

Lipstick Kisses

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	welcome to: shane gets beat up - the fanfic! , theres only a little bit of angst though i promise , i have no idea how i came up with this idea but oh boy am i proud of it. , Fluff and Crack , Crack Treated Seriously , they kiss during a game :) its very sweet , Autistic Shane Hollander , i didn't make it obvious enough in the first fic in this series so i gotta make up for that , ilya rozanov is the best husband , why is that not a tag.yet??? , shane hollander is so stubborn , i found out that alledgedly shane is a taurus after i came up with this idea so in my mind that makes this totally canon
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Babe, Gay Twitter is Making Fanedits of Your Ass Again
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Lipstick Kisses

by [wildechild3](#)

Summary

"Hockey rivalries make the game fun - for the players and for the fans. Nothing got your blood pumping like a good ole fashioned face off. It's about more than just winning. It's about honor. It's about team loyalty. It's about getting to shove your win in their face and blow raspberries like you're five years old again.

The darker side of rivalries involve unchecked reckless aggression. It ends in blood being spilt. Bones being broken. Players hauled off the rink into an ambulance. These are the sobering moments that make you snap out of it. It's just a game. The fun is over. Someone's hurt. "

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Shane's move to Ottawa unexpectedly causes a new rivalry to pop off and take over the NHL. He's been involved with rivalries his entire career, but this one might just take the cake.

Notes

Like last time: I love em dashes and semicolons. I think they're - fun- tools; and, add some breaks to my long ass purple prose. AI can kiss my ass, I'm keepin 'em.

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No videos to link this time! I just wanted Shane to have his mini-Scott Hunter moment :)

Hockey rivalries make the game fun - for the players and for the fans. Nothing got your blood pumping like a good ole fashioned face off. It's about more than just winning. It's about honor. It's about team loyalty. It's about getting to shove your win in their face and blow raspberries like you're five years old again.

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Three Stanley Cup wins meant nothing because he'd fallen helplessly in love with a man. A man who happened to be the captain of their rival team. Never mind the fact Ilya had transferred to Ottawa in 2018; left the Boston Raiders to be closer to Shane. Never mind the fact Shane was *happy* with Ilya. He knew this would happen, anxiety disorders are like broken clocks after all. Accusations of letting Ilya score were thrown. The slurs came next. The fun was over. Shane was hurt.

Shane loved hockey. Nothing and nobody would take that from him. So he gave up being the Montreal captain and transferred to the Centaurs center. It was hard, but worth it. These days he felt like he could breathe easier. Smile and laugh more. Ilya had collected other gay hockey players like Pokemon cards; and as captain, cultivated a team dynamic unique to the Centaurs. 'Boys being boys' meant using their athleticism to make each other laugh, it meant lifting each other up, it meant being kind.

Shane didn't have to think about being a gay hockey player. He could just be Shane Hollander; and contrary to popular belief, Shane Hollander did like to have fun when he felt safe. When he didn't have to worry about keeping the 'unacceptable' parts of himself locked up. Turns out it's easier to party with your teammates when they're not going to call you a fag for dancing with your husband. It was also easier when your lovely husband buys bougie noise-cancelling ear plugs for you so you can enjoy the night without getting overstimulated. God Shane loved his man.

The Voyageurs would hardly recognize their emotionally closed off, zero-fun captain if they saw this version of him. They didn't get to see Shane much at all these days. That didn't stop the tension from growing though. Shane resented them for ignoring eleven years of dedication and three Stanley Cup wins. For doubting his loyalty to them. Somehow he was suddenly the weakest link because he was gay.

They resented him for choosing Ilya. For 'embarrassing' the team. They resented him for leaving, yet they made it impossible for him to stay.

Needless to say, the first Ottawa versus Montreal game was tense. By the end of the game it had been made clear - a new explosive rivalry had hit the NHL. Shane was overwhelmed, it was the last thing he wanted after everything that had happened. There was nothing he could do to stop it though. Fans and players had chosen sides (with the exception of Hayden and J.J. the only Voyageurs who managed to fix their shit and reconnect with Shane). The Ottawa Centaurs were a diamond fresh out of the rough, soaring to new heights as they proved

themselves as a force to be reckoned with. It wasn't just Hollander and Rozanov that made it. The team as a whole was *good*. Ilya was one hell of a captain and Shane was often left in awe of him.

The Montreal Voyageurs hadn't expected it. They had their asses handed to them in a 0-6 defeat on their home rink. That was it - blood was in the water.

They'd also knocked Montreal out of the running for the Stanley Cup. The Centaurs were supposed to be the easy boost on their way to qualify for the playoffs. Instead, the Centaurs qualified in their place and went on to take their first Stanley Cup win.

Shane had wanted to kiss Ilya stupid that night. He wished he was able to say fuck it to the cameras and the crowd. His anxiety stopped him though. They'd already tested the limits of the NHL's tolerance. The situation was still too delicate. Instead, he beamed as Ilya lifted the trophy high above his head and raced around the ice to his team. He passed the trophy around, handing it to Shane first. It felt good to hold it again, to have proof that this life didn't have to end after being outed. Shane passed the trophy and looked to Ilya. They locked themselves in a staring match, both wanting to jump into each other's arms.

But they had an agreement: no PDA on the ice. Don't give anyone a reason to doubt their professionalism. Don't give the NHL a reason to knock on their locker room door.

A bitter taste filled Shane's mouth for a moment. He ignored it in favor of joining his team in their celebrations. They could hug in the locker room. They could say and do anything they wanted - later.

The next season arrived with a new development - Ilya and Shane being famous on 'gay twitter'. The fanedits had started when Shane joined the Centaurs, but he didn't use social media and Ilya had ignored it in favor of supporting his husband's transition to the new team. When the off season came, Ilya casually scrolled to see what was going on in the world. He had stumbled upon the fanedits and shown a few to Shane. Soon, their world had been opened to a new kind of social media.

They had *very* dedicated fans. Bordering on rabid at times. They loved their emojis (particularly putting hearts and flowers around Ilya's head), filters, pop music, and Shane's back arch. Every slight interaction they had on the ice was highlighted and used as a strange source of joy. They had thousands of likes and comments. Shane started blushing every time 'House Tour' by Sabrina Carpenter started playing, even if it wasn't through Ilya's phone speaker. Though he'd be lying if he said he didn't arch his back a little more these days when he did his pre-game stretches. Just to make sure his spine was adjusted correctly for the game. No other reason. Shane's mixed feelings settled into confused appreciation after a while. At least 'gay twitter' was being kind in its own strange way.

As the season went on, the Centaurs found themselves competing for the Stanley Cup yet again. It was down to the final round. The final game. All they had to do - was beat the Montreal Voyageurs. The hockey-world was on edge for this one. The hype online was boiling over as fans of the teams butt heads. Even 'gay twitter' had joined the festivities with

their very creative fanedits of the teams to various remixed songs. The stadium was packed. The roar of the crowd buzzed in Shane's ears as he took his position. The Voyageurs took theirs. Their glares seemed trained on him.

Shane wasn't getting out of this with all his teeth was he? He glanced at his teammates. They knew the story of how Shane got to them, and their own glares were enough to make *him* nervous for the Voyageurs. He took a final glance at his husband. Ilya's Slavic stare could be intense for anyone not used to it. The look on his face was *not* that.

The buzzer set off. The game was on.

The next twenty minutes were brutal. The Voyageurs played rough, taking every chance they could to shove, trip, and throw Shane to the ground or into the wall. Specifically Shane. *Only* Shane. Penalties appeared to mean nothing to them. Each new Voyageur that swapped in seemed to be assigned a role: play hockey or target Shane. He didn't need to have the puck to have a player trying to fuck with him.

After the first period, the Centaurs were seething. Ilya's face was trained into a hard blank look. No one but Shane knew what that look meant.

"I'm fine," he insisted.

"I know," Ilya's words were clipped.

"Guys. Rozanov. Look at me," Shane demanded. He didn't pull out his Captain™ voice very often out of respect for Ilya, but he could sense that he needed to put a stop to this now before they lost the game. "Look. They hate me. They blame *me* for last season's loss. Let them. Let them fuck themselves over. I'll keep them distracted. You all worry about winning. They can throw all the tantrums they want, we're taking the Cup. Got it?"

There was a beat of silence before several 'got its' popped about like popcorn. Ilya's expression never shifted. It was harder for him. Shane was his *husband* for fuck's sake. Shane nudged him with his elbow.

"I'll tap out if I can't take it, okay? I'm an easy distraction. They need to learn the hard way."

Ilya took a deep breath, "O-kay. Please tap out if it is too much. Don't scare me."

"I promise. Let's go."

The second period kicked off with much of the same aggression as the first. Shane knew what was coming though. He skated about the rink, distracting Voyageurs as his team worked on getting the puck in the opposing net. He managed to escape a tackle and a body slam into the glass. The buzzer went off - Barrett had scored! The crowd roared to life and the players felt it in their bones.

Shane managed to make it to the end of the second period with a dozen random bruises and a sore shoulder, but he hadn't hit the ice so that was an improvement. The Voyageurs had

reigned in their chase for revenge enough to bring the score to a tie, 1-1. Shane laid on the bench in the locker room and tried to crack every bone in his body.

“Can I kill them yet?” Ilya asked, his arms crossed as he looked down at Shane.

Shane smiled, “Yes. On the scoreboard.”

Period three proved to be the most brutal yet. Shane had the puck for the first time all fucking game and of course it ended in him being thrown to the ground with several players piled on top of him. The blade of a skate came scarily close to his face and left a long scratch across his jaw. It wasn't deep - thank god - and Shane was quickly cleared to go back on the ice. He could feel Ilya staring at him, silently begging him to tap out. Shane shook his head.

Wall. Wall. Wall. Ice. Ice. Ice. Wall. Wall. Wall. Fist fight. Wall. Ice.

Shane was exhausted by the end. He wanted to tap out, he knew Ilya wanted him to tap out. The bandage medical had put on his chin had long since fallen off from his sweat. Blood was dripping down his neck. Every joint ached. His head pounded against his skull. But fuck, Shane was nothing if not stubborn.

Blood in water. He was *not* going down without a fucking fight.

It was the last thirty seconds of the game. They were paused as the refs sorted out a fight that didn't involve Shane for once. The score was tied 2-2. Overtime would be hell. And Shane had not scored a goal all fucking game. Ilya skated up next to him.

“We can go into overtime. You can take a break.”

“No.”

“Shane-”

“Ilya. I want to fucking score.”

“I love you.”

Shane looked over to his husband. The rage was there, yes, but so was the fear. The worry that Shane would leave this rink on a stretcher.

“I love you too. And when we win, get ready. I'm going to kiss you 'til you're stupid with it,” he grinned before skating towards the center of the rink. Ilya followed right behind him.

Thirty seconds on the clock. The buzzer is loud. The crowd is losing their minds on the edge of their seats to see how this would all end. Shane somehow intercepts the puck, and he's off for that fucking goal. He's almost there. He senses a swarm of Voyageurs around him, closing in. It's now or never and he takes the shot.

It goes in.

The buzzer blares. The game is won. Shane Hollander is tackled to the ground by opposing players and his face hits the goal post on the way down. He can taste the blood filling his mouth and he has definitely knocked out a tooth. Great. Lovely. The Voyageurs above him have the audacity to keep taking swings at him while he's already down. The refs pull them off and he sits up.

"You alright? Did you hit your head?" one of them asks. Shane shakes his head and spits on the ice. Scarlet against stark white, and a canine in the middle like a fucked up centerpiece. He can feel a throb of pain in his tongue. His mouth was filling with more blood but he swallowed it back. God he was a mess. Shane pulls himself up, only to be immediately swarmed by his team.

They're patting him on the shoulders and on the helmet, but Shane knows he has a promise to keep. In the midst of his team jumping over each other and the crowd losing their minds over the beautiful photo-finish shot into the net, Ilya stands still - worry etched all over his face. Shane smiles a pretty gap-tooth smile at him and gestures for him to come closer.

"C'mere!"

Ilya lets himself smile and wraps his arms around him. Anxiety spikes in Shane's chest. He's going to do this, and it may hurt his career or it may not. 'Gay twitter' might riot if the NHL tries to keep Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov off the ice. The fear is there. It always is; but, anxiety is like a broken clock. It's rarely right.

Shane pushes forward and proceeds to kiss his husband until his brain is stupid with it.

Shane is dragged away from his team to medical to make sure his tongue didn't need stitches. Luckily - it does not. Unluckily - Ilya will be suffering, as there's strictly no head allowed for the next week while the wound heals. Shane is finally released and they can get on with the awards ceremony. The Centaurs greet him with overwhelming levels of excitement. The cameras are already flashing and the Stanley Cup sits on its platform. The NHL commissioner stands next to it with a microphone.

Shane spaces out a bit as he watches. He's touched out and tired but he's trying to keep his face composed. He smiles as Ilya takes the trophy and does his victory lap as he skates towards them. Shane thinks he's going to hand the trophy off to him to pass along like last season, but he suddenly finds himself being lifted onto Barrett's and Boodram's shoulders. It's only then that Ilya hands him the Cup. Had Shane been a bit more focused, he would've noticed the little red splotches that covered Ilya's mouth and cheeks. But the Stanley Cup distracted him as Ilya shoved it into his hands.

"Show them Счастье моё, show them!"

Shane glanced over at the Montreal Voyageurs, who watched him with a mixture of bitterness and reluctant respect. He did take one hell of a beating tonight, they had to give him that. He must've really hit his head, or maybe it was the blood loss, but all Shane could think to do was raise the Cup high above his head and blow a bloody raspberry at them.

There's several rounds of photos and media interviews that stand between Shane and a nice ice bath. Luckily, he has a great excuse to leave for the locker rooms after the photos are finished. No media interviews for him tonight! Once the festivities settle and he's done being Captain Ilya Rozanov for the reporters, his husband moves to take Shane straight home. The team groans at them.

"C'mon Hollander!"

"Yeah man you *need* a drink after all that."

Ilya waved them off, "I said he needs to go home."

"You're not his mom!"

"I'm his *husband*. His mother knows where I live. She will kill me if I let him go out after that game," Ilya jokes. The guys whine and beg but Ilya stands his ground, and Shane is grateful. He's getting to the point of going non-verbal. He's touched out and aching from head to toe. Bougie earplugs would not be enough to survive a night surrounded by sweaty drunks in a crowded bar.

Ilya requests the driver keep the music low as they're driven back to their hotel. The two settle into their seats and Shane starts to space out a bit.

"Are you okay?" Ilya's voice grounds him back to the car. Shane smiles and nods.

"We won."

"Yes but you are hurt. Badly."

Shane shrugs and reaches out to take Ilya's hand. He runs his thumb across the other's knuckles for a moment. When he glances up again, the light from the street lamps illuminates Ilya's face just enough for Shane to notice something.

"What's on your face?"

Ilya tilts his head in confusion for a moment before he pulls out his phone. He turns on the overhead light and looks over his face. He pauses for a moment before letting out a bubble of laughter. Shane blinks as he tries to figure out what's so funny.

"What?"

"It is your lipstick," Ilya teased.

"I'm not wearing lipstick Ilya."

"No. Your blood is like lipstick. It left marks where you kissed me."

Shane felt his face start to burn. He kissed Ilya right after the goal, which meant Ilya took the Stanley Cup from the commissioner with bloody lip prints all over his face. The marks are still there which meant he'd never wiped them off, which meant - oh fuck.

"Did they say anything about them in your interview?" Shane groaned and hid his face in hands.

"They asked what it was."

"And?"

"And, I told them my husband was excited to win," Ilya grinned. Shane began to sigh in exasperation but it quickly turned into a mess of painful giggles.

"God I'm a mess right now aren't I?"

"Yes. But I'm very proud. I have toughest husband in NHL," Ilya squeezed Shane's hand.

"I wonder what the gay twitter teenagers are going to do with that clip."

"Probably something sexy. I'm excited to see."

"Finally, they'll have something other than my ass to zoom in on."

Shane was right. 'Gay twitter' did have something else to zoom in on. Fanedits across the internet had a shiny and crisp new video of Shane leaving 'lipstick' kisses all over Ilya's face.

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