

Weirdest Fucking Team

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Weirdest Fucking Team

by [freakshaped](#)

Summary

Harris, who was sitting next to Shane, nudged him with his foot. “Yeah, I mean, it’s not *kinky* kinky unless Shane went out and bought, like, a full-on sex swing or something crazy like—”

Harris stopped talking because Shane had frozen. Completely frozen. His glass halted halfway to his lips. His eyes went wide and fixed on a point on the far wall. The blush that had been a soft pink bloomed into a scarlet tide that crept from his neckline to the roots of his hair.

Ilya, watching him, threw his head back and burst out laughing.

(or, 5 times Ottawa Centaurs found out their sweet Canadian cinnamonroll is a freak and 1 time they realized that Hollanov's freaks are matched)

Notes

I wrote this based on my tweet but idk how it is cause I'm kinda delirious with fever sooooo if there's any mistakes tell me. I've read TLG but some things might be wrong idk.

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

The Ottawa Centaurs were settling into their new normal. Shane Hollander was now officially on the team with his openly acknowledged husband and fellow center. The team had accepted them, supported them, and now, with the secrecy gone, they were observing their dynamic with the intense, nosy curiosity of a close-knit family.

They thought they knew their captain, Ilya—the loud, competitive, fiercely loyal Russian beast of a man. And they thought they knew Shane—the calm, polite, devastatingly handsome Canadian star, the "nice one." They were about to discover, in a series of hilarious and unsettling moments, that they had Shane Hollander completely wrong.

1.

The first practice after the summer break was always a brutal welcome back. The Ottawa Centaurs locker room was a steamy, noisy cave of groaning players peeling off soaked gear. The air smelled of sweat, wet leather, and the faint, hopeful scent of the new season.

Luca Haas, the team's sharp-eyed rookie, was meticulously arranging his gear when he glanced over at Shane Hollander. Shane was sitting on the bench, talking quietly with goalie Wyatt Hayes, his head tilted. The high collar of his practice jersey had slipped, revealing the side of his neck.

Luca nudged Troy Barrett. "Troy. Look at Shane's neck."

Troy, who was trying to convince his boyfriend Harris that a video of him tripping over a blue line was "engaging content," looked over. A slow, wicked grin spread across his face. "Well, well. Someone had a fun vacation. Looking a little chewed up there, Hollander."

Shane's hand flew to his throat. A deep, hot blush instantly colored his face, spreading from his cheeks down to his chest. "Oh. That. It's... it's nothing," he stammered, his voice tight with embarrassment.

"Nothing?" Harris abandoned his phone and came over, peering at Shane's neck with professional interest. "Shane, my dude, it looks like you have a leech for a pet. You animal, Rozanov!"

Ilya, who had just pulled his sweat-soaked shirt over his head at his own stall, turned. He saw Shane, red-faced and flustered under the team's amused stares. A different look crossed Ilya's face—not annoyance, but pure, smug pride.

He didn't say a word. He just turned his back to the room and bent over to dig in his bag for a clean t-shirt.

The locker room fell silent.

Shane's neck had a few vivid marks.

Ilya's back, on the other hand, had basically disappeared under the scratch marks. Long, angry red scratches ran from his shoulder blades all the way down to the waistband of his compression shorts. Some were fading, others were fresh and raised. On his right bicep, there was a perfect, deep set of teeth marks.

The teasing laughter died in Troy's throat. Luca's mouth dropped open. Wyatt Hayes just put his face in his hands and sighed.

Shane, seeing their stunned reactions to Ilya, hunched his shoulders, bracing for the new wave of jokes. They didn't come.

Confused, Shane looked up. "Well? Aren't you going to say something?"

Luca made a choked sound, like he'd swallowed his gum. "I... I am a little scared," he whispered honestly, his Swiss accent thickening with awe.

Troy snapped out of it first, slinging an arm around Luca's shoulders. "It's okay, buddy. You're safe. You're not Shane's type."

Ilya straightened up, shirt in hand, and shot Troy a glare. "He is my rookie. Do not make such jokes about my son." He said it with such gruff affection that Luca looked both embarrassed and weirdly proud.

Harris cleared his throat, a slow, appreciative smile spreading across his face. "I feel like I should be concerned," he said, his eyes raking over Ilya's ravaged back and then flicking to Shane's blushing face. "But, uh... is it bad that I find this kind of hot?"

Ilya puffed out his chest, the scratches stretching. "Of course not. I am very hot."

"Not you, you narcissist egomaniac," Troy said, rolling his eyes. "My boyfriend meant Shane. For being the one who... did that."

All eyes swung back to Shane, who looked like he wanted to melt into the floor. His blush was so profound it looked painful and painfully *cute*. He was staring fixedly at the ground, his long lashes fanning over his cheeks.

Wyatt Hayes let out a long, weary sigh that echoed in the locker room.

"How," he asked the universe at large, "is our blushing cinnamon roll capable of that much property damage? Rozanov, did you actually piss him off or is this just... foreplay?"

Ilya's expression shifted from smugness to possessive pride. He walked over to Shane, who was still trying to become one with the ground, and wrapped a heavy arm around his shoulders, pulling him close. The contrast was almost comical: the scarred, battered Russian and the prettily flushed Canadian.

"Alright, enough," Ilya said, but he was grinning now, a sharp, proud thing. "Stop making my husband blush. That is only my job." He dropped a loud, smacking kiss on top of Shane's

head. “Now, we skate. Before Coach decides our conditioning should be worse.”

As they broke apart to start drills, Luca leaned over to Harris. “I will never look at his hands the same way,” he murmured. “They are so... gentle when he passes towels.”

Harris just patted his head. “Don’t let them corrupt your mind, kid.”

2.

The team was crammed into Shane and Ilya’s sleek, modern house for a season kick-off party. The vibe was relaxed. Coach Wiebe was in the corner, sipping a beer and shaking his head with a smile as he watched his team degenerate into chaos. Music thumped softly. The scent of grilled meat and Troy’s suspiciously strong “signature cocktail” filled the air.

In the living room, Luca was on the floor, utterly engrossed in playing with Anya. He was throwing a plush toy shaped like a hockey puck and Anya would bound after it, skidding on the hardwood floors before bringing it back, tail wagging furiously.

“You are such a good girl!” Luca cooed, scratching behind her ears. “So much better than my teammates.”

On one particularly enthusiastic return, Anya dropped the toy at Luca’s feet and then trotted over to a large, stylish basket tucked beside the fireplace. She rummaged around for a second and came back proudly carrying something in her mouth.

“What you got?” Luca asked, taking it from her gently.

It was a collar. But not like any dog collar Luca had ever seen. It was made of soft-looking, black leather, padded on the inside. It had a sturdy metal O-ring at the front and a polished silver buckle. It was elegant, in a strange kind of way.

“Oh” Luca exclaimed, holding it up. “You have such a fancy collar. This is for special occasions?” He made a move to fit it around Anya’s neck, fumbling with the buckle.

From across the room, where he was arguing with Ilya over the correct amount of garlic, Shane’s head snapped around. His eyes locked on the collar in Luca’s hands.

“Luca, NO!”

The shout was so sharp, so uncharacteristically commanding, that every conversation in the room stuttered to a halt. Shane was across the room in seconds as he gently but firmly took the collar from Luca’s startled hands.

“You can’t put this on her,” Shane said, his voice softer now but edged with panic. “It… it wouldn’t be safe. It could hurt her.”

Luca blinked up at him, utterly confused. “But… it is her collar, right? It is in her basket.”

Ilya had wandered over, a beer in hand. He took one look at the collar in Shane’s white-knuckled grip and understanding dawned on his face. He let out a low chuckle. “Oh, no. That is not for her.”

The way he said it, the slow smile that spread across his face, made Luca’s brain short-circuit. He looked from Ilya’s amused expression to Shane’s intensely embarrassed one, then down at the sleek leather collar in Shane’s hands. The pieces connected in his young, sheltered mind with an almost audible clunk.

His eyes went impossibly wide. The color drained from his face.

Harris materialized as if from thin air. He smoothly plucked the collar from Shane’s frozen fingers. “Here, let me just… put this away.” He examined it for a second as he walked towards the basket. “Huh. Good quality. Oh, look,” he added with faux-innocence, pointing

to a small, almost invisible panel on the inside. “It’s one of those shock collars for training. You know, for *behavioral correction*.”

That was the final straw for Luca Haas. The image of sweet, polite Shane Hollander with a remote control, administering “behavioral correction” to their fierce, six-foot-three captain was too much for his Swiss sensibilities to bear. He made a small, strangled noise in the back of his throat, scrambled to his feet and practically ran towards the patio doors, needing air.

The dam of silence broke.

Troy howled with laughter, doubling over. “Oh my GOD! You actually put a leash on our captain!”

Wyatt, who was leaning against the kitchen island, pinched the bridge of his nose. “I need a trade. I am begging my agent for a trade to a convent. Or maybe a team of monks who have taken vows of silence.”

Coach Wiebe took a long sip of his beer. “I’m not seeing anything,” he announced to the room. “I have suddenly developed hockey-related cataracts.”

Shane had buried his face in his hands, his ears burning crimson. Ilya just looked supremely unconcerned, wrapping an arm around Shane’s waist and pulling him against his side.

“Is not a leash,” Ilya corrected Troy with mock seriousness. “Is a guidance system. For when I am being... difficult.”

“You’re always difficult!” Troy shot back.

“And yet,” Ilya said, kissing Shane’s temple while Shane groaned into his palms, “he keeps me.”

Harris returned from putting the collar away, a wicked glint in his eye. He pulled out his phone.

Centaurs Group Chat

- > Harris: Does this mean we have two pets on our team?
- > Troy: One cute puppy one feral guard dog? Yes.
- > Wyatt: I've already emailed my agent.
- > Anon (Probably Luca): I have seen things that cannot be unseen.
- > Harris: Don't worry Luca. We'll get you therapy. And maybe a blindfold for the next party.

3.

Playing in Montreal was always charged. For Shane, it was a homecoming of sorts, though a complicated one. For Ilya, it was just another arena full of people he enjoyed pissing off. The game had been brutal—fast, physical, and chippy. Montreal had a new enforcer, a guy with a chip on his shoulder the size of Quebec itself and he'd been targeting Shane all night with late hits and slashes after the whistle.

Ilya usually operated on a policy of strategic chirping. He'd get inside your head, make you make mistakes and then score on you. Actual fisticuffs were rare for him these days; he was too valuable on the ice.

But in the third period, with the Centaurs clinging to a one-goal lead, the Montreal goon cross-checked Shane hard from behind into the boards. Shane went down awkwardly.

Ilya saw red.

He didn't hesitate. He dropped his gloves, skated over and grabbed the guy by the jersey before he could even turn around. Ilya got in two solid, punishing rights before the linesmen swarmed in.

The Centaurs held on for the win but the locker room after was tense. Coach Wiebe delivered his post-game talk—praised the effort, reminded them discipline wins championships—but his eyes lingered on Ilya.

“My office, Rozanov. Five minutes.”

Ilya just nodded, scowling.

Shane had been quiet through it all. Deadly quiet. He’d showered and dressed quickly in a simple black hoodie and jeans, his face an unreadable mask. As soon as Coach Wiebe disappeared into his office and Ilya stood to follow, Shane moved.

He didn’t say a word. He just walked up to Ilya, took him firmly by the elbow—not roughly, but with an undeniable authority—and steered him not towards the coach’s office, but down the hall towards the visitors’ family lounge, which was empty at this hour.

The team watched them go in stunned silence.

“Oh shit,” Troy breathed, a grin spreading across his face. “He’s gonna get scolded.”

“Good,” Wyatt muttered, packing his bag. “Maybe someone can talk some sense into him.”

Luca looked worried. “Will Coach be angry that Captain is late?”

“Something tells me Coach will understand,” Harris said, thinking if he had imagined the faint pink flush on Shane’s cheeks or not.

Five minutes passed. Then ten. Coach Wiebe stuck his head out of his office, saw Ilya wasn’t there, saw the looks on his team’s faces and simply sighed and went back inside, closing the door.

Fifteen minutes.

Troy wagged his eyebrows. “You don’t think they’re... you know. *Making up.*”

“In a family lounge?” Harris asked.

“Would you put anything past them at this point?”

Luca’s eyes were like saucers. “Making up what?”

Before anyone could corrupt the rookie further, the door at the end of the hall opened. Shane emerged first. His hair, which had been neatly styled after his shower, was now distinctly mussed, as if someone had run their hands through it repeatedly. There was a faint pinkness to his lips that hadn’t been there before.

Ilya followed behind him. He was grinning wide and they could see where his split lip was leaking drops of blood.

Shane’s expression was calm again, but there also was a satisfied set to his jaw, a gleam in his eye that hadn’t been present before. He glanced at Ilya’s mouth and gave a tiny, almost imperceptible nod.

Without a word to the gawking team, they walked past—Shane leading, Ilya following like a very obedient, very pleased Rottweiler—and finally went into Coach Wiebe’s office, closing the door behind them.

The locker room was silent for a full thirty seconds.

Luca leaned over to Wyatt, his voice a hushed whisper of dawning horror. “Wyatt... I do not remember Captain having a split lip when he came off the ice.”

Wyatt Hayes had stopped packing his bag. He was just staring at the closed door of Coach Wiebe’s office. Slowly, he raised both hands and rubbed them hard over his face, then up through his hair.

“I need a new team,” he announced to the empty air, his voice flat with existential despair. “I am going to demand a trade to Siberia. I hear their locker rooms are very quiet. And very, very cold.”

Troy burst out laughing, unable to hold it in any longer. Harris just shook his head, a smile playing on his lips as he typed rapidly on his phone.

Centaurs Group Chat

> Harris: So. The good news is Shane’s not mad.

> Troy: The bad news is whatever he did in there requires deep cleaning.

> Anon (Probably Luca): I think I understand now. Understanding is worse.

> Wyatt: My therapist is going to buy a boat with the money I’m paying her. Named after me.

> Harris: What do we think happened? Theory 1: Captain was being an asshole so Shane punched him.

> Troy: Theory 2: Our captain is into some very specific forms of conflict resolution.

> Harris: Theory 3 (most likely): Our sweet little Canadian is a feral gremlin in cashmere and we should all be slightly afraid of him.

> Troy: AND massively turned on by him.

> Harris: Well, that’s a given.

In Coach Wiebe’s office, the coach looked from Ilya’s battered but beaming face to Shane’s serene one.

“Everything... sorted?” Coach Wiebe asked carefully.

“Da,” Ilya said, his voice a happy rumble. “Is all sorted.”

Shane just smiled his gentle, polite smile and nodded. “All sorted, Coach.”

4.

The bar was a classic Boston dive—dark wood, sticky floors, the smell of fried food and decades of spilled beer. The Ottawa Centaurs had taken over a large corner booth, the noise of their laughter and chirping blending seamlessly with the local din. They were in town to play the Bears and Ilya had insisted on bringing them to one of his old haunts from his time with Boston.

Cliff Marlow was also wedged into the booth, looking amused by the chaotic energy of Ilya’s new team.

Ilya arrived a little late, pushing through the crowd. It was a crisp autumn evening, but inside the bar was warm. Yet, Ilya was wearing a thick, dark grey cashmere scarf looped snugly around his neck, tucked into his leather jacket.

“Look who finally decided to grace us with his presence!” Troy called out. “Lose your way, Cap? Thought you knew this city.”

“Had to make myself pretty for you,” Ilya shot back, sliding into the booth next to Cliff. He nodded a greeting to his old friend.

“Where’s your better half?” Harris asked, sipping his cocktail.

“Shane will join later. He was meeting Rose for coffee,” Ilya said. He flagged down a waitress and ordered a vodka, neat.

Troy's eyes narrowed at the scarf. "What's with the neckwear, Rozanov? Trying to hide the evidence? Didn't your husband leave you any skin unmarked after last time?"

Ilya rolled his eyes, taking his drink from the waitress. "No. It is cold. My husband worries if I get a chill. He is very... attentive." He said it with such a straight face but there was a possessive warmth in his tone that made Harris grin.

Cliff chuckled into his beer. "Still can't get over it, you know," he said, his voice a low rumble. "Him. The Montreal girl." He gestured vaguely around the table at the Centaurs. "You all know the story?"

"What story?" Luca asked, leaning forward eagerly.

"Back when this idiot played for us," Cliff said, jerking a thumb at Ilya. "He'd get these texts and chat for hours. He'd look like the cat that got the cream, but also... confused. Pissed off. One time after a game against Montreal he came back to the locker room and he was blushing. Ilya Rozanov. *Blushing*. We asked him what the hell happened, who he'd fought. He just muttered something about a 'pretty face with a mouth on him' and slammed his locker shut."

The Centaurs stared, riveted. Ilya was scowling into his vodka. "This is old news. And not true."

"It's completely true!" Cliff laughed. "He'd always look a little pink after talking to his 'Montreal Girl' which I still can't believe was Shane Hollander all along."

The table erupted. Troy whooped. Harris cackled. Wyatt shook his head with a fond smile. Luca looked starstruck.

"Captain! You blushed?" Luca gasped.

“I did not blush. Russians do not do that,” Ilya grumbled, but the tips of his ears were turning pink.

“Aw, he’s blushing now!” Troy pointed. “It’s happening again!”

The teasing was in full, raucous swing when a harried server carrying a tray of loaded nachos stumbled past their packed booth. He jostled Ilya’s shoulder hard. Ilya jerked forward, his arm flying out to steady himself, and in the motion, the carefully arranged scarf around his neck snagged on the edge of the table and unraveled.

It fell away, pooling in his lap.

The conversation died a sudden, sharp death.

Around Ilya’s throat, stark against his skin, were faint but unmistakable bruises. They weren’t the random, sucking marks of a hickey. These were distinct, four-on-one-side, one-on-the-other, finger-shaped marks. A perfect, if slightly faded, imprint of a hand. Someone had quite clearly had him by the throat.

Wyatt’s easy smile vanished. He leaned forward, his focus zeroing in.

“Rozanov. What the hell? Did you get into another fight? Off the ice?” His tone was protective, concerned. The team’s dynamic was close; seeing their captain marked up from a street brawl was not funny.

Ilya’s hands flew up, trying to re-wrap the scarf. “No, no, it is nothing. Is fine. Do not worry.”

But the table was buzzing with low, worried murmurs. Coach Wiebe, who was at the other end talking to a Bears coach, glanced over, his brow furrowed.

Troy, however, had clapped a hand over his own mouth. His shoulders were shaking. He was trying desperately, and failing, to stifle laughter.

Luca looked from Ilya's bruised neck to Troy's convulsing form, utterly confused. "Troy? Why are you laughing? This is bad! Someone hurt Captain!"

That's when the bar's door opened, letting in a burst of cool air and Shane Hollander. He spotted them, smiled that easy, beautiful smile and made his way over. He was wearing a soft-looking cream sweater that made his brown eyes look even prettier.

"Hey guys, sorry I'm—" Shane's greeting died on his lips as he reached the table. His eyes locked onto Ilya's exposed throat. The color drained from his face then rushed back in a furious, all-encompassing blush that turned his cheeks and neck a deep rose. His gaze flew to Ilya's, wide with horror and apology.

"Ilya," he whispered, his voice barely audible over the bar noise but laced with genuine distress. "Your... I didn't... I didn't know it would leave marks. I'm so sorry."

He reached out, his fingers hovering just over the bruises, his touch a ghost of the one that had caused them. His expression was one of pure, mortified chagrin.

The table of Centaurs stared.

Sweet, blushy Shane.

The finger-shaped bruises on Ilya's neck.

Shane's soft, apologetic voice.

Oh.

Oh.

Cliff Marlow was the one who broke the stunned silence. He'd been watching Shane with a dawning, incredulous realization. He pointed a blunt finger at Shane, then at Ilya's throat, his mouth agape. "Hollander. Did you... did you do this?"

Shane's blush intensified, if that was even possible. He looked like he wanted the floor to swallow him whole.

"OH MY GOD!" Harris yelled, not in horror, but in delight. He immediately slapped a hand over Luca's eyes. "Don't look, Luca! You're too young! You shouldn't know this about your parents!"

Shane found his voice, squeaking in protest. "We're not his parents!"

Ilya, who had been watching Shane's distress with a soft, fond look, reached out and took Shane's hovering hand, lacing their fingers together. He brought it to his lips and kissed his knuckles. "*Zaichik*, is okay. The marks fade. Do not be sorry."

Shane bit his lip, still looking devastated. "But I hurt you."

Ilya's grin was wicked. "Baby, no. You saying we are not Luca's parents... that hurts me more than when you choked me."

A collective groan of disgust and awe went around the table. Luca, from behind Harris's hand, whimpered, "I heard that! I heard that with my ears!"

Wyatt had buried his face in his hands. "I'm not here. This is a nightmare. I'm asleep in my hotel room."

Cliff Marlow just stared at the joined hands, at Shane's blushing, guilty face, at Ilya's proud, bruised neck. He took a long, slow sip of his beer, set it down, and shook his head. "You two," he declared with finality, "are freaks."

Troy Barrett, finally releasing the laughter he'd been holding in, slung an arm around Cliff's shoulders. "Buddy," he wheezed, "welcome to our world."

5.

Harris's apartment was sleek and modern, with a killer view of the Ottawa skyline. It was also, currently, a disaster zone of empty pizza boxes, beer bottles, and the sprawling, laughing bodies of the Ottawa Centaurs. They were sprawled across his large sectional sofa and on the floor, playing a raucous game of "Never Have I Ever."

"Okay, my turn!" Harris announced, swirling the vodka in his glass. "Never have I ever... gotten a penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct because I was too busy making kissy faces at an opponent's bench."

Ilya, without hesitation, lifted his drink and took a sip. So did three other players.

"Rozanov, shocker," Troy teased.

"He was being ugly," Ilya said with a shrug. "I was helping him."

The game continued, getting progressively more personal and ridiculous. They'd already established that Wyatt had, in fact, once sung the national anthem in his goalie gear after losing a bet ("It was for charity!"), and that Luca had never done a keg stand ("I do not trust any of you!").

Ilya was drinking a lot. "Never have I ever kissed a fan for a bet." Sip. "Never have I ever gotten a tattoo I later regretted." Sip. "Never have I ever sent a sext to the wrong person." Sip.

“Jesus, Cap,” Wyatt said, leaning back. “We get it. You’ve lived. You’re the team freak.”

Ilya just smirked, looking immensely pleased with himself.

Troy’s eyes gleamed with mischief. He leaned forward. “Alright. Never have I ever... had extremely kinky sex.”

There was a beat of silence. Then Ilya raised his glass and took a long, deliberate drink, his eyes locked on Shane’s across the circle.

All eyes turned to Shane.

Shane, who was curled up in an armchair with a glass of wine, blinked. He did not drink.

Wyatt frowned. “Shane. Come on. You own a shock collar. You left handprints on our captain’s throat. Drink up.”

Shane’s nose scrunched adorably. “Yeah, but... that’s not extremely kinky. That’s just... stuff.”

Troy cackled. He immediately reached over and clapped his hands over Luca’s ears. Luca squawked in protest. “What do you consider ‘extremely kinky’ then, Hollander? Inquiring minds need to know. For science.”

Luca, trying to remove Troy’s hands, yelled, “I can still hear, you know!”

“Please,” Ilya said, waving a hand. “Do not traumatize my son. He is pure.”

Shane took a small sip of his wine, considering. He was blushing, but it was a thoughtful blush, not a panicked one. “We’ve only done a few... extreme things. That’s it. Nothing crazy.”

Harris, who was sitting next to Shane, nudged him with his foot. “Yeah, I mean, it’s not *kinky* kinky unless Shane went out and bought, like, a full-on sex swing or something crazy like—”

Harris stopped talking because Shane had frozen. Completely frozen. His glass halted halfway to his lips. His eyes went wide and fixed on a point on the far wall. The blush that had been a soft pink bloomed into a scarlet tide that crept from his neckline to the roots of his hair.

Ilya, watching him, threw his head back and burst out laughing—a loud, booming, delighted sound that filled the apartment.

The entire team stared at Shane’s petrified, crimson form. The silence was deafening.

Luca, having finally wrestled free of Troy’s hands, looked from Shane’s horrified face to Ilya’s gleeful one. He picked up the nearly full bottle of beer in front of him, looked at it with solemn resignation, and said, “I am going to drown myself in this.” He tipped it back and chugged.

Wyatt Hayes, with the weary sigh of a man who has seen the abyss and found it wearing a cashmere sweater, picked up his own drink. “You know what, kid? Me too.” He clinked his bottle against Luca’s and joined him in a long, despairing swallow.

+1

They were back in Ottawa, at a more upscale sports bar near the arena. This time, the Centaurs contingent was joined by Hayden Pike. Hayden was in town for a sports charity event and had jumped at the chance to catch up.

“I still can’t get over it,” Hayden was saying, shaking his head. He’d been on this rant for ten minutes. “Every time we played Boston. Every. Single. Time. This one,” he jabbed a thumb at Shane, who was smiling sheepishly, “would get all quiet and weird. And then he’d come back from the game looking like he’d seen a ghost, or like he’d won the lottery, all blushy and distracted. We all thought he had a thing for some girl in Boston! We had a whole pool going! And it was him?” He pointed a dramatic finger at Ilya, who was leaning back in his chair, looking smug. “This fuckboy?”

“Hey,” Ilya protested, but he was grinning.

“My best friend! Blushing over this!” Hayden continued, gesturing to encompass all of Ilya’s tattooed, smirking presence.

The Centaurs were loving it. This was validation from an external source.

“And then!” Hayden went on, taking a swig of his beer. “Stupid me was trying to get him together with my wife’s nanny so he can join me in parenthood! And he said ‘No Hayden I can’t get pregnant I have too much hockey in me’, or something like that.”

Shane was covering his face with one hand, his shoulders shaking with silent laughter.

Hayden slammed down his beer. “Shouldv’e made clear he had too much hockey *player* in him!”

The table erupted. Troy snorted beer out of his nose. Harris howled. Wyatt chuckled into his hand. Even Luca giggled.

Shane peeked out from behind his hand, his eyes bright with mirth.

The laughter was general and warm. But Ilya, who had been smiling along, had suddenly gone very still. His eyes were locked on Shane. The smirk had vanished, replaced by an intense, unreadable focus.

He watched Shane for another moment as the laughter died down, then leaned over and murmured something in his ear. Shane's smile took an edge and he nodded. Ilya stood up, offering a hand to Shane.

"We will be back," Ilya said to the table, his voice a little rough. "Need some air."

The team watched, slightly confused, as Shane took Ilya's hand and let himself be led out of the bar's side door that led to a small, empty patio area.

Hayden frowned. "What was that about? Did I say something?"

Troy waved a dismissive hand. "Nah. Their libido is just on a hair trigger. They probably looked at each other funny and now they have to go... recalibrate."

Luca, who had been thoughtfully sipping a soda, shook his head. "No," he said, all casual and normal. "It was the pregnant thing. Captain wants to get Shane pregnant. That is why they left."

The table fell silent. All heads swiveled to look at the innocent rookie.

Wyatt slowly put his head down on the table with a soft thunk. "No," he moaned, his voice muffled by the wood. "No, no, no. They have corrupted you. My sweet, innocent child. They have filled your mind with their filth."

Hayden Pike looked from the door his friends had just exited through, to Luca's earnest face, to the despairing goalie. "What the actual fuck is wrong with your team?" he asked, sounding genuinely bewildered.

Harris clinked his glass against Hayden's. "They're freaks, man. Beautiful, glorious freaks. And they're perfect for each other."

The next morning at practice, the atmosphere was light. As they were lacing up their skates, Luca skated over to where Shane was meticulously arranging his gear.

Shane looked up and smiled. “Morning, Luca. You recover from last night?”

Luca nodded, his expression serious. “Yes. I have a question.”

“Shoot.”

Luca took a deep breath, his young face the picture of innocent curiosity. “So,” he asked, voice clear and carrying in the quiet locker room. “Am I having a sibling?”

For a second, there was pure silence. Then, the locker room exploded. Troy fell off the bench laughing. Harris dropped his phone. Wyatt let out a sound that was half-groan, half-scream. Coach Wiebe, pulling on his jacket, choked on his coffee.

Shane’s face underwent a spectacular transformation, going from confused, to comprehending, to a shade of red so deep it was almost purple. He sputtered, utterly speechless.

From across the room, Ilya—who had been pulling his jersey over his head—froze. His head popped through the neck hole, his hair mussed, his eyes wide. He took one look at Shane’s mortified, flaming face, and then at Luca’s genuinely inquisitive one.

With a roar that was mostly laughter, Ilya launched himself off his stall, skates clattering on the concrete floor. “HAAS! I WILL END YOU!” He charged at the rookie, not with any real anger, but with the intent to deliver a noogie of epic proportions.

Luca yelped and tried to skate away, a giggle escaping him as he ducked behind a laughing Harris. “I was just asking! For the team!”

Shane buried his face in his hands, his shoulders shaking, though no one could tell if it was with horror or hysterical laughter. The sound of Ilya's mock-rage and the team's uproar echoed through the room, a perfectly chaotic symphony.

Coach Brandon Wiebe took another sip of his coffee, shook his head with a deep, fond smile, and thought, *This is the weirdest fucking team in the league. And I wouldn't trade them for anything.*

End Notes

Hope this made you smile <3

I'm [freakshaped](#) on twitter ~

- lisa

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