(Dis)Respectfully, I Disagree

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by unlikelychild

Summary

“Is captain's job to overcome all… factors. He got too full of himself. Never reached his real potential. Is shameful.”

Okay, this is bullshit. Shane shoots Ilya a look, and the fucker won't still look at him. He also doesn't react to Grigori's words like he's heard them before. Well Shane hasn't and he has a few points he'd like to make. He fucking done being polite. Because what the fuck?

“Respectfully, I disagree,” says Shane and instantly feels four pairs of eyes on him.

Or, when Shane meets Ilya's father at an event and hears him shittalk his son, he has a few things to say about it.

Notes

Because Ilya deserves someone who stands up for him.

See the end of the work for more notes

All Stars Game 2015

It takes Shane exactly 4 minutes before he decides he doesn't like Grigori Rozanov, and that's even before he hears him speak. It has nothing to do with how he looks at the people around him like they're not worth his time. It's not even how he keeps downing vodka after vodka. It has nothing to do with how he treats the servers (well maybe a little with that because Shane really dislikes people who misbehave with servers).

It mostly has to do with how Ilya Rozanov looks. Shane has never seen him like this. He looks like someone killed his dog in front of him. His eyes are dead. His mouth is set in a thin line, lips disappearing behind them. He looks like he's moving on autopilot. He looks like a shell of his real version. The version Shane loves and craves.

The cocky hockey player with a tongue sharper than a knife. The one who moves like a race car on ice. The one who sets Shane's skin on fire. And the only one who gets him hard.

This whole setting feels unnerving, honestly. Because hockey players aren't supposed to be mingling with other hockey players with their parents present. But MLH has partnered up with some non-profit that works with foster families to re-home troubled kids. And the players were expected to show up with at least one guest (preferably a parent or a spouse) to this year's All Star Game which also includes a Fundraising Gala for this very purpose. Since Shane has yet to find a girl he really likes, he brought both his parents.

Ilya was expected to bring some big-name model, but surprisingly brought his father. Grigori Rozanov was instantly showered with a lot of attention because everyone wanted to meet the man who helped shape one of the greatest hockey players of their generation.

Honestly speaking, Shane had been looking forward to it too. Until he saw Ilya's face. Ilya is looking at the ground, his eyes empty as his father talks to one of the coaches for the Raiders. Shane's not sure if he's seen Ilya talk at all tonight.

Shane's mother on the other hand has been a social butterfly and has made sure to include him in every conversation she's had with basically anyone. Shane is so tired of talking that he's *this* close to dropping all pretenses and going non-verbal. He's borderline overstimulated.

“We should talk to the Rozanovs right?” Yuna asks at one point. Shane at first doesn't hear her and says “Sure, mom” like he has been all night. But then he's staring at Grigori Rozanov and his son who has finally unglued his eyes from the floor and is staring at Shane like he's seen a ghost.

Okay, that's rude. Shane knows he looks polished and nice tonight. Yuna said so. Fine, hearing your mom say you look handsome doesn't count as much. But it's not like he has any other woman in his life who'll say so. He's not actively looking for one anyway.

Shane is sandwiched between his parents as he watches as Mr. Rozanov eyes him like he can't quite recognize who he is. Shane should feel irritated at that, insulted even. But he's too drained to even try.

“Mr. Rozanov,” Yuna, predictably, greets extending her hand, “I'm Shane's mom, Yuna”

Ilya leans in a whispers something in Mr. Rozanov's ear and then he's giving Yuna's hand a cursory shake.

“Grigori,” he says.

“I'm David,” Shane's dad shakes his hand next.

“How are you enjoying the evening?” Yuna asks.

“They have good vodka,” Grigori says and Shane has to hide a smile. His eyes flicker to Ilya to see if he's in on the joke but Ilya is purposefully avoiding his eyes. Okay then.

Yuna laughs politely. “It's an honor to meet the father of such a prolific player.”

Ilya has the courtesy to shoot Yuna a small but polite smile. Grigori does not.

He scoffs. “He has skill. But he is lazy. Too… what you say… confident. Played awful in Olympics.”

Yuna, clearly caught off-guard by this, tries to recover. “Oh I'm sure there were many other things that factored in.”

Yes it did! Everyone knows that! The Russian team was fucking shit. There's no kinder way of putting it. Absolute fucking shit. The only good player on the team was Ilya. They were lucky to have him.

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“Respectfully, I disagree,” says Shane and instantly feels four pairs of eyes on him. He really hates attention when he's off ice. But he perseveres. “I don't think that's a fair assessment Mr. Rozanov. If it was only up to the captain to win the game we wouldn't have the additional players on ice.”

Grigori Rozanov keeps staring at him like he's not quite believing that someone has the audacity to talk back to him.

“It's on all the players to make sure a game is won. The Russian team simply didn't have what it took in Sochi. It happens to all teams. Happened to Canada too at some point. It happens to Montreal Metros as well. Nobody blames the captain solely. And in my professional opinion, Ilya was the only saving grace for the team.”

You'd think he was done. But no. He has a few more things he'd like to say.

“And if being lazy gets him captaincy at 24 in one of the best teams in the league, gets him a cup in his first year as a captain, gets him 42 goals average a season since his rookie season, then I think he has the right to be a little too confident. I'd definitely be.”

Silence. Absolute crickets from the audience of four. Shane doesn't look at anyone else other than Grigori as he says his final piece.

“I take hockey very seriously. I work very hard to be in the best shape possible. So I know a thing or two about how much work it takes. I can confidently tell you Mr. Rozanov that Ilya is constantly pushing me and inspiring me to be better and do better. So yes your son may be a little cocky, he might piss off Scott Hunter more than any other player in the league, but he's not lazy. He's very good at what he does, no matter what anyone says or thinks."

With that Shane is done. He is *done*—with this party, with these ungrateful and rude people, and with Rozanov looking at him like he's trying to glare a hole through him.

“Excuse me,” he says as he leaves the small group.

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“You okay son?” David asks when the three Hollanders are in the elevators going up to their respective rooms. Shane is two floors above his parents and he's glad for the privacy.

“You gave quite a speech there,” Yuna comments, trying to sound subtle. She's as subtle as the son she birthed.

“I just,” Shane sighs and closes his eyes. “It takes a lot to be that good. And it didn't seem like he was appreciative of his son's hard work.”

“No, he wasn't,” Yuna agrees. “He was kind of a dick.”

Shane chuckles. David snorts next to him. He feels better but only minutely.

After Shane takes a shower and checks his phone, he sees the text from Ilya.

Lily: room?

Shane chews his bottom lip and tries to calm his heart rate. He didn't anticipate Ilya's reaction to his verbal tirade on his father. Is he mad at Shane? Are they going to fight if Ilya comes here? Should Shane let him? It's so fucking dangerous though.

But then he remembers Ilya's eyes: avoidant, void, and sad. So fucking sad.

Lily: room?

Shane: 1807

There's a knock on his door after fifteen minutes. Ilya steps in quickly, walking into the room. Shane steels himself for whatever is coming as he closes the door softly. He has barely turned around before he's being pushed back into the door again and being kissed harder than he has in his entire life.

He doesn't complain. He doesn't question the motivations behind it. He just holds on. He grabs whatever he can find on Ilya—his suit jacket—and pulls him closer. He smells like expensive cologne while Shane probably smells like hotel bar soap.

Ilya licks and bites into his mouth like he doesn't know how to kiss at all and yet is desperate enough to do it anyway. It's sloppy and uncoordinated. It's messy and amateur. It's perfect and so hot. Shane moans as Ilya feeds him his tongue, and demands that he take it. And Shane does. He takes it like a good boy.

Ilya's hands are grabbing Shane's face, not too tightly, rather softly, almost like a caress. This duality of the situation drives Shane mad. But he doesn't escalate the kiss. He lets Ilya do what he wants and follows his lead. His only indulgence is sinking his fingers into Ilya's hair and that is also partly because Ilya enjoys it when Shane tugs on them.

It doesn't even occur to Shane that he needs to breathe until Rozanov separates their mouths by holding Shane back. They're both breathing loudly with wet and swollen lips attached to each other by a spit string.

Shane finally opens his eyes and watches Rozanov staring back at him. His eyes have too many emotions for Shane to decipher. But there's this painful fondness in them that scares the shit out of Shane. So he pulls Ilya back for a few more soft kisses just so that he doesn't have to look at his face.

Eventually it comes to an end.

“I should go,” Ilya says.

Shane nods but none of them move.

“Thanks,” Ilya says and he sounds so small, Shane's heart aches.

He shrugs like it's no big deal. “If it weren't me saying those things, it'd be someone else.”

“No it wouldn't.”

There's a finality—an earnestness in that one sentence that bars Shane from further argument. So he doesn't say anything.

Ilya kisses him again. The softest one Shane's received since that fire-exit in his apartment.

“Goodbye Hollander,” says Ilya as he puts his hand on the doorknob.

Shane nods and steps away from his path.

“Goodnight Rozanov. See you in two weeks,” he adds.

Ilya smirks. “Da. We have ongoing bet in lockerroom that I get a thousand dollars for each goal I score against Metros. I think I will buy a new car with that. How much is shitty Jeep Cherokee?”

“Fuck you,” Shane smiles.

“Yes we will do that too.”

And then he's gone.

Shane tries not to smile like an idiot as he gets into bed.

Lazy player my ass.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

A virtual kiss for each comment and kudo.

Have a lovely day and stay hydrated 💕

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