fray, but turns to Troy as the puck gets picked up by a member of the Guardian's. "Huh? Oh. Yeah. I'm fine."

He says it with a shrug, no more bothered about Bertram than he would be anything else, apparently. But Troy still feels uneasy.

They manage to score again, an assist by Ilya helping the puck pass cleanly through the goalie's legs, and the shoves and chirps from the Guardian's gets worse.

Troy's shoulder's aching from a hard push into the boards, and he saw Evan shaking out his hand earlier from his own altercation, but they're no worse for wear than they usually are at this point in the game, especially against a team desperate to catch up on the scoreboard.

But Troy is seriously starting to get tired of the incessant chirping from Bertram.

It's been relentless - every time he's close enough to Shane to be heard, his mouth's been moving.

Shane's ignored the majority of it, stealing the puck and swiftly moving on, but Troy feels like he's on a knife's edge as the insults continue, the shoving and pushing a little more violent every time they step on the ice.

It comes to a head only minutes from the end of the game, the Centaurs' victory almost guaranteed at this point unless the Guardian's manage to pull a miracle out of their asses.

Troy is ready for the game to be over, ready to get away from this team and forget all the shit he's heard chirped at Shane over the course of the match, but it's as if time starts going backwards, the minutes and seconds dragging as Bertram once more traps Shane against the boards, using his size to keep the ref's view obscured as he leans down to Shane, sneering in his face as their sticks tangle together for the puck.

Shane seems as done with it all as Troy is, his face a mask of barely disguised disgust as he looks up at the Alpha.

"Your mother didn't give you enough attention growing up, is that it?" He says, and Troy can't help but let out a chuckle. Shane, bless his heart, has not had a lot of practice chirping over the years.

"Oh ho. The Omega's got claws, has he?" Bertram sneers in response though, unable or unwilling to let Shane get the last word in. "Rozanov must really be rubbing off on you."

"Well, we are mated." Shane says blandly, still keeping the majority of his attention on the game rather than the Alpha crowding close.

Bertram leans closer, pushing his body further into Shane's space, voice edging into an Alpha growl that makes the hairs on Troy's neck stand on end despite the fact that he's a Beta. "If you were my Omega, you'd learn to keep your mouth shut and your legs open, you little sl-"

Ok. Ok, so. Troy's definitely going to have to get involved now. He skates over, barely paying any mind to the puck or the player he's supposed to be marking. He's just about to take his gloves off when Shane cuts in.

"Is that what this is? You're jealous? Sorry you can't get your own Omega, man, but I'm not interested. But hey, I'll score a few more goals and you can watch the highlights of the match alone tonight, if you like?" Shane punctuates his words by finally wrestling control of the puck, passing it easily to one of their teammates and making as if to follow it.

Bertram stands stock still for a single moment, face slowly turning an interesting shade of puce, and then he moves.

Faster than either Troy or Shane can react, he shoves Shane against the side of the rink, hard.

Shane's head bounces off the plexiglass, his helmet falling off, and then Bertram's on him, adding a solid blow to Shane's jaw that has his head snapping to the side.

Troy swears, dropping his stick and gloves as he skates over, heart near beating out his chest.

Shane isn't a fighter. Isn't really one for chirping either. He'll push and shove when needs be, but he's always preferred a clean game, his skills being the best way to make his point against opponents, and it shows now, in his reaction. He doesn't fight back, his eyes are wide, face pale other than the already reddening mark on his jaw, hands grappling against Bertram's arms as the Alpha drags him away from the glass only to slam him back.

Shane's head cracks against the plexiglass, no helmet to protect the back of his head, and Troy finally reaches them just as Bertram tries to do it again.

Troy and Shane have always been two of the smallest players in any given game, and although size doesn't always correlate to strength, Bertram stands almost a foot taller than either of them, with a shoulder width to match, the Alpha a behemoth compared to them both.

But Troy doesn't care. David beat Goliath, right? Or something.

He grabs one of Bertram's arms as he pulls it back to go in for another punch, and holds it tight with his entire body. His skates slip beneath him, unable to find purchase on the ice, and Bertram shakes him off, sending Troy sprawling on the ice behind him.

The air's knocked out of him, but he scrambles to get back to his feet as he finally hears the shouts and hollers of his teammates taking notice of the fight and coming for them, but everything's happening so quickly, and Troy doesn't know what he's doing, or how to help.

And then, as if he's decided to say hell to the game and hell to his career altogether, Bertram does something that no one, no athlete or Alpha, should ever do to an Omega they're not mated to.

Bertram scruffs him.

He grabs Shane by the back of the neck with his gloveless hand, fingers pinching into the skin at just the right points to cause an immediate reaction.

Shane goes limp immediately, the fight taken out of him with sure fingers,

Rage unlike anything Troy has felt before erupts within him.

Troy doesn't know what the rest of the team are doing, doesn't know what's happening with the game, the only thought in his head is to get Bertram as far away from Shane as he can, and hopefully land a few blows to the dickheads face while he's at it.

Troy's still trying to get his feet under him, when he sees Bertram throw Shane to the floor face first, following him down and straddling his back, pressing Shane's face firmly into the ice by the hold on his neck.

Blood roars in Troy's ears as he watches, dumbfounded and disgusted, as Bertram leans down to hiss something in Shane's ears, but Shane doesn't respond, *can't*, other than to whine, a high pitched sound that makes Troy's heart clench and his stomach roll.

It's then that Troy hears the slick slice of skates behind him, the roaring he'd heard not the blood in his ears, but *Ilya*.

The Alpha skates past Troy without a second glance, eyes focused solely on his Omega, his mate, trapped on the ice and into a forced submission.

Ilya skates toward Bertram like an angel descending from the heavens to enact righteous judgement, his face a mask of pure fury as he reaches down to grab at Bertram's neck with a gloveless hand and rip him away from his Omega.

Bertram is thrown carelessly away, his head smacking against the ice with a satisfying thud, and then Ilya's on him, one hand clenching the front of his jersey as the other clenches into a fist and rams straight into Bertram's face.

There's a crunch that Troy can almost *feel* as Bertram's nose is broken, and blood spurts, running down his face and staining the ice.

Hands grasp at Ilya's arms to pull him away, refs and members of the Toronto team, but the Centaurs' do nothing to stop him as he rains down hell onto Bertram's face and torso.

He's snarling, teeth bared and eyes rabid, and Troy can't help but be thankful he's never been on the receiving end of such a look.

And then Shane whines.

It's as if a hush sweeps across the ice, the stadium, silence a heavy blanket as everyone's attention turns to the Omega.

Troy finally gets himself up, and skates the few feet to Shane, and nausea swirls in his stomach at the tears trailing from his eyes, the way he's curled in on himself.

Troy crouches down, the cold of the ice sinking into his pants as he hovers uselessly above Shane.

“Shane?” He says quietly, “Shane, can you hear me?”

There’s a glazed, dazed look to his eyes, unfocused as they dart around, and Troy panics.

“Ilya!” He shouts at the Alpha seeming stuck still above Bertram, body tensed with indecision between his mate and the threat. “*Shane*, Rozanov.”

The name registers on the Alpha’s face, and he slams Bertram down in an instant, snarling something at him before he gets up, face like thunder as he skates away.

No one follows, wary at the fury radiating off him in potent waves.

But he softens, the closer he gets to Shane, the rage turning soft, his scent pulling back so as to not hurt Shane further.

Shane whines again once Ilya is close enough to scent on the air, and Troy pushes himself back a few feet, giving Ilya space to move closer.

Dropping to his knees, Troy watches as Ilya leans over Shane, fingers gentle as he sweeps a lock of hair off his Omega’s forehead and then feels around the back of his head for any injuries. His fingers come back clean of any blood other than the marks marring his knuckles already, and Troy exhales a shaky breath in relief.

Ilya murmurs something to Shane, too quiet for Troy to hear, but he sees the way Shane’s body stops trembling, the way his chest expands with a much needed breath.

Troy averts his eyes as Ilya coos quietly at Shane, the moment feeling so very private despite the fact that it’s happening on the rink being recorded and seen by not only the spectators in the stadium, but anyone watching it at home too.

The rest of the Centaurs’ are gathered loosely around the lair of them, close enough to help if needed, but giving them enough space to calm their heightened senses, but the medic team make no such allowances, pushing past them all and making their way towards Shane.

Troy can already see the Guardian’s own team medics dealing with Bertram, the looks on their faces devoid of the blank professionalism and showing exactly how reluctant they are to help the Alpha after what he’d done, and Troy lets his lips quirk into a smile at them, glad that at least someone on the Toronto team doesn’t seem to follow the same bigoted, sexist views as the rest of the organisation seem to.

But his thoughts are distracted when he hears a savage snarl behind him, and Troy spins back round in time to see Ilya hunching over Shane’s form as the Centaurs’ medics get too close.

Troy wants to pull them away himself, when the scent of Shane’s distress manages to flood the rink despite the way Ilya’s own spicy scent fights to mask it.

His heart pounds in response, his body and instincts desperately wanting to help the Omega it sees as part of his pack, and he sees the same conflict on his teammates faces, the way Wyatt wrings his hands, Lucas looking like he wants to cry, Bood silent but eyes sharp as he looks around at everyone gathered on the ice.

But Ilya won't let anyone close, teeth bared as the medics try to talk him down, hands coming up to placate him ineffectually.

It's a stalemate, and Troy isn't sure who exactly is going to tip the scales until Wiebe comes onto the ice, a no-nonsense look on his face that looks strained beneath the bright rink lights.

"Rozanov." He says firmly, but softly. "We need to get Shane off the ice, he can't stay out here all night."

Ilya's red-sharp gaze flicks to Wiebe, lips still peeled back in a snarl, but Troy can see the unease in the curl of his shoulders as he stays firmly above Shane.

Wiebe steps closer, the medics still staying out of the way as he slowly steps into Ilya and Shane's space. "I won't ask you to let the medic team come closer, but this isn't the place for him. The ice could send him into shock."

Ilya doesn't move, barely breathes other than to let out a growl that's less a snarl and more an acknowledgement. The Alpha looks down at Shane, whose face is hidden from view, and says something too quietly for anyone else to hear.

Troy sees as Shane nods slightly, the movement of his head against the ice the only thing visible around Ilya's bulk.

"Ok." Ilya says, louder this time. "I will take Shane off the rink. No medics."

He says it firmly, not looking away from Shane, but the order is clear in his tone even without the red eyes to make his point.

It's not often that Troy is envious of Alpha's, but as he watches Ilya situate himself steadily on the ice, one hand bracing under Shane's knees and the other wrapping around his back, lifting his Omega into his arms and easily standing, Troy can't help but be a little impressed.

There's no strain on Ilya's face as he holds Shane close, tucking his Omega tightly against his body and letting him rest his head close to his neck where his scent will be most potent.

Shane snuggles in, his face hidden from view, but Troy winces as he sees the red marks already darkening into deep bruises at the back of his neck.

There's camera crews hovering close like predators waiting on their prey, and it takes only a single look from Ilya to have the whole Centaurs lineup closing ranks around him, keeping Shane out of sight as they slowly but surely make their way towards the exit to their locker rooms.

Troy sticks close to Ilya's back with Wyatt silent beside him. He doesn't know how Ilya is feeling, can't even begin to imagine how his instincts are affecting him, but he hopes that his

presence at Ilya's back is a comforting one. They've grown close over the last few years, and Troy would admit to himself - even if he'd never admit it out loud to anyone but Harris - that he'd consider both Ilya and Shane his closest friends on the team, and if there's any way for him to ease this burden for either of them, he'll do just about anything.

The rest of the team break off to sit huddled on the bench, a silent watch over the rink as Bertram is carried off by their medic team, the rest of the Guardian's already ushered into their locker room and out of sight, but Troy keeps following Ilya and Shane, Wiebe up ahead of them clearing the way.

The medic's grumble behind him, talking quietly between themselves that Shane should be checked over, that it's their job to ensure his welfare, but Troy pays them little mind. Shane is exactly where he wants to be, and the likelihood of Ilya allowing the medic's any closer than they'd already attempted to get is laughably low.

Troy stays a step behind Ilya, keeping his gaze away from the pair but sticking close enough to get involved if anyone tries to get in their way, and it's a little strange, to feel the need to do this, but his instincts are riding him just as hard as they seem to be riding the Alpha before him, the need to help these two men who have become such good friends in the time they've been on the team together.

He's sure Harris will have something to say about it, once Troy makes his way to his boyfriend, but in this moment he doesn't really care. He wants to be here, wants to help in what little way he can until Ilya and Shane are both safe and on their way home.

Wiebe opens up the door to the locker room, holding it wide for Ilya to go through, and steps inside with them. Troy doesn't follow, instead standing to the side of the door to ensure no one else tries to sneak inside.

He keeps his eyes focused on the hallway, not able to see what's still happening in the rink but seeing a few of their other team mates loitering near the entrance. They don't move to come closer, instead waiting on instructions from their coach.

Wiebe finally comes back out, giving Troy a sharp nod. "You stay here, Rozanov is gonna get Shane sorted and then get out of here." His coach shakes his head, suddenly looking a lot older than his actual years. "Shit, this is a god damn shitshow. I'm gonna get the rest of the boys to stay on the bench until the locker room is free, can you let them know when it's safe to come back?"

"Yeah, of course." Troy agrees swiftly. "I'll let them know."

Wiebe claps a hand on his shoulder, giving him a gentle squeeze as he sighs. "God only knows when I'll be getting out of here, no doubt the police'll be involved."

"Do we know what's happening with Bertram?"

"He's being taken to the hospital, Ilya got him pretty good." Wiebe doesn't look sad about the fact, and Troy doesn't even bother to tamp down the savage satisfaction flaring in his own

chest. “Think he had a police escort, so I doubt he’ll be leaving the hospital without cuffs on.”

“Good. Fucker deserved it.” Troy feels sick just thinking about it, thinking about what could have happened, what *did* happen. It’s a violation that Troy has never seen in person before, and never wants to again.

“He did. I’m not sure what the guy’s’ll want to do about it, but I’ll be backing them up whatever their decision, and with it being as blatant as it was, I can’t see the league taking it lightly either. It’s a storm brewing that’s for sure, but. Well. I doubt it’ll get sorted tonight either way. You guys can all head home, but keep your phones on just in case I need you back here for anything - the police may want statements.”

“Sure thing, coach.”

Wiebe leaves with a parting wave, walking swiftly down the hallway and pulling out his phone. It must be blowing up, and Troy doesn’t envy him the long night ahead.

It’s quiet for several moments, everyone steering clear of the locker room, and it’s in the silence that Troy suddenly hears a choked off sob.

His own throat clenches in sympathy.

“No, no. Shh, sweetheart.” Ilya soothes, voice low but still carrying clearly to Troy from his spot by the door. “It is ok. We will get these clothes off, and we will have a quick shower, and then we’ll go home. Anya is waiting for us, and I’ll get you that snickers bar you think I don’t know about, and we’ll get in bed, okay? Everything is ok.”

There’s a sniffle, muffled slightly as if Shane has his face tucked against Ilya. “Yeah. Yeah ok.”

There’s shuffling then, the quick slap of a used jersey against the locker room floor swiftly followed by another, skates toppling, and the rustle of shorts being removed, and through it all, the low soothing sound of Ilya’s voice. Troy’s heart throbs, feeling out of place and almost like an intruder on such a private moment between a mated pair.

It goes quiet for a time, during which Troy assumes they are showering, until there’s the sound of them dressing again.

“Wear this, sweetheart.” Troy hears Ilya say quietly, a soft hum the only response from Shane.

There’s a little more shuffling, the sound of a bags zipper being pulled closed, and Troy stands up from his slouched position as the door swings open, and Shane and Ilya step through.

Shane looks dreadful, face pale except for the raw looking red skin around his blood shot eyes, but he’s tucked up close beneath Ilya’s arm, his Alpha’s jacket wrapped around his frame.

Troy doesn't say anything to him, taking his lack of eye contact as confirmation that he decidedly doesn't want to talk, and instead looks up at Ilya.

Ilya stands tall, broad shouldered and solid in a way that's more than just physical. He always carries himself with an air of confidence, *arrogance* some might say, but right now, he looks every bit the stalwart protector, the Alpha to his Omega.

Troy tilts his head slightly when he notices the red ring still edging Ilya's irises, his Alpha instincts still very much up front and centre, and Ilya nods at him.

Troy's expecting them to walk straight out, but Ilya stalls for a moment, looking at Troy closely.

"Thank you." He says, his accent thick. "I do not think I would have stopped without you saying something."

"Oh. Yeah. Of course. Sure man." Troy stammers. "I'm glad…" his eyes flick down to Shane before shooting back up to Ilya. "I'm glad you're both ok."

Ilya dips his head in a shallow nod, gaze drifting down to the Omega curled close to his side, giving his shoulder a comforting squeeze and leaning his head down to gently scent the top of Shane's head, wet hair becoming slightly mused by his attention.

"We will be." He says softly, before finally stepping past Troy and making his way towards the player's exit. The hallway is clear, no signs of their teammates or other staff, the press being kept well away.

Troy watches them as they go, heart still feeling funny in his chest. He wishes he could say more to Shane, could comfort him in some way, make sure he knows that they've all got his back, but he knows he doesn't need to, not really.

At this moment, Ilya's comfort is all he really needs.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Kudos & comments are always appreciated, but you do you.

See you next time,
Franks

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