

The Haze of Post Game Celebrations

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The Haze of Post Game Celebrations

by [strawhat_star](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander goes out for drinks with Montreal after winning a game. He gets a little drunk, he calls Ilya, and he knocks out a Vancouver player who tried to start a fight. Just a regular post-game celebration, honestly.

Notes

Because I mention a fight in "Hollander Guide to Fighting" that I didn't include in "Blood Upon The Snow" and wanted to write it. You don't need to have read either of those for this to make sense.

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

Shane regrets it a little, as Hayden and J.J. drag him along behind the team towards some bar. He owed them though, for not pressing after his fight with Scott Hunter. Despite J.J. insisting they'd drag him out after their next game, J.J. waited until Shane brought it up first, so here they were walking down the street in Vancouver towards their second bar of the night. Shane had managed to get away with only sipping a beer at the last bar, but now that their group had dwindled down he knew he wouldn't be so lucky.

"Here we are!" Comeau cheers, motioning the group into the bar. Drapeau and J.J. roll their eyes at him, stepping in first as Hayden tosses his arm over Shane's shoulders and tugs him into his side.

"If you need an out, kick me." Hayden whispers to him, because he's impressed Shane didn't try to slip away on the journey between bars, and as much as he likes hanging out with Shane like this, he knows the social interactions drag on him.

"Thank you." Shane whispers back, checking his hip against Hayden's before sliding into the booth Comeau has claimed for them, J.J. already sitting in the corner.

"Shots." Comeau decides, sliding quickly out of his seat and heading over to the bar before any of them can even reply.

"You're fucked." J.J. laughs, patting Shane's back as Hayden sits down next to him, boxing him in between the two of them in a way that makes Shane's shoulders relax just a little.

"You're carrying me back to the hotel." Shane tells him, and J.J. complains instantly.

"Gilly's getting the shots!" He shouts.

"You said I had to come out." Shane counters, Drapeau laughing at them.

"Hayden's your roommate." J.J. tries, and Hayden holds his hands up quickly.

"I have to deal with him all night and his hangover in the morning." Hayden says, wiping his hands of the responsibility to get a drunk Shane back. "Someone else is carrying him back, unless you want to switch rooms with me."

"Fuck you." J.J. groans, but he doesn't push it further as Hayden gets up to help Comeau with the drinks.

"Here we are." Comeau announces as they return, carrying a tray of shots and two beers as Hayden carries the other three beers and a ginger ale.

"I tried to stop him." Comeau says when J.J. and Drapeau both stare at the can like it's personally offended him.

"We want him pissed drunk, not dying of alcohol poisoning." Hayden reminds the group, sitting back next to Shane and pushing one of the beers and the ginger ale in front of him.

“Thank you.” Shane repeats, and Hayden rolls his eyes like ‘of course’ and bumps their shoulders together.

“Shots!” Drapeau cheers, and they all reach out for one of the shots on the tray and down it, Shane quickly following it with his ginger ale as the others grab for the lime.

“You’re so weird.” Comeau laughs fondly when he notices, shaking his head at Shane who just scrunches up his nose.

“That’s your captain you’re talking to.” Hayden teasingly defends, because he knows exactly what he’s setting up for.

“Captain weird then.” Comeau says, raising his beer for them to cheer.

“To our beloved Capitaine weird!” J.J. announces, the others laughing as they clink their glasses together and chorus.

“To our beloved Captain weird.”

Shane rolls his eyes at them, but he clinks his glass with theirs and sips at the beer in his cup as Drapeau and J.J. drink about half of theirs. Hayden shakes his head at them, setting his beer down beside Shane’s and nudging their shoulders together.

“That was an awesome play tonight, man.” Hayden compliments, because he knows sometimes the weird comments get to Shane.

“Dude, that goal from center ice.” Comeau says appreciatively, J.J. shaking his head.

“That shit was insanity.” J.J. agrees, tossing his arm over Shane’s shoulders. “You hit that like it was nothing.”

“I’m so glad you’re on my team.” Drapeau says, because he would have felt like shit if Shane had scored a goal like that on him. “It wasn’t even an empty net, and you killed it.”

“Killed their egos.” J.J. laughs. “Did you see the look on their forward’s face when Shane hit that past him? He looked ready to cry.”

“I think he did.” Hayden says, raising his beer again and tapping their glasses together so none of them notice the way he’s just switched his and Shane’s beers.

“We’re stealing the Cup back from Boston this year, if we keep playing like that.” Comeau tells their table, Shane quickly knocks his hand against the wood of it while J.J. and Drapeau smile.

“We’ve got the best player in the league. Boston, poshton.” J.J. agrees, waving his hand in front of him. “They’re footnotes this year.”

“Don’t get too cocky.” Shane tells them, and he lifts the beer Hayden just switched with him and takes a sip, setting it back down closer in front of him and nudging Hayden’s shoulder again in thanks.

“Yeah, yeah.” Comeau sighs, shaking his head. “We’re not winners until we’ve won.”

“Don’t worry, capitaine. We’ll kill them this year.” J.J. smiles, letting Shane and Hayden off for the beer switch because they’ve got another round of shots and Shane’s already looking flushed from the alcohol.

“Round two.” Comeau declares, pushing the tray of shots towards the center of the table again. “To keeping our win streak.”

“To keeping our win streak!” The table chorus’, Shane joining in this time even as he knocks against the table again.

“God, why do people do that?” Shane asks as he sets his glass back down, face scrunched up in disgust.

“To get drunk.”

“Because it’s fun.”

J.J. and Comeau answer at the same time, laughing when Shane takes a long swig of his ginger ale to combat the taste of alcohol. Drapeau smiles at him, taking another long sip of his beer and then shoving Comeau out of the booth so he can go get refills for himself and J.J.

“You’re both insane.” Shane tells them when Drapeau returns with four more glasses of beer, setting them down on the table.

“You’re just a lightweight.” Drapeau tells him, taking the seat on the outside of the booth instead of making Comeau stand up again.

“I’m not.” Shane defends, but it sounds weak to his own ears, the table laughing as they clink their beers again and start talking about their game.

Shane excuses himself to the bathroom a few minutes later, only swaying a little bit as he walks across the bar and slips into the little bathroom. He sits down in one of the stalls for a moment, considers and then pulls his phone from his pocket, a little drunker than he was willing to admit as he hits Lily’s name in his contact list.

“Hollander.” Rozanov greets after two rings, and it’s quiet enough on his end that Shane can tell he’s at his place and not out somewhere celebrating after his own game.

“Rozanov.” Shane says back, draws out the syllables a little more than he means to.

“Ah,” Rozanov sounds, laughing a little. “You are drunk.”

“I am *not*.” Shane whines, and Rozanov just laughs more, clicking his tongue.

“You won game. Very nice shot, goal from center ice, da?” Rozanov starts, because he’s dealt with the few odd drunk Shane calls here and there and had gotten Shane to admit he called while he was drunk because he wanted to hear his voice. Sober Shane hadn’t remembered

that, didn't ever really remember, but Rozanov always talked to him anyway, because it let him take these moments of normalcy between them without risking whatever it was they had. "Very impressive. Make goalie and center cry."

"They didn't." Shane says defensively, and that makes Rozanov laugh again.

"Ok, they didn't." Rozanov agrees, and Shane pouts.

"They cried." Shane decides instead, and Rozanov laughs again. Shane likes that sound a lot.

"They cry or they didn't. Which is it?" Rozanov questions him and Shane hiccups, doesn't know which one to say to make him laugh again. "You fall over?"

"No." Shane says instantly, petulantly. "I'm sitting."

"Oh, you're sitting?" Rozanov asks, hums thoughtfully. "At table with your teammates?"

"In a bathroom stall. By myself." Shane answers.

"You sneak away to bathroom to call me?" Rozanov asks, and there's a sort of humour in his voice but it sounds wrong in Shane's ears.

"No." Shane says, then pauses, isn't quite sure how he wanted to continue. "What are you doing?"

Rozanov laughs again, a sharp puff of air that has Shane smiling stupidly as he leans his head against the side of the stall. "I am sitting here, naked after post game shower."

"Room number?" Shane asks, because his brain's too fuzzy to remember that Rozanov's all the way back in Boston while he's here in Vancouver.

Rozanov laughs louder this time, but there's a fondness to his voice when he finally recovers enough to answer, "You are in Vancouver, Hollander. I am in Boston."

"Oh." Shane pouts, tries to remember how far that is and draws a blank. "Why aren't you here?"

"Because I had game." Rozanov reminds him, continuing before Shane can ask why he isn't there. "You had game too."

"Oh, right." Shane remembers, nodding understandingly. "You shouldn't get into so many fights."

"You watched?" Rozanov questions, genuinely surprised.

"You watched my game." Shane says back, a little offended by his surprise and then admitting. "I looked up the highlights at the first bar."

"Oh, did you?" Rozanov teases, but he sounds pleased. "You look up Boston game highlights at bar with your team? You sneak to bathroom then too?"

“No.” Shane scrunches up his nose. “I watched it at the table.”

“You watched my game highlights at the table with your team while at a bar?” Rozanov asks.

“Mhmm.” Shane nods with his head still against the stall door. “You played good.”

“So did you, Hollander.” Rozanov says, and then he quiets for a moment. “You should go back to your team, Hollander.”

“Can I call you again later?” Shane asks, because Rozanov is right that he should go back out before Hayden comes in to check on him but Shane also doesn’t want to hang up.

“If you want.” Rozanov replies, and Shane hums thoughtfully.

“I always want.” He admits. And then he hiccups again. “I’m hanging up now.”

Rozanov doesn’t answer, and Shane hits the end call button and then shoves his phone into his pocket, peeing quickly and then stepping out of the stall to wash his hands. He’s reaching for the paper towels when the bathroom door opens, and Shane draws his shoulders up and stands as straight as he can, doing his best not to look drunk.

“I fucking knew it.” Someone hisses, and Shane turns curiously, blinks at the man in front of him because he knows him but can’t actually place him.

“Uh, hi?” Shane offers eloquently, and the man scoffs.

“Fuck you, Hollander.” He spits, and Shane frowns, realizing through the fog in his head that the man standing in front of him is one of the Vancouver defensemen.

“Good game tonight.” Shane offers, and at this point he really should have learned not to say that to players from teams who had lost to him, but it was the polite thing to do.

“Fuck you!” The Vancouver player grouches, shoving hard at Shane’s shoulder and sending him crashing back painfully into the counter.

“Ow.” Shane mutters, brain clearing quickly as the man swings.

Shane ducks, wraps his arm around the man’s waist and lunges forward, slamming them back against the side of the stall doors. Shane stands up and hits him quickly before the Vancouver player has a chance to swing for him again, and he can tell now that they’re both a little drunk as the Vancouver player is slow to duck out of the way and takes the punch straight to the jaw. Shane pulls back and hits him again, lowers the half-conscious Vancouver player to the ground and sort of pushes the stall door half closed before fleeing from the bathroom. Shane stands in the hall for a minute, fixes his shirt and shakes out his hand, and then starts back into the main part of the bar.

“There’s someone passed out in the bathroom.” Shane tells one of the bartenders, nodding to him before walking back to their table where J.J. and Drapeau have finished their second

beers and are already on their thirds while Comeau starts his second and Hayden's almost finished off his and Shane's.

"Took you forever." J.J. grouses as Shane slides back into the booth, Hayden standing to let him take the center seat again.

"Sorry." Shane shrugs, grabs his beer and takes a swig.

"We're thinking of heading back soon." Hayden says, tapping the table to draw Shane's attention back to him. "Coach texted to let us know our flight was moved up."

"How much earlier?" Shane questions, tugging his phone back from his pocket to check his message list.

There's a message from Lily at the top of the list, "Drink water."

"Oh my god." J.J. says when he sees it, Shane slamming his phone down on the table a second too late. "You went to the bathroom to call Boston Lily?"

"Holy shit." Comeau laughs, eyes wide. "You called Boston Lily from the bathroom? You're kidding. It's like I am there. Did she answer?"

"Yes." Shane nods, and then slaps his hand over his mouth when he realizes.

"Damn." Drapeau and J.J. breath out, shaking their heads.

"I think you're done for the night." Hayden tells him, pulling the beer from Shane's hands and pushing his ginger ale can back into his palm.

"Oh my god." Comeau wheezes out, head in his arms. "You drunk called your Boston hookup. Oh my god."

"I'm going to pay the bill." Hayden decides, shaking his head. "Drink your ginger ale, we'll leave when I come back."

"Respect, man." J.J. says to Shane as Hayden steps away from their table, knocking their fists together. "Respect."

"I'm reminding you of this in the morning." Drapeau says, and J.J. cackles at the mental picture of his hungover captain's face finding out he drunk called his regular hookup from across the fucking continent.

"Oh this is gold." Comeau gets out, head still pressed into the table as he tries to catch his breath. "Oh this is so good."

"Alright." Hayden shakes his head at the group of them as he steps back over, careful as he grabs Shane's arm and tugs him up from the booth. "It's two blocks back to the hotel. Let's go."

“He drunk called Boston Lily.” J.J. whispers to Comeau as they stand up to follow Hayden and Shane.

“And she *picked up*.” Comeau says back.

“Come on.” Drapeau shakes his head, throwing his arms over each of their shoulders and corralling them out of the bar.

In the morning, Hayden will wake Shane up five hours before their flight and give him painkillers, shaking his head and warning him of the teasing that is to come. Shane will blink at him uncertainly, and check his phone as Hayden goes to finish packing. There in his messages will be six unread messages from their first line Montreal group chat and four from ‘Lily’. The Montreal group chat teases him about drunk calling and being a lightweight, a singular picture of Shane drunk and passed out as Hayden and J.J. half carry him back towards their hotel. Comeau laughing from where he’s taking the picture and walking a few feet ahead of them with Drapeau at his side.

Shane will send back a middle finger emoji and then click on the messages from ‘Lily’, staring at the picture he’d sent and then reading them over and over again until Hayden throws a towel at him and tells him to shower. Three from last night and the most recent one from ten minutes ago. Shane won’t respond until they’re on the way to the airport, sending another middle finger emoji and then silencing his phone as he shoves it into his pocket.

Jane: [a picture of Shane at a crosswalk across from their hotel, the streetlights making his flush more obvious and his freckled cheeks scrunched up a little as he smiles lovingly at the camera]

Jane: your freckles

Lily: You are very drunk

Lily: Morning you will be very upset

Lily: Drink water

Lily: How is hangover?

Jane: 👍👍👍

Lily: 😂😂😂😂😂

Lily: See you in three days.

Even later, years down the line laying together at the cottage, Shane will mention how much it sucks that they don’t have any pictures together because of all of the secrecy and the fear. Ilya will pull a thumb drive from his bag and open a locked file from it on his laptop, filled

with almost every picture they've ever sent to each other over the years, starting with the picture of a flushed drunk Shane standing on a Vancouver street corner. He'll smile guiltily when Shane gapes at him, shrugging almost helplessly.

"I could not delete." Ilya will say, and Shane will launch himself at him and press their mouths together, smiling into the kiss.

End Notes

I meant to end this at them walking back to the hotel, but then other things happened.

Thanks for reading. ♥♥♥

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