

Forgive my northern attitude

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77023786) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77023786>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Domestic , Angst , Fluff , Smut , Fluff and Angst , Fluff and Smut , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Slice of Life , Explicit Sexual Content , Celebrations , Married Life , Married Sex , Champagne , Lingerie , improper use of champagne , winning the stanley cup as foreplay , hockey as foreplay , Love Bites
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 3,898 Chapters: 1/1

Forgive my northern attitude

by [grampa_sweater](#)

Summary

If anyone could make the Ottawa Senators a winning team, it was Ilya Rozanov. The move was pretty shocking for everyone, and some media outlets dared to declare it a career ending move. Ilya, being Ilya, decided to prove them all wrong.

The first part of this is angst discussing Ilya's depression, the second is Ilya and Shane playing together in Ottawa and some smut.

Notes

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

Whenever Ilya relaxed, which didn't use to happen often but was becoming more commonplace, he had a recurring dream. It was on days that Svetlana would stay with him in Boston, it was at the cottage with Shane. It happened the first night he slept alone in his own house in Boston.

It was a memory, really, of a few days leading up to his mother's death. She wasn't as sad in those few days, and Ilya knew in hindsight that it was because she had already made up her mind. But his younger self didn't know that. That little boy simply thought he had his bright, lovely mother back.

And while it was a fond memory, it always made Ilya so incredibly sad. And he felt ridiculous for being so depressed when the two most important people in the world to him were right there.

Svetlana was staying with him in Boston for a few days, and Shane was there when she arrived. Surprisingly, the two of them had found a common tongue pretty quickly, and ever since Svetlana and Rose started dating they became proper friends.

Ilya had dozed off on the couch while the three of them watched some random game, and the dream came again. He didn't open his eyes, though, even after he woke up. Instead he just remained as he was, listening to the other two talk and trying to calm himself.

He realized that while it was Shane's hand on his waist, the one in his hair was Svetlana's. If he had been willing to acknowledge he was awake, he would've remarked they were treating him like a cat.

But it was nice. Knowing both of them were there, knowing they got along.

"You're lucky, I hope you know." Svetlana whispered.

Shane hummed in agreement. "I know."

"Ottawa." Svetlana chuckled.

"You don't think he can make it into a winning team?"

"I know he can." Svetlana said. "I know he will win his last season in Boston first, then everyone will say how Ottawa will ruin his career, so then he will get angry and win the cup his first season with them."

"Unless I win it." Shane had to add.

Svetlana laughed. "He won't let you."

"Let me?" Shane sounded offended.

They laughed a little, and then there was a brief silence. Ilya considered lifting his head or at least opening his eyes, but he did feel like a lazy house cat laying there, and he also didn't

trust himself not to fall apart if he moved.

Svetlana took in a breath. "I don't want to sound like those dumb movies. You know, 'what are your intentions' shit."

"Okay."

"It's going to get ugly. The depression. And it's not going to be your fault, it's not going to be his fault. And he will hate himself for it." Her voice was almost a whisper. "And you have to be patient."

"I know you want him to be happy." Shane said. "I want that too. And I'll do everything I can to make sure he is happy."

"I know you will. I am not questioning that. I am just telling you. Because he thinks he's hard to love." Svetlana sounded so sad when she said it it reminded Ilya of his mother.

Shane's hand on his waist tightened slightly, then moved gently up to rest on his shoulder instead, rubbing small circles there. "Funny. To me it feels like loving him is the same as breathing."

That tugged at Ilya's heart so strongly he thought he'd break then and there. Shane had just proclaimed something so bold Ilya thought it would cause an earthquake, and he said it so casually.

"You are good for him." Svetlana added. "I used to be so scared that...."

Shane swallowed, audibly, clearly scared at the mere thought. "That he would end up like his mother?"

Svetlana must've nodded, judging by the jingling sound her earrings made.

"Did he ever...?" Shane didn't finish his question.

"I don't think so." She said. "I hope I would have noticed."

Shane nodded that time. "When was it the worst?"

"Sochi."

"Not...?" He didn't finish that question either.

"Not when his father died, no. That was bad, but Sochi was worse."

"How?"

Svetlana adjusted her position slightly. "The last time, he knew he would never come back. He made his peace with seeing Moscow for the last time, we went to his mother's grave. I promised I would always bring flowers when I'm there."

"And in Sochi it felt like he'd never get out." Shane concluded. "I probably didn't help."

"Don't go there. You tried to be nice, nothing wrong in that. And anyway, he was an asshole to everyone back then, because of the drugs."

"Drugs?" Shane shifted a little, tensing.

"Fuck." Svetlana muttered. "He'll kill me for that."

And Ilya just might have, but a small part of him knew that he was bound to tell Shane sooner or later. Either that or Shane would've found out on his own.

"What drugs?"

"All russian athletes were doped up. Is why he was slow on ice."

"What do you mean all?"

"Everyone. Russia wanted to dominate the games we were hosting, at all cost. Even if it ended careers after."

"But he's never been on enhancers before, or since." Shane pointed out.

"Are you going to say no to Putin?" Svetlana asked. "There was no choice."

"Jesus." Shane sighed, but he didn't sound angry or disappointed like Ilya feared he would. Matter of fact, he sounded concerned. His hold on Ilya became protective.

"Mhm."

There was quite a long silence, and Ilya was actually about to drift off to sleep again when Shane took in a loud breath. "We should go to sleep."

"Yeah." Svetlana agreed and got up from the couch.

"Hey." Shane gently shook Ilya's shoulder. "Come on, let's go to bed."

Once they laid down, Ilya kept looking at Shane with something strange in his eyes. Love, of course, but an underlying pang of sadness as well.

"What is it?" Shane whispered.

Ilya gave him a small smile. "Is pointless."

"Tell me."

"It will never happen."

"Tell me anyway."

Slowly, Ilya reached out a hand and cupped Shane's face. "I wish I could show you the Red Square."

A deeply sad look came across Shane's face. "Me too."

"I hate Russia, but I used to think there was no more beautiful place than Kremlin. Is funny, such beautiful place and the reason I can't ever go back came from there."

"You don't think it's beautiful anymore?"

Ilya pulled him into a kiss. "No. The most beautiful place is where you are."

Shane blushed, then laughed, then kissed Ilya again. "Well that's poetic."

"I'm very poetic in Russian." Ilya chuckled. "English is just not poetic language."

"I think Shakespeare and some others would disagree." Shane laughed while pulling himself closer to his boyfriend.

Ilya wrapped his arms around him. "Fuck Shakespeare."

Shane laughed. "You were awake, right?"

"How did you know?"

"Your breathing changed."

"How the fuck did you notice that?" Ilya looked at him like he had grown a second head.

"Because I notice everything about you." Shane teased.

"Who's Shakespeare now." Ilya laughed.

"So you heard all that?"

"Most of it."

Shane leaned in for another kiss. "Good, so you know where I stand."

"And where is that?" Ilya smiled.

Shane chuckled between kisses. "With you, asshole."

Ilya kissed him some more before smiling. "One day in the same jersey."

"One day." Shane agreed.

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If anyone could make the Ottawa Senators a winning team, it was Ilya Rozanov. The move was pretty shocking for everyone, and some media outlets dared to declare it a carrier ending

move. Ilya, being Ilya, decided to prove them all wrong.

Halfway through the season the snide remarks turned into praise, a quarter to the end and he was being deemed a revolutionary.

By the time the Ilya had dragged the team into the finals and won by only a goals difference, the whole world was stunned into silence.

Ottawa fans saw him as a gift from God, they adored him. Of course he was loved in Boston too, but when you give a team that hasn't seen the finals in decades a dominant year, they become pretty ride or die.

Additionally, Svetlana became his manager, since he was very aware he needed one but did not want some random person bossing him around. There was a team manager in Boston, but Ilya had butted heads with him more times than he could count.

She sort of started managing the team as well, not officially, but nobody questioned her decisions. Troy even tried to get her to be team manager, but she declined time and time again.

With Ilya, the Senators became a force of nature, and when it was revealed Shane would join the team as well, the whole thing ended up going nuclear.

Another season of absolute dominance lead to facing the Metros in the finals, and Shane was a little bit of a nervous wreck after curiosity got the better of him and he looked up what the media was saying.

In the locker room, right before the game, Ilya gave him a wink before turning to face the team. "Okay, listen! Unless Montreal is ashamed to show their face in public after tonight, you all failed in your careers!"

That earned a few laughs.

"What, no game plan?" Shane chuckled.

"Game plan is we score everything they score nothing!" Ilya shrugged, then gave him a quick kiss. "Go make them regret it."

"Get a room!" Troy jabbed.

"Get a life!" Ilya shot back, laughing.

"Mean." Troy rolled his eyes. "Shane, your man is being mean to me."

Shane laughed. "He's mean to everyone except kids and animals."

"And you." Ilya added, offended that that was left out.

"You're still mean to me, it's just affectionate." Shane kissed him.

"Keep the kinks to yourselves." Troy joked.

"Get out, all of you." Ilya told them all.

Out on the ice, Shane felt his ex teammates staring daggers into him, but as he watched Ilya get to the face-off dot and stand there in front of him, he felt protected.

They all knew it would be a dirty game, they knew the official was a famously homophobic old prick that would be biased. They held practice with that in mind. Ilya had them practice defending an empty goal, defending with four or even three players, shooting shots through an impossibly tiny gap. He was determined to get Shane this win. Montreal went low, and Ilya went lower.

The game was as messy as everyone predicted it would be, with two brawls breaking out, one of them bench clearing. The first one started when JJ pushed their goalie around and the whole Ottawa bench went at him. The second was started by Ilya when Comeau decided to push Shane around, Ilya got himself five minutes in the penalty box for it.

Still, no amount of playing dirty could save the Montreal team from the sheer, unbridled force that were Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov playing together.

Not that the rest of the team was on fire that night, but most attention was still on the two recently exposed lovebirds, that quickly established themselves as the reigning royal couple of the NHL.

And said royal couple seemed to be holding court, communicating with nothing but quick glances and executing a death sentence for the other team.

The ratio of fans was more or less equal, but the Ottawa fans were growing louder and louder with each goal scored.

At halftime the score sat pretty at 3:0, and Ilya gave Shane that signature, shark like smile. He seemed to be enjoying it even more than Shane, and Shane found himself enjoying it quite a lot.

He was scared, yes, and it was incredibly painful to be booed by the fans that used to worship him, but revenge was really fucking nice.

Hayden caught Shane's eye and gave an apologetic look. He hadn't exalted been getting on with the team ever since the way they treated Shane, and he had spent a lot of games benched.

The coach gave them just a few quick tips, and when he turned to speak to the goalie, Ilya leaned in to whisper something to Shane.

"When we win, I want to kiss you before I take the cup. Is ok?"

Shane felt a flush coming up his neck, and he nodded quickly. "Yeah."

With a last minute hat trick, Shane added the final nail in the coffin of his old team. 5:0. A humiliation for Montreal and a crowning jewel for Ottawa.

In the middle of everyone rushing to him, in the middle of the crowd going wild, Ilya fought his way to Shane, helmet already off, grabbed Shane's and practically ripped it off, and kissed him for everyone to see.

It felt electric, like all the power in the arena and even the whole city went out, and surged into the place where they stood.

Both of them knew by then that life wasn't ever going to be some pitch perfect queer romance, but they also knew that what they had was worth fighting for, through every struggle they might face. Be it a public, homophobic outrage, be it Ilya's depression, be it Shane's eating disorder or anxiety.

Holding the cup, as Ilya had once put it, was a feeling one could barely describe. But watching the love of your life lift it and bring it over to you like a fucking offering at an altar, that was earth shattering.

Shane never wanted to get off the ice in that moment, or rather, he wanted to go straight from the ice into their bedroom and have Ilya on top of him already. But there was so much in between.

Back in the locker room, before the press got to them, Ilya took a moment when everyone was busy and caged Shane against the locker with his body. "At home, I have bottle of champagne that I want to pour all over you."

"Jesus fucking Christ." Shane let out a whiny breath. "That's hours away."

"So you can't wait?" Ilya smirked.

"Fuck you!" Shane shoved him playfully, then pulled him back for a kiss.

"Not in here you won't." Zane interrupted them.

As Shane had predicted, it took ages for them to actually get home. Between the press and the team meeting and the fans, it seemed like some unachievable dream.

But of course they made it home, and as soon as they got through the door Ilya slammed it shut and pinned Shane against it, kissing wherever he could.

"Ilya." Shane half moaned, half gasped.

Anya started jumping around them, whining and wagging her tail, and Ilya sighed, an exasperated, long sigh, then looked down at the dog. "I love you but fuck you."

Shane laughed out loud and squirmed out of his hold. "Go walk her, or she won't leave us alone."

"Five minutes, I want you in the bedroom when I'm back." Ilya ordered and grabbed the leash.

Having counted on Anya to give him a few extra minutes, Shane quickly went to the closet and dug out a bag he had hidden there a few days prior.

Not giving himself time to overthink it, he took off his clothing and got his surprise all ready.

And not a moment too soon, since he heard the door open and shut, then some shuffling of clothes, definitely a belt buckle hitting the hardwood floor, and a swift opening and closing of the fridge.

The smug look on Ilya's face was quickly replaced by something else. His mouth hung open and his eyes went wide, he almost dropped the champagne bottle.

"You like it, captain?" Shane tried to sound teasing, but he was clearly waiting for a more positive reaction.

"Fucking hell, Hollander." Ilya said, his look turned hungry, like he was ready to devour Shane.

Before Shane got to spiral or second guess himself, however, Ilya was on him. He had set the bottle onto the bedside table and started kissing every available inch of skin. "When the fuck did you get this?"

"Few days ago." Shane tangled both of his hands into Ilya's hair. "What do you think?"

"I think you're the most beautiful thing on planet." Ilya kissed him, then pulled back to take in the whole view.

There Shane was, already panting under him, wearing a black, lacey thong. And Ilya was somehow expected to not be utterly infatuated?

"Take a picture, it'll last longer." Shane gained some confidence with the previous statement.

"I can?" Ilya raised an eyebrow.

"Fuck." Shane hadn't expected Ilya to take him up on the offer. "Yeah."

With a devilish little smile, Ilya reached for Shane's phone on the nightstand, since his had been left somewhere on the floor with his pants, then sat back on his heels, straddling Shane's thighs, lifted the phone as high as he could, and took a picture.

"Something missing." He let the phone fall onto the bed and got to work leaving love bites all along Shane's neck and chest. It was his favourite thing, being able to leave marks, being able to claim Shane as his own for all to see.

"Ilya!" Shane gasped when his husband kept attaching each and every weak spot of his, and he knew them well. Had them mapped out in his head like a treasure hunt.

To perfect his masterpiece, Ilya captured Shane's mouth in one of those long, sloppy kisses that left his lips swollen, and then took another picture.

"You're insane." Shane panted. "Touch me already."

Ilya chuckled, letting the phone fall to the bed and then slide onto the floor, but before his husband could protest about a broken screen, Ilya got down and started licking Shane through the thin lace, cutting off his complaints before they could even start.

That skillful mouth always drove Shane crazy, but when he looked down to see Ilya pulling the thong down with his teeth, all the while holding him in place by the hips with those big hands of his, Shane was sure he saw heaven.

"Holy shit!" His hands returned to Ilya's hair, then one went to grip the sheets as tightly as he could.

Just as Shane's grip on his hair and the sounds he was making told Ilya he was close, he stopped, resulting in whiny little sounds that almost broke his heart.

"So unfair, I know." He teased, kissing up Shane's body and then sitting up and reaching for the champagne bottle.

"We'll soak the bed." Shane said, trying to catch his breath.

"Don't worry your pretty head." Ilya assured while opening the foil and the small metal cage around the cork.

Absent mindedly, Shane concluded Ilya must've put on those waterproof sheets. They had gotten those after a bottle of water based lube was left open on accident in the middle of one of their wild nights, soaking the whole mattress and leaving them sleeping in the guest room.

Instead of think about any of that, Shane focused on watching Ilya purposefully shake the bottle so the cork would fly out, and he realized the liquid inside must be terribly cold just a second too late.

The cork flew off into some random corner and bubbly foam rushed out, spilling onto Shane, and he yelped as the ice cold bubbles started soaking his skin.

In response, Ilya laughed, then leaned down to lick all the way from Shane's abdomen to his neck, relishing the broken moan it earned him.

"That's so fucking cold, asshole." Shane complained, but couldn't put any bite into it when Ilya started lapping up the champagne on his skin. "Jesus, you'll kill me one day."

Ilya laughed, a deep, grumbling kind of laughter that Shane only ever heard when he really riled him up during sex. "Says man who looks like sin."

"Fuck me, please." Shane whined when Ilya kept spilling bit by bit of champagne and licking it up, but doing nothing else.

"Only because you played well today." Ilya joked, then took a hold of Shane's thighs and spread them wider before reaching for the lube.

It mixed with the champagne, and while Shane did love Ilya's hands and usually enjoyed every last second of those skilled fingers inside of him, as soon as Ilya worked in a third finger he started whining and pleading.

"God, you're like a drug." Ilya proclaimed as he lifted Shane's hips and wrapped his legs around his waist when Shane was about to turn around. "No, I want to see you."

"Fuck." Shane moaned when he felt Ilya slowly push in.

Ilya set an inhuman pace, hips moving at an ungodly speed. And speed was something Shane always associated with Ilya. Fast on ice, speedy cars, quick to tease. And yet he could have Shane going for hours when they had sex.

That wasn't one of those days, as both of them had been edged since the very beginning of the game. It didn't take long before they both collapsed onto the bed, out of breath and still kissing.

After they took a bath, long and drawn out, Ilya went to change the sheets while Shane still sat in the hot water.

They wished they could sleep in, but they had made a reservation at a bar for the whole team. To celebrate, and also to have everyone in one place one last time before they all scattered for summer break. Well, the whole team plus Rose and Hayden with his family.

"You are a vampire." Shane remarked as they got ready. The marks on his chest weren't an issue, but he couldn't cover the ones on his neck no matter how hard he tried.

"You like vampires." Ilya pointed out, gesturing at the bookshelf where Shane's copy of Dracula sat. "Or maybe you just like slavic account."

Shane rolled his eyes. "Go get dressed."

"You started it."

"Everyone will know." Shane craned his neck in the mirror, one hickey peaking out from the skirt collar, and another on full display.

"What? They didn't know before?" Ilya raised an eyebrow. "They were at our wedding, Shane. They know we fuck."

Shane's face flushed red. "Yeah, but they don't need to see physical evidence."

Ily rolled his eyes and stood behind him in the mirror, kissing along the marks he had left. "They'll live."

As soon as they arrived at the bar, Svetlana and Rose jumped them at the door.

"I see the surprise was successful." Rose pulled at Shane's collar.

"Say thank you." Svetlana told Ilya.

"So they put you up to it?" Ilya asked Shane.

Shane sighed and avoided eye contact with everyone. "They helped me pick."

They sat down, with Svetlana to Ilya's left and Rose in her lap. Hayden sat to Shane's right, and the rest of the table filled up quickly.

Of course, there was several different conversations going, and everyone was talking over one another, Hayden got a call about the kids at several points, drinks were spilled, but it was perfect.

Sitting there, Ilya found himself being so deeply grateful for what he had in that moment.

End Notes

Please leave kudos if you liked it and feel encouraged to leave comments(no matter how short or long)I love comments so much 

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