

Away Game

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Away Game

by [Impractical_Magic \(sliebman10\)](#).

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs are wrapping up their first road trip of the season in Montreal. The big story is how Shane will fare facing his former team. Ilya and the rest of the team have his back.

Notes

Takes place almost immediately post canon. Spoilers for The Long Game.

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

The last stop on this road trip was Montreal. Shane was ready. Maybe.

He gripped the armrests of his window seat on the plane, trying not to think about how he'd started his career, the golden boy rookie who led the team to three Stanley Cups as captain. And then left in disgrace because of who he'd fallen in love with and how it was revealed. He'd felt on the verge of a panic attack all day but tried all the coping techniques he knew to keep it at bay: breathing, listening to music, reading, doing the crossword. The things that took him the most out of his head, like exercise or sex, were obviously not possible on this airplane. So he just took some deep breaths and tried to visualize the Centaurs winning tonight.

He could feel Ilya's eyes on him, but he didn't want his husband to worry about him. Ilya needed to focus on leading the team and winning the game. Not whether Shane was spiraling. Which he wasn't. Not really.

Ilya had gotten up to talk to Luca Haas, one of Shane's line mates, a few rows away but had been watching Shane the whole time. He sat back down in the aisle seat next to him and took his hand. It was sweaty and Shane's cheeks looked pink. His breathing was shallow.

"Shane," Ilya said in a soft voice so as not to scare him. He said Shane's name twice before Shane looked at him. Wordlessly, Ilya pushed the armrest separating their seats up and pulled him close. "Is ok," he murmured. "Win or lose. We'll be fine."

Shane only managed to nod but his breathing slowed as he matched Ilya's breathing as he breathed him in.

Sometimes the team would rib them for their obvious affection but they left them alone now, aware that Shane was trying to wrap his head around playing his former team.

Perhaps the weirdest part of arriving at the Montreal arena for Shane was going into the away team's locker room. No matter what city they were in, they were never as nice as the home team's locker room. While this locker room was well kept, it didn't have any of the bells and whistles the home team's space did. Shane had never been in there before.

It didn't matter. Two games. Two games until they could go home.

It's not that he minded playing on the road. In fact, he often enjoyed it. Getting to explore different cities, visiting friends and playing in different arenas. It was just this particular arena that felt stifling. The Centaurs had a pretty good run, winning several games against teams that were supposed to be better than them. For the first time in a while, Shane had felt good on the ice. Those feelings evaporated though as he skated out with his current team to face

his former one. The crowd was as deafening as Shane remembered as he stood on the blue line for the pregame ceremony.

Ilya watched Shane out of the corner of his eye as they played *O, Canada* before the game. He knew this would be tough for him, that Shane was struggling on the plane earlier. But Shane was a professional, one of the best hockey players in the world. And he'd played hockey long before he was with Montreal. He would play hockey long after too.

The opening face off was against the new Montreal captain, a player Ilya didn't know personally but had seen numerous times before. One of the players who hadn't supported Shane. His lip curled as he made eye contact. "Like what you see, Rozanov?" the other player asked, wagging his eyebrows at Ilya.

Ilya snorted. As if this idiot could ruin his focus. "No. You should be so lucky," he snapped. And he skated away with the puck.

Shane kept his breathing steady as he skated out for his first shift of the game. He tried to tune out the crowd as he honed in on his opponent across from him. He could hear the cheers from the Ottawa bench.

You got this, Hollander!

Let's go, Centaurs!

The whistle blew, and he had possession before the Montreal center knew what hit him. That, at least, felt normal.

It wasn't his best game, but it wasn't his worst. Shane could live with that. He could live with JJ swearing as he skated past him to get the puck to Haas to score Ottawa's first goal. He also could live with Troy added a goal in the second period, tying the score at 2-2.

In the middle of the third period, Shane sped down the ice until a Montreal defenseman he didn't know shoved him out of the way. He took the hit, then pivoted back in front of the bigger, slower player and took the shot on goal. The goalie saved it and his shift was up. He headed for the bench. Ilya watched, always mesmerized by how Shane looked when he skated, the epitome of skill and grace.

But then he heard someone yell "Fucking cheater," as Shane climbed back over the boards and tagged Ilya in.

Ilya saw *red*. He barely waited to avoid a 'too many men on the ice' penalty and charged at the Montreal defenseman, shoving him roughly into the boards. "Watch your fucking mouth," he growled at the other player who smiled coldly at Ilya.

"If the skate fits, Rozanov," he said, shoving Ilya back. By now, the ref had stopped play and was zooming toward the two players. "You and him deserve each other."

"He gave your team everything and you don't fucking deserve to be on the same ice with him," Ilya yelled back, spitting at his feet. One of the linesmen was pushing Ilya back and the

other had the Montreal player - Davis?- , who was trying to rush at Ilya.

Ilya wasn't a fighter but he could handle himself on the ice, especially when someone insulted Shane. Who did this guy think he was?

There were a few moments of confusion as both teams skated over and started yelling at each other, resulting in some pushing and shoving, and a stoppage in play.

In the end though, Ilya didn't throw any punches. He was the captain of his team and he'd hurt Montreal on the scoreboard first. He did, however, get sent to the penalty box for boarding. It was a bullshit call but Ilya didn't care. It was better than serving a fighting penalty. He looked back over at the Ottawa bench. Shane had his head down and Ilya couldn't see his face because of his helmet. Troy was sitting next to him, and it looked like Troy was talking to him, but Ilya couldn't hear anything besides the crowd booing him. That was alright. He was used to it.

Ottawa put up a good fight but lost 3-2 in overtime. Shane was off for the rest of the game but the team rallied around him, making sure no one from Montreal got close to him. Ilya just wanted to hold him but he didn't want to draw any more attention to them than the press and the fans were already paying. When the game was over, they left the ice together.

There were murmurs in the locker room of "good game" and "we'll get them next time." Coach Wiebe poked his head in. "Roz, ESPN wants a word."

"Ok," Ilya said, pulling on a dry shirt, running his fingers through his damp hair and walking out of the locker room in his socks, his shoes in his hand. "Keep it professional," the coach said quietly in his ear. Ilya nodded and shook hands with the reporter, turning on the charm for the camera in his face.

Yes, it was a tough loss. No, he couldn't comment on Hollander's head space during the game or what was said to insult him. Yes, the team had great chemistry and planned to hit Montreal back in tomorrow's game.

It was the same as always. Ilya could barely conceal his impatience though, because all he wanted to do was get back to Shane and make sure he was alright.

Shane was still in the locker room when he was done. He hadn't changed; he was sitting on the bench, still in his uniform and pads, staring down at his skates. "Waiting for me?" Ilya asked, stepping between Shane's skates and looking down at him. Shane's eyes were red rimmed when he looked up at Ilya. He looked so sad and vulnerable. Ilya's heart twisted. "Hey...is ok. That fucker doesn't know what he's talking about."

Shane leaned his head against Ilya's middle. "You don't have to...defend my honor or whatever."

"I am captain of this team, Hollander. Someone messes with my team, I come for them," Ilya said, nudging Shane's chin so he'd look at him. Ilya crouched down so they were facing each other at the same height. "And if someone messes with my husband, well...good thing the ref stopped me."

“I don’t want you to do anything stupid,” Shane said, leaning forward, pressing their foreheads together.

Ilya chuckled softly. “Like falling for my rival?”

“Yeah, like that,” Shane said with a small smile. Ilya kissed him softly. They broke apart reluctantly when they heard the door slam.

“Hey lovebirds,” called Wyatt. “Bus is leaving.”

“Hollander needs a minute,” Ilya called back, standing up. “Go on, get changed. I’ll save you a seat on the bus,” he said softly to Shane, who nodded. Ilya squeezed his hand and left the locker room.

Hayden was waiting outside, his Montreal ball cap pulled low on his head.

“Is he still in there?” Hayden asked, his hands shoved in his pockets.

“He wants to be alone,” Ilya said, gruffly. He didn’t have the patience for Hayden right now. And he wanted to get Shane out of there without more attention. He kept walking toward the exit.

“Davis is an asshole. He shouldn’t have said that to Shane,” Hayden said, jogging to keep up. Ilya stopped abruptly and turned back to face Hayden.

“No he shouldn’t have,” Ilya huffed. “Anyone who knows him knows that shit isn’t true.”

“At least you and I can agree on that,” Hayden muttered. Ilya and Hayden stared at each other for a moment. They generally disliked each other but Ilya was not about to alienate Shane’s best friend.

“I’ll tell him you were here, ok?” Ilya said, softening a little when he saw the concern on Hayden’s face.

“Ok, yeah. Maybe we can do lunch or something tomorrow before the game,” Hayden said as he pushed the exit door open.

Ilya nodded. “I will tell him to text you.”

When Shane finally joined them on the bus, it was to whistles whoops from the rest of the team. His cheeks turned beet red as he acknowledged the applause. “Thanks everyone for having my back,” he said, clearly embarrassed. He slid into the seat next to Ilya, who threaded their fingers together immediately.

They didn’t say much on the bus. Usually, they would have gone right home after playing in Montreal, but they were staying overnight since they had back to back games. Once the team checked into the hotel and the room keys were all distributed, a few people went to the bar.

Troy approached Ilya and Shane as the team dispersed. “You guys going to have a drink?”

Ilya didn't like to speak for Shane but he knew what he'd say. Ilya shook his head. "Not tonight...was a long day."

Troy nodded, as if he expected this. "Just...we're glad you're here, Hollander," he said.

Shane gave him a small smile. "Thanks, Barrett."

Troy left to head to the bar while Shane and Ilya went to the elevators. "He's a good guy," Shane observed.

"He is. I like him," Ilya replied. "Is a good hockey player too."

The elevator arrived and they stepped in. "Which floor?" Shane asked, looking blankly at all the buttons.

Ilya leaned across him, punching a number on the keypad and pinning him to the wall at the same time. Shane gave a surprised huff and let himself lean into Ilya, taking comfort in the familiar feel of Ilya's body against his. No matter how bad he was feeling, when Ilya had him like this everything else sort of melted away. They got off the elevator and walked down the hall to their nondescript hotel room.

"Want to get a second room and I can sneak in...like old times?" Ilya murmured against Shane's neck as soon as they were inside.

"I like this better," Shane replied, dropping his suitcase at his feet and kissing Ilya fiercely.

When they broke the kiss, Ilya ran his hand through Shane's hair, watching him intently, trailing his fingers down Shane's arm. "What do you want right now?" Ilya asked, circling Shane's wrists with his fingers.

"Make me forget," Shane said in a small voice, and Ilya's heart broke for him. Shane deserved none of the shit he'd gotten from Montreal in the fallout of their outing. Not from the press, the fans or the team. Shane *always* tried so hard to do the right thing.

"Come here, sweetheart," he whispered, walking them backwards until his knees hit the bed and taking Shane down with him. They landed in an undignified heap and it took a moment to untangle. They settled facing each other and Ilya ran his fingers over Shane's long memorized features, pressing feather light kisses to his nose, his eyelids, his cheeks. Shane didn't push him to go faster, he stayed still with his eyes closed, soaking up the attention. When Ilya pressed their lips together, he opened readily, enjoying the feeling of completeness he always felt when Ilya's lips were on his, when his tongue was in his mouth. "I love you," Ilya murmured, moving to his neck, flicking his tongue over the spot that always made Shane shiver. "Love you so much."

"Me too," Shane whispered, letting himself get lost in the sensation of Ilya's stubble scraping against his skin. "God, me too."

Ilya smiled into the kiss, rolling on top of Shane and lacing their left hands together. They both really liked seeing their wedding rings intertwined. He started unbuttoning Shane's shirt,

pressing kisses to his collarbone, his chest, swirling his tongue around his perfect, pink nipples. Shane arched his back under him, letting out a low moan. He pulled off his own shirt, feeling the relief of skin on skin. His hands went to Shane's waistband, which he managed to open without letting go of his hand. Shane raised his hips so he could more easily shed his remaining layers. But Ilya was still wearing his pants so he drew back, straddling Shane's hips. He slowly undid his fly, noting how Shane's gaze was locked on him, watching him undress. He liked being the subject of Shane's intense focus, it made it feel like they were the only people in the world and that their world didn't extend beyond the generic walls of this hotel room.

Shane pulled him down into another kiss, pushing his underwear out of the way so their cocks slid deliciously together. Ilya wrapped his hand around both of them at the same time, giving a few pumps.

"Oh fuck," Shane groaned.

"Is good?" Ilya asked, watching his face, his eyes dark with desire.

"So good," Shane managed. "Want you inside."

Ilya nodded and slid to the side, guiding Shane into the position he wanted. He spooned him from behind, holding him steady with an arm across Shane's chest. Shane ground back against him, trying to find the friction he wanted. Normally Ilya would have told him to be patient, but tonight he didn't. Instead, he pressed kisses between Shane's shoulder blades, enjoying how Shane felt, arching against him.

He fumbled a little for the lube packet he'd left in his discarded pants pocket. Letting go of Shane for a moment, he managed to tear it open and slick himself up before pulling Shane against him securely again. Shane didn't need a lot of prep but a man had his vices, and Ilya always enjoyed the way Shane's body opened for him. He gave him two fingers, scissoring and stretching before his fingers found Shane's prostate, knowing that caused Shane's toes to curl and his vision to blur.

"I'm ready, Ilya, please," he whimpered a moment later and Ilya withdrew his fingers and pressed the head of his cock against him.

"You are so beautiful like this," Ilya murmured in Russian against the back of his neck, where beads of sweat were pooling.

"So are you," Shane whispered, also in Russian, letting him know he understood.

Ilya began to move in earnest now, building up a rhythm. He brought Shane close before Shane took himself in hand, matching the timing of Ilya's thrusts. "Come for me," he said.

Shane obeyed, letting himself go and coming in thick stripes against his stomach. It took Ilya a few more thrusts until he came, filling Shane as he did so.

They lay there, catching their breath for a good long while as they came down from their orgasms. Shane reached behind him, tangling his fingers in Ilya's hair. Ilya leaned closer,

resting his chin on Shane's shoulder.

"Shower?" he asked a few minutes later.

Shane blinked at him hazily, then nodded. The shower they had at home was bigger and had better water pressure, but they were able to wash off and head back to bed. By now, they were both sleepy and relaxed.

"You ok?" Ilya ventured. He didn't want to bring bad stuff up again but he wanted to know.

Shane smiled sleepily at him. "Yeah. I'm very ok."

They fell asleep tangled together.

Shane woke up slowly the next morning. Ilya was still asleep with his arm across Shane's chest and his hair tickling his nose. Shane didn't move. They had more quiet moments like this than they used to but they still felt like a rare gift. Even though they woke up together everyday now, it was still nice to not scramble up for a morning workout if he didn't have to. Besides, Ilya's weight and presence grounded Shane in a way he'd long ago stopped trying to explain.

His phone buzzed on the night stand. He was able to get it with his free hand and open a text from Hayden, without waking Ilya.

Hayden: You guys should come to our place for lunch

Shane mentally went over the schedule for the day. Optional workout/practice in the morning. Team meeting at 5. Call for the game at 6.

Shane: Sure, that would be great. Just tell the kids Anya is at her hotel.

Hayden: Maybe you can bring her next time.

Shane: Sounds good.

He saw there was a missed text from his mom but he didn't feel like reliving last night right now, not when Ilya was snuggling closer to him like *that*. He put his phone down.

"Good morning," Shane said in Russian. Ilya smiled sleepily and nuzzled into his neck. Shane moved into the touch, wrapping his arms around Ilya's back, holding him tightly.

"Was your mom?" Ilya asked, gazing blearily at him.

"No, Hayden. Is it ok if we go over there for lunch?"

"Yes, is fine. I have to call Coach after breakfast but that's all."

"Good," Shane said, kissing him and promptly forgetting about anything else.

Hayden's was chaotic as usual but Shane was happy to be there. He was probably the one Shane missed the most from Montreal now that they didn't see each other everyday. The kids were all over Ilya the moment they walked in, but Shane knew he didn't mind. He went into the kitchen to greet Jackie and Hayden followed.

"Shane! Good to see you. We miss you around here," Jackie said, smiling and kissing his cheek. He returned the gesture, watching as she deftly stepped around a bunch of toys to get back to the fridge. "Can I get you a drink?" she asked but Hayden was already passing him a ginger ale.

"Thanks," Shane said. "I miss you guys too."

There was an awkward silence which Ilya broke when Amber and Jade came charging into the kitchen dragging him along. "The kids told me we're playing detective and have to find clues," he said.

"Oh. Yes," Jackie said seriously. Then she winked at Ilya. "There might be a clue in the fridge, Uncle Ilya...maybe with the Cokes?"

He chuckled and extracted himself from the kids' clutches. Hayden opened his mouth to say something but Jackie shook her head so he closed it again. Ilya narrowed his eyes at Hayden as the kids came back to find him. Shane didn't really know what to do. He never had trouble talking to Hayden and Jackie before, but he felt like there was this pink elephant in the room that everyone was avoiding.

When they sat down to eat, Hayden couldn't contain himself. "Shane, I'm so fucking sorry, ok? Davis should never-" Ilya tensed next to Shane, but Shane tapped Ilya's foot with his own under the table, telling him to stay calm.

Shane held up his hand. "You can't stop everyone from saying shit, Hayden," he said quietly.

"No, of course not...but..."

"If it's cool with you, I'd rather talk about anything else," Shane said decisively.

Hayden let his breath out, then nodded. "Yeah. Got it." They were quiet for a moment. "So do you think Scott Hunter is finally going to retire?"

That got a laugh out of Shane and Ilya and broke the tension.

"Ok everyone, circle up," Coach called after the pregame warmup. "The loss yesterday wasn't ideal, but let's put it behind us. It's a new day, and we are just as good as they are, if not better." There were murmurs of agreement. "Go get ready. And Hollander?"

"Yes, Coach?"

“You got this.”

Shane nodded as the team made their way to the locker room. He took a couple of deep breaths and sipped his water. He looked at his phone where there was a pregame text from his mom wishing them well. He sent her a thumbs up emoji and put his phone securely in his jacket pocket. Ilya sat down next to him to adjust his skates.

“You good?” he asked, searching Shane’s face but seeing none of the raw vulnerability there that he’d seen last night.

“I’m good,” Shane reassured him. He waited until Ilya stood to move. The team gathered around Ilya in the middle of the locker room.

“Listen,” he said. “I don’t give a fuck if Montreal has three Stanley Cups in the last few years. The person who helped them win those is on *our* team now. Let them underestimate us. We’ll show them.” He put his stick in the middle of the circle and waited until everyone else followed suit. “Go Centaurs!”

“Go Centaurs!” The team called back as they lined up to skate out of the locker room. Ilya looked at Shane once, seeing a look of steely determination settle over his features. Ilya smiled to himself. He’d only seen that particular look across the faceoff circle. He missed that look. He was glad to see it.

Shane was on *fire* that night. He’d scored his first goal in two minutes into the first period and his second right before the first period ended. His success seemed to energize the rest of the team. Everything that had gone wrong last night seemed to be working like clockwork tonight. Montreal had clearly dismissed them after the previous game and were constantly playing catch up. Ilya managed to add a goal in the middle of the second period, giving Ottawa the 3-1 lead but all eyes were on Shane when he had the puck on a breakaway in the third period. Ilya knew Yuna and David were somewhere in the crowd at the edge of their seats.

And then Shane scored his third goal of the night. A smattering of Ottawa fans shot to their feet and cheered, throwing caps onto the ice to celebrate his hat trick.

At the stoppage in play, the Ottawa team spilled onto the ice, cheering. Ilya just beamed at him when their eyes met. “Fucking right,” he said, pulling Shane in for a rough hug.

When the game was over, all the reporters wanted a piece of Shane. He’d found out that Coach had refused to let them talk to Shane after their loss, something that made him appreciate Coach Wiebe all the more. He told them he needed to change but would be out in a few minutes.

“Holy shit, Hollander...that was awesome!” Haas exclaimed as they were changing.

“It was a team effort,” he said automatically.

“Oh no, that was you,” Troy chuckled. “Made those assholes eat their words.”

“Something like that,” Shane said, hiding his face a little as he pulled on his street clothes. He caught Ilya’s eye again but didn’t trust himself to say anything that didn’t result in them climbing each other in the middle of the locker room. That would have to wait until later.

Instead, Ilya flipped him the game puck which he caught easily. “For the trophy room. First hat trick against Montreal.”

Shane ran his fingers over the smooth face of the puck and nodded, putting it in his pocket.

Once he'd dressed, he left to talk to the reporters who were waiting impatiently outside the locker room.

“We’re here with Shane Hollander, who just reminded everyone in Montreal and Ottawa why he’s one of the most decorated players in hockey. Shane, how does it feel to have such a big win against your former team?”

Shane thought for a moment before speaking. What would Ilya say in this moment? He’d tell Shane to forget modesty, that he’d done something worth celebrating, even if it was only for tonight. Shane looked directly at the camera and said, “It feels great. I had to remind them of what they lost.”

He knew that would be the sound bite but he didn’t care. It was true. Montreal didn’t support him so he found a team that did. He shook hands with the reporters and went back into the locker room to get the rest of his stuff. Ilya was there waiting for him, of course. He was grinning widely as he held out his arms for Shane, who stepped into them eagerly. Ilya lifted him and spun him around in a circle.

“You fucking king,” Ilya exclaimed, his voice raspy and wonderful, his eyes full of love.

Shane didn’t think his smile could get any bigger. “We showed them, didn’t we?”

“You did, Hollander. *You* did that.”

“I guess I did, didn’t I,” Shane said. “The bus waiting?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, kissing him. When they broke the kiss they just smiled soporily at each other for a moment.

“C’mon...Let’s go home,” Shane said, leading him out of the away team locker room.

End Notes

These boys are continuing to live rent free in my head.

Come say hi below or on Tumblr and yell about them with me.

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