

You Fight So Dirty (But You Love So Sweet)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77651031) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77651031>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Brandon Wiebe , Zane Boodram , Troy Barrett
Additional Tags:	Shower Sex , Blow Jobs , Knotting , Cum Slut Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha/Omega , Omega Verse , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dirty Talk , Anal Sex , Smut , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-14 Words: 2,055 Chapters: 1/1

You Fight So Dirty (But You Love So Sweet)

by [f4nt45ywh0r3](#)

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs play the Montreal Voyageurs for the first time since Shane transferred teams. It isn't a warm welcome, and Ilya takes the disrespect to Shane personally, ending up being ejected from the game. Later that night, Ilya shows Shane that even though he fights dirty, he can love so sweet.

Notes

All I know about hockey has been learned from Game Changers or quickly Googled. Please do not judge my lack of hockey knowledge; I did my best.

Enjoy the smut! <3

The locker room was buzzing with anticipation. For the first time since Shane signed with Ottawa, they would be playing against Montreal. He was excited to see Hayden and JJ, but he knew his other old teammates wouldn't be too happy to see him.

He was just glad that he and Ilya would be on the same line. Coach Wiebe and Ilya had decided that he would move to right wing and let Shane center for the first line, Bood stayed on as left wing, and Troy fell back to the second line.

The Centaurs' arena was a packed house tonight. It had been pretty consistently full this season since the team signed Shane. Ottawa had high hopes that they would win the cup this year—Shane and Ilya did too.

They had made it all the way to the second period without incident. Montreal's team had thrown Shane, and Ilya, for that matter, some dirty looks. He was sure they were shit-talking on the bench, too. Then, the shit talk left the bench.

Shane had stolen the puck from a Montreal winger by checking him against the boards, "Get off of me, you faggot!" the Montreal player yelled.

Skating toward the Montreal goal, Shane tried to let the comment roll off his back. It wasn't the first time the slur had been thrown at him, and he was sure it wouldn't be the last.

A defenseman came out of nowhere, and Shane tried to deke, but the Montreal players knew how he played. As quickly as he had the puck, Shane was now flat on the ice with the wind knocked from his lungs. He heard the player mutter another slur as he skated away.

He was okay. He knew he was okay because he hadn't lost consciousness like the time Marleau hit him a few seasons ago.

Ilya's face was suddenly above him, "Shane, Shane, are you okay?" he placed his hands on each side of Shane's face, "Nod if you can hear me."

Coughing and gasping for breath, Shane nodded. Ilya was pushed out of the way by the team medics. The minute it took for him to really catch his breath had felt much longer than a minute. Medics buzzed around him doing the on-ice evaluation they did for all injuries.

They determined he was good to get on his feet if he felt comfortable doing so. The moment he nodded that he would like to stand, Ilya was there helping him up. He leaned against his alpha, slowly skating to the tunnel leading to the locker and training rooms.

Once in the training room, the medics conducted a more thorough evaluation of Shane's medical status. Ilya stayed the whole time, "Weibe said I could stay back here until you're good to head back to the bench."

There were many things Shane loved about playing for Ottawa, and Coach Weibe was one of them.

By the start of the third period, Shane was back in the suit he wore to the arena, riding the bench with the other scratched players. His chest was sore, and it hurt to breathe, so he wasn't returning to the ice.

The next best thing to playing with Ilya was watching Ilya play. Shane watched him skate across the ice gracefully, yet so full of power.

The same defenseman who had checked Shane now had Ilya pressed against the boards, fighting for the puck. Shane could tell they were exchanging words, but he couldn't hear the conversation.

Ilya passed the puck out to Bood, but the Montreal player stayed in his face, yelling. Shane rushed to his feet as he watched Ilya do something he's never done before.

Throwing his gloves off, Ilya pushed the Montreal player and then grabbed a fistful of his jersey. Referees skated closer but didn't interfere with the fight; they wouldn't until one of them hit the ice.

The Montreal player did not expect Ilya's uppercut. He'd barely had time to shake his gloves off before Ilya was throwing another punch. Shane felt like he was going to throw up.

Ilya punched the defenseman one last time, and it was so hard he crumpled to the ground. Immediately, the referees were on them. They pulled Ilya away, and medics rushed out onto the ice for the second time that game. Ilya just skated to the penalty box even though the referee had yet to make the call.

After the Montreal player was assessed, the referee finally made the announcement, "Ottawa, 81, ejected from the game for fighting misconduct resulting in severe injury."

"Oh my God," Shane whispered as he watched Coach Weibe escort Ilya out of the penalty box and hand him off to the assistant coaches. Shane followed them back into the locker room.

"What the fuck was that about?" Shane yelled the moment the assistant coaches left.

Ilya rubbed the scruff along his jaw with his left hand. Before he can answer, Shane cuts him off, "Oh my God, is your jaw okay? Did he hit you? I didn't have a great angle of the whole fight."

"Am fine," Ilya held up his right hand, "Hand hurts, but fine." One of his knuckles was busted open, and the rest would definitely be bruised.

Shane took Ilya's face in his hands, "What happened? I don't think I've ever seen you fight before."

"He did not say nice things about you, and I thought I should set precedent." Ilya began taking off his uniform, making Shane back away.

"So you're just going to fight everyone who shit-talks me?" Shane asked, crossing his arms and rolling his eyes.

Ilya huffed, “He crossed fucking line. There is chirping, and there is disrespect. No one disrespects my husband, my mate.”

Shane didn’t know what to say other than, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya said as he changed into his game day suit, “Now let’s go home.”

They listened to the last minute of the game on the radio during the ride home. Ottawa won, 4-0, despite not having their star players for most of the game.

Shane was still upset with Ilya for fighting, but he also understood. He would probably do the same if it came to it. Plus, it secretly turned him on to see Ilya go feral for him. Alphas will be alphas.

When they walked in the door, little Anya was there to greet them. She barked once, and her whole body wiggled with excitement to see them. Ilya immediately scooped her up, not caring that he was still wearing a very expensive suit.

They settled into their post-game routine. Shane started making a healthy meal, but Ilya always protested. Ilya took Anya for a walk.

Ilya got back from the walk just as Shane finished putting together their Greek salads.

“You know,” Ilya closed his arms around Shane from behind, “I think we should skip these tonight. The shower is calling our name.” He kissed up and down Shane’s neck, paying particular attention to his mating mark.

Tonight, Shane didn’t have the willpower to argue. He dutifully wrapped their salads, Ilya still attached to him, and stored them in the fridge. The shower sounded like a great idea.

“Let’s go.”

Ilya took his hand and led them to the massive shower in their en suite bathroom. He turned the water on and undressed himself. Shane just watched patiently, admiring Ilya’s body that he would never get enough of.

Ilya’s bruised hand reached out to undress his omega. His hands fluttered gently, pulling off each item of clothing with great care.

“I’m not broken, you know,” Shane said, frustration bleeding into his tone.

“Shane.” Ilya took Shane’s chin and locked their gazes, “When you went down tonight, it was like when Marleau hit you, except a thousand times worse.”

“I’m fine, Ilya.” Shane felt embarrassed; he didn’t want his husband to think of him as weak.

“You are fine?” There was a mischievous glint in Ilya’s eyes, “Then prove it.” He raised his eyebrow.

Shane walked them into the shower and immediately got on his knees. He was going to make Ilya ache.

Slowly, his hands ran up Ilya's thigh, then ran over his abdomen, tracing each muscle group. Little kisses followed the same path as his hands.

Ilya groaned and grabbed a fistful of Shane's hair, "Fuck, Hollander."

As much as Shane wanted to continue with teasing Ilya, he was ready to have that big cock in his mouth. Ducking his head down, he placed a gentle kiss on each of Ilya's balls, then licked up the underside from base to tip.

Ilya gripped Shane's hair tighter and bucked his hips.

At first, Shane only took the head of Ilya's cock into his mouth, sucking hard and swirling his tongue around the tip. Just as it was almost too much for Ilya to handle, Shane bobbed his head and deep-throated the whole cock.

He swallowed around Ilya's cock and his eyes burned with tears, but he grabbed Ilya's ass and encouraged him to fuck his throat anyway.

Ilya didn't need any more encouragement. "Look at you, on your knees begging for your alpha to face fuck you."

Ilya's talk made Shane hum, which made Ilya groan as he continued to thrust into Shane's mouth.

Shane's ass was so slick, he could feel it dripping down his thighs, and he started to whimper.

"Do you want me to knot your throat, baby?" Ilya taunted, "Or should I slip into that tight ass of yours?"

Shane immediately pulled off, "My ass, please, Alpha."

"You want me to cum in your ass and then knot you up?" Despite the thick steam from the shower, Ilya could scent Shane's arousal.

"Yes, Alpha." Shane whined out. He thrust his hips against Ilya's, brushing their cocks together.

In one swift motion, Ilya had Shane in his arms and pressed against the shower wall. "You probably don't even need me to finger you, do you?" Ilya slipped a finger into Shane's ass anyway and worked it. "How long have you been slick for? Since we got home, or since I got into that fight on the ice?"

Shane cried out as Ilya stroked his prostate, "Since the car ride home, when I wasn't worried about you anymore and got to think about how hot you looked defending my honor."

Ilya hummed and lapped at Shane's mating mark. He nibbled his teeth at it, causing Shane to cry out, "Bite me!"

Shane's wish was Ilya's command; he sank his teeth into the mating mark, then removed his fingers from Shane's ass, only to replace them with his cock.

He removed his teeth and thrust into Shane relentlessly, chasing his release, only to slow. Shane's pleasure was more important than his own.

Shane looked like he was in absolute bliss, his mouth slightly ajar and eyes barely able to stay open. Ilya continued to fuck his ass painstakingly slow, licking and kissing at the puncture wounds in the crook of his neck.

"Is that good, my little omega?" Ilya asked gruffly.

Shane couldn't even voice his pleasure; he just nodded quickly.

Ilya took Shane's cock in his hand and began to stroke it in time with each thrust.

"Holy fuck, Ilya!" Shane croaked out, "I'm so close."

"Oh, baby, you're close? Are you going to cum in my hand, and then I'll knot your ass?"

All Shane could do was nod again. His ass clenched around Ilya's cock. It brought Ilya closer, his knot beginning to swell.

"I want you to come inside of me, Alpha. Knot me!" Shane begged.

Ilya obliged. They came at the same time, ropes of cum spiriting against their chest from Shane's cock, and Ilya spilled his seed into Shane as his knot grew larger to keep it all in.

"Holy fuck, Ilya." Shane said, exasperated, he was thankful for the shower; it washed away the cum that had pooled between them. "What are we going to do until your knot goes down? I don't want to get the sheets all wet."

Ilya flipped them, so his own back was against the wall, then slowly slid to the floor. "Let's just enjoy the warm water."

Shane smiled and gave Ilya a lazy open-mouthed kiss. "That sounds like a great plan."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!