The Annoying Best Friend of My Husband is My Enemy?

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by broidkwhatimdoing

Summary

Ilya gets in a fight during a game with Boston. It's not for the reason anyone expects.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ilya always had mixed feelings when playing Boston. When he had left, he of course had not expected his old team to be thrilled; especially since he had given them such a lack of explanation as to why he wasn't renewing his contract in favor of Ottawa of all places. On some level, he had at least expected a few of them to try and stay in contact; but other than a few check in texts every now and then from Marlow, it was radio silence.

The same had been true when the news had broke about him and Shane. Marlow had shared Shane and Ilya's statement to the press on his Instagram story with a couple sentences about how much he loved playing with Ilya, but he had not heard anything from his other former teammates. At least they were consistent; and at some level, silence was probably better than what Shane had experienced with Montreal.

He had told Shane as much a few nights before their first game with Boston as a newly married couple. Shane had been nervous how Boston would treat Ilya on the ice, and was even more worried about how Ilya would react in return.

"What if Boston feels the same way Montreal did?" Shane had asked the night before the game as they laid together in a hotel bed. "Montreal at least got to say their peace before I left."

Ilya used his finger to trace a line from a freckle on Shane's neck down to a mole on his bare arm, "I think is fine. Team is barely the same now, yes? Many have been traded or retired."

Shane huffed, "Some of them are still there though. What if they hold a grudge against you for leaving? Or what if they also think you were holding back when we played?"

"Was long time ago. If they try something, they will regret it. No love lost," Ilya leaned forward and kissed the corner of Shane's mouth. His face was all scrunched up in the way it always got when he was stressed, and while Ilya usually found it adorable, he did not want his husband to be in his head so much before their upcoming game.

"I don't want you to fight them though," Shane sighed. "I don't want people to think that we are letting our personal lives get in the way of our game."

"Fighting happens in hockey all time, is normal," Ilya reminded him. "You want me to let them disrespect me? Us?"

"No, of course not," Shane said, he scooted closer Ilya, nuzzling his face into the curve of Ilya's neck. "Just promise me you won't throw the first punch. Let them chirp or whatever, but just make sure it's obvious who the asshole is."

"You are saying I am not asshole?" Ilya laughed.

"No you always are," Shane teased and lightly pinched Ilya's arm, before looking up at Ilya in a way that made Ilya absolutely certain that he was going to cave and do whatever Shane asked him to. "Just this one time, maybe don't be the first asshole. If they try to talk shit about us, only fight if they start it.

Part of Ilya wanted to protest, but that part was destined to lose to the other part that was completely obsessed with his husband. Ilya kissed his forehead, "Okay sweetheart."

Now, as he bent for the starting face off; he wondered if he would be able to keep that promise.

"Rozanov," Milo Niemi greeted him. "They haven't released you from the contract yet old man?" Niemi's accent is still strong when he speaks, often replacing "th" sounds with simple "t"s.

Niemi was the Finnish center that Boston had drafted to replace Ilya following his departure. Although, replacement might be too generous of a word, as there had to be something worth comparing for it to be considered more than just settling. Niemi had been picked seventh overall in the draft. Which was not bad in theory, but definitely not first. Niemi always approached their face offs with an unwarranted amount of cockiness considering he had never won one against Ilya.

"Why would they," Ilya countered. "I am best player in the league for over a decade. Easy wins over centers who need help from their mother to tie skates."

"Thought the league might find a way to get rid of you and Hollander," Niemi was smirking at him, hinting to Ilya that he was enjoying the fact that he might have new fodder to rile Ilya up.

This made Ilya narrow his eyes, but he tried to reel in the animosity pooling in his stomach for Shane's sake. "Is there problem?"

Niemi shrugged "No problem. You leave Boston for him, means spot opens up for me. All for best."

Ilya chuckled in response, and was prepared to leave the conversation there, but Niemi carried on.

"Did you beat Pike's ass?" Niemi asked him. Ilya glanced over at the referees, wishing they would start the game already. They were fiddling with their ear pieces and pointing, so Ilya assumed that there was some sort of technology issue. He could tell from the chanting of the crowd that they were beginning to get antsy as well.

"What are you talking about?" Ilya asked.

"Was his video exposed your relationship," Niemi shrugged. "Would think you would kill him."

It wasn't an uncalled for assumption for someone to have. Even he had surprised himself when he wasn't upset when Hayden had come told them the news. Looking back it was a miracle that they had not gotten caught before then. They had been sneaking around in one form or another for *years.* All it would've taken was a hotel door opened at the wrong time, or a fan with a camera during one of the times they went running together in the summer; and

they would have been done for. So no, he couldn't be mad at Hayden. Besides, Hayden had always been a good friend to Shane. Mediocre left wing, but a good friend.

"It's fine," Ilya told him. "He did not do it on purpose."

"Sure," Niemi laughed. "Guy is total dumbass though, right? Don't know why Montreal renewed his contract. He must be paying *them* to let him stay."

Ilya felt his jaw clench, and for a moment he thought he could bite through his mouth guard. He had never experienced anyone using someone he knew to chirp at him before. His personal life, reputation as a womanizer (mostly true) aside, had been private; and even the most nasty and vulgar players had the decency to not mention his mother on the ice when the Irina Foundation had been announced. He definitely didn't expect the flashes of anger cycling through him as Niemi talked about Hayden.

"Could say the same thing about you," Ilya challenged, and the way Niemi grinned at him made Ilya wonder if his opponent knew that he had struck a chord. What chord, even Ilya did not know.

"Sure his easy wife appreciates him being away though," Niemi continued. "Anything to keep her from having to push out another one of his little brats don't y-"

Ilya can't remember a time in his career when he had ever taken his gloves off that fast; because before Niemi has even finished his sentence, Ilya's stick is on the ground and his fist is connecting with Niemi's jaw. He can see from the look on Niemi's face that he hasn't even registered the first hit before Ilya is going in for the second, this time hitting him squarely in the nose, and then Niemi is on the ground, because of course the seventh draft pick has no balance.

He hears the refs blowing their whistles behind him, and then one is standing between him and Niemi. Ilya wouldn't have continued. Niemi is bringing a gloved hand to his bleeding nose, and Ilya can tell that his point has been made.

"That's a misconduct Rozanov!" The ref shouts at him, Ilya barely hears him over the mixed boos and cheering of the crowd. "You're out. Go to the locker room."

Ilya grunts at the referee, and spares one last look at Niemi. Some of the other Boston players have skated over to help him up, but none of them are making eye contact with Ilya.

Haas makes his way over to Ilya, eyes wide, looking panicked and confused by what just happened. It started to sink in for Ilya that he had just handed Boston a power play before the game had even started, but he could not bring himself to care in the moment. "Are you okay? What do we do?"

"I am fine. You will be fine," Ilya assures him. "Play through the penalty. Coach will put Hollander in when time is up. You will still win, I know this."

Haas nods, still looking unsure and like he is about to say something else, before the ref is yelling at Ilya again: "Rozanov! Off the ice now!"

Ilya dismisses him with a wave of his hand, but he bends over to pick up his discarded stick and gloves; before making his way back to the tunnel. He braves a look at the bench as he does, and as expected, Shane does not look happy. His arms are crossed as he shakes his head as Ilya skates by. The idea of being in trouble with his husband is even scarier than the potential fine he is facing from the league, or the dressing down Wiebe will surely be giving him.

Ilya is right, *because he always is,* and Ottawa wins without him. By two points actually. Ilya watches the live updates from his phone in the locker room. There is of course plenty of commentary on Ilya's fight, and speculation on what caused it, but Ilya ignores it in favor of the discussion on how Shane brought the team back following Ilya's outburst, *because of course he did.*

During intermission, Shane hadn't spoken much to him. He had come over to him and wordlessly taken his right hand, examining it, rubbing his thumb over his red knuckles.

"You should get some ice for this," He had said simply, before leaving with the rest of the team to go back out on the ice.

Now, the team was back, celebrating another win, and another game closer to the play offs. Wiebe had pulled Ilya into his office and given him a stern talking to, or as stern as Wiebe was capable of, and told him they would talk more once they'd heard from the league.

When he was done with Wiebe, Shane was waiting for him, showered and ready to go. The two of them left the locker room without saying goodbye to the other guys. They walked together to Shane's car, throwing their gear in the back and moving to their respective seats. Shane turned the car on, but did not move to put on his seatbelt or put the car in reverse.

"I don't want to go home angry," Shane said, he was staring straight ahead.

Ilya leaned forward a bit, trying to get Shane to look at him. "Then don't be mad. You are going home with hot husband after playing amazing game."

Shane finally looked at Ilya, but only to glare at him. "Ilya you *promised* me. And you couldn't even make it through one minute of the game. The league is probably going to suspend you and you'll be fined."

"Technically, I did not break my promise," Ilya said.

"You got into a fight!"

"I said I would not fight if they talked about us," Ilya explained. "And I did not."

Finally, Shane was fully facing him. "What does that even mean. Why did you hit him?"

Now, it was Ilya's turn to look away from his husband. He watched out the window as their teammates walked to their cars, well aware of the way that Shane was staring at him waiting for an answer. "Does not matter. Let's just go home."

"Ilya I will not have sex with you until you're allowed to play again unless you tell me what the fuck happened," Shane insisted.

Ilya whipped around, "You lie."

Shane looked smug now, "Nope."

Ilya huffed. He knew he wasn't going to hear the end of this. Ever. They would be old and retired in the cottage and Shane would be laughing about it. But he was a weak man. "He was saying gross things about Hayden. And Jackie and the kids."

He watched as Shane processed what he said, and for a moment he looked skeptical, like he thought Ilya might be fucking with him, before he smiled. "You got in a fight over Hayden?"

"Mostly Jackie and the kids," Ilya corrected him. "Is poor taste to bring up family."

Shane was laughing now, reaching across the center console to grab Ilya's face with both hands. "You defended Hayden's honor!"

"I did not. Do not say-" But Shane cut Ilya off by kissing him sweetly, and really why did the silly argument matter anyways. The Pikes were family. Hayden was irritating family, but sometimes, he supposed, that's what family was. His more undesirable traits aside, Hayden went out of his way to support them. He always took time out of the summer, away from his wife and kids, to help Shane and Ilya with camp. He helped Shane move fully into Ilya's house. In the immediate aftermath of them getting outed, had been the only Voyageur to defend their relationship publicly in the press before JJ finally came around. Punching a dumb player with nothing between his ears and big mouth was the least that Ilya could have done for him.

Shane eventually pulled away, still grinning. He put his seatbelt on, and finally began to drive as he spoke, "Well let's get home. I still think you need to do something to make up for this."

Ilya wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, moving his hand so it was resting suggestively high on Shane's thigh. "I am sure I will think of something."

Later, Ilya is laying in their bed, completely exhausted- and it wasn't from the game he did not play. Shane is in the bathroom taking his second shower of the night. Ilya's phone lights up on the nightstand next to him with a notification, and he reaches for it, expecting a text from one of their teammates checking in, or Coach. Instead, it's from Hayden.

You love me man!!!:)

Ilya shoots straight up in bed, "Shane!"

Shane emerges from the bathroom, hair wet and in clean boxers.

"You told Hayden?" Ilya complained.

Shane looked too proud of himself as he crawled into bed next to Ilya, smiling as he glanced at what was on Ilya's phone. "Well, I figured you deserved at least a little punishment for what you did."

"I think I more than earned forgiveness," Ilya said, sounding afronted as he motioned between Shane and the bed. "Besides, league will fine me. Suspend me. Punishment enough!"

"We both know you won't care about a fine," Shane said. "Besides he appreciates it!"

"He is making fun of me," Ilya waved his phone. "He will never let it go."

"You know you two don't have to keep pretending to hate each other," Shane yawned, he laid down fully next to Ilya reaching out so an arm is wrapped around his middle.

"Am not pretending," Ilya muttered. He went back to his phone, typing back a short and dignified ***shut up***.

A few minutes later, Hayden replied, and Ilya was glad that Shane had closed his eyes and seemed to be asleep, so he didn't see Ilya smile.

You know, next time you're in Montreal you could come with Shane when we get dinner.

Ilya responded quickly this time.

Sure. Only because I do not want Shane to be bored by you.

After that, Ilya shut his phone off and put it back on the dresser. He heard it buzz with another notification, and Ilya assumed it was a text along the lines of "fuck you" or "you actually suck so much".

He settled down next to Shane adjusting them so he was spooning Shane from behind, his favorite position for them to sleep in. He kissed his shoulder adoringly, endlessly and loudly grateful for this man, and everything that he had brought into his life.

End Notes

I have honestly not written anything in a long time (derogatory) but I couldn't get this out of my head. I hope you enjoyed! Also I hate reading my own writing so sorry for grammar mistakes.

AAAND my hockey knowledge is minimal but Reddit told me that Ilya would be ejected for fighting before a face off...so if I'm wrong blame them not me I am perfect and amazing and wonderful

Update 1/19: just want to pop in and say oh my fucking god???!?!? the response to this has been insane!!! ive read every single comment and im just ?!?!?! it means so much!!! truly this motivated me to get back into writing! im almost done with another shane/ilya thing and have some other ideas rattling around. you can follow me on tumblr @saphtastic if you want to yap!

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