

Ilya, Unleashed

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Ilya, Unleashed

by [OceanusK](#)

Summary

MAJOR SPOILERS FOR BOOK 6 OF THE GAME CHANGER SERIES (The Long Game)

It's Shane Hollander's first season with the Ottawa Centaurs, and his first game playing on the same team as Ilya Rozanov. Hayden Pike is understandably nervous.

Notes

>This is fully a Long Game fic, which is why I didn't put it in the Heated Rivalry (TV) fandom. This fic contains major spoilers for Book 6 of the Game Changer series: The Long Game.

>yes I know that in the book Shane is a second line Center, but for this fic we're going to pretend Ilya moves to right wing. shhh, it's fine

>Author has only a passing knowledge of hockey, please ignore any hockey mistakes.

Chapter 1: The Game

Chapter Notes

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

It was no secret that Ilya Rozanov was a menace on the ice. He had a particular talent for getting under players' skin, if not with a well placed chirp, then with a smirk or a wink at just the right moment. He wouldn't have been quite as annoying if he didn't also take chirps so well. He could fire a comeback faster than a slapshot, and Hayden kind of hated him for it.

Hayden had been on the receiving end of plenty of Ilya's chirps, and by this time he was used to it. The Russian didn't aggravate him as much as annoy him these days, but that was the result of time added to the proximity of being only a two hour drive away. And the fact that Ilya was the kids' favorite babysitter.

Unfortunately, Hayden had to admit that the Russian was growing on him. Not that he'd ever tell Ilya that, but getting to know him off the ice whenever Shane brought him around had shown Hayden a side of Ilya that he was still struggling to believe existed. Of course, Ilya didn't make it easy with the way he was constantly chirping Hayden even off the ice.

Mainly, though, Hayden was grateful that Ilya had been there to help Shane transfer to Ottawa when they had been outed. The Montreal Voyageurs had made life a living hell for Hayden's best friend after that, which was surprising and incredibly disheartening after Shane had spent his entire professional career with them. Hayden was ashamed of them, ashamed of himself for not requesting a trade yet this season. Hayden's teammates had nothing against him, but their newfound animosity for Shane rolled off them in waves that hit Hayden as if they were directed at him. He tried to be professional and keep the same level of team dynamics he always had, but he just couldn't shake the sickly feeling in his gut when he thought about how they had treated Shane.

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It was now the beginning of Shane's first season with the Ottawa Centaurs. And just Hayden's luck, their first game was against Montreal.

The media was abuzz with excitement over finally getting to see two of the most talented NHL stars play *with* each other instead of against. They'd gotten a taste for it once or twice during All-Stars, but to have the two former rivals on the same team was the most exciting sports news of the year.

Hayden was nervous. He'd played left wing alongside Shane's center and Ilya's right wing during one of those All-Star games, and never in his life had he played a smoother game. It was obvious that the two of them had a certain language, even when they'd only played opposite each other before.

Hayden was nervous.

He should have been fucking terrified.

The air was electric as the players lined up for the face-off. Something was off, and it took Hayden a minute to place a finger on it. When he did realize what was wrong, he couldn't suppress a shudder. Ilya had been *silent* the entire lead up to puck drop. Not one chirp passed his lips, and his face was impassively stone.

And if he thought that was bad, he had only to wait until Koch got possession of the puck to realize that things were about to get much, much worse. Ilya Rozanov did not hesitate to body slam the winger into the boards. It was fast, it was brutal, it was barely legal, and Hayden knew then that it was going to be a long and harrowing game.

Ilya wasn't the only one targeting Hayden's teammates, but he was the only one to do so with a violent intensity that made Hayden worry he'd have no linemates left by the end of the game. Ilya may be a forward, but tonight he was coming after the Voyageurs like an enforcer with a grudge, and his fellow Centaurs were following his lead.

None of the Voyageurs had said anything about targeting Shane tonight within earshot of Hayden, and he hadn't thought any of them actually would, but as soon as it became clear that Ilya had it out for Shane's former team, they started giving as good as they got. Or at least trying to.

At one point Hayden caught Shane's eye, and Shane pursed his lips before mouthing "sorry," so Hayden knew that even if Shane tried talking to Ilya it would do no good. Shane himself never checked anyone, but the way he skated around his former team, expertly avoiding getting checked himself had a certain disdain to it, a grim determination that made it impossible for Hayden not to empathize with him.

The end of the first period saw the Montreal Voyageurs in a simmering silence in the locker room. Koch's face was already darkened from two black eyes, and Comeau had lost two teeth. A fight had broken out with only two minutes left and almost everyone had gotten involved. The whole locker room was angry, but all Hayden could think was *we earned this*. he shared a look with JJ. They'd be having a conversation before leaving for the night.

This had to be breaking so many rules. Hayden was pretty sure this would end up being one of the most violent hockey games in recent history. He kept expecting the coaches to step in and tell their teams to knock it off, kept looking to the refs for help, but the checks just kept happening. Another fight broke out at the beginning of the second period, resulting in a black eye for Troy Barrett and penalty for Montreal. Shane took the opportunity to score on the power play, despite Drapeau's best efforts.

Ilya finally got a penalty near the end of the second period after he slammed Schneider into the boards hard enough to take him out of the game completely. Hayden winced because he could *hear* the bone cracking.

He allowed himself a sliver of hope, now that they had a power play advantage while Ilya was in the sin bin. He shouldn't have gotten his hopes up. Shane won the face-off and he, Troy Barrett, and Zane Boodram carried the puck down the ice, where Shane promptly put it in the net. It was the fastest penalty kill Hayden had ever seen, probably setting some kind of record.

He knew they were going to lose before the third period started. the score was 3-0 for Ottawa, but with the way Shane was skating, the way the Centaurs were hogging the puck, and the way Ilya was out to murder his entire team, Hayden knew Montreal would never catch up.

And the worst thing about this whole game was that throughout it all Ilya was completely silent. If Hayden thought his chirping was bad, it was now clear that a silent Ilya was much worse. Hayden never thought he'd miss the jabs at his skills, but by the third period he was almost ready to beg for them.

The Voyageurs lost the game in a fucking shut-out. It wasn't just that the Centaurs' goalie hadn't let a single goal in. It was the fact that the only time the Voyageurs had a chance at shots on goal at all was when Shane and Ilya weren't on the ice. And when they were? Not a single Voyageur in possession of the puck escaped a slam into the boards from Ilya Rozanov, who swiftly sent the puck to Shane, who raced away with with a speed Hayden had never seen. He used to be able to keep up with Shane. Now he could hardly even get close before Shane either took a shot on goal or whipped the puck to Ilya or Troy Barrett.

By the time the game ended, the score was 6-0 Ottawa, and only Hayden and J. J. had managed to escape without bruises. Hayden was positive that was on purpose.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is brought to you by my absolute hatred for the Montreal Voyageurs.

Chapter 2: The Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Hayden and J. J. meet Shane and Ilya for post-game drinks.

Chapter Notes

The conclusion, not quite as exciting as the game, but the fic felt unresolved without Hayden and J. J. getting to talk to the husbands after the game.

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

Hayden winced as he watched his teammates limp into the showers. Not one of them escaped without at least a bruise. Schneider had a broken ankle. J. J. approached him before heading to the shower.

"Are we still planning on meeting them for drinks?"

"As far as I know," Hayden replied, "but I'll ask."

He picked up his phone.

H: you could have at least warned me

S: I didn't know he was going to do that.

H: we still meeting for drinks or should I go home and barricade the door

S: Oh we're meeting, you promised loser buys drinks.

J. J. found him at the bar before Shane and Ilya did.

They watched the post-game press conference, which was being replayed on one of the bar TVs. Hayden winced when Ilya was asked about his new aggressive playing style. the Russian only shrugged, leaned into the mic, and said,

"Hockey is a contact sport. Any player not ready to get a little bruised should not be on the ice." His calm dismissal was almost as scary as his playing had been tonight.

"This was your first game together, aside from All-Stars. How does it feel to be teammates after all these years of rivalry?" Shane smiled.

"It's great, but honestly I kind of miss the rivalry. I've always enjoyed beating him; it used to give me such a high," he said it casually, but it was obvious the comment was pointed at everyone who had ever questioned Shane's loyalty to Montreal after he and Ilya had been outed. There was a murmur throughout the gathered press, and then someone said,

"Mr. Rozanov, same question," Ilya's lips twitched upward.

"Being teammates is everything I thought it would be, but I have to say I miss how angry Shane used to get when I beat him. Always made for great after-game sex," Shane hit him.

"Alright, that's enough, Hollander." coach Weibe barked, "And Rozanov—" he waved his hand, apparently at a loss for words.

Hayden shook his head. Classic Rozanov. J. J. grimaced.

"He just had to say that, didn't he," J. J. sighed. The Centaurs's coach ended the presser.

They each took a sip of beer.

"I requested a trade," J. J. said, "just before leaving the rink." Hayden was only surprised at how quickly he'd done it.

"you think they'll do it?" J. J. shrugged.

"My agent says it shouldn't be a problem." he eyed Hayden. Hayden sighed.

"Jackie and I have been talking about it," he said quietly.

J. J. opened his mouth, but the sound of Ilya's voice cut him off.

"Pike! you were almost fast tonight!" Relief washed over Hayden even as he grimaced at the jab. He and J. J. turned to find Shane and Ilya approaching their booth. They slid in opposite Ilya and Shane. Shane looked worried, but Ilya was once again sporting that signature smirk that never failed to get under Hayden's skin.

"He refuses to apologize," Shane said.

"Apologize for what, playing hockey?" Ilya said.

"I suppose you want us to thank you for not killing us out there?" J. J. said. Ilya shrugged.

"you don't get in my way, I don't check you."

"Those weren't checks, Rozanov, those were murder attempts." Ilya turned his smile on J. J.

"So dramatic. You should come play for Ottawa, our social media manager would love you." Hayden was sure his own expression mirrored J. J.'s look of surprise. Ilya only laughed.

"What is this? You act like we're enemies instead of professionals who leave it on the ice."

That did it. The reassurance from Ilya, and the small smile that played across Shane's face, both Hayden and J. J. finally relaxed. Hayden motioned to the bartender and bought the next round of drinks.

"Your husband is a menace," Hayden grumbled. Shane and Ilya shared a look that made Hayden want to tell them to get a room, but he knew Ilya would have a wildly inappropriate response. No one said anything for a minute or two, and then J. J. broke the silence.

"I hate this," J. J. sighed. It's not the same, Shane. It's like we're broken,"

"Tensions are high, practices are stiff, we're just not gelling anymore," Hayden added, knowing full well he shouldn't be telling them this. The truth was, he was tired, and he knew J. J. was too.

"I noticed," Shane said, surprising Hayden, "I saw the way everyone was acting. Huge change from last season," and of course he would have noticed. Shane lived and breathed hockey. He used his down time to watch other teams and analyze their playing style, even though they all did that at the rink as well.

"I want that team dynamic back," Hayden tried, "I do, but... it's like J. J. said, it feels like something cracked, and no one can figure out why we're not working well together anymore." Shane sighed.

"They know why," he said quietly. It took Hayden a moment to realize that what Shane meant but didn't say was "they know what they did."

There wasn't much else to say after that. Hayden talked about the kids a bit, and J. J. mentioned that a friend of his was opening a new bar in Montreal, and invited them all to the opening in a few weeks. Hayden still wondered how J. J. knew all these people; he seemed to always know when things like this were happening.

Hayden wanted to talk about trades, but he didn't want to say anything until he and Jackie had more time to figure things out, and he didn't know how much J. J. wanted to tell Shane and Ilya. So instead, they made small talk until Ilya started to get restless. Hayden pretended to check his phone.

"Jackie will be wanting me back," he made the excuse. They all got up, said their goodbyes, and headed out the door. Hayden caught Shane's wrist as they left. "I'm requesting a trade," he said, quietly so Ilya wouldn't hear. "I don't know when, but hopefully soon," Shane didn't look surprised.

"I'm sorry, Hayden," Hayden shrugged.

"Change of scenery might be nice. Kids might like it. I don't know. We'll see."

"Thanks for telling me," Shane gripped his arm. Hayden pulled him into a quick hug.

"Oh, Shane?" he raised his voice so Ilya would hear, "next time, keep your dog on a leash!"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!!

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