

I Love Being Married To You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76914286) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76914286>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Harris Drover , Troy Barrett , Zane Boodram , Wyatt Hayes
Additional Tags:	Humor , Idiots in Love , Husbands , Social Media , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Protective Shane Hollander , High Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 4,670 Chapters: 5/5

I Love Being Married To You

by [thefridayblues](#)

Summary

Shane gets hit on by strangers, Ilya has a chirp book, Ilya is a worm, Shane consumes too many "special" brownies, and Shane chirps for the first time.

Or.

A series of one shots of Ilya and Shane being disgustingly in love.

Witnessing Shane interact with a group of painfully average men makes Ilya's heart race a little, and not in a good way.

Maybe this jealousy is a bad thing and he should learn to stop feeling so annoyed whenever other people flirt and confess their undying love for his husband, but that's a thought for tomorrow's Ilya.

Notes

This is the first ever fic I've written in my life. I never thought this day would come and I never thought that it would be at the hands of a Canadian gay hockey show. I would like to thank my parents for birthing me and giving me the opportunity to consume such era-defining and life-changing media.

I am neither Canadian nor know anything about hockey, so please ignore all inaccuracies!

I really wanted to post a proper chaptered fic because I have so many ideas, but I don't have the time to really sit and flesh a story out right now. I also don't want to post anything that I don't have the confidence I'll complete, so this ended up just being a series of short one-shots to scratch that itch.

But I hope anyone who sees this still enjoys it!

Chapter 1: Ottawa's Pride and Joy

Chapter Summary

Ilya loves Shane Hollander. The problem is that everyone loves Shane Hollander too.

Chapter Notes

Ilya is jealous and possessive sometimes. Sue him.

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

Ilya is mad. No, he's furious. Absolutely seething. (Shane just taught him that last word recently.)

They're having dinner in a cosy restaurant near their home in Ottawa when Shane is approached by a group of men. They're clearly hockey fans, probably locals who grew up seeing Shane Hollander's face plastered across every single billboard and bus.

Shane left the table briefly to use the loo when the hijacking happened. The three men backed him into a corner and started rubbing their ugly grimy hands all over his ass and chest. Anyone watching would tell you that all they really did was go up to Shane to politely shake his hand and ask for a picture. But no. Ilya saw it very differently in his head.

Witnessing Shane interact with a group of painfully average men makes Ilya's heart race a little, and not in a good way. Maybe this jealousy is a bad thing and he should learn to stop feeling so annoyed whenever other people flirt and confess their undying love for his husband, but that's a thought for tomorrow's Ilya.

For now, the facts are there for those with eyes to see. Shane Hollander is hot. He has juicy pink lips and eyes that gleam and twinkle when he laughs. He's also pretty, kind, lovely, and completely oblivious. Two more minutes and they would've tried to kiss him, Ilya's sure of it. And then he would've been forced to cause bodily harm.

Ilya thinks of it as his moral duty to prevent that less-than-ideal situation from happening. So he gets up and approaches the group, careful to arrange his face into its typical cocky crooked smile.

"Hey there boys, what is going on here?"

"Rozanov!! You're Ilya Rozanov!"

The men are genuinely excited to see him and Ilya feels a little bad. They're probably just innocent hockey fans and not evil home wreckers trying to steal his husband.

"Yes, that is my name. And this is my lovely husband, Shane Hollander." Ilya hooks an arm around Shane's waist to pull him even closer.

The men subtly side-eye each other and Ilya knows it's because the idea of a young Ottawa man not knowing who *the* Shane Hollander is, is truthfully, ridiculous.

"We know Shane Hollander! We've been watching him since his rookie season! My mum keeps nagging at me to stop dating shitty men and to bring Shane Hollander home instead!" One of the men guffaws like he's said the funniest thing. It's not funny at all to Ilya.

"Ah," Ilya's arm tightens imperceptibly. "Shane Hollander is mine, unfortunately. Unfortunately for you, not for me, of course. You will never find another one and I think you should get used to being with shitty men."

"Ilya!" Shane sends him a glare and slaps him across the chest.

The man doesn't pick up on how serious Ilya is and has the balls to laugh.

"Noooo! Ottawa's pride and joy! Give me a chance!" He brushes a hand over Shane's arm before clasping his hands together in prayer. It's obvious that he's joking and also thinks Ilya's joking, but Ilya wants to drive the point home just in case.

Ilya raises his free hand to Shane's cheek and pulls him in for a long sensual kiss. Shane gasps a little in surprise and Ilya takes the chance to slide his tongue in. *Whatever. I'll give them a show.* It's wet and it's hot and Shane is always so cute when he's shocked. Like a little kitten.

Ilya pulls away with a loud, "MWAH!" when Shane starts to groan. Those sounds are reserved for him alone, no need to involve other men. In a final killing blow, Ilya looks at the group and plants a gentle peck on Shane's temple, as if to say, "HAH LOOK WHAT I GET TO DO!" He still can't believe that this is his life sometimes, that they can love openly and fearlessly in public.

"Damn Rozanov. Message received." The man grins and lifts both hands in that universal, "I'll back off" gesture. "Good luck for your next game against Boston, we've all got tickets!"

Ilya feels silly. At the end of the day, this stranger is just a fan of his amazing super hot stunning husband. And if anything, Ilya respects that. Because he's a fan too.

"We can take picture together and you can bring it to show your mother, yes? Make sure she knows that Shane Hollander has handsome hockey superstar husband and that you will be stuck with shitty men who are not Shane Hollander, ok?"

It's Ilya's best attempt at a peace offering.

"That'll be awesome!"

Ilya sees the picture on Twitter later that night.

@codystiller95

group picture with Shane and Ilya

Bumped into the amazing Shane Hollander and HIS HUSBAND Ilya Rozanov tonight! I am the only person in my bloodline to witness a #Hollanov kiss in my local Becky's. Love is real.

Replies

@hollanovforever: NO FUCKING WAY. EXPLAIN?

@ilyilya: Ilya is so babygirl in his uggs

@shaneslawyer: @codystiller95 you will cough in 3 days. I am so jealous.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for being here! I appreciate any and all comments or kudos!

Chapter 2: Ilya's Chirp Book

Chapter Summary

Ilya has a little red notebook where he writes down new English words or phrases he's unfamiliar with. When Harris teaches him a new phrase, he tries to find the perfect situation to use it.

Chapter Notes

Just a silly idea I couldn't stop thinking about hehe

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

“Shane! Shane! Shane! Shane!”

Ilya barges into the Centaurs’ locker room with all the grace of a newborn elephant.

Shane frantically looks up from where he’s putting his skates on. “What?! What happened?! Are you okay??”

“I am very okay! Very happy! Harris taught me new phrase! I must write it down.”

Shane’s concern instantly melts into a fond smile. Ilya recently swiped a pocket sized notebook from the Centaurs staff room and has taken to jotting down new words or phrases he’s learnt. Most of the terms are offensive or sexual, usually both, but it’s still very endearing and cute to watch Ilya be so excited to add to it. He calls it his “chirp book” and all their teammates are well familiar with the little red book by now.

“What did he teach you?”

“Ah it’s surprise, Hollander. I will use it when situation is right.”

Practice ends without much fanfare and Shane really wants to catch the Panthers and Rangers game on TV, so he rushes Ilya out the locker room and into their car.

When they’re home and cuddled on the couch, Ilya turns his head to breathe in the smell of Shane’s special peach shampoo. Shane looks up at him through his long lashes and plants a soft kiss on Ilya’s collarbone.

“I love you,” Shane smiles.

“I love you more, sweetheart.”

Ilya watches as Shane’s eyes round out and go gooey with affection. It’s been years but he always looks at Ilya like he can’t believe he’s real. And maybe it’s silly, but Ilya thinks that Shane’s eyes expose him before he even opens his mouth. They’re always so expressive and honest. It’s how he first realised the extent of Shane’s feelings for him; how it sunk in just how fucked he was way before either of them had the courage to verbalise it.

“You know, I love your boba eyes so much.”

Shane’s eyes widen and he stifles a giggle.

“My what?”

“Harris taught me. Your eyes are like boba.”

Shane can’t swallow his laughter this time.

“What? Am I saying it wrong?” Ilya furrows his brows in annoyance and reaches for his chirp book.

“No no baby!” Shane is quick to reassure. “It’s just funny hearing you say something like that. Also mine are just boring brown eyes. Yours are so much prettier.”

Ilya grunts like he’s personally offended.

“I am many things but I am not liar. Your eyes are so beautiful and round and so pretty and shiny and when you look at me like this, my heart beats so fast and I think I will die.”

“Look at you like what?”

“Like you love me.”

Shane purses his lips and Ilya knows it’s an early sign that he’s touched and trying not to cry. He has to pivot the conversation immediately if he doesn’t want a lap full of crying Shane Hollander.

“Harris said in locker room that Troy ‘has lovely boba eyes’ but I think he is blind with love because Troy has very regular eyes. I know because I looked at them very much today because I did not understand. But then I looked at you and I understood.”

Shane’s lips quiver.

“I will drink your eyeball with a fat straw.”

“Ewwwwww Ilya that’s disgusting!” Shane shouts, even as he leans up to kiss Ilya sweetly on the lips.

@ilyarozanov81

picture of Ilya and Shane on a patch of grass, both have a cup of boba in hand

Slurping on my husband's eyeballs.

Comments

@centaurogirl: tf??

@shaneholzy: Ilya's posts have been extremely freaky lately. Someone check on Shane.

@rozanovlover: I get him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for being here! I appreciate any and all comments or kudos!

Chapter 3: Would you still love me if I was a worm?

Chapter Summary

Shane gets asked the important questions.

Chapter Notes

Very short and simple brain-worm (hehe get it) that I had to put on paper.

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

“Shane,” Ilya rolls over on the bed to wake his husband up from a nap. He’s been thinking about this for a while and might implode if he doesn’t finally pop the question.

“Hmm?”

“Would you still love me if I was a worm?”

The question doesn’t even phase Shane. Sweet, gentle Shane with unending patience.

“Why are you a worm, baby?” Shane caresses his cheek with his knuckles.

“Just- how to put it? Fake situation.”

“Am I also a worm in this fake situation?”

“Hmm...” Ilya isn’t quite sure what the rules are. “No, I don’t think so.”

“Okay. What type of worm are you?”

Ilya should’ve known this would happen. “Can you just answer?” He huffs.

“I think the logistics would be tough. I might step on you.”

Shane frowns like he’s truly regretful and Ilya knows it isn’t just for show. He’s genuinely upset at the thought of how difficult it’ll be to love worm-Ilya.

Ilya also isn’t a hundred percent sure what “logistics” means, but it doesn’t sound like the answer he wants. So he gasps dramatically and covers his mouth in shock.

“That is terrible painful words coming out your mouth, Hollander!”

“Okay but what if you were a different animal instead hmm? Worms have too many legs.”

“Loon then.”

“What?”

“Would you love me if I was a loon? Since you already speak fluent loon language.”

Shane’s eyebrows furrow and he squints hard like he’s imagining their loon future together. What he pictures must be enough for him since he says, “Okay. I’ll love you and take care of you and feed you fish everyday. You’ll be the fattest happiest loon in all of Canada.”

Ilya’s lips curve to reveal a toothy grin.

“That is so sweet, baby. I love you. I can’t wait, the other loons will be so jealous of me.”

“Well, would *you* still love *me* if I was a worm?” Shane questions curiously.

“Definitely not.” Ilya’s response is immediate.

“Fuck you! I’m gonna eat holes in all your fucking plants!”

“It will be impossible to have sex, Hollander. We must be realistic.”

“Realistic?!” Shane exclaims. “You’re telling me you’ve turned into a worm but I’m the one not being realistic??”

Ilya doubles over in laughter and Shane’s head bops up and down against his shoulder with the motion.

“Okay okay! I know what I will do. I will raise you like little pet and create Instagram update account for you so everyone can watch you grow. Maybe you can be new team pet, even though you are much uglier than Chiron.”

Shane watches as Ilya pulls his phone out and types.

“I don’t know what type of worm you are but Google says you will die after 2 years. Then I will bury you and post sad black and white picture on Instagram. It will be very difficult time and I might have to take break from hockey. But I think this is very realistic plan.”

“Okay. I can accept that,” Shane concedes with a grin.

@ilyarozanov81

picture of a caterpillar

Spotted Shane Hollander outside the stadium today. Even as a worm, he is so cute and fluffy.

Comments

@boodrambood: ?

@rozrozyroz: whatever Hollanov got going on

@hollanovtruther: Did Ilya just name a caterpillar after his husband?

Chapter End Notes

(Shane and Ilya both think caterpillars are worms and we will not be correcting them!)

Thank you for being here! I appreciate any and all comments or kudos!

Chapter 4: High on Life

Chapter Summary

Shane consumes a few too many special brownies and confesses all his secrets to an unwilling Wyatt Hayes.

Chapter Notes

Inspired by the hospital scene where Shane is a whole cutiepatootie. I love putting him in imaginary scenarios where he just gets to be giggly and happy without second-guessing everything or overthinking what he wants to say.

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

Ilya can count on one hand the number of times he's seen Shane high. In fact, he can count the number of times on exactly two fingers. The first was when he'd been drugged up in the hospital after the nasty hit that broke his collarbone. The second time was... right now.

They're at Eric's Christmas party with the entire team. One of the boys, Ilya thinks it might be Bood, brought a whole tray of "special" brownies. The house is packed with players, coaches, staff, and WAGs, and nobody paid attention when Shane, poor innocent Shane, went to town on the little squares of chocolatey goodness.

"ILLLLYAAAA!!!! BABY!!!" Shane shouts as he stumbles onto Eric's lawn.

Ilya is mid-conversation with Troy and Wyatt when he hears his husband. Shane is still shy and easily embarrassed, especially in front of their team, so Ilya is surprised (and excited) by the public call out.

"I'm here!" Ilya lifts his beer can in the air and waves it like a tour guide flag.

"Ilya!!! I missed you SO so much!!!"

Wyatt's eyes widen in utter disbelief. "Who are you and what have you done to Hollander!"

He's promptly ignored.

"Did you try the brownies? They soooooooooooooooooooooo yummy!"

Shane shoves a half-eaten brownie into Ilya's hands like he's trying to make a point. Ilya takes a deep sniff of the sweet treat and chuckles.

“Ahhhh. Makes sense now. How many did you eat, baby?”

“One!!!” Shane announces, as he lifts up two fingers in a crooked peace sign.

Troy laughs, “Good luck Hollander, drink lots of water.”

“Wanna take him home, Roz? It’s getting pretty late anyways. I’ll give you guys a lift,” Wyatt offers, jiggling his car keys.

“Please. I owe you.”

It’s only when Shane and Ilya are both securely strapped in the backseat of Wyatt’s car that Ilya turns to really study Shane’s face. Despite being married and spending pretty much all their time together, the moments where Shane allows himself to let go of all his inhibitions are still few and far between. His eyebrows are fully relaxed and there’s a perpetual cute little grin on his face like he’s watching the funniest show ever in his mind. It’s ridiculously endearing and so adorable, Ilya is tempted to squish his face.

He hurriedly snaps a picture and makes a mental note to include it in his next Instagram post.

“HAZYYYY!!!” Shane exclaims out of the blue, scaring Wyatt who’d been quietly singing along to his playlist.

“YES?!” He raises his voice and tries to match the enthusiasm.

“I’ve got a secret but you have to promise me that you won’t tell Ilya!” Shane whisper-shouts, either completely unaware or simply disregarding the fact that Ilya is seated right next to him.

“Okay! I promise!” Wyatt whisper-shouts back, sending a cheeky wink when he catches Ilya’s eye in the mirror.

“Sometimes when I- when I wake up before Ilya in the morning…”

“Oh my god puppy!!! Puppy baby!!” Shane gets distracted by a dog in the car next to theirs and makes kissy sounds against the window.

Wyatt is very out of his depth. He’s never seen Hollander like this. Ever. Hollander has always been the calm and collected to Roz’s rowdy and excited, so witnessing this moment almost feels like he’s in some alternate reality.

“What happens when you wake up before Ilya in the morning?” Wyatt tries to steer the conversation back before Shane loses interest entirely.

“Oh!!! Sometimes when I wake up before Ilya in the morning, I stare at him and count the moles on his face and chest. And for every mole, I think about one thing I love about him!”

What the fuck?

The “secret” stuns Wyatt into complete silence. He looks at Shane in the mirror and is greeted by a view of Ilya’s lovesick gaze instead. It’s frankly, disgusting, and Wyatt is a little scared that they might do something freaky in his car.

But it’s also moments like this that make Wyatt question how on earth they’d managed to keep their relationship a secret for so long. Anyone with eyes can see how besotted they are with each other.

“That’s errr... very nice of you, Holzy.” Wyatt settles on something safe to say.

“And I usually get to about nine or ten things, but then! But then!! I lose track of what I’m saying because he’s so beautiful and perfect and I can’t believe he’s my husband!” Shane continues with a giggle.

“Oh, my sweetheart.” Ilya quickly unbuckles his seatbelt and moves to the middle seat. He tangles their fingers together and presses a kiss to the back of Shane’s hand as if he can’t physically stand being apart from him for a second longer. Even Wyatt has to admit that it’s all very tender and sweet.

“I love him soooooooooo much. Sometimes he tells me he loves me more but that’s IMPOSSIBLE!” Shane raises his voice to a shout and pumps a fist in the air.

If Ilya smiles any wider, he’ll turn into the Joker. He has an impossibly fond look of adoration in his eyes and Wyatt watches through the mirror as Shane tilts to rest his head on Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya slowly shuffles higher to make the position more comfortable, and with his eyes shut, Shane starts to mouth at the exposed skin on Ilya’s neck.

Wyatt immediately steps on the gas a little harder. He can feel the air rapidly shifting from lovely confessions to something else he really doesn’t want to consider.

“Hazy! Do you know that Ilya has a mole on his di-”

“OKAY HOLZY. Let’s keep some secrets to ourselves!” Wyatt interrupts urgently and desperately.

He tries to beg Ilya for help in the mirror but the man grins and shrugs and has not an ounce of shame in his body.

“No no! You have to know! Sometimes when we fu-”

With the reaction speed of the world’s best F1 driver, Wyatt instantly cranks his speakers up to maximum without warning and shouts along at the top of his lungs, “BEAUTIFUL LIKE DIAMONDS IN THE SKY!!!! SHINE BRIGHT LIKE A DIAMOND!!!”

He can still hear Ilya’s cackling over the sound of the music, and he keeps the volume up for the rest of the ride.

When the Centaurs gather for evening practice the next day, Wyatt tries everything he can to avoid eye contact with Shane. Thankfully, his life is made a lot easier because Shane doesn’t

seem particularly keen on making small talk either. Ilya must've caught him up on the previous day's events.

After a somewhat awkward practice where both Wyatt and Shane had been yelled at for their uncharacteristic lack of synergy, Wyatt decides to bite the bullet. He approaches Shane in the locker room and clears his throat before speaking.

"Holzy, about yest-"

"Listen. I'm really sorry about yesterday! Thank you for the ride back but maybe we should just pretend it didn't happen?" Shane rushes the words out.

"Yeah ok let's do that," Wyatt agrees readily.

"Ok cool cool. Erm. Cool."

Shane turns and makes to leave before it gets even more uncomfortable, but Wyatt can't let him go without saying one final thing.

"Holzy."

"Yeah?"

"I just wanna say how happy I am that you're on our team with Roz and that you make him really happy."

Shane's cheeks burn a bright red and the rusty locker cabinet next to him is suddenly the most interesting thing in the world.

Before he can reply, Ilya saunters into the room and plants a wet kiss on his cheek. "Let's go home, baby! I cook chicken parmesan for dinner! I will wait in the car!"

With a nod at Ilya's retreating frame, Shane turns to smile shyly at Wyatt.

"Thank you Hazy. I love being on this team and I love being teammates with you. It means a lot to me. To us. To have such supportive friends."

Grinning, Wyatt pulls Shane into a bear hug and shoves him off as soon as he gets in a couple pats on the back.

"Go go! Don't keep your husband waiting! Also. For the record. I'm never giving you guys a lift ever again!"

@ilyarozanov81

picture of Shane in Wyatt's car as the cover photo

It was a crazy year and I think next year will only be even crazier! I am grateful for this life and for having my beautiful husband by my side.

I know all of you love Shane Hollander but please do not forget that he loves ME most.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from me and mine! See you on the ice!

Comments

@rozrozyroz: erm OK thanks for the reminder??

@hollanovtruther: I hate them so much. Give me MORE.

@hollanderswife: Oh look. I'm Ilya Rozanov. I'm one of the best players in the league. My husband is Shane fucking Hollander. He loves me and I get to kiss him on the lips. Fuck YOU. #GoCentaur

@wyatthayes: The first picture sent a chill up my spine. I am a trauma victim.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for being here! I appreciate any and all comments or kudos!

Chapter 5: The Ultimate NHL Softie

Chapter Summary

Ilya is unbothered by all the jeers and chirps on the ice. Nothing really phases him anymore.

The same can't be said for Shane.

Chapter Notes

I love that Shane is written to be more of a pacifist and that he also doesn't really participates in fights. But I just KNOW that he'll jump in at a moment's notice when he deems a situation severe enough to warrant it.

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

It's the fourth regular season game for the Centaurs after Shane's addition when things start to really gel together. They're on a humble win-streak and team morale is at an all time high. It's been over a decade since Ottawa last fielded such a powerful roster, and its effects on the community are palpable.

The fans show up with new innovative signs and the stadium is full even on weekdays. Pre-game narratives on the broadcast are also slowly switching from, "The Centaurs cause another upset!" to "The Centaurs are favorites to win!" and Ilya couldn't be more ecstatic. He hasn't felt this way about hockey in years. Hockey has always been something he's good at, not something he necessarily loves, but being able to look over and see Shane in a matching jersey five steps away does crazy things to his dopamine levels.

People have been mostly accepting and supportive of their relationship. Whether it's out of fear of Ilya or genuine allyship remains unconfirmed, but life has been... good.

The Centaurs are at an away game in St Louis when something truly amazing happens.

They're up 4-0 and it's looking like a clean blowout when Mikey Leon from the Blues trips Ilya with his stick. Ilya lands on the ice with a hard, "Oof", and it's truly testament to his growth as an athlete and person that he isn't even that annoyed. It's a common occurrence in the sport and he's able to get right back up after a couple seconds. No harm no foul. After all, the Centaurs have a game to win and Ilya is trying to exercise "patience" and "control" and whatever else Shane likes to nag at him about.

“Rozanov! Does your mother know you’re a fucking sissy?”

Most people in the hockey world are well aware of Ilya’s family background, what with the Irina Foundation he started with Shane and the very clear mission statement on their website. Over the years, he’s also been on the receiving end of all sorts of jeers on the ice, and very few things phase him. But something about the statement pinches at him; the sacredness of his mother’s memory being tainted by a painfully untalented hockey player.

Shane will understand, Ilya thinks, as he drops his stick to the ground and pulls his gloves off. But before he can launch himself at Leon, a blur of red flies past him and slams Leon hard into the glass.

“What the fuck did you just say?!” Shane yells. His gloves are off and he’s punching Leon repeatedly across the face with reckless abandon.

“Ohh! Rozanov sent his guard dog?!”

Ilya is so caught off guard by the scene that he doesn’t know how to react. He supposes he should step in and break them up before things escalate. But he’s half turned-on and half amused, and Shane has terrible punching technique anyway so he knows Leon will be just fine.

Ilya glances up to the crowd and sees a mixture of shock and confusion on everyone’s faces. Shane has a reputation for being the “Ultimate NHL Softie” who never instigates, so most people must know that it took something severe for him to react this way.

“Leon! I saw erm... your mother this morning!!! And. Errrm... She told me that she wished she’d... used protection!!!” Shane shouts unconfidently.

Okay. We must work on chirping tonight. Ilya is so fond.

The referees are quick to break up the mess and the aftermath is a pouting Shane alone in the penalty box. Ilya tries to stay focused but he can’t stop himself from glancing over every couple seconds. In all his years, he’s never quite seen a player look this cute and harmless in the penalty box, like a big angry kitten.

Thankfully, the Centaurs have the win in the bag and the Blues are squarely defeated in humiliating fashion.

“Tell your mother I will give her free ticket next time we play, Leon. She must see in person how terrible you are at hockey,” Ilya spits, before both teams return to their respective locker rooms.

“Ilya. Are you okay?” Shane hurries over to check on him.

“I am more than okay! I am fantastic!! You were so cute fighting for me. My- what do they call it in English? Knight in underwear?”

“Knight in shining armor!” Troy’s voice echoes from somewhere in the room.

Ilya digs through his game bag for his chirp book and passes Shane a bright pink pen. “Yes yes! That is very clever phrase. There is no reason for knight to be in underwear. Shane, please write it in here for me.”

“Ilya.” Shane grabs both his hands with a solid tug. “Are you sure you’re okay? I swear I’m gonna kill him when I see him.”

The genuine concern and anger in Shane eyes forces a frown onto Ilya's face. He thinks his heart might burst into a million pieces with how much he loves the man in front of him. He must’ve saved a nation in his previous life to have been blessed with the opportunity to be loved by Shane. Shane is a physical reminder of everything perfect and good, and Ilya feels a weird pressure start to build in his eyes. No one has ever fought for him before. No one is ever hurt on his behalf.

He reaches a hand to cradle Shane’s cheek.

“I promise I am okay. Because you were there.”

Shane sighs deeply and pulls him into a hug. “Anyone who says anything bad about you or Irina must die. I don’t care anymore.”

“Thank you baby. But we must work on your chirps, yes? I will lend you my book. Many good ideas inside. And I will teach you how to punch. You are like small cute kitten now.”

Shane laughs wetly into Ilya’s shoulder and punches him half-heartedly. “I hate you.”

“I love you enough for both of us, so that is okay.”

@NewsFromTheIce

video

Tensions were high at the Centaurs vs Blues game tonight as Shane Hollander dropped his gloves to throw a punch at Mikey Leon.

It must be noted that this is very uncharacteristic and unexpected of the newest addition to the Centaurs who was just voted the “Ultimate NHL Softie” in an official poll last week.

Comments

@hollanderswife: I’ve been a fan for 7 years and I’ve NEVER seen Shane this angry. What the fuck did Leon say??

@hollanoventhusiast: Leon said something to Roz at 00:12 and Holzy flew in at 00:18. Where are the lip readers at?

@rozyboyismine: LMFAO LOOK AT ROZANOV GRINNING PROUDLY IN THE BACK AT 00:31. HE DGAF. I JUST KNOW THEY GOT FREAKY THAT NIGHT.

@centaursontop: Being on the same team as my pacifist husband and then watching him start a fight over me?? And they say true love is dead??? God please when will it be my turn?!

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for being here! I appreciate any and all comments or kudos!

This will probably be the last chapter because I have shit going on that I can no longer procrastinate (booo), so I'll just mark this as a complete fic!

But I really hope to write more on here when I have the time. So god willing, I'll see you in the next one!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!