

Ilya, Unleashed Part II

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Ilya, Unleashed Part II

by [OceanusK](#)

Summary

Montreal faces Ottawa once again and Shane has a hard time convincing Ilya to not cause irreparable damage once again.

Notes

This one was a bit more difficult to write, so it might be a bit messy. Hope you enjoy it anyway though, I had fun writing it.

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

pre-game

"I almost don't want to play tomorrow," Shane said as he and Ilya watched Montreal get destroyed by New York.

"You won't have to. Just show up and skate laps, we'll still beat them," Ilya said. It was barely an exaggeration. Montreal had managed one win since they'd played Ottawa back in November. J. J. had been traded to Calgary during that time, and the defenseman they'd gotten in exchange had yet to meet the standards J. J. had set. Hayden had just been traded to Pittsburgh for a 3rd year winger who was rapidly rising to become one of the most talented new players in the league. Shane felt a pang of sympathy for him. He would be walking into a mess of a team still trying to get their shit back together. Montreal had completely fallen apart this season. Shane almost felt sorry for them. Almost.

On the TV, Scott Hunter was currently punching Wilson in the face. "I've never seen him hit like that before," Shane observed.

"You have, there was that time with Dallas Kent," Ilya pointed out, "right after those women came forward," Shane winced at the memory. He'd been completely shocked at the brutality of it, mostly because Scott Hunter never hit like that. Like he was right now. His eyebrows knit together.

"You don't think he's—"

"No," Ilya said quickly, "He wouldn't. He has no reason to," and yet the look on Wilson's face as Hunter spat something in his face was one of shock and, Shane might be imagining it, shame.

"Wilson probably said something to him," Ilya continued, but Shane wasn't sure. Scott Hunter had to have endured plenty of homophobic slurs sent his way since coming out. He'd always remained professional on the ice, never overreacting, not once losing his cool. Actually, Shane wasn't sure Hunter had even lost his cool here. When he turned so the camera could see his face, it was as impassive as always. He calmly allowed himself to be escorted to the sin bin, and he looked... relaxed? as he watched his teammates prepare for Montreal's power play.

It was a weird game, for sure, but Shane found himself unable to focus for much longer due to Ilya's hands.

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Morning skate was easy-going and laid back. Everyone was laughing and making jokes, not quite taking it seriously. Shane didn't quite feel satisfied with the exercise just yet, but he skated over to where the rest of the team was gathered.

"Listen up, we're not on vacation here," Wiebe was saying, "I want you training as hard as you would if we were going up against any other team. Don't get cocky, or I might get it in

my head to have you all skate suicides until I'm satisfied!" There were grumbles, even though most of the team knew that wasn't coach Wiebe's style. "Just play your best game," he concluded.

Wiebe had them run a few sets of 4×4 2-pass drills before letting them go until the game. The team started to file off the ice. Shane caught Ilya, Troy, and Wyatt in hushed conversation over at the net. Oh no.

"Hey," he skated over to them, "we're not doing that again, okay?" Troy looked between Shane and Ilya.

"Rozy I think you forgot to give your C to Hollsy,"

"Fuck you, Barrett. I'm serious, guys. We don't need to kick them while they're down." Shane insisted. Troy looked like he wanted to object.

Ilya let out a massive sigh. "He's right," but the look he sent the other two did not fill Shane with confidence. Wyatt shrugged.

"Hey, I'm just the goalie. But trust me, I know exactly how to play tonight's game," he grinned. Shane focused on his two wingers.

"Come on, you've seen how they've been playing. They're choking. They probably won't recover this season at all. We don't need to do anything extra to them," Shane put his hands on his hips and looked from Ilya to Troy and back again. Troy pursed his lips and raised his eyebrows at Ilya.

"Okay fine," Ilya acquiesced.

"So you'll tell the team before we play tonight?"

"Yes, yes, I will tell the team," Ilya confirmed. Wyatt socked him on the shoulder as the three of them exited the ice.

"*Captain*," he said suggestively. Ilya shoved him. Shane blushed.

He skated for a few more minutes before following his teammates to the locker room. Shane knew he would be fast enough tonight, that he'd play the same, probably better than he had that first game, but he wanted to get the extra practice in anyway. He'd been touched by Ottawa's willingness to fight on his behalf, even if he couldn't approve of their dirty playing style back in October. The team was already so loyal to Ilya, and now, by extension, Shane. But sometimes the jokes about him and Ilya got to him, just a little bit. The one where Shane "wore the pants in the relationship," especially. He also didn't like when when they made allusions to him "walking Ilya like a dog." However, he *had* heard his teammates whisper about Ilya being Shane's attack dog, and Shane had to admit he was kind of into that. Not that he'd *ever* admit that to Ilya or anyone else, of course. He tried not to be embarrassed about it.

Ilya grinned at him as he entered the locker room. "Waiting for everyone to leave so we can —"

"Absolutely not!" The voice of their coach came from behind Shane. Shane's face heated. he rolled his eyes.

"He's just teasing," Shane said quickly, then glared at Ilya. Ilya smirked. Coach looked between them both.

"I know we discussed this, but you know—"

"Yes, we know. No funny business in the locker room," Shane said quickly, "Rozanov was just leaving. Weren't you." Ilya blinked slowly. Coach crossed his arms.

"I'll see you at home," Ilya sing-songed , then walked past coach, sending a wink over his shoulder. Shane and Coach Wiebe let out the same exasperated sigh.

"I promise we're not like this," Shane said. Wiebe chuckled. "I know, Hollander. I've been his coach for 2 seasons already, I'm used to this from him." Shane frowned.

"You're used to him flirting with players in the locker room?"

"I'm used to him teasing people to embarrass them," Coach Wiebe clarified. "About tonight," He segued, "I heard you talking to Rozanov. You think they're going to listen to you?" Shane nodded.

"Montreal is choking so hard this season there's no reason for us to pile anything on top of them. They understand. It's like you said, we're just going to go out there and play our best game, and that will be enough tonight." Coach nodded and left Shane to shower and follow Ilya home.

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the game

Coach Wiebe looked around the locker room exaggeratedly. Shane knew what was coming.

"Here's the deal," Coach Wiebe said. "I know you think tonight is going to be an easy win. And I'm inclined to agree with you. Schneider, Boots, and Granger being on the IR list—" he paused to not-quite glare at Ilya "has definitely messed with the line-up for the past month. But that doesn't give you an excuse to get cocky. You go out there tonight and play like we're playing any other team in the league. Don't get sloppy, don't be lazy. And I want a clean game tonight. Understood?"

There was a chorus of "yes, coach." Shane was surprised he didn't have more to say, until Wiebe looked meaningfully at Ilya. Ilya's face was a mask of neutrality, but Shane could pick out the slight tension around his eyes, the momentary tick in his jaw, and knew Ilya wasn't done punishing Montreal. This was confirmed when Ilya nodded to Bood, and their alternate Captain stood up.

"Listen the fuck up! Coach is right. And I don't think we need a pep talk tonight because we've been at the top of our game lately. We deserve to win because we're a team that looks out for one another. Montreal deserves to lose because they do not. So here's what we do: we go out there and we play like we're facing the toughest team in the league. That is how we win. We skate so hard they won't know where to even begin to look for the puck. This won't be a game of us vs. them. This will be a showcase of what teamwork and camaraderie are supposed to look like." Bood looked to Ilya. Ilya nodded at him, and he looked around at each of them. His gaze lingered on Shane, and Shane understood his expression. *We still got your back.*

Shane met Ilya's eyes as the players took their places for the puck drop. He trusted that Ilya and the rest of the team would follow through and play a clean game tonight, but there was still something about Ilya's manner tonight, just as there had been something about his mood earlier today that suggested he had something planned. As before, there had been no chirping tonight so far. Ilya had said nothing during warm ups, and now wasn't even looking at the other players. Even when the press had cornered him before the game began, Ilya hadn't thrown out any digs at Montreal. But he had told the press to expect a hat trick, so there was that pressure now.

Shane lined up opposite Laine for the first faceoff of the game. Laine glared at him. Shane met his eyes. There was no glare, no threat, no challenge. Just cold concentration. He did not let his expression show anything else. Liane's eyes widened slightly, and Shane won the faceoff.

Shane didn't change much from how he played their first game this season. He focused on the puck, on his linemates, on scoring. He focused on the thrill of hockey. He skated not as someone out to prove something as he had during their previous matchup, but as someone who didn't have to do anything to show that he was all for the game. Ilya, though, he could tell, was focused entirely on one thing tonight, and it wasn't revenge this time, it was humiliation.

Montreal had a chip on their shoulder, no doubt anxious to get back at Ottawa, specifically Ilya for last time. not even a minute into the game and Comeau got a penalty for tripping after he swept his stick in front of Ilya. Ilya recovered quickly, skating away as if nothing had happened. The move surprised Shane, as Ilya had gotten a penalty just two days ago for starting a fight with a Philly defenseman for the same move. The distraction tonight allowed Shane to power down the ice in a breakaway and sink a goal. He struggled to keep the smile off his face.

And that became the theme of the night. Montreal went after Ilya with everything they had, and Ilya, in a move not even Shane had seen coming, did not retaliate. While before he'd been only silent, tonight Ilya Rozanov skated as if Montreal did not exist at all. It wasn't just that, Shane noticed. He and Ilya were called off the ice, and he noticed that Ilya hadn't even broken a sweat yet. He was making this look easy.

"You okay?" he asked. Ilya had been shoved into the boards pretty hard just now. Ilya shrugged.

"I've been hit harder by kids at hockey camp last summer," he quirked a half smile at Shane.

While their line was on the bench, Shane watched Wyatt. Montreal was finally getting some chances at shots on goal, but Wyatt was having none of it. He caught two shots in his glove and blocked another as Berkes tried to send one through the 5 hole. Luca gained possession of the puck, shot down the ice, deked out Drapeau and hit the back of the net. The crowd went wild. And then Tanner Dillon scored, right before the end of their shift. It was now 3-0 Ottawa. Shane hadn't quite allowed himself to think it before the game started, but he did now: there was no question as to who would win tonight.

Ottawa played as clean a game as they could, but unlike Ilya, the rest of the team didn't let Montreal get away with anything. Boyle got rocked against the boards and in the next second his gloves were off. The fight earned Montreal a penalty when Wilson knocked Boyle to the ice and went after him while he was down. Shane and Ilya came back on the ice for the power play and Shane scored within the first minute with an assist from Ilya.

Shane knew Ilya was skating just as fast as he always did, but he noticed the longer strides and how Ilya somehow made it look like he was skating slower than he normally did. He was putting on a performance, making it look like playing against Montreal was the easiest thing in the world. Shane might have disapproved if he didn't think it was so hot.

Montreal wasn't even playing their worst game, Shane noted as the first period wound down. They looked as if they were finally getting some of their team dynamics back. They might even end up scoring a goal or two this game, if it weren't for Ilya, who lazily stole the puck every opportunity he got, or if it weren't for Wyatt, who's attitude mirrored Ilya's from the net. Every attempt Montreal made to score was either caught by Ottawa's defense or shut down by Wyatt. Shane couldn't figure out how he and Ilya were doing it, making Montreal's humiliation look so effortless.

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The second period started with a realization. Ilya had told the press that there would be a hat trick tonight. He had then set Shane up to score twice. Shane realized that Ilya hadn't been talking about himself when he'd promised the hat trick. He now met Shane's eyes as he sent the puck across the ice, and Shane scored his third goal of the game. The roar of the crowd was deafening as Shane's teammates surrounded him. He finally allowed himself a grin. First hat trick of the season. Ilya gave him a kiss on the helmet, and Shane had to push him away before he tried anything else.

And now that he'd scored his hat trick, it appeared Luca was after one as well. He scored again with an assist from Tanner, bringing the score up to 6-0. They were only a few minutes into the second period. This game was going to end just as brutally as their first game back in October, Shane thought as he hit the ice for another shift. This time he and Ilya set Troy up to score, with Ilya snagging the puck from Berkes in an effortless reach. He still hadn't checked anyone this game, using almost sleight-of-hand techniques to casually take the puck. He sent it to Shane, who sent it back to Ilya down the ice, who sent it to Troy, who sunk it in the net. Shane could hear Drapeau cursing, loudly.

Shane thought the team might let up a bit into the third period. He was wrong. 6 minutes into the third period Luca scored his hat trick, with an assist from Ilya. Then Shane set up Bood to score. Shane felt the elation of every goal, but wondered where the hell Montreal's defense was.

Montreal was starting to fray. No, they were past the point of fraying. Ilya snatched the puck from Comeau and Shane saw the rage on Comeau's face as he went after Ilya. Shane took off towards him, knowing that If Comeau caught up to Ilya he'd do more than just check him. He slammed into Comeau just as Ilya went to skate behind the net. Shane didn't see what happened after that. About to skate away from Comeau, he was grabbed from behind and thrown to the ice. His helmet was knocked off and he barely had time to register Comeau's fist about to come down on him when he disappeared.

Shouting filled the rink as players converged on the fight. Bood reached a hand out to haul him upright. The refs were yelling and—oh. Ilya was being hauled away from Comeau, who looked. Fuck. He looked bad. Ilya didn't look much better.

The fight got both Ilya and Comeau ejected from the game, but with only minutes remaining in the third period, it didn't much matter. Montreal did manage one goal in the last four minutes, and then Tanner managed a goal with only seven seconds left on the clock.

Despite Ilya being thrown out of the game, he'd still managed an incredible six assists, something Shane hadn't seen from him in a single game.

The locker room was chaos. It was usually loud after a win, but tonight was something else. It was almost too much of a sensory overload for Shane, so instead of lingering, he made his way toward the showers. He paused to lean down and press a kiss to Ilya's head as he passed his cubby. Ilya had already showered and gotten dressed. He didn't look too upset at being thrown out of the game. He looked up at Shane.

"You okay?" Shane smiled.

"I am, thanks to you. Are you? you look like he got you pretty bad." Ilya had a black eye, and he was missing a tooth. Not that the missing tooth was significant, Ilya hadn't had his own front teeth in years. Ilya shrugged.

"You should see the other guy," Shane didn't miss the seriousness in Ilya's expression. This hadn't been a typical hockey fight. Shane reached for his hand and gave it a tight squeeze.

"Thank you," he said quietly. Ilya nodded, and Shane went to shower.

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Ilya, thank fuck, was not called to the presser. Shane wanted to say no as well, but he went anyway. They were going to be vultures tonight.

"Ottawa scored 10 goals tonight, Shane. How does that make you feel?"

"We played hard, just like we always do. I'm super proud of my team, especially Haas, he got his first hat trick tonight. There's going to be a lot of celebrating."

"You also got a hat trick tonight, how are you feeling about that?"

"Yeah, first one of the season. feels good, you know?" bland questions, bland answers.

"People are speculating why your old team is doing so badly this season, care to comment on that?" Shane shook his head.

"No comment." He answered a few more mundane questions before someone finally brought up the fight.

"Shane, that was some hit you took, how are you holding up?" Shane hesitated a moment. Then, thinking about Ilya, about how quickly he'd gotten Comeau off him, he thought about what people called Ilya behind their backs. He leaned forward, and said with a barely suppressed smile,

"Yeah, well, you should see the other guy."

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

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