**Get Your Filthy Fingers Out of My Eye**

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# Get Your Filthy Fingers Out of My Eye

by mannaray

Summary

[Set after the events of TLG]

On the first match back facing his old team, Shane's new teammates find a way to show love to him (and their anger towards the montreal team)

Notes

I have not read either of the books! I just watched the show and read enough spoilers accidentally that I feel confident in bullshitting my way through characters I have yet to meet.

But yeah I found out a little bit of how Shane's team treats him and now I am giving them their due diligence.

Also unbeta'd so if theres any grammatical errors lmk!

See the end of the work for more notes

A jittery tightness sat in the center of Shane's chest as he laced his skates up. This wasn't his first game with the centaurs, he had grown adjusted to the smaller audience they drew in, but this was the first time he was stepping back on Montreal ice—only not with the metros, because that wasn't his team anymore.

He knew the guys had his back, as well as Hayden and JJ's, but as for the rest of his ex-teammates there was only bitterness between the words they had thrown at him after everything had played out. There was the disgust and anger lingering behind their eyes with each glance, some of them appearing as if they were ready to hurl slurs off their tongue.

It was a sick, strange otherness thrusted upon him, not at all similar to Ilya's experience. He had people who cared, who were willing to stand behind him. He had an unspoken community and Shane couldn't help wishing he had a semblance of the same, that he could have controlled the reveal and outcome to his liking. That maybe if he hadn't been so afraid Ilya wouldn't have sunk so low into his depression; that if he had come out on his terms maybe his team would still be in Montreal.

Pointless to think of such trivial matters now. Tonight the centaurs play his old home team base and he needs to feel the high energy static of a win thrumming in the air.

"You okay?" Ilya's hand rested on his shoulder, thumbing softly over the pad. Shane glanced up at his husband with a tight smile.

"Yeah. Just feel weird is all." He knew Ilya was reading past his smile, trying to see the bad underneath. "I'll be fine once I'm on the ice."

Ilya squinted at him, a flicker of hesitation before he stood straight again. "Okay, if you say so."

It was minutes before they were packing into the sidelines like sardines. The crowd was a mix of the opposing team colors, with foam fingers and beers lingering in the air.

The cold air rolling off the ice helped to calm him some, like a familiar sense that satiated his nerves—froze them into a steady calm. No matter where he was the ice was a familiar second home he could escape into. The tight wound skates on his feet grounded him to it, let him sink into the mind of a player.

Wiebe had already taken precaution in starting Ilya on center as he worried the metros may be extra aggressive towards Shane given their past. Which to Shane was an obvious mistake—he wasn't a fighter and played the game by the rules. Ilya, however, chirped players just for the chance at possibly starting a fight.

And Shane watched it happen in slow motion: there was his husband, on the ice throwing his gloves off the second the whistle blew to signal the face-off. Comeau was across from him, already having abandoned his stick for fists as Ilya slammed his own straight into his jaw.

The ref was immediately on Ilya, pulling him away from Comeau while a fat smirk flashed at him. There wasn't more than half a minute on the clock and the metros were already in a power play since Ilya had started the fight.

Comeau had the puck and shot over the line, weaving through their defense. Dykstra was circling him like prey though while Bood was chasing him into the trap. He passed off before Dykstra slammed him into the boards, letting the puck whip past the defense and into another metro stick.

The familiar click and swish of the puck sounded off as it went flying towards the goal. Wyatt split down in a rush, blocking the shot with his leg pads. It was a simple shot given how strong the defense was pushing back on them.

Shane watched on as the minutes trickled down and Ilya was back on the ice to cause more havoc. He could hear Wiebe sigh as Ilya was already skating up against a metro player and chirping at them.

"You're starting center soon as Rozanov gets close enough. I can't let him sit in penalty the whole first period." His coach fixed him with an exasperated look, like he had known this was Ilya's plan.

Once he skated up by the box Shane was swapping out and tossing him a knowing look.

"What? Is fun."

"You are a menace." Shane smiled as he skated towards center as the puck switched handlers.

It went back and forth for a while, no goals scored for either team yet as each was more set on slamming the other into the boards and such.

Second period was about midway when Shane was on the ice again and grew confused as Ilya followed him out. Except, he wasn't on center—the position he'd been playing for over a decade.

"Why are you on right wing?" Shane looked at his husband suspiciously. He knew why he had somehow convinced coach to let him play right wing during one of their most crucial matches, like it was a regular practice.

"Is nothing. Just wanted to play alongside my husband." There was a menacing silence beneath his warm words. Shane simply ignored it and waited for the moment to come because there was no stopping Ilya's madness on the ice.

The puck drops and lands for the metros. He and the forwards race down against the clock, trying to block the shot.

Wyatt had tried blocking, but a team assist led them to scoring, leaving them tied at 1-1 before the puck was back in their hands.

Shane and Ilya threw it back and forth with quickness down the ice, letting it stretch all the way to Bood's side and then back to Ilya before he set up the shot for Shane to take.

Ilya gives Shane a nod and smiles as he swings the puck into his stick. He catches it with ease and glides forward towards the goal. Drapeau's helmet has a slight dent in one spot he sees as he gets closer. There's a soft satisfaction that warms in his chest as his fixed snarl is barely contained behind his helmet.

JJ is coming up along his side, too, trying to wedge the puck out of grip, but then Ilya is back and edging him away. He lets his defense drop just a little as he pulls closer to Drapeau and picks his corner to score. Shane swings the stick with a heavy smack as the puck goes flying up and into the left right corner. It just barely skims his shoulder pad—nearly blocked if he had hit it a second later.

He could hear the roar of cheers erupt between the boos and jeers spewed from the home side. He expected his team crowding around for a quick victory before settling back into the game—a brush of shoulders or a quick compliment.

Except everyone seemed to be preoccupied with what was happening behind him as even Drapeau was looking straight through him. Like it was more important as a goalie to look behind the man shooting the puck at his cage.

When he turned back he caught the tail end of his husband taunting JJ who was splayed face down on the ice. He should have known it was him chirping again with that slick satisfying grin of his.

"Ah so sweet of you to trip so my husband could make goal. Such a good friend." Shane met his gaze and shook his head disapprovingly. JJ was the only one beside Hayden who came to the wedding—despite Ilya's protests—and Shane thought he had gotten over his distain for how JJ first acted. Apparently not.

Shane didn't help JJ to his skates, though, and instead watched him ease up slowly with the added weight of gear tying him to the ground.

He had forgiven JJ, but it didn't hurt seeing him have the same accusation thrown in his face, even if it was just to spite him. And then there was the unspoken thanks to his husband, for bringing up what he never would have. It was something to slip under the rug and forget, but Ilya made sure JJ wouldn't—that he wouldn't, even as Shane did.

The puck drop kicked off again and Shane had pried it from the metros with ease before a wall of blue came to block him. They were holding him up, knowing he was the only one who was probably not willing to hit back. Probably.

And so he sent the puck after Ilya who skated down the ice after him. Ilya was swerving in between the defensemen and his own team without so much as sparing a glance. Instead he moved with speed, almost as fast as Shane himself. His back was hunching down, looking as if to shoot in a low corner shot as Drapeau dropped to his knee pads to block. And then the splintering smack of the puck hitting the metal bar shield of his helmet rang out. It was close enough range to nearly lodge between the metal and slam into his face.

Red flooded the ice as gloves and sticks were once again tossed away in favor of hand to hand combat. This time fights broke out across the ice, Montreal and Ottawa men gripping

each other's jerseys as fists flew with fury.

A jerk against his own jersey pulled him from the scene unfolding, and for a second, Shane prepared himself to fight. But then Hayden's face was grinning back at him, a quiet laughter spilling out.

"You do know you married a madman, right?" There was a hidden kindness under the jab.

"Yeah, unfortunately." Shane sighed at striped shirts began pulling the fights back and sending players off to the penalty box. "Sorry about your team."

Hayden let out a chuckle as he pushed distance between them again. "I'm not worried about it."

A smile stretched over Shane's lips at he and Hayden were now pushed forward to lead the face off with their teammates sitting out for the next five minutes.

There was a small relief in seeing Comeau forced off the ring and seething in the box, forced to watch him behind the glass. It was less frightening looking into Hayden's eyes as the bent down for the puck drop.

"I would. We're going home with a win tonight." The ref raised his arm out straight while the other gripped around the whistle.

"In your dreams." Hayden grinned as the whistle rang out and the puck fell into the familiar curve of Shane's stick.

Shane knew as well as Hayden that they were going to win tonight. That even if it was the whole team against him as a lone man they would lose. The metros were too riled up off of rising aggravation while the centaurs drifted out with a warm air of excitement and eagerness. His team was solid, steady, and safe; they balanced off each other's energies and fed it back out across the ice, drifting in harmony as the clock counted down.

From there Wiebe took Ilya off again once his penalty was up and threw Barrett out in place.

With Haas and Barrett flanking him, Shane figured the metros were safe temporarily from the onslaught of fists hurled at them. And yet he was wrong.

Even the kid was throwing down gloves and crushing flesh against bone as Shane scored again. One of his ex-teammates had tried throwing him off mid-shot and there Barrett was with his fists ready. Ilya was rubbing off on him too easily with the quick witted chirps that flew out his mouth. Haas wasn't far behind, fighting with one of the metro rookies.

It didn't matter if they were new, the centaurs as a whole were out for metro blood—spare Hayden who miraculously managed to stick by Shane or be off ice when a fight broke out.

And about six more did before players were actually hobbling off the ice and taking rest periods from the aching bruises settling over skin.

The game moved slower as third period dragged on, with players winding themselves quicker as slap shots got sloppier. Hayden and Shane were the only ones skating by without a mark to show for. By the end of the final period they had barely pulled over the tying score with a 3-1 lead. It was a final shot by Shane again, pulling off a hat trick in the end.

The buzzer sounded off with a brightening glimmer of victory. A smothering flock of gold and black jerseys break through the sea of blue, their cheers echoing off the ice. His team is loud and sharing smiles while half the lineup sports bruises and blood across them.

They had even dragged Wiebe out on the ice in his sneakers in the rush of their excitement. Because this wasn't just a closer shot at winning a cup this season, it was a statement hurled at the NHL, at the commissioner and at Shane's old team; the fans who abandoned him when news had broken were watching him and his husband win like it was second nature to them.

So when Ilya roped Shane into him for a kiss it sent an electric spark pulsing through his body. After everything, the hiding, the shame, and the ugly truth of it all, they could be happy and open. They were allowed this moment in turn for their sacrifices.

The shutters of cameras and flashes from within the stands shot off while the commentators wrapped up the game in a quiet exposition. But it was all background noise to Shane by now. It wasn't important anymore and while he still enjoyed winning, there wasn't the same smug satisfaction of being safe and secure. He had it now with his team, will Ilya in his arms and with his parents support—even with his best friend encouraging him from across enemy lines.

There was a mixture of sweat, blood, and spit mixing over them all in a musky aftermath as they filed into the hallways towards the locker rooms.  The sound of reporters shuffling into the media room could be heard echoing behind them.

The metros had the closer locker room so they had slipped in first, given enough time to settle a little. Had enough time for the centaurs to catch the end of the coach's riveting attack on the team's performance.

"—let some fucking fags beat you?" Shane could hear the coach's voice break through the locker room doors separating the teams. Something ugly and hard settled in his throat while Ilya was already moving to charge through the door.

Before Shane knew where he was going, he gripped Ilya's wrist. "No."

There was a silent question behind his husband's eyes—reassurance. Shane only shook his head once more and turned on his heel towards the door.

The lightweight door swung open hard and bounced against the wall as Shane marked each step closer to his end goal.

"Oh what the fuck do you want Hollander? Here to—" Comeau had started mouthing off as he inched closer. His old coach turned to fix a nasty glare at him as the rest of the team looked on. But Comeau didn't finish his thought before Shane's fist was slamming into his

ex-coach's jaw. His knuckles stung as they broke contact, pulling back red and cracked with blood while Montreal's coach was rubbing at the pain in his jaw away.

All eyes were on Shane as he stood and watched their coach burn hot with embarrassment. There were things he could say, things that might ease the tension, but hitting was much easier than words—though he was never going to tell his husband that.

Hayden was pulling his lips over to contain his smile. And if Shane looked close enough he could see the not-so-subtle thumbs up he was slinging over JJ's shoulder.

He gave them all a curt nod after the adrenaline deflated from him and walked out as if he had simply delivered a gift to them.

His team were outside the doors when he barreled back through, waiting.

"Are you okay? What happened?"

"Did he hit you? I heard a punch land."

"What the hell? You just broke into the Metros locker room!"

Voices were shouting out around him but only Ilya was standing there quietly with a fixed grin.

"Better, yes?" His eyes flickered down to his throbbing fist with glee. "Good that you gave him ugly bruise to match his ugly personality."

A quiet laugh broke from his lips. "Better."

Haas's eyes widened as he glanced over his fist. "Did you—"

"Punch his old tight ass coach? Yes." Ilya butted in. He squeezed Shane's cheeks to his dismay. "And he probably looked very sexy doing it."

"Fuck off." He said but there was no bite behind it. "It was a one time thing."

"Two time. Remember Hunter?" Ilya looked at him fondly.

Bood scoffed at their disgusting affection for each other. "Okay freaks go jerk off in the shower at least we got press waiting."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Feel free to leave kudos or a comment <3

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