

Boston goes home crying (thanks to Shane Hollander)

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Boston goes home crying (thanks to Shane Hollander)

by [Gimmiexoxo](#)

Summary

The new Boston rookie has a real knack for getting underneath Ilya's skin... Shane teaches him a quick lesson in grace and decorum.

Notes

Italics indicate Russian, and French is in bold... and well, also in French so thanks seven years of French language education I hope you've actually helped me for once.

Enjoy!

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

Ilya wasn't looking forward to this match at all.

Usually, he'd be all for beating up his former team, and while his mother-in-law would chide him for his lack of hockey loyalty, he enjoyed the rush of reminding them what they once had. However, the new Russian rookie was annoying the ever-loving shit out of him.

Ilya had been playing hockey for longer than this squirt had even considered joining the league, but somehow, he always managed to claw his way under Ilya's skin. It started at their first match against Boston earlier that season.

"How was it playing for the Soviet Union, grandpa? Don't you think it's time to wash out?"

For the first time, Ilya realised how Scott Hunter must've felt when Shane told him to apply Voltaren. He'd narrowed his eyes and won the puck drop anyhow, but number seventy-two just kept running his mouth the whole game. It must've been on purpose, the young man's player number, each integer being merely one different from the eighty-one Ilya wore with pride, just another way to creep under the thick skin he'd spent so many years building and maintaining.

Ilya had then missed a goal; the play had been just slightly too scrappy for him to get eyes on the puck and thwack it into the net. Luckily, Shane had picked up his dismal pass and managed to save it. The little shit skated past soon after, lips curling around another taunt:

"Betraying our country and you can't even score a single goal, how are you gonna get that green card now?"

Calm, that was something Ilya could be. *"Well, funnily enough, I already have it; have fun fighting with the American government for yours."*

Shane had narrowed his eyes at the Russian exchange, skating lazily around the pair with ease as he tried his best to catch words in the altercation. Once the rook had left, he saddled up next to Ilya with a raised eyebrow, "What was that all about?" His husband had just huffed, bumping his helmet against Shane's. "Baby wants to chirp. He is not very good at it," Ilya explains, pushing off to take his position for the next play.

Ilya's conversations with the rook had gone pretty much the same for the next couple of games; jabs about his treachery, age, and varying other stupid things had led to him getting slightly aggressive with a couple of checks and a few penalties for hooking. The outlets were saying it was Ilya 'breaking in' the new meat, providing him enough of a veneer to keep up his tirade.

The pair meet each other once more in another face-off, eyes narrowing and hands curled around sticks, the pressure of a chorus of Boston fans jeering behind them. *"I saw Hollander limping earlier. Did you shoot a different goal before the game you f--"*

Ilya's gloves are on the ice before the rookie can even manage to finish his sentence.

Shane's shout from somewhere behind him had run through one ear and straight out of the other as his fist collided with the rookie's cheek. In mere seconds, he was flat on the ice, still not used to fighting in his skates, and Ilya had two sets of strong arms pulling him back from the scene.

"Do you talk to your mother with a mouth like that!?" Ilya fires at the rook, his former teammates helping the young man stand. The rookie looks up, eyes blazing, *"At least I have parents to talk to!"*

Shane and Chouinard, clearly not ready for the second round of provocation, slip forward as Ilya pulls out of their grip, charging towards him, fist raised and primed for a second hit. He gets a good few in before Shane's arms are wrapping around his waist, "Ilya, babe, stop it now – he's learnt his lesson."

Ilya pants from exertion, allowing Shane to lead him away slightly while the rookie attempts to straighten out his appearance. "He needs to learn when to shut the fuck up," Ilya growls, lurching forward. *"The only thing that'll be going back to Russia is your corpse!"*

Shane shifts to block Ilya's view. "Okay, okay. You've said your piece, let's just go to the box." Moments like this merely reinforced in his mind how much Ilya needed Shane, his husband's comforting grip around his bicep allowing him to ground himself as he skates off the ice.

The referee's voice sounds through the rink: "Boston 72, two-minute minor for roughing. Ottawa 81, four-minute double minor for roughing. Four on Four play."

"How the hell is that fair?" Hass's voice carries over the crowd as he looks towards their captain, sitting in the penalty box like an admonished child. "I hit him in face four times, and he held onto me like training dummy, is fair decision," Ilya explains to the youngest with a small shrug. Bood skates towards them, Ilya's gloves, stick, and helmet cradled in his arms, "It was fun to watch, his legs kept flailing as he tried to grip onto Ilya." Bood contorts his face into an exaggerated moniker of fear. "Oh no, Mr Hollander-Rozanov, please don't let me fall," He mimics, wiping invisible tears from atop his visor.

Shane, on the other hand, spends his time lurking at the door of the penalty box and inspecting Ilya's hands for injuries. "Does it all feel okay?" Ilya smiles at his husband's concern, bringing a hand up to thumb at his freckles, "I'm okay *luchik*, go and kick some ass for me, hm?" His reassurance has Shane pushing back from the penalty box doorway, nodding over at Chouinard, who bumps their shoulders together. **"On dirait qu'on a une nouvelle cible, hein?"**

Shane's face settles into a small smirk, **"Ouais."** He skates off gently into the centre, shaking out his limbs in preparation for the face off.

Ilya looks over at LaPointe, eyebrow raised and searching for any indication of a translation, "Should I be scared?"

LaPointe chuckles slightly, "I think your man is on a revenge mission." His teammate does no more to calm Ilya's fears before skating back into the rink, ready to re-engage in play.

A revenge mission is an understatement.

Ilya hadn't seen his husband this flared up in years. The man's eyes were sharp and predatory as he weaved the puck through Boston's defence as if they weren't even there. Shane had merely added insult to injury when he played the puck around the rear of the net, sliding it in with the dirtiest backhand that Ilya had seen.

Maybe he takes back his former comment about Shane's play.

The A on his husband's chest glints dangerously as he takes his victory lap, slowing down slightly in front of Boston's penalty box. Ilya would have to get the replay of what Shane does later for his own amusement, but the rookie looks annoyed to say the least.

Shane manages to sneak another goal in while he's sitting pretty in the box, and gains an assist for Barrett who'd swapped in, bringing the score up to 5 – 2 for Ottawa. His husband has already played quite a long shift, and Ilya is half expecting him to jump back onto the bench when the power play transfers to Boston, but he confidently stays put.

The rookie slides back onto the ice, clearly riled up by his two-minute time-out leading to a three-goal difference when he comes to face off with Shane, who'd been eyeing him up like a bat out of hell.

For the next two minutes, Ilya watches his husband practically bully the rookie.

Shane is smart about what he does, making sure all his checks border on legal, stealing the puck from the kid when he least expects it, and shooting scarily on target. At one point, Marleau goes to drop his gloves as Shane bashes the rookie into the boards once more, but a pointed glare from Ilya has his former teammate retaining his gear.

Maybe it was a cheap shot scaring him off, but Marleau had seen what Ilya was capable of from their time on the same team, and being at the receiving end of his wrath probably wasn't on his bingo card for the season.

As Ilya's stint in the box comes to a close, Shane makes one final move, practically slamming the other against the penalty glass, forcing the rookie's face to press up directly against where Ilya was seated. From behind the panes, Ilya hears Shane's warning loud and clear:

"Taunt my husband one more time, and you'll never step foot on the ice again."

When the hell had Shane's Russian got so fluent?

The rookie accepts the warning with a nod and trembling lips as Shane sets him free, his face morphing into fake concern as a trail of blood begins to trickle down from the rookie's nose. He calls over one of the linesmen, face coloured with his usual Canadian kindness, that which is traditionally associated with Mr Golden-boy Hollander, as he ushers the rook to get medical attention with fake concern clouding his eyes. Seventy-two seems taken aback by Shane's sudden switch-up, face slightly disbelieving as the official leads him over to the team bench.

Shane winks at Ilya before skating his way back over to join their own team's bench as if he hadn't scared the fear of the universe into the other player, allowing Young to take his place on the ice as Ilya finally skates out to rejoin the play, throwing him a curious look.

When they successfully make their way to the locker room, Ilya overhears Weibe playfully ribbing Shane as the man removes his gear.

"That was funny, but you can't just go around bullying rooks if they piss off your man."

"Like you wouldn't've done the same thing... He deserved it, can't drop a slur if you can't accept the consequences," Shane replies with a smile, gently flicking the pride pin on Weibe's lapel before turning back to his cubby.

"Maybe the 'Rozanov' addition to your jersey has changed you, Hollander," Weibe chuckles, walking away to review their play and bask in the win.

"That's S. Hollander-Rozanov, for you," Shane smiles, taking an awkwardly playful bow. Ilya always loved seeing Shane come out of his shell more with the team, the centaurs finally creating a safe environment for both of them, even if their play was mostly based on 'friendship and whimsy' according to keyboard warriors.

Ilya waltzes over and begins stripping next to him with a smile, "Thank you, you didn't have to."

"I wanted to, he was pissing me off. Calling you old? We've not even reached Scott Hunter status yet," Shane grumbles, sliding his wedding band onto his right ring finger. Ilya's face brightens every time he watches Shane do so, the action having become second nature after Ilya had explained the difference to him.

"I mean, that is true. But I think Scott Hunter will keep playing until he is pensioner, his boyfriend will have to bury him with hockey stick."

Shane presses a kiss to Ilya's lips, rolling his eyes at the playful gagging sounds from the remainder of his team. He pats a hand on Ilya's bicep, less grounding and more teasing than it'd been earlier. "Get dressed big boy, we've got a win to celebrate." His coy smile is playful, and Ilya wants nothing more than to jump at the opportunity when something crosses his mind.

"When did your Russian get so good? Who taught you that?"

Shane fiddles with his wedding ring, inhaling deeply. "Sveta," He confirms, leaning in to brush his lips beside Ilya's ear, "*She said it would get me laid.*"

Ilya's mouth gapes open slightly, goosebumps rising on his skin and fine hairs prickling to attention as Shane walks away, leaving the locker room for post-game interviews in just his compression tee and shorts, hips shaking enticingly - beckoning Ilya like a mating call.

"Coach, they're being disgusting and in love again," Wyatt complains with a small huff, throwing his gear down. "Sucks to suck, Hayes. Go keep him company," He ushers the goalie

away, knowing they're both available to feel the wrath of the press today. Ilya was happy he didn't have to listen to their drawl.

Bood smiles at the pair, “Guess we really did send Boston home crying, eh, cap?”

Ilya chuckles, sliding on his own wedding band and appreciating it in the cool light of the Centaurs locker room, “Shane definitely did.”

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, sorry for any mistakes - this was created in about an hour and 100% not beta read (you can prise my em-dashes and oxford commas from my cold dead hands). It's all just for the shits and giggles. Hope both sides of ur pillow are cold and that you keep loving Hollanov!

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