Blood Upon The Snow

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76919896.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Scott Hunter, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike, Shane Hollander & Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble & Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Montreal Voyageurs Team Ensemble
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Scott Hunter (Game Changers), Hayden Pike, Gilbert Comeau, Patrice Drapeau, Jean-Jacques 'J.J.' Boiziau, Montreal Voyageurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers), Jackie Pike, Wyatt Hayes, Zane Boodram, Evan Dykstra, Cassie Boodram, Caitlin Dykstra, Luca Haas, Young (Game Changers), Holmberg (Game Changers), LaPointe (Game Changers), Theriault (Game Changers), Harris Drover, Kip Grady
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things, except it's actually a 5+2+1, BAMF Shane Hollander, Kind Of, He can fight in this, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Mentions of Violence, but not like, super a lot, Hockey Fights, Hockey, Shane Hollander can't chirp, Racism, Ableism, Homophobia, Chirping, Shane Hollander gets chirped at but most of it is just people being assholes, Swearing, Fights, Canada's Good Boy Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander throws hands for Ilya Rozanov, Hayden Pike is a good friend, How Do I Tag, no beta we die like we all wish commissioner crowell would, The Montreal team speaks french, Shane speaks french, Shane speaks Russian, Ilya speaks Russian, author doesn't speak either of these sorry if something's wrong
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Nature Offers a Violence, Part 3 of Heated Rivalry - Collection
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 13,462 Chapters: 8/8

Blood Upon The Snow

by strawhat_star

Summary

Shane had a reputation since his rookie days, the polite good-boy Canadian compared to Ilya's cocky bad-boy Russian branding. Neither of them were perfect fits, they were more than the little boxes the media shoved them into, but convincing anyone of that was a hard thing. So Shane never really tried, it wasn't all that hard though. He was polite – in part because he cared about how he was perceived – and he was Canadian, he loved and lived for hockey. Ilya was cocky, he smoked, he didn't give a shit about being nice to reporters who asked stupid questions, he chirped loud and played hard, and regularly visited the penalty box. Shane had never once been involved in a fight on the ice or been sent to the penalty box. That wasn't to say Shane had never been involved in a fight. Despite the polite Canadian exterior and the boring personality Ilya so loved to tease him about, Shane had his fair share of experience throwing gloves and dealing punches. He was just more discreet about it.

OR the five times Shane got into fights off the ice without anyone knowing, the two times he got into a fight on the ice for everyone else to see, and the one time Shane didn't need to get involved in the fight

Notes

This was only supposed to be one chapter of Shane getting into a fight off the ice, and it turned into this monstrosity.

Sort of OOC because Shane Hollander is willing to throw hands in this.

Title from "Blood Upon The Snow" by Bear McCreary and Hozier

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: +1 Montreal v. New York Admirals (2014)

Shane really didn't mean anything by it when he skated over after the game had ended, was only trying to fit a chirp in because he figured no matter what he said Scott wouldn't take it wrong.

"Hope next time we play you decide to show up."

"Cheap." Scott spit at the ice.

"True." Shane spits at the ice too, is pretty sure it's a chirping thing.

"You're starting to sound like him." Scott comments, and Shane goes still, feels the chill up his back and looks quickly around to make sure no one heard.

"I'm sorry what?" He checks, because there's no way Scott Hunter knows about him and Ilya. Because they were sort of friends. Because Scott Hunter didn't seem like the type of asshole to risk outing him on the ice or like the type of asshole to break the unwritten rule of chirping and drag someone's partner – was that even a word he could use to describe Ilya – into it.

"You fucking heard me, Hollander." Scott says, standing up to his full height.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" Shane asks again, because this cannot be happening here, on the ice. Where anyone could see or overhear, because if Scott keeps going and this gets put out there, even if it's just speculation, then Ilya won't be able to go home again.

"It means," Scott starts, a slow little drawl to his voice, "You're starting to sound like–" and Shane knows what he's going to say next, can see the 'Rozanov' starting to form on his lips. Shane's dropping his stick and throwing himself forward before he can say anything else.

"Shut the fuck up!" Shane shouts at him, loud and angry and desperate to keep anyone from hearing or being able to lip-read Ilya's name later. He drops his gloves and launches himself at Scott who swings back. "You keep your fucking mouth shut! Don't you dare!"

"Fuck you, Hollander!" Scott shouts back, throws a punch that knocks Shane's helmet off. "You're starting to act like him too!"

Shane doesn't hesitate, grabs Scott's jersey and yanks hard, dragging Scott down to his height. "You say another word about him and I'll kill you."

"Hey!" Hayden shouts, as he skates over towards them with the refs, and Shane manages another punch to Scott's jaw before Hayden's yanking him back.

"Fuck you, go home!" Shane shouts, because he needs something to distract from what Scott was just about to reveal, because he can't be caught screaming at Scott about Ilya because

that will only make things worse.

“Fuck you!” Scott shouts back, tries to press forward and is grabbed by two of his own teammates. He’s shouting too, but Shane can’t hear most of it over the blood rushing in his ears, pays attention anyway and keeps pushing against Hayden’s grip on him because if Scott starts saying Ilya’s name again Shane won’t be close enough to stop him.

“Fuck you, you pussy! Go home! You're 45 years old! Yeah you're ancient! You're a dinosaur! Ice your knees! Go throw some voltaren on your back, you old man! Get the cane!” Shane yells, keeps shouting until Scott Hunter is being backed through his own bench because at least this way if he says anything Shane’s yelling will maybe cover it up.

“What the hell, man?” Hayden asks when Shane finally quiets down once Scott’s out of sight, his eyes wide and panicked. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Shane grits out, both Hayden and J.J. frowning.

“What the hell was that about?” J.J. asks, glances at the Admirals bench to make sure Scott is long gone and then starts nudging Shane towards their own bench.

“I thought you guys were friends.” Hayden adds, sounding genuinely confused.

“It was nothing.” Shane shakes his head, Hayden and J.J. sharing a look.

“Did he, like, say something racist to you?” J.J. asks slowly, and Shane shakes his head so quickly it makes him dizzy.

“No. God, no. Nothing like that. He’s not, he isn’t like that.” Shane defends, because despite whatever just happened on the ice, Shane *knows* Scott Hunter isn’t racist and he’s not going to let that be the cover up story.

“Then what happened?” Hayden pushes, guiding Shane back down the hall towards their locker rooms so the medics can check him over.

“He just, I was just chirping, and we started fighting. It happens.” Shane says, and it’s not a lie but it still has Hayden and J.J. settling him with those halfway-disbelieving looks they’ve given him the few times he’s tried lying to them.

“Not to you.” Hayden comments.

“Not even to Scott Hunter, really.” J.J. adds.

“Please.” Shane tries instead, Hayden and J.J. sharing a considering look before sighing.

“Just this once, Hollzy.” Hayden says, points a finger in his face. “And only because you’re going to sit nicely and let medical look you over.”

“Only this time, *Capitaine*.” J.J. agrees, gentle as he pushes Shane down to sit in front of his stall. “And you will come out with us after next game.”

Chapter 2: 1. Montreal v. New Jersey (2011)

Chapter Summary

Shane has his first ever fight. Although it's not much of a fight.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shane likes playing with Montreal, the players are nice and they play good games. It's exciting, playing in the big leagues, getting to be a real player on a team for his country only two hours away from his home city. It's hockey, which Shane loves and lives and breathes. There's more to it now though, more chirping and locker room talk, now that he's an official player and not just an up-and-coming hockey star. Shane's adjusting to that part, isn't very good at chirping or talking to people, has gained a subtitle to his media appointed 'Canada's Pro-Hockey Golden Boy' of 'Socially Awkward' and sort of hates it because it's like a brick thrown through his glass house attempt of masking and fitting in.

So he's trying, a little, to figure out how to interact with other players in a way that doesn't make him feel so damn stupid all the time. He's pretty good at it with Rozanov, rivalry and fucking around aside, has sort of gotten the hang of their little quips and banter. They'd played Boston two days ago, and Rozanov had sort of smirked in that way he did whenever Shane said something close to a chirp as Shane told him the point of the game was to hit the puck into the goal after Drapeau had blocked Roaznov's attempt at a game saving shot in the last period. Shane thinks that's probably not something that he should say now, as he walks into the gym after the game to cool down and sees one of New Jersey's rookies already there.

"Hey, good game back there." Shane calls, trying for casual as he waves towards where New Jersey's 18 – Q. Anderson, his jersey reads – is running on one of the treadmills.

Shane sort of recognizes him, is pretty sure he was on America's World Junior Championship team as a second line forward. He doesn't really remember seeing him on the ice tonight, but he figures good game is a relatively safe thing to say even though Montreal won 3-2. Shane thinks Rozanov would say something sarcastic back, chirp at Shane about Montreal's win being a one off and how he shouldn't expect it to happen again. He's pretty sure Hayden would come up with something like that too, or at least roll his eyes good naturedly.

"Did you come in here just to mock me?" Anderson spits, hopping off the treadmill and stalking towards Shane before it's even fully stopped. "Huh?"

"What?" Shane asks, the genuine anger in Anderson's voice not at all what he was expecting. "No. I- It was a good game? I came in here to–"

Shane doesn’t get to finish his sentence as Anderson punches him, grabbing Shane’s shirt and pulling his first back again. Shane scrambles to grab his hand, Anderson’s next punch grazing his temple but not properly connecting. He swings his own arm out in an attempt to escape, clipping Anderson’s chin. Shane throws two quick punches as Anderson reels back, thankful he’s watched enough of Rozanov’s games to have an idea of how to hold his fist and move his arm as he swings back at Anderson.

Anderson yelps as Shane’s fist connects with his nose, tripping backwards and taking them both down. Shane lands another solid hit to his face, and then Anderson is shouting sort of desperately and pushing up from the floor, knocking Shane back to the ground. Anderson leans over him now, trying to hit at Shane as Shane tries to shove his hands away.

“Hey!” New Jersey’s goalie shouts at them, rounding the corner with Montreal’s second line goalie, Renaud. “The hell are you two doing?”

Anderson doesn’t look up at the sound, and Shane stares towards them with a pleading expression that he knows is probably pathetic. Anderson’s mostly just slapping at him by now, as Shane tries to push Anderson’s hands away from him, something more like a bout of elementary school tussling than an actual fight. Renaud and the New Jersey goalie roll their eyes as they step forward to yank Anderson off of him, looking tiredly amused.

“Up you go.” Renaud sighs, grabbing Shane’s hand and tugging him up from the floor. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” Shane nods, his jaw and back hurting a little but otherwise fine.

“Good.” Renaud replies, shaking his head exasperatedly. “We’ll get out of your hair. I’ll see you for drinks at the usual bar later, yeah?”

“Yeah.” New Jersey’s goalie agrees, sighing tiredly and holding the back of Anderson’s jersey. “See you at nine.”

“See you at nine.” Renaud choruses, lightly dragging Shane out of the room with him as he waves over his shoulder to the other goalie. “What the hell happened there?”

“I don’t know.” Shane says honestly, he really didn’t know why they were fighting, if you could even call it that.

“Oh, kid.” Renaud sighs, patting Shane’s shoulder comfortingly. “We’re gonna have to teach you how to duck before someone goes at you on the ice.”

Chapter End Notes

The team do try and teach Shane how to fight after that, laughing about the rookie's first scrap and trying to teach him how to hold his fist to throw a punch in the locker room. He's awful at it, and they laugh and say they'll just have to teach Hayden, who instantly

puffs up and says he'll punch anyone who messes with him.
Later, Shane gets a private trainer for one whole week during the summer off season to teach him how to box, because Ilya had cackled when Shane told him about the mix up with New Jersey's rookie and called him boring. Shane would never admit to getting the boxing lessons because of Ilya, or to watching videos of Ilya's fights on the ice to try and learn how to hold himself and throw punches before he got the trainer.

Chapter 3: 2. Montreal v. Atlanta (2012)

Chapter Summary

Shane has his first actual fight of a fight.

Chapter Notes

NOTE: this chapter includes some racist remarks against Shane

Shane always hated playing in Atlanta. He hated most of the mid-west and southern states to be honest, because there was really nothing to do there but also because they always seemed to have the most racist players. Shane could admit they weren't all like that, hated lumping them all together over a few bad players, but he also knew that there was a precedent to say those states were the worst to play in. He had experienced it firsthand, multiple times. Not that he ever really told anyone.

"Can you even see the puck?" The player across from him, Shane hadn't bothered remembering his name, jeers as they ready for the face off.

"Probably better than you." Shane answers, knocks the puck away as soon as it's dropped and shoots across the ice, doesn't realize until three seconds later that it was a racist call out and not a genuine question.

He scores unassisted, Hayden and J.J. shouting loudly as they slam into him in celebration. Shane watches as the player from the face off, Atlanta's 48, sneers at him and says something lowly to his teammates. Shane shakes his head, pats Hayden and J.J. on the backs and settles in for a long game of taking hits because he knows the look on Atlanta 48's face, has seen it plenty of times before.

"Fucking oriental." Atlanta's 11 sneers as Shane skates by him towards the center line.

Shane ignores it, is glad Hayden and J.J. are ahead of him and don't hear it because he needs them both on the ice with him for any chance for him to pull off the double hat trick he's hoping for.

Shane manages a natural hat trick, three consecutive, uninterrupted goals during the first period, while Atlanta's 48 and 36 are sent to the penalty box for dirty hits against him. Shane can't stop himself from smiling as he skates by them after getting his hat trick and closing out the period with 3-0 for Montreal.

“Dude!” Hayden shouts, slams into Shane hard enough to send them both back a few feet on the ice. “You’re insane!”

“Thank you.” Shane shrugs, laughs as J.J. slams into them and they slide a few feet in the other direction.

“Damn, Hollzy. What’d they put in your water today?” J.J. teases, smiling big and proud as he noogies Shane’s helmet.

“I’m going to get a double hat trick tonight.” Shane tells them as they skate back towards their bench for the break, Hayden and J.J.’s eyes widening as they share a look behind his head.

“You’re going to get a double hat trick?” J.J. echoes, because it’s so rare for Shane to say something so cocky or sure such as claiming he’ll get a double hat trick.

“Fuck yeah you are!” Hayden cheers, slapping his hand against Shane’s back supportively. “We’ll set you up for it, yeah?”

“Maybe we'll get you one too.” Shane tells him, pats Hayden’s shoulder back.

“Someone say something to you?” Hayden realizes, he knows after a few seasons of playing together that Shane lives and breathes hockey but only ever gets cocky about it when he’s trying to prove something or is genuinely upset about something. That Shane plays not necessarily better, just with a little more of a dangerous precision when upset, and he frowns a little as he glances over towards the other team’s bench.

“Don’t worry about it.” Shane shakes his head, pushes Hayden’s back so he keeps walking. Raises his voice a little for the rest of the team as they crowd into the locker room. “Let’s sweep the floor with them, yeah?”

“Wipe them out!” Someone, Shane thinks it’s Comeau, shouts.

“Hollzy here is goaling for a double hat trick tonight.” J.J. informs the room, because he knows it’ll get their energy up even more to know Shane said something so self assured.

The room cheers and hollers, exploding as they all shout over each other about wiping out Atlanta and ensuring Shane gets his double hat trick. Shane smiles at the room, feeling some of the tension in his shoulders from Atlanta’s pathetic attempts at racism disguised chirps bleeding out.

“48?” Hayden asks quietly, and Shane glances at him and then shakes his head, grabbing Hayden’s shoulder.

“Don’t start anything.” Shane warns, pointing at him and then at J.J. “I need my full line on the ice if I want to pull this off. Don’t go pulling penalties.”

“I’ll do my best." Hayden says, turning away from Shane and pointing from himself to their right wing. “They’re gunning to take Hollzy down after that stellar performance, we keep them back, right?”

“Damn right!”

“Damn right!” Hayden choruses back, the rest of their team cheering.

The game ends in a shutout, 9-0 for Montreal. Shane scores his double hat trick and gets an assist for one of the other goals, two from their second line center and one from Hayden. Atlanta ends the game with eight penalties and one player ejection, and Shane can’t stop himself from smiling when Atlanta’s 48 gets booted from the game halfway through their second period, making sure he sees it too. Atlanta’s 48 glares at him, has to be pushed back into their bench and down the tunnel by his teammates.

Shane waits after the game, makes sure he’s the last person in the locker room after the others have left for drinks that he politely declines going to because he isn’t quite old enough to drink on this side of the border, and only then does he leave. As he thought, Atlanta's 48 is waiting in the parking lot, and Shane looks around quickly to make sure no one else is in the parking lot before he walks out of the building and towards his car.

“Hey!” Atlanta’s 48 shouts at him, pushing away from where he’d been leaning against the building and quickly getting into Shane’s face.

Shane doesn’t actually hear whatever slur Atlanta’s 48 says over the blood rushing in his ears, but he knows the look that crosses his face, is familiar with the hate and the anger in his eyes when Atlanta's 48 spits something at him. Shane stares blankly back up at him and waits for him to snap first so that on the off chance Shane’s missed someone in the parking lot it’ll be clear that he’s acting in self-defense. It takes only a few seconds for Atlanta’s 48 to grab at Shane’s collar, and Shane pulls himself back when Atlanta’s 48 swings so his fist only grazes Shane’s jaw and doesn’t do too much damage.

Shane smirks at him, raises his fist and swings hard, throws his entire bodyweight into it as he decks Atlanta’s 48. He goes down hard, stumbles over his own feet and smacks into the pavement. Shane stands still above him, shakes out his hand and glares.

“Call me that again.” Shane hisses, reaching down to yank Atlanta’s 48 up into a half-sitting position. “And I’ll make sure you never play another game, ever. Understand?”

Atlanta’s 48 spits blood at Shane’s shoes, and Shane lets go of his shirt so he drops back against the pavement hard and then yanks him back up again, raising a brow. “Understand?”

“Fuck you.” Atlanta’s 48 spits, but it’s lost all of the heat from earlier, his eyes wide with barely concealed fear because he’d been expecting an easy release of his anger and had instead gotten knocked on his ass by some twenty year old Canadian good-boy.

Shane lets go of him again, grabs his shirt quickly when he starts falling back too fast and keeps Atlanta’s 48 from braining himself on the pavement. Shane keeps his face carefully blank, glares down at him as Atlanta’s 48 catches up to the fact that Shane just kept him from a concussion despite nearly breaking his nose.

“Understand?” Shane repeats a third time, flexes his hand.

“Shit, fuck, yeah. Whatever.” Atlanta’s 48 grits out, getting his hands under him to hold his weight and slapping Shane’s hand away from him.

Shane nods, shakes out his hand and turns back to walk the rest of the way to his car, leaving Atlanta’s 48 sitting on the pavement and staring after him.

Chapter 4: 3. Montreal v. San Francisco (2013)

Chapter Summary

> “Who?” Shane asks, because he genuinely has no idea what he’s talking about. “What do you mean? I didn’t flirt with anyone.”
>
> And, well, that’s technically a lie. Shane had been texting Rozanov earlier, but he's certain that was not what this San Francisco player was getting in his face about.
>
> OR Shane is accused of flirting with a player's girlfriend and somehow ends up in a fight about it

Shane takes a hit into the boards, wincing and rubbing his shoulder as he pushes himself up only to immediately get snow showered by one of San Francisco’s players short stopping just in front of him as a whistle is blown. Shane groans, wipes at his face and then pulls his hand from his glove to wipe the snow out from under his visor.

“Shit, man.” Hayden says from somewhere in front of him, and Shane can hear him kneeling down in front of him. “You okay there, buddy?”

“Can’t see.” Shane shakes his head, his vision had whited out a little when he first hit the boards, and then it’d really whited out when he got sprayed.

“They called a penalty on it.” Hayden tells him, taking off his own gloves and helping to wipe the snow out from under Shane’s visor. “Think you can make it to the bench?”

“I’m fine.” Shane tries, blinking hard.

“Uh huh.” Hayden doesn't sound at all convinced, careful as he hooks one of his arms around Shane’s and guides him up to his feet. “Don’t move, let me grab your glove.”

“It’s coming back.” Shane says, because it really is, his vision starting to come clearer as he blinks more. “I’m fine.”

“They’re reviewing the play anyway.” Hayden tells him, hooking his arm back through Shane’s and carefully starting back towards the bench, Shane trusting him enough to skate slowly along beside him even with his impaired vision. “Just let them look you over, yeah?”

“Damn, they got you good, huh?” Drapeau asks, leaning against the boards while they’re reviewing the play and getting someone to switch out his water bottle for him during the brief intermission.

“Snow up my visor.” Shane nods, blinking hard to try and get his right eye to clear all the way, sort of half winking as he tries.

“Let me take a look.” Their team doctor says, and Shane ducks his head down a little and unclips his helmet as he leans against the boards. “How’s it feeling?”

“My vision was gone for a minute there, but I think it was just snow pushed up in my visor.” Shane answers, mostly honestly.

“He was blinking hard before they sprayed him.” Hayden corrects, and Shane can’t stop the way his lips pout just a little at getting called out.

“It was mostly just a little wave of dizziness. I’m fine now.” Shane says, and he means it this time, neither Hayden nor their team doctor calling him out for lying.

“Did you hit your head at all?” Their team doctor checks, and Shane thinks about it, blinks his right eye a few more times as it finally clears all the way and then shakes his head.

“Just my shoulder. Really, I think I snowed myself a little with that first stop. I’m fine to keep playing.” Shane says, and their team doctor quickly checks his pupils with their pen light before nodding.

“If you start to feel worse you switch out.” He warns, pointing in Shane’s face. “Pike, watch him.”

“Will do.” Hayden nods easily, tossing his arm over Shane’s shoulders.

“I can watch myself.” Shane argues, Hayden rolling his eyes and shaking his head as their team doctor just walks back down the tunnel and doesn’t even bother replying.

“Power play.” Hayden says before Shane can continue to push the topic, nodding to where the player that sprayed Shane is skating out to sit in the penalty box.

“Power play.” Shane echoes, knocking his fist against Hayden’s and then Drapeau’s as they skate back out to resume the period.

“Hey!” Someone shouts down the hall, and Shane turns expecting it to be one of the equipment managers wanting to check something with him, only to get a face full of a fist.

Shane goes down harder than he’d like to admit, loses a few seconds as he slams into the ground and a foot meets his gut. Shane thinks that’s gonna suck before he feels the hurt, and he winces and then grabs the foot that’s swinging for him again, turning over on his back and yanking the person down.

“The fuck?” They shout, as Shane scrambles to try and get back to his feet.

They grab at him, and Shane swings his elbow back quickly, smacks it into their jaw hard and shoves to his feet, finally turning to look at who it is. Shane blinks at the San Francisco

player sprawled across the floor, recognizes him briefly as the player who sprayed him.

“The fuck’s your problem with me?” Shane asks, because he’s running late for his schedule of when he needs to be out of here to get to the airport.

“My problem?” The player scoffs, shoves himself to his feet and goes to slam Shane back against the wall only for Shane to duck out of his way and trip him into the wall instead.

“The game's over.” Shane reminds pointedly, Montreal hadn’t even won. “Leave me the fuck alone.”

“You were fucking flirting with my girlfriend!” The guy shouts, pushes sharply against the wall and manages to throw him and Shane back into the other, knocking all of the air from Shane’s lungs. “Stay the fuck away from my girl!”

“Who?” Shane asks, because he genuinely has no idea what he’s talking about. “What do you mean? I didn’t flirt with anyone.”

And, well, that’s technically a lie. Shane had been texting Rozanov earlier, but he's certain that was not what this San Francisco player was getting in his face about. So Shane doesn't think it’s worth mentioning. If he really was somehow flirting with this guy’s girlfriend he would apologise, but Shane’s pretty sure he would have noticed – okay, he’s pretty sure Hayden would have noticed and called him out on it – if he’d flirted with anyone.

“You were fucking winking at her in the stands.” He spits, and that makes Shane pause, grab the guy’s arm and shove him away, throwing a solid punch that has the other guy stumbling into the opposite wall again.

“You mean after you sprayed snow up my visor and I couldn’t fucking see?” Shane scoffs, shaking his head. “I wasn’t winking at anyone, I don’t know who your girlfriend is and I really don’t care.”

“Fuck you!” The guy shouts, and Shane hits him again before he can even raise his arms to swing.

“Can I go now? I’m going to be late for my flight.” Shane sighs, and there must be something to his tone because the San Francisco player just blinks at him, watches as Shane grabs his duffle from where he dropped it and stalks off down the hallway again. “You should worry about Rozanov, not me.”

Shane tugs his phone from his pocket as he goes, texts Rozanov that he has to stop flirting with player’s girlfriends because Shane was being accused of it now. Rozanov texts back a series of eight laughing emojis and then three of the zzz emojis almost instantly, and Shane rolls his eyes at them.

Jane: I just got accused of flirting with a player’s girlfriend. This is your fault. Are you doing that now?

Lily: 😆😆😆😆😆😆😆😆

Lily 💤💤💤

Jane: It’s not funny.

Jane: I’m not boring.

Jane: If someone punches you for this I’m going to laugh in your face.

Lily: They punch you for this?

Jane: No. Don’t worry about it.

Lily: Which player?

Jane: Drop it.

Lily: Three San Francisco players have girlfriends

Lily: Graham is like you, no fight

Lily: Richards girlfriend is ugly

Lily: Anderson?

Jane: You can’t say that about someone!

Lily: I say what I want

Lily: Anderson yes?

Jane: No.

Lily: Is yes

Rozanov doesn’t bring it up when they meet up after the game, and Shane almost believes he’s forgotten about it until he sees the Boston v San Francisco game a week later and watches as Rozanov says something to Anderson and then winks towards the stands.

Chapter 5: 4. Montreal v. Philadelphia (2015)

Chapter Summary

Shane would like to add Philadelphia to his list of places he hates.

Chapter Notes

NOTE: mentions of racism and some minor ableism in this one

ALSO NOTE: I refer to Philadelphia as Filthadelphia at one point, sorry if you're from Philly I guess, pick a better place to be from next time.

As Shane skates out onto the ice at the start of the second period, their second and third line forwards injured and out for the rest of the game and the next few, Shane thinks he'd like to add Philadelphia to his list of places he hates. They're tied 1-1, with three injuries to Montreal and four penalties to Philadelphia. Shane knows it's going to be a long and tiring game.

Even knowing it was only because he was in Philadelphia that he was going to meet up with Rozanov after the game didn't make Philadelphia even marginally better. Boston had played Philadelphia the night before and weren't leaving until tomorrow morning, so they'd agreed to meet up at Rozanov's hotel after Montreal's game since they wouldn't have another chance to see each other for nearly three weeks outside of this.

"Canada's socially awkward golden boy!" Philadelphia's center cheers as Shane skates up to him, and Shane bristles but forces his face to stay blank.

"Hayd." Shane warns when he notices Hayden starting to skate closer to them instead of heading to his spot, tapping his stick against the ice.

Hayden glares at the Philadelphia player but stays on course, readying himself for the puck to drop. Shane nods to him, forces his shoulders to relax and keeps his eyes on the ice waiting for the puck. Hayden would throw hands for Shane in a heartbeat, and Shane needed him not to get any roughing penalties because they were already relying on a defenseman from a different line and he needed Hayden on the ice with him if they wanted any chance of winning this.

"They finally put you out on the ice huh, puppy enrichment time?" Philadelphia's player number 14 chirps, as the puck drops and Shane smacks it hard down the ice to Hayden, doing

his best to just focus on the game and ignore Philadelphia's player.

"Having a nice playdate?" He asks as he skates past Shane and Hayden after Hayden scores a goal.

"Can you even see the puck?" He asks at the next face off.

"They've got you trained like one of those sled dogs." He laughs as Shane passes to Hayden after he taps his stick on the ice to signal that he's open.

"Fucking canuck." He spits at Shane as they head to the benches for intermission, Montreal up 3-1 now.

"At least he's not from Filthadelphia." Hayden chirps at him, smiling as he steps up to the bench.

"Hayd." Shane sighs, pushing at him lightly to keep walking before the Philadelphia player tries to start something. He waits until they're halfway down the tunnel before he adds. "Filthadelphia?"

Hayden just shrugs, smiles bright as he steps into the locker room to listen to Coach Theriault talk through their plan for the last period. Hayden nudges his shoulder as they walk back out to the ice, laughing at something Drapeau's said as they step out onto the ice.

Philadelphia's 14 takes Hayden down hard with seven minutes left in the period, Comeau launching at him and starting a fight as Shane stands next to Hayden and waits for their team doctor. Hayden has to be helped off the ice with bruised hopefully-not-fractured ribs, and Comeau being sent off the ice with a five minute penalty for instigating, because the hit was deemed clean and Comeau had thrown the first punch. Shane pats Comeau's shoulder as he's sent off, takes a deep breath and glances over at their second line left wing, Montreal down one and Philadelphia on a power play.

He smiles at Shane as they step up for the next face off, "Can you play without your guard dogs?"

Shane scores another two goals just for that, raising a brow at Philadelphia's 14 as he steps off the ice. He heads to the medical room first, checks in on Hayden and then finally heads back towards the locker room after the team doctor has confirmed four times that Hayden's ribs are just bruised and he was winded. That Hayden will only be out for one game, if that.

"Your little pet alright?" Philadelphia's 14 checks, leaning against the wall at the split between the Montreal and Philadelphia locker rooms.

Shane glances down the hall, makes sure there's no one else there, and then he swings. The Philadelphia player smacks back against the wall behind him because he hadn't been expecting it, and Shane manages to punch him again before the Philadelphia player shoves back at him. He punches Shane hard across the jaw, shoves him into the opposite wall and starts throwing repeated hits towards Shane's gut. Shane flails, backhands him and then

manages to grab his wrist and twist them around, elbowing Philadelphia's 14 in the diaphragm as hard as he can.

Philadelphia's 14 drops, slides back against the wall wheezing and grabbing at his chest to try and catch his breath, and Shane stands over him for a moment before shaking his head, walking back down the hall towards the locker rooms to change for the post game interviews and leaving the Philadelphia player hunched over himself on the floor.

Chapter 6: 5. All-Star Game, Tampa (2017)

Chapter Summary

> Shane takes a slow breath and forces his shoulders to relax, looks up the hallway to make sure it's empty and then turns and socks the man in the face.

Chapter Notes

> NOTE: some homophobic language in this one, also the use of canuck again, sorry canadians

Shane's riding a high from playing on the same team as Ilya and winning their game. From confessing to being gay and to liking Ilya and to them both wanting to let whatever this thing is between them shift more towards romantic, even though realistically there are reasons it can't really. He's halfway back to his own room, phone in hand and responding to Hayden's congratulatory texts, when he bumps into someone.

"Motherfucker." They hiss, and Shane ducks his head a little apologetically.

"Sorry about that."

"Shane Hollander?" They ask, and Shane looks up confused, stumbles back when hands shove at him. "I lost five thousand dollars because of you."

"Sorry." Shane says, trying to step past the man and get back to his room, sort of used to this after eight years in the league.

Shane thinks it was kind of a sucker bet, putting five thousand against him and Ilya, but he won't actually say that. There's a chance the bet was about Ilya making more goals than him or the skills competition as well, but Shane doesn't really care to try and figure out how the man lost his five thousand dollars. He knows better than to say anything but simple condolences to drunk gamblers, because they'll take everything wrong.

Shane just wants to get back to his room and finish texting Hayden about the game, won't tell him about this because he knows Hayden will get all worked up about it. He might tell Ilya about it though, because Ilya will make that 'are you fucking stupid' face he makes whenever he hears something he thinks is ridiculous. Shane finds it amusing and a little bit cute, especially when the face isn't being directed at him specifically.

“You should be.” The man spits, and Shane remembers a little belatedly that he should be paying attention as the man swings at him.

Shane ducks, usually fast and especially faster than a drunk man, and shoves the man back into the wall behind him. The man doesn’t move, and Shane stares at him for a moment and then walks past, looking to his phone again. Shane really should’ve known better than to do that, as the man lunges at him and manages to slam Shane against the opposite wall of the hallway, his fist grazing the back of Shane’s head.

“Fuck.” Shane hisses out, dropping his phone.

“Don’t you walk away from me, you faggot.” The man sneers at him, and Shane tenses for all of a second freaking out about how he might know this before realizing he doesn’t.

Shane takes a slow breath and forces his shoulders to relax, looks up the hallway to make sure it’s empty and then turns and socks the man in the face. He’s already drunk and unsteady, and so the man goes down hard when Shane punches him even though he’s holding back, slams into the floor with a loud thud that Shane is pretty sure whoever is in the rooms near them can hear through the walls.

“Fucking canuck.” The man slurs at him, and Shane’s kind of surprised he’s still awake after seeing how hard he went down.

“Don’t make me hit you again.” Shane says tiredly, prays no one’s heard or seen them and that the man is too drunk to remember this tomorrow. “Just let it go, man.”

“Fucking. Canuck.” The man enunciates, arm slipping out from under him as he tries to push himself up from the floor. He hits his head hard on the way down, and Shane watches as he lays there, frowns and leans down to make sure he’s still breathing.

Shane sighs, stares at him for a moment and then grabs his phone from where he’d dropped it. He calls the lobby when he gets back to his room, letting them know he saw a man who seemed to be passed out and drunk in the hallway on his way back to his room.

Chapter 7: +2. Montreal v. Texas (2021)

Chapter Summary

Shane waits by the bench as warmups end, Hayden walking up to him first and smacking a loud and exaggerated kiss to the side of Shane's helmet. Only pulling back when Ilya shouts at them from across the rink.

"Pike!" Ilya calls out. "Kiss your own wife!"

"Please." Shane reminds, and Hayden pulls back and smacks a shorter kiss to the side of his head before finally stepping off the ice.

"Bisous pour le capitaine!" Hayden shouts back to the rest of the team, standing just inside the boards out of the way as their teammates cheer. [Kisses for the captain!]

Chapter Notes

NOTE: Homophobia in this one boys, sorry

CANON TIMELINE: This takes place after Shane and Ilya have been outed by the fan-mail video (Fuck you, Brad) but before the playoff game between Ottawa and Montreal

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shane skates out onto the ice for warmups, looking over the stands briefly. His eyes catch rather quickly on the group that is most of the Centaurs and some of their partners, sitting in the line of seats just behind the boards directly across from the benches. Jackie and a few of the Montreal WAGS are sitting a row behind them, and Shane can see Boodram and Dykstra's wives, Cassie and Caitlin, leaning back to talk to them. Shane sort of freezes when he sees them, glances back at Hayden and then skates over towards them, brows raised.

"Hollander!" Wyatt cheers, him and Luca both lifting signs asking for a puck.

Shane laughs at the sight of them, can't stop it as these league hockey players hold up signs like any other kid or Montreal fan in the stands. It makes Ilya smile, puffing up in his seat as he stands up to smack his hands against the shielding. Hayden rolls his eyes at them, smacks Shane on the shoulder as he starts to do his usual warm up loops.

"You're insane." Shane calls, points to Ilya purposefully and then skates after Hayden to warm up.

Ilya just smiles brighter and cheers after him, the rest of the Centaurs looking a mix of proud and embarrassed at being called out like this. Shane tries not to feel hurt when he skates towards the rest of the Montreal team to complete warmups and sees the way they're practically glaring towards Ilya. He knows it's an adjustment, knows that some of them are taking it better than others, but it still hurts to so openly see the team he's given ten years to glaring at his partner like they want to kill him. Shane lets out a breath, prays that they can pull themselves in and focus on the game and not Ilya.

"Alright." Shane sighs, Hayden slapping his back reassuringly as he skates sort of lazy circles around him and Shane drops down to the ice to stretch.

"Krasivyy!" Ilya shouts, his voice loud and echoing over the other cheers. [Hot!]

"Oh great." Hayden sighs, kneeling next to Shane so he can stretch as well. "He's going to do that all game, isn't he? Damn, I thought we'd only have to deal with his chirps when he was actually on the ice."

"Hayd." Shane sighs, nudging his skate with the end of his stick. "The rest of the team is already going to be up in arms about this, I need you to focus on the game and not on Ilya. Please."

"Yeah, yeah." Hayden nods, shakes his head and continues to stretch.

Shane waits by the bench as warmups end, Hayden walking up to him first and smacking a loud and exaggerated kiss to the side of Shane's helmet. Only pulling back when Ilya shouts at them from across the rink.

"Pike!" Ilya calls out. "Kiss your own wife!"

"Please." Shane reminds, and Hayden pulls back and smacks a shorter kiss to the side of his head before finally stepping off the ice.

"Bisous pour le Capitaine!" Hayden shouts back to the rest of the team, standing just inside the boards out of the way as their teammates cheer. [Kisses for the captain!]

"Bisous pour le Capitaine!" J.J. choruses, smacking a loud kiss to the other side of Shane's helmet and then starting back down the tunnel towards their locker room.

The team follows after J.J. and Hayden's example, pressing exaggerated kisses or smacking their helmets against Shane's as they walk by him. Hayden watches with a smug look in his eyes, glancing from Shane towards Ilya over and over again and laughing when Ilya glares at him. Shane stands by the door, knocking his fist against the team's hands and letting them kiss his helmet and knock their heads together because it's the least annoyed they've looked since spotting Ilya in the stands.

"Bisous bisous!" Comeau shouts, pressing two loud smacks of his lips to each side of Shane's helmet. [Kiss kiss!]

“Mon cher Capitaine.” Drapeau teases, pressing a kiss smack dab into the middle of Shane’s visor. [My dear captain.]

“Mon cher Capitaine!” Hayden yells, tugging Shane up after them and pressing yet another kiss to his helmet, a little over from Drapeau’s on his visor, before tugging Shane down the tunnel with him. [My dear captain!]

“You’re idiots.” Shane sighs at him, Drapeau laughing as Hayden smiles brightly.

“We’re going to wipe the ice with Texas!” Hayden shouts into the locker room, arms raised high above his head.

“Destroy them!” Comeau cheers, the rest of the team roaring with him.

“Shane, you’ll start.” Coach Theriault says, patting Shane’s shoulder and sort of frowning at him but then shaking his head. “Drapeau I want to see another shut out tonight.”

“Yes coach!” Drapeau nods, smiling bright and smacking a gloved hand against his chest. “Nothing gets past me.”

“Let’s show them what Montreal’s about!” Shane calls to the team, knows a long speech right now would only make them think about Ilya in the stands and doesn’t want to ruin the momentum they’ve started to build up.

“Montreal! Montreal! Montreal!” J.J. starts the shout, the entire team going along as they walk back up the tunnel to the ice.

By the end of the second period, the game is 1-0 Montreal since it has been six minutes into the first period. Montreal’s playing hard but sloppy, and Texas is taking penalties left and right. Part of that is from the plays themselves, but Shane has a sort of dread in his chest because he knows part of that is because of Ilya’s chirping from the stands. He’s only really chirping at the Texas players, but the Montreal players keep glancing around like they’re expecting him to be on the ice behind them somehow and the Texas players keep drawing themselves penalties slamming into Montreal because of Ilya’s chirps.

Shane sighs as they get back to the locker room, Hayden and Coach Theriault taking over discussing the plays and what they need to do as Shane sends Ilya several messages begging him to stop chirping when Montreal can hear him. He turns off his notifications and shoves his phone back into his bag before Ilya can send a reply, tuning back in as Coach Theriault tells them to keep playing hard and then waves them back towards the ice.

“I told him to quiet down.” Shane whispers to Hayden, walking near the back of the team again. “Let’s do this, yeah?”

“Let’s do this.” Hayden agrees, smiling wickedly again as he drags Shane past the rest of their team so he’s standing near the front of the group. “One more for luck.”

“Hayd.” Shane sighs, rolling his eyes as Hayden smacks his helmet against Shane and then Drapeau’s before dropping onto the bench.

“For luck.” Comeau agrees, tapping his helmet to Drapeau and then Shane’s. “Give them hell!”

“Give them hell!” Gagnon, one of the second line defensemen agrees, smacking their helmets together and then stepping out onto the ice.

The rest of the team follow suit yet again, smacking helmets with Drapeau and Shane before walking down the bench or stepping onto the ice. Shane rolls his eyes at them, shoots Hayden a pointed look and then smacks their helmets together a little harder than necessary as he sits down next to him.

“Ow, Jesus.” Hayden whines, rubbing the back of his head.

“Just me.” Shane quips, and Hayden rolls his eyes now, but he’s smiling at Shane as they sit next to each other and watch the second line take to the faceoff at center ice starting the third period.

Fourteen minutes into the play Texas’ player 6 slams into their second line starter, Wilson, with a dirty hit that Wilson doesn’t get up from. The entire arena goes quiet for a moment before the fans start screaming, Ilya and most of the Centaurs standing up and smacking their hands against the shields as well.

“Ref!” Shane and Hayden both shout, standing up and smacking their sticks against the boards as Gagnon shoots at Texas’ 6 and swings.

“That was a dirty hit!” Luca calls out, cheering as Gagnon tackles Texas’ 6 down to the ice.

Shane watches as the referee finally steps in and separates the fight, Montreal’s team medic coming up the tunnel. Shane steps out onto the ice with her, holds Dana’s hand and helps keep her steady as he leads her across the ice to where Gagnon is standing worriedly over Wilson now that the ref’s have broken up the fight.

“Good job.” Shane whispers to him, clapping Gagnon on the shoulder in a move that will probably come off as comforting to anyone else.

“He jumped.” Gagnon hisses, glaring at where the linesman has shoved Texas’ 6 to the penalty box. “He jumped so he’d hit him in the head, and he kneed him when he went down. Wilson hasn’t moved. I’m not even sure he’s awake.”

“Dana’s checking him.” Shane replies, aware of Hayden and some of the others skating out towards them. “You did good. I’ll make up whatever they dock you for.”

“Damn good.” Hayden agrees softly as he skates up to them, aware of the refs still standing within earshot. “Didn’t know you had that in you.”

“He fucking did it on purpose.” Gagnon spits, glaring at the penalty box.

“Step back.” Dana tells them, the other medics bringing the stretcher out on the ice.

“How is he?” Shane asks worriedly, lightly pushing Gagnon back with a hand on his chest as Hayden holds the back of his jersey in case he tries to take off for the penalty box.

“We won’t know until he wakes up, but it looks like just a concussion and a nasty bruise.” Dana says, shares a look with Shane and then turns to address Gagnon directly. “I’m optimistic.”

Gagnon lets out a breath, his shoulders slumping and Hayden taking a good bit of his weight to keep him up on his skates. Gagnon and Wilson had been drafted together to Montreal during their rookie season and had been roommates ever since. Gagnon’s family was mostly out of the picture, and so Wilson’s had taken him in as their own. Shane can only imagine that what Gagnon’s feeling now is probably like what Hayden felt when Shane was brought off the ice back when he’d gone down by Marleau, and that had been a clean hit.

“We’ll kill ‘em.” Hayden promises, smacking Gagnon’s back and lightly pushing him along after the stretcher.

“I’m thinking of a last period hat trick.” Shane comments, Gagnon smiling back at him despite the situation.

“Wipe the floor with them.” Gagnon instructs, Shane and Hayden nodding seriously as he follows the stretcher down the tunnel.

“We’re getting a hat trick.” Shane tells the rest of the first line as he skates up to the bench where they’re getting ready to come out. “Keep it clean, keep it quick. We’ve got six minutes and two goals to score.”

“For Wilson.” Hayden adds, the rest of the first line nodding quick and easy as they step out onto the ice with them.

“For Wilson.” Shane nods, smacks his fist against Hayden’s as they skate over to the center and ready for the puck drop.

Shane glances at the clock and then at Texas’ bench, one of their defensemen is in the penalty box and three of their first and second line players have been ejected. If Shane can get their center to draw a penalty against him, they’ll be forced to send in a substitute. Shane has watched the previous Texas game footage from this season, knows their substitutes won’t stand a chance when placed up against him. Shane glances off the ice towards where Wilson was brought back to their medical bay and potentially brought to the hospital, and resolves to do this.

“Hayd!” Shane calls, grabbing his arm before he can properly go to his spot.

“Shane?” Hayden replies, confused because Shane hardly ever makes in depth on ice call outs like this.

“Keep the puck for a minute, I’ve got a plan.” Shane tells him, and Hayden frowns but nods, skates over to his spot before the refs can get on them.

Shane nods, takes a deep breath as he skates up for the face off, shakes out his shoulders and glances at the ref to check he’s not one of the Canadian’s. The ref isn’t, Shane knows from an earlier moment in the game when J.J. had started shouting in French about a bad call and he’d turned to the linesmen for help. The Texas player across from him is, though, and Shane smirks at him, silently thanks his pregame rituals of looking into opposing team players’ stats and histories. Shane thinks about everything he’s heard Ilya say in games, does his best to drop his tone and use that same bored but taunting tone Ilya does when he chirps.

“ça fait quoi de quitter son pays pour une équipe de merde?” Shane asks, raising a brow as the puck drops and he passes it quickly to Hayden who takes off with it down the ice, Shane skating a little slower after him, just enough for Hayden not to have a reasonable moment to pass it back to him. [What’s it like to leave your country for a shitty team?]

The Texas player freezes at Shane’s words, quick after him as Shane moves up the ice, keeping close to the puck but not trying to take it yet. After a minute, Shane counts it in his head, he taps his stick and Hayden passes to him. Confused but not questioning Shane’s calls on the ice because Shane has won them three Stanley Cups and is currently playing with a rage Hayden rarely sees but knows only makes Shane’s plays sharper.

“Tu aimes ça? Te faire baiser comme ça?” Shane adds, smacks the puck over to their right wing just as the Texas forward charges at him, hitting Shane hard into the boards and then grabbing roughly at his jersey. [Do you like it? Being fucked like that?]

“Espèce de merde!” The Texas player screams at him, throwing a punch Shane just slightly ducks from, making sure it grazes his helmet and not his jaw so he won’t risk being sent for medical. [You piece of shit!]

“Hey!” One of the linesmen shouts, skating up to them quickly and yanking the Texas player back away from Shane.

It’s a roughing penalty, for slamming Shane into the boards when he didn’t have the puck and punching him after. Shane kept his voice low enough and his face angled down so no one would be able to lip-read in the play backs, and no one would believe that Canada’s Shane Hollander dropped such a chirp if the Texas player tried to argue that. Besides, there was nothing against chirping anyway, even if they could prove Shane baited the player into it there were no rules against it.

“Texas 18, 4 minutes for roughing.” The ref calls it, and Shane keeps his face even as he watches the player skate off to the penalty box and Texas’ substitute get pulled in to replace him.

“You’re insane.” Hayden hisses at him, checking Shane’s face as he skates up to him. “Did you do that on purpose?”

“Let’s get that hat trick.” Shane says instead of answering, glancing at the clock again, they had just under five minutes left.

“You’re insane.” Hayden repeats, but he skates back anyway, drawn up and ready for the play to start.

Shane is quick as the puck drops, knocking it over to Hayden as soon as it’s down before the Texas substitute, a Russian player named Zaytsev, has even realized. Hayden passes it back to him, and Shane shoots a goal that is knocked back by the goalie. Their right wing sweeps it up, knocking the puck back to Shane who manages to hit it top shelf just past Texas’ goalie. Hayden shouts, slams into Shane hard as he cheers, knocking their helmets together and raising his arms victoriously as the stadium erupts with him.

“One more!” Shane shouts to the team, lets himself yell enough for Texas and some of the fans to hear him too.

“Pidoras.” Zaytsev spits as he slides up across from Shane for the face off. [Faggot.]

“Zhalkiy.” Shane spits back, smacking the puck away as it drops and taking off down the ice with it. [Pathetic.]

Shane’s response slows him again, the surprise keeping him back a second and letting Shane burst past him, Hayden and their right wing quick to follow Shane and get between Texas’ players and him. Shane smiles, shoots over behind Hayden quickly and then turns quickly, hitting the puck as hard as he can with a backhand that shoots past Texas’ goalie who’s only just noticed Shane has moved away from Hayden and their right wing.

“Holy shit!” Shane hears from Drapeau, he’d spent hours in the rink at the start of the season making Drapeau block that very shot.

“Hollander scores a hat trick!” Shane hears someone else shout, is focused on Hayden and J.J. slamming into him, cheering loudly in his ears.

“Let’s go!” Comeau screams, hitting the group of them a second later. “Hollzy you beautiful, beautiful man!”

“You’re insane!” Hayden shouts, but it’s loud with pride and amazement this time. “Holy shit!”

“Predatel!” Shane hears over the cheering, and he turns quickly, shoves Hayden and J.J. away so he can see as Zaytsev slams his fist against the boards in front of where Ilya and the Centaurs are sitting. “Ottalkivyushchim! Pidoras!” [Traitor!] [Repulsive! Faggot!]

Shane’s across the ice in seconds, slams Zaytsev into the boards and drops his gloves, yanking him back before he has time to recover and punching hard. Shane feels more than hears the crack of Zaystev’s nose against his knuckles. He’s vaguely aware of Ilya’s wide eyes staring at him, of the entire arena getting quieter in the face of Shane Hollander fighting someone on the ice, but he’s not paying attention to that.

“Khvatit uzhe!” Shane sneers at him, punches him hard again before Zaytsev manages to grab at his jersey and swings back. “You’re playing me! Pay attention and maybe you wouldn’t be so fucking bad!” [Enough already!]

Zaytsev hits hard, and Shane's helmet goes flying from the motion. Shane twists in Zaytsev's grip, turns his arm and starts throwing hard, sloppy punches towards Zaytsev's gut trying to do as much damage as he can before someone tries to pull him off.

"Faggot!" Zaytsev shouts in English this time, and Shane can hear some of the other players sucking in breath's, starting to put together what he could have been saying.

"At least I can play!" Shane screams back, grabs Zaytsev's jersey and yanks hard as one of the other Texas players tries to step in and pull Shane off of him, sending them both down to the ice. "You can't play for shit! You suck at hockey! You're fucking pathetic! The only thing you can say against me is that I'm gay? Fuck you! At least I can play the fucking game!"

Hayden and J.J. are both involved in the fight now, Drapeau grabbing the back of Shane's jersey and helping to yank him back from the fight. Not one of the Texas players tries to continue it once Shane's been pulled back, Hayden and J.J. standing protectively in front of them, though if they're there for the other players or Shane neither of them actually know.

Zaytsev lays on the ice, spitting blood and one of his teeth at the ice. Shane spits at the ice beside him, stares back with a challenge in his eyes. Zaytsev looks away first, tilting his head down as the medics finally come out onto the ice to look at him now that they know they aren't going to be hit. Shane lets out a slow, shaky breath, nudges Drapeau's hands off of him.

"Don't you dare let them score." Shane warns them, knows there's only a minute or so left on the clock anyway and that it's unlikely.

Shane grabs his gloves and stick from where they'd been shoved down the ice and then skates himself to the penalty box before any of the ref's can even start to direct him there. One of the linesmen follows after him, and the attendant blinks at him for a moment before opening the doors for Shane to step in. Shane nods to him, mumbles a "thank you" and drops down onto the bench, setting his gloves next to him.

"Moy lyubovnik!" Ilya shouts proudly as Shane sits down in the penalty box, breaking the staggering silence that had fallen over the rink, trying not to laugh at how Shane Hollander it is of him to send himself to the penalty box.

"Shane! Shane!" One of the reporters calls as Shane and Hayden step into the conference room to do their post games, the media team sending them here instead of the locker room. "Do you have anything to say about your fight on the ice tonight? Do you think your relationship with Rozanov is affecting how you play?"

"I scored a hat trick tonight with a score of 3-0." Shane states, stares at the reporter for a moment and then adds. "My relationship with Ilya, if anything, makes me a better hockey player because I want to win more goals against him."

"What do you have to say about your fight with Zaytsev? Are you saying your relationship with Rozanov has nothing to do with that?" A different reporter asks, and the 'you're stupid

for asking' expression that flashes in his eyes for just a second is so Ilya-like it startles a laugh out of Hayden from his spot in the chair next to Shane.

"Any guy in the league would throw punches over an opposing player calling slurs at their partner, their family, their friends in the stands." Shane says seriously. "I don't see why it's any different just because I'm dating another player."

"I don't think myself or any other guy in the league would be so polite as walking ourselves to the penalty box afterwards." Hayden adds on, tossing an arm over Shane's shoulders and sending a look to the reporters daring them to push it.

"How do you feel about the win tonight?" A different reporter asks, and Shane pauses a moment trying to figure out what they actually want to ask.

"It's always a hard night when someone gets injured." Shane starts instead, because he knows not one of these reporters is going to ask about Wilson's injury and he's kind of pissed about that. He presses his hands together on the table, Hayden patting his shoulder. "Our team doctor tells us Wilson has a concussion and should be able to return to playing after two weeks of IR. I think we're all relieved that he's going to be okay, and I know we all played a little harder for him during that last period."

Several reporters talk over each other at once then, verbally jumping over each other to try and make sure Shane hears their question and will answer it.

"Are you aware that you broke Zaytsev's nose?"

"Do you have that same sentiment towards Zaytsev?"

"How do you feel your fight tonight factored into the team's play in the last period?"

"Can you say your relationship with Rozanov is not affecting your playing when this is your first fight on the ice and it was because of him?"

Shane turns to the reporter who asked the question, thinks over all of his media training and then catches sight of Ilya and Wyatt standing near the back of the room and changes his mind, tired of hiding this and dealing with this.

"This was my second fight on the ice." Shane corrects. "In 2014 Scott Hunter, who's a good friend of mine and who I respect greatly as a hockey player, and I got into a fight on the ice."

Shane lets the reporters take that in, talks again before they can say anything else. "And I would like to finally clarify, on the record, that the fight back then was also about Ilya Rozanov."

The reporters explode at that, everyone in the room staring at him wide eyed, Ilya and Hayden included. Shane holds up his hand, the room silencing immediately as he leans towards the mic again. "I did tonight and back then what any hockey player would and has done when their partner was insulted and attacked on the ice. My only regret about this fight is that I didn't wait until after the game had ended." Shane pauses again, listens to the few

scattered laughs that manages to pull from the group and looks to Ilya for a moment, finding courage in his boyfriend's proud smile and loving eyes.

"I would also like to address the numerous experiences with racism I've experienced throughout my time in the league, as well as the homophobia I experienced tonight. If you as a player cannot keep up without throwing out slurs or dragging someone's family into your pathetic attempts at chirping on the ice – and let's be clear, chirping is not throwing around slurs – then you shouldn't be playing. And if you as a reporter cannot think of a single hockey related question to ask during an interview then you should switch professions. That's all."

Shane stands up, ignores the reporters shouting and focuses on Ilya at the back of the room, at the shocked but proud look on Hayden's face as he stands up and follows him.

Scott is at the Kingfisher watching the game when the fight happens, stares with a sort of horrified pride as he watches Hollander slam Texas' 22 into the boards and drop his gloves. It's the same smooth effort he threw his gloves and stick with back in 2014 when they fought, the same form to his punch even, except this one lands heavy and breaks 22's nose while Scott had walked away with only a few bruises. It makes him pause, staring at the screen and watching as Shane shouts at Texas' 22 and absolutely destroys him in their fight, even as another Texas player skates over and joins the fray.

"Oh my god." Kip says, staring at the screen. "Is that Shane?"

"Yeah." Scott nods slowly, wide eyed as the broadcast shows a replay of the fight, showing this time Texas' 22 standing by the boards and slamming his fists against the shielding in front of Ilya and the Centaurs. "God, I'm going to have to buy him another drink or something to apologise."

"For what?" Kip asks, and then frowns. "You already apologised for what happened then. I thought you two were good now?"

"We are." Scott confirms, motions to where they're now running Shane's first punch against Texas' 22 in slow motion. "But Shane just broke his nose."

"And he didn't break yours." Kip continues, glancing from Scott to the replay and wincing in sympathy. "I hope his knuckles are okay."

"I love you." Scott says, and Kip blinks at him and then smiles, pressing a quick kiss to Scott's cheek.

"Love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Hayden lives to annoy the shit out Ilya.
Ilya absolutely popped a semi watching Shane shout in Russian and get into a full on fight for him.
I had to write Scott realizing Shane pulled his punches with him at the end, because it felt right.

Chapter 8: ++1. Ottawa Centaurs v Montreal (2021)

Chapter Notes

> CANON TIMELINE wise this is directly after the playoff game between Ottawa and Montreal in which Ottawa wins and Shane trips.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wyatt doesn't see the look on Shane's face after he trips, what he does see however, is the way the rest of Montreal's team turns to stare at him. It's not the look you send your captain after a loss, there's disbelief and rage in some of their faces, and as Wyatt skates away from the goal to give Luca a hug he overhears one of Montreal's defensemen spitting with rage.

"He fucking tripped." One of Montreal's defensemen spits, skating over to J.J. who looks equally angry and unsure. "He fucking *tripped*."

Wyatt knows that tone of voice, can hear the unspoken '*He threw the game'* that the player is really saying. Wyatt freezes, Bood frowning as he skates over to him and raises a brow.

"Where's Roz?" Wyatt asks, and Bood looks even more concerned.

"Rozy went to do postgame interviews with Troy and LaPointe, Harris and Coach Wiebe said they should get them out of the way now and went to the conference room. What happened?" Bood asks, patting Wyatt's back and looking to where Luca is rushing after Young and Holmber towards the locker room like their asses are on fire.

"That defenseman just suggested Hollander threw the game." Wyatt says softly, keeps his head tilted down a little so only Bood can really understand him.

"The fuck?" Bood shouts, and it draws attention to them as Wyatt smacks his arm and shakes his head, pushing Bood ahead to the bench.

"Not out here." Wyatt says, and Bood looks like he wants to skate back over and punch the shit out of the Montreal player, as Wyatt pushes him up past the bench and down the tunnel towards their locker room. "We can just go check in on them, quietly, yeah?"

"What's going on?" Chouiniard asks when they get to the locker room and Bood slams his gloves into his stall, moving as quickly as he can to yank off his jersey and pads and then starting on his skates.

"We've got something to check." Wyatt says, because he knows Ottawa has taken Ilya and Shane's relationship really well but he doesn't want to risk the line that one of them might entertain the idea of Shane throwing a game. "Where'd the rookies go? They weren't that far ahead of us."

“They ripped off their gear and ran out.” Dykstra replies, motioning to the little pile of hockey pads and skates in the corner of the room. “Wouldn’t say where they were going.”

“What happened?” Chouinard asks again, looking from Bood and Wyatt’s pinched faces to the pile of gear. “Something happened on the ice?”

“I heard one of the Montreal defensemen suggest Shane might not have actually tripped.” Wyatt sighs, tugging his jersey over his head and working on getting his pads off.

“They accused him of throwing the game?” Dykstra checks, halfway out of his own gear and looking pissed at the thought.

“We’re going to go over, give a good will invite out for drinks.” Bood tells them, but there’s a tension to his shoulders that suggests that’s not the only reason they’re going to the Montreal locker room. Trying his best to remember his place as assistant captain while managing the anger that Montreal would dare to suggest Shane of something as asinine as throwing a game for Ilya.

Dykstra nods to him, tugs a pair of basketball shorts up over his pants. “We’ll go offer and then come back to finish changing, yeah? Make sure we catch them.”

“I think that’s a good plan.” Bood nods, Chouinard and Wyatt quickly pull on their shoes as Bood and Dykstra start towards the hall.

They’re not even all the way down the hall to the Montreal locker room when they start to hear the conversation, and Wyatt prays that Shane’s also doing media interviews and not in there listening to the bullshit his team is saying.

“He fucking tripped!” Someone shouts, disgust clear in their voice. “Fucking convenient timing there for Ottawa.”

“You’re fucking idiots!” Young shouts back, Bood and Wyatt sharing a wide eyed look as they rush down the hall and push open the door of Montreal’s locker room. “How the fuck can you say that!?”

Hayden Pike is standing near the Ottawa rookies, mostly out of the fighting match and seemingly there to keep anyone from Montreal from stepping forward and trying to deck them. Young, Holmber, and Luca are all standing together a few feet from the door, still half in their gear and looking absolutely pissed as they berate Montreal, shouting at them. Luca seems to be the only one of them to notice the older players have stepped into the room, Young and Holmber focused on glaring at Montreal.

“Shane Hollander has done more for this team than any of you fucks have, and you have the gall to accuse him of throwing this out there on the ice for everyone to hear you?” Holmber adds, glaring at the Montreal team. Two of the players at least have the nerve to look a little ashamed at that, and Holmber barrels on angrily. “What if someone else had heard that? Shane Hollander is a hockey legend, he’s a fucking god. Second overall draft pick from his year, he’s won Rookie of the Year and a Conn Smythe, he’s damn near single handedly gotten

Montreal three motherfucking Cups, and you have the audacity to accuse him of throwing a game? How fucking dare you!"

"Shane Hollander has scored more goals than any of your other starters combined! He's taken three pucks to the face while on your fucking team! He's the most committed player in the whole fucking league!" Young adds, and Wyatt's kind of impressed by how well these kids have Hollander's player stats memorized, but is mostly watching Montreal's team to make sure none of them try and jump at the kid.

"The only reason Montreal became such a powerful team is Shane Hollander, he's given Montreal eleven years of his life, but you think he'd throw a game to let us win? Because of what? Tell me why. He tripped and looked devastated by it. The refs could see that, I could see that, the commentators could see that, the fans could see that. Why is it only you, his own teammates, who are accusing him of losing on purpose?" Luca asks, and they're all surprised by how angry he sounds even as he keeps his voice steady and polite.

"Shane Hollander is the best player in the fucking league." Holmber grits out, his anger a little evened out after Luca's question. "No one is more upset by the fact that he tripped than he is, I'd bet a million dollars on that. You're his fucking *teammates* who are supposed to have his *back*, and you're standing here questioning him like this."

"How fucking dare you all." Young spits at them, and Wyatt lightly grabs the back of his shirt when he starts to step forward. "Talking about that on the ice where people could hear you. Were you going to say that bullshit to him? You kept fucking talking about it even when you thought he was coming into the room. You were going to stand there and accuse your captain of throwing a game? After everything he's fucking done for your team. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"They were going to what?" Shane asks, standing frozen a few steps behind Dykstra. "You think I threw the game?"

Shane looks like he might cry, as he stares from the small gathering of Ottawa players to his team who can't even look him in the eye. Dykstra reaches out and squeezes his shoulder, and Chouinard steps over slightly so that his shoulder brushes Shane's reassuringly. Shane glances at them, at the Ottawa players who should be celebrating their win and are instead standing here glaring at his team because they heard them suggest he'd thrown a game. He looks to his team then, to the guys he's spent eleven or so years playing hockey with, who can't look him in the eyes, who look a mix of guiltily embarrassed and angry.

"You think I'd do that?" Shane chokes out, and Chouinard looks ready to fight Hayden as he reaches out, his shoulders settling as Hayden grabs Shane's shoulder and squeezes it. "You think I'd throw a game? Why?"

"You tripped." One of their defensemen mutters, the same one who Wyatt had heard approach J.J. on the ice. "You tripped and let Rozanov score."

"I-" Shane starts, his jaw snapping shut with an audible clash of his teeth. "I *tripped*."

"Real fucking convenient." He continues, and Holmber steps towards him fists ready.

“Apologise.” Holmber hisses, Bood quickly grabs his and Luca’s shirts and lightly tugs them back from where they’d edged forward. “You want to watch the replay? Huh? Let’s pull it up right now. Watch this shit from every goddamn angle.”

Young’s already pulling his phone from his pocket, pulling up the replay quickly and then turning the screen towards the Montreal players, the commentator over his phone talking. “And Rozanov has the puck, Hollander goes to steal it from him… and he trips! Ilya Rozanov scores! The Ottawa Centaurs take the win knocking Montreal out of the playoffs!”

“That has to feel bad for Hollander.” The other commentator says, sounding genuinely distraught. “To trip like that at such a moment in the game. I’m sure he’ll be running that back for weeks.”

“We’ve got the replay coming up here.” The first commentator says, and the screen runs through a slowed version of Shane’s trip. “Oh man, you can see here that Hollander’s skate blade just completely gives out on him as he goes to put weight on it.”

“He hits the ice hard, you can see his chin slamming against the ice here. And still, he tries to push his stick out to knock the puck away from Rozanov.”

“That’s Shane Hollander for you. He’s always got an extreme focus on the game, even as he’s clipping his chin on the ice like that.” The commentator is saying, clicking his tongue as the screen switches to another angle of it. “That looks like a hard fall. You can see too that it takes Hollander a moment to get up from the ice there.”

“Hopefully he’s okay.” The other commentator agrees. “That’s a tough loss for Montreal.”

“No one else questioned it.” Young glares at them, pausing his phone and shoving it back into his pocket. “Not once did anyone but you think like that.”

“Fucking apologise.” Holmber says again, pointing at them.

“Sorry.” J.J. whispers, the first of the team to speak.

A new look of hurt flashes across Shane’s face at the admission that J.J. had thought he’d thrown the game, and Hayden squeeze’s Shane’s shoulder tighter to comfort him. No one else dares to say anything, and Holmber scoffs at them, Bood tugging him back and pushing him behind him to Chouinard before he can try and launch at them.

“We’re going out for drinks.” Bood announces, narrowing his eyes at the Montreal players and then turning to look at Shane and Hayden. “Just wanted to drop in real quick and ask if you wanted to come, make sure we caught you before you left.”

“Figured you’d know the best bars.” Wyatt adds, trying to help clear some of the tension as he nods to Hayden. “Not you, Hollander. But I will take a recommendation for breakfast from you later, somewhere with something good and greasy for a hangover.”

“I know a bar.” Hayden nods, looks sort of pissed that it’s not their team that’s here to defend Shane but also relieved that someone is doing it. “We’ll meet you out front after we get

changed? Ten minutes?"

"Make it fifteen at least." Dykstra complains, and Hayden laughs just a little, nodding.

"Twenty minutes." Hayden offers, nodding to them and lightly tugging Shane a little closer to him, squeezing his shoulders. "We'll see you then."

"We'll meet you in the lobby." Bood nods to them, lightly pushing at Luca's shoulders so the kid will start walking.

"Good game." Luca says, holding his hand out to Shane to shake.

Shane laughs a little wetly, grabbing Luca's hand and shaking it. "Good game."

"Good game." Holmber adds, leaning around Chouinard to shake Shane's hands.

"Good game." Young sneaks in, pushing Holmber's hand out of the way to shake Shane's hand after Luca has. Holmber swats at him, and Young laughs, letting go of Shane's hand and taking off down the hallway as Holmber quickly squeezes Shane's hand and then chases after him.

"Later." Chouinard nods to them, following after the rookies to make sure they actually head back to the locker.

"Good game." Dykstra agrees, quick to move after Chouinard because the rookies cannot be contained by only one player, and that they learned the hard way.

"They're not wrong." Wyatt nods towards the group, clapping Hayden and then Shane on the shoulder, lowering his voice conspiratorily. "You didn't hear this from me, but Young and Holmber both called you the best player in the league."

"Over Ilya?" Shane checks, surprised as he stares at him.

Wyatt nods and laughs, Bood shaking his head and patting them on the shoulders as well. "We'll see you for drinks in twenty."

"See you." Hayden nods to them, gentle as he tugs Shane into the locker room and towards his stall, glaring towards the rest of the Montreal team daring them to say anything. "I'm totally rubbing that in Rozanov's face later. His rookies think you're the best player in the league. God I'm never letting that go."

"Don't embarrass them too much." Shane sighs, and he's still a little too tense, still hurt from the accusations his own team had thrown at him, but he knows he'll be okay.

Ilya sits in the booth beside Shane at the bar, a more private, calmer little place that Jackie had taken Shane to before, the line of their sides pressed together from shoulder to ankle. He has one of his arms over Shane's shoulders, Hayden sitting on Shane's other side and Bood, Wyatt, and Dykstra squished together across from them. The rookies have pulled a table up to

the end of their booth, Harris, Troy, and LaPointe sitting on their side of it while Luca, Holmber, and Young are squished together on the other side, splitting two chairs between the three of them because they'd already asked the bar staff if they could move the table and didn't want to bother them again about taking another chair.

They had waited until they got to the bar to tell Ilya what had happened, waited until Ilya was already pressed into the corner of their booth with Shane curling into his side with less hesitance than usual in a public space, to mention that the Montreal players had accused Shane of throwing the game and that the rookies had absolutely lost it at them. Ilya looks equally pissed that Montreal would suggest such a thing and proud that his rookies handed their asses to them. Grouses for several minutes that he didn't need Shane to do anything for him to win because he was just the better player. It makes the whole table laugh, and Ilya frowns a little because he can tell he's missing something there.

"Rozanov." Hayden starts, a joy to his voice that has Shane sighing and Ilya frowning at him. "Did you know your rookies think Shane's the best player in the league?"

"What?" Ilya asks, turning from Hayden to the rookies sitting squished together who sort of shrink in on themselves under the weight of his glare. "You think *Shane Hollander* is better hockey player than me?"

"They were listing his play stats." Hayden adds, smiling because Shane finally looks relaxed for the first time since he stepped around the corner into the locker room. "Rookie of the Year, Conn Smyth, three Cups, fastest skater, best player in the league."

"You think Shane Hollander is a better hockey player than me?" Ilya repeats, staring at the rookies expectantly.

"He's really good." Young admits quietly, and Hayden cackles as Ilya tries to look offended, but mostly he just looks fond as Shane laughs into his shoulder.

"I decided to go pro because of him." Holmber adds, because he can see the way Shane's relaxed too.

"Traitors." Ilya hisses at them, pausing and then looking at Luca expectantly.

"You're both really good." Luca offers, shrinking under all of them staring at me.

"You are okay I guess." Ilya says to him, over the sound of the entire team laughing. "The other two though, traitors. Betrail."

"Betrayal." Shane corrects.

"Da. What he said." Ilya nods. "This is…"

Ilya pauses, and Shane smiles at him, filling in again. "A betrayal."

"I will forgive you though, because I am nice person." Ilya continues, Hayden and Wyatt laughing loudly as Bood raises a brow at him.

“Has anyone ever called you nice?” Hayden barks out, and Ilya looks so proud of himself as Shane drops his head into his hands that the table already knows what he’s going to say.

“Da.” Ilya says proudly, tugging Shane up from where he’d leaned over himself. “Shane Hollander says I am nice. Nice person, nice laugh, nice eyes, nice di-”

“Who wants a drink?” Shane interrupts loudly, face bright red.

The table erupts into laughter again, Ilya smiling smugly as Shane hides his face in his shoulder. They’d be okay.

Chapter End Notes

I love the idea of the Ottawa rookies absolutely going to bat for Shane Hollander. The Centaurs are the gayest team in the league, and they love Shane Hollander.

And that's it. Hopefully no one was too OOC, and hopefully you liked it. Thanks for reading! ♡♡♡

End Notes

Hudson's interview for what he said during this scene lives in my head rent free. I regularly drop "Ice your knees." and "Go throw some voltaren on your back." at my friends. It is iconic, it is the move, I love it.

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