

200lbs of Muscle

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200lbs of Muscle

by [prailock](#)

Summary

In the midst of a press conference announcing an expansion of the Irina Foundation to include two camps in Europe, a homophobic “activist” attempts to disrupt Shane and Ilya's statements. He seems to have forgotten that Shane is a professional athlete. It's a swift reminder.

Notes

Ok so I may have gotten distracted from writing the other thing I promised because I could not stop writing this. I'll still have the look alike contest fic posted soon. Tuesday at the latest.

If I don't get the first chapter out by then you're legally allowed to hunt me for sport. It's the law. You can trust me because I went to law school and we had to memorize every law there. It's true.

Timeline wise I think this would come after the 3 rounds are over but before the vow renewal if you're trying to place where it goes in relation to Breaking News: We Like Each Other. This is firmly a one shot though, you don't have to read that for this to make sense.

Thanks to Alisa1864 for being generous enough to beta read and fix some of my dummy errors. Updated to fix those on 5/11/26

Hope this is fun in the meantime!

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

If Ilya didn't stop playing with the dogs, they were going to be late. Correction, Ilya was going to be late because Shane was going to leave without him. He was already impatiently checking his watch as he leaned against the car waiting for his husband to emerge from the house. Ilya had said he'd forgotten something inside but Shane knew that he just wanted to go give the girls the treats he thought Shane didn't know about. Worst kept secret of their entire marriage.

"Sorry." Ilya was trying to sound apologetic but he couldn't keep the slight smile off his face.

"No you're not." He definitely wasn't.

"No, but you look hot when you are mad at me." Ilya crowded him against the car and kissed him like he needed it to survive. He pressed their bodies together like they needed to huddle for warmth while stranded in the northern Canadian wilds in January. Shane's body betrayed him with the immediate need to lean into it. His mouth opened for Ilya's and his eyes closed so he could focus on the feeling. At least they'd washed the cars earlier this week so it wouldn't mess up his suit.

"That's not gonna get you out of this."

"It will." It would. "I drive fast. We get there early. Do not worry, malysh."

Ilya took the keys from Shane and got into the driver's seat. Shane rolled his eyes but knew that Ilya was definitely the more reckless of the two. He was probably right. With Ilya's lead foot on the pedal, they'd arrive early with no problems.

"Did you read through the updated draft Mom sent over yesterday?"

"Yes. Only change was sponsors list, yes?"

"Yeah, and the section about wanting to expand further on a three year plan. She took it out so we don't have to commit to a timeline. If things go well in Switzerland we talked about adding Sweden next summer instead of waiting. I think we could get a few guys from All-Stars next year to sign on."

"Wow, Mr. CEO." He didn't need to look up from the cards he was nervously reading for the thousandth time to know Ilya was smirking. "Mr. European Trendsetter."

"Shut up." He pushed lightly at Ilya's shoulder. It got a laugh from his husband.

"Mr. Expanding Empire."

He half-heartedly flicked at Ilya's ear before saying, "You're such an ass."

"Yes, I am great ass. Best ass in the League. Probably best ass in the whole world. Is shame it does not get nearly the use yours does." He loved when Ilya teased him like this. It was so easy for him to play and turn everything into a joke. It was a marvel every time he got to hear it.

“You wouldn’t be able to handle me, Rozanov.” And that got his favorite look out of Ilya. The one where his smile looked as wide as his shoulders. Where his mouth had to open and show all his veneers. Normally he’d go to cover it with his hand until he could get it under control but after enough lectures from Shane about keeping both hands on the steering wheel, he was trapped and Shane could bask in it fully.

“Of course not. Would have to take up yoga for years first.”

“I could always tie you up and keep you from needing to bend at all.” He saw Ilya’s entire body go rigid and still. His eyes widened a hair and his hands tightened on the wheel.

“*Blyat*, Shane. You cannot say these things to me when we’re about to see media. I’m supposed to be standing up for this.”

“I’m sure you will be.” He abandoned the cards to his lap and reached to run his fingers through Ilya’s curls. Ilya shook his head, eyes firmly fixed to the road for more than just road safety reasons at this point.

“Shane Hollander-Rozanov, you will be the death of me.”

Fortunately for Ilya, they didn’t have much of a drive left. They were only going to the corporate office in Ottawa. Yuna had been there, probably for hours, setting things up and wrangling the small collection of reporters they’d enticed to attend. By agreeing to take a few questions about the ongoing season, they’d managed to get a decent amount of press for a fairly bog-standard foundation update.

They’d elected to hold it outside, partially for practicality purposes given the size of the Ottawa office, and because it was April in Ottawa and the first false Spring of the year. Might as well enjoy the weather before it dropped back down to the mid single digits for another few weeks. The snow had melted, sun was shining, and the courtyard in the back of the Ottawan office building looked beautiful.

The shared field area was half the reason they’d chosen this office park at all. It was surrounded by mid size office buildings of various businesses, some law firms, a dentist’s office, all for people with real jobs. Not like them, who had somehow scammed their way into playing a game for more money than they’d ever be able to spend. And they got to pretend on a beautiful afternoon that they had real jobs too. It almost made Shane look forward to retirement where they’d be able to do this full time. Ilya would have called him boring if he said it out loud.

They walked hand in hand to their respective podiums. The Irina Foundation logo hung from the front of both. There were a few rows of reporters seated in white folding chairs with a handful of cameras set up and pointing at them. The collection of microphones from local news agencies bloomed from their podiums like black bouquets.

“Good afternoon, thank you everyone for coming.” Shane let the normal shifting in seats and settling happen before starting up again. He nervously tapped the notecards in his hands for a second, still not fully confident in speaking about things that weren’t hockey for so long. His

eyes fixated on the cards, not wanting to miss a single word of the perfectly crafted statements his mother had worked on. “My husband and I wanted to welcome you all--”

Splat.

Thick wet something was suddenly covering him. It had gotten into his mouth and cut off his next thoughts. His eyes had at least instinctively closed a split second before the liquid got to him. He hadn’t even been paying enough attention to see the person stand up and throw paint at him until he was already covered in it.

Shane wiped the viscous covering from his eyes as best he could before immediately looking to check on Ilya. His husband was similarly splattered in red paint. At least it was Centaurs colors. How generous of the assailant. He looked stunned, frozen in place and gripping the sides of the podium to steady himself. Ilya had fussed with his hair for a good thirty minutes this morning and now it was ruined.

“Someone get fucking security!” he heard his mother yelling over the insane rambling of the man who’d thrown the paint at them. He was barely getting bits and pieces of the rant from the paint thrower.

He caught something about Jesus and this being a sin against God. There was something about it infecting children. The usual type of insane nonsense he’d seen spewed online since they were outed. The kind of bullshit he’d heard in locker rooms since he was in juniors. All easy to tune out at this point, especially when he had someone else to focus on.

Shane took a step closer to Ilya and reached at his hand.

“You ok?” Ilya nodded, giving a thousand yard stare out in front of him. He could see anger starting to rise and overcome the initial shock.

“Are you?”

“I’m fine.” Which was a lie that they’d talk about at home but not here. Not in public with a dozen or more reporters looking to blow things up.

“Someone needs to shut that fucker up before I do,” Ilya said to him lowly in Russian.

As if on cue, Shane could see a small group of security guards pouring out of the building the Irina Foundation was housed in. They hadn’t bothered with any kind of tight security for the event, because why would they? It was a children’s charity announcement. Not exactly the type of thing that would have this kind of excitement.

The only nice part about these crazies was that they usually wanted to be arrested so they could claim “religious persecution” or some other obvious bullshit. The freak didn’t seem to care as three burly men started to barrel towards him. He’d probably go on screaming about God until the police had him half way down the road in the back of a squad car.

Oh.

Maybe not.

This guy didn't even have the spine to stand his ground apparently. Not too willing to deal with the consequences of his action, the coward fled once he caught sight of security.

No. Fuck this guy.

He's not getting away that easily.

Shane didn't think, he just moved. The guy had about an eight second head start, but that was a very easy gap to close when you were Shane *fucking* Hollander.

His feet hit against the ground like he had a grudge against it. He was in dress shoes and a suit running through dewy grass. The fleeing asshole had the forethought to wear sneakers and by most metrics would have been considered to be in relatively good shape. So he got further than most would. Maybe a whole thirty meters with the head start included.

Shane's hand wrenched back the collar of the man's shirt as he stopped on a dime. He tossed him down to the ground like he was made of cotton candy and styrofoam. The horsecollar move had him flat on his back before he realized who it was that caught him. The herky-jerky motions of the laid out man made Shane worry for a flash of a second that he'd given him a brain injury.

But it wasn't that. No, he was trying to reach for something in his pocket. Shane's brain figured it out faster than he could process it. He stomped on the wrist of the man who was now clutching what looked like mace. There was the distinctive crunch of bone splitting open as Shane brought his foot down again to loosen the mace from the attacker's hand. Once it rolled onto the grass, Shane kneeled down so his left foot remained planted on the man's wrist and his right knee dug into his sternum, pinning him down completely.

It was a miracle his dress pants hadn't split. He was pretty sure that when he got dressed this morning that he'd put on a pair of Calvin Kleins, so at least his underwear would be appropriately branded if they ended up making a surprise guest appearance. It was the little wins mid being hate crimed that made it a nice wholesome time.

Security caught up, finally. The whole ordeal felt like it had dragged for minutes on end but in reality it was over in less than 90 seconds.

"We can handle things from here Mr. Hollander."

"It's Hollander-Rozanov," he practically spat as he stared down the shocked bigot below him.

"Right, apologies."

Two of the guards grabbed the man's hands before Shane stood up, and the third pocketed the mace. After they stood the attacker up, they started walking him to one of the office buildings. Police would likely meet them there. He stared them down until he could feel his heartbeat regulate. It wasn't particularly strenuous activity, but the adrenaline was pumping through him so fast he could hear it thumping against his eardrums.

Shane still had a press conference he was scheduled for. He walked nonchalantly back to his podium; taking his time so he could wipe more of the paint off his face and neck. Sauntering back up to his assigned spot, he tried to ignore the look Ilya was giving him. It was like he was disappointed that Shane had wiped off the paint because he fully intended to lick it off him like a cat.

“Sorry for the brief interruption.” Ever the consummate Canadian. It earned him laughs, none louder than Ilya’s.

“Sorry for the brief interruption,” Ilya said in his best (terrible) Canadian accent. “These are some of the practical life skills Game Changers camps can offer to children and families.”

Shane couldn’t help the smile that broke from his face or the snort that was pulled from deep inside him. Ilya was such an ass. Such a deeply lovable ass.

“That’s not true. We don’t teach fighting, we teach hockey.”

“Was not much of fight, moy lyubimiyy.” Ilya was looking at him like he’d personally hung the stars in the sky. “And we do teach how to win.”

“Ok, let’s get back to the important things.” Fuck, his note cards had paint on them now. Hopefully he could do it from memory. Ilya noticed his shifting and nervous hands.

“It appears Mr. Hollander-Rozanov’s notes have been sabotaged. Is ok, he can share with me.” Ilya sidled up next to Shane, holding his note cards between them so Shane could have the safety net he almost definitely didn’t even need. Their shoulders were touching and that would be a bigger distraction than anything that freak bastard had tried to do to throw them off their groove. “Look, idiot has already brought us closer.”

Shane shook his head and smiled as a ripple of settling laughter washed over the press pool. Leave it to Ilya to smooth things over so quickly.

“As I was saying, my husband and I wanted to welcome you all to the Irina Foundation local headquarters...”

~~~~

@ESPN

There goes that man!   Watch as Ottawa Centaurs Center Shane Hollander-Rozanov (#24) tackles protestor at charity press conference.  
[video attached]

↳ @shanesays24

“Protestor” ok ESPN  I see you STAY on your bs

↳ @ilyaaaasss81

editing this so you don’t see the attack or hear any of the slurs that caused this is  
craaaaaazzyyyyyy

↳ @futureottawag

Attacking the two top MLH players and thinking you can outrun them is peak mediocre white man confidence

↳ @ilyassecretmole

Didn't even name the charity. Smh donate to @IrinaFoundation !!!

@hollzy24rozy

I need someone to tell me that they were filming #81 for that entire run and take down. I need to see his reaction for science.

↳ @rozanderreal

Imagine this but in Russian

[gif attached][gif description: Shane during a Centaurs preseason game openly ogling Ilya, mouth open and in shock as Ilya sails past him with his jersey hiked, showing he is wearing no shirt underneath.]

@mtlmama4ever

Anyone see that hockey guy just absolutely take off like zoom zoom kaboom??? Yanked that man back so hard he thought he time traveled to where he wouldn't get the shit kicked out of him for being a homophobic POS

↳ @fr3ak0utz

"zoom zoom kaboom" 🧠 🧠 🧠

↳ @hollanova

"That hockey guy" 🧠 oh fuck they're gonna breach containment again

@IrinaFoundation

Acceptance for all players should not only be a goal but a reality. The work done here helps raise the next generation of hockey players and fans to know that the actions taken today by the assailant will not have to be endured and will never be celebrated. To support our efforts, donate to the link in our profile.

@rozanderreal

Cannot believe how good I stay eating every single day #ZoomZoomKaboom

↳ @hollanova

We used to pray for times like these #ZoomZoomKaboom

@ScottHunterReal

Hate has no place in sports, charity, or anywhere. The uncalled for attack on @shanehollander and @ilyarozanov81 was disgusting and the most recent example that we still have so far to go.

↳ @ScottHunterReal

That being said, holy shit Hollander #ZoomZoomKaboom

@ilyarozanov81

This is only place he is fast. Trust. #ZoomZoomKaboom

↳ @harris.drover

DELETE THIS

↳ ↳ @ilyarozanov81

I mean he is slow hockey player 😏😏

@MLHmemezone

#ZoomZoomKaBOOM

[video length: 0:24][video description: edit of Shane's chase and takedown of the attacker with the audio overlay of Nelly's *Here Comes the Boom* to sync the word "boom" with the moment Shane pulls back on the attacker repeatedly.]

@hockeywinzz

Congrats to @ilyarozanov81 for being the ultimate winner of that press conference knowing that he gets to take that man home. Gotdamnnnn #ZoomZoomKaboom

@puckedup81

"Violence is never the answer" nah ok, but it was a pretty good way to end some bullshit #ZoomZoomKaboom

↳ @guardiansfuturechamps

Of course a Rozanov stan would post this 😏

↳ ↳ @puckedup81

Yup. My 🐾s only attack people who start it. Sorry they don't go after drunk women instead like yours ☺

@emersoncaplinMLH

JUST IN: multiple sources report Shane Hollander-Rozanov's recent conduct at charity presser under investigation by MLH for off-ice player conduction violations. More to follow.

↳ @ilyaaaasss81

Mr. Crowell I've grown quite unfond of you

@frecklecounter24

Someone who can edit needs to set that chase to the Benny Hill theme song lmaoooo #ZoomZoomKaboom

@severalartrossl8r

The audacity to attack a professional athlete and his husband with no real exit plan is fucking insane

↳ @hollandryera

Being behind a computer all day made a lot of people way too comfortable to say insane things and think they won't get punched in the mouth

↳ @hollandergirl24ever

imagine taking one look at 200+lbs of 100% Canadian Beefcake and thinking “I should hate crime him” like?????? sir??????

@ilyarozanov81

My husband will not be posting about it because he says it is “beneath him”. But I am no longer down low, just lowdown.

@ilyarozanov81

MLH calls us and says we need to apologize to hockey community and set good example for any fans who may have seen the video.

@ilyarozanov81

Sorry :/

@ilyarozanov81

Next time we are hate crimed we promise to sit back and let it happen so it is not a distraction from hockey or from the League

↳ @shanehollander

I make no such promises.

~~~~

Shane's Running Club

Today 1:12PM

Wyatt Hayes changed the group chat name from “Censational Butt Stretches” to “Shane's Running Club”

Wyatt Hayes

Good form Hollzy! When can we get added to the running club?

Troy Barrett

*Can't believe I get to watch other people live my dreams
(Beat up a homophobe and not get traded over it)*

Zane Boodram

Lmao Troy you love us

Troy Barrett

Just because it worked out doesn't mean it's not my dream

Zachary LaPointe

*We're all pissed it happened to you guys but the memes have been insane
*six people emphasized this message**

Wyatt Hayes

Are we doing meme dump here or in the side chat?

Nick Chouinard

Let's do it in the side chat without Hayes so we don't have to see all the superhero edits

Wyatt Hayes disliked this message

5 people loved this message

Wyatt Hayes

You guys all suck

That doesn't actually exist, right? 🙄

Nick Chouinard

No comment

Wyatt Hayes



Nick Young

everyone's seen Zoom Zoom Kaboom right? this is gonna be my entire day. i'm skipping my run and going stationary bike just so i can keep looking at it

Evan Dykstra

What are you all talking about? Some of us have responsibilities

Zane Boodram

Caitlin leave you with a to-do list while she sees her sister?

Evan Dykstra

She comes back tomorrow and I haven't done any of it 😊 it's two pages

Nick Chouinard

Fs in the chat for our soon to be fallen comrade

Luca Haas

@Hayes the only side chat we have without you is with Lisa so we can send her videos of you talking about how much you love her

@Dykstra Shane and Ilya were attacked at their charity presser and Shane took down the attacker.

@Shane and @Ilya are you two ok?

Zane Boodram

Boooooo Luca the Lisa chat is sacred

Troy Barrett

We probably should have asked them if they're ok

Nick Young

haasy, you can't just out the lisa chat

Garret Holmberg

Haasy if you ruined Lisa time, I swear to GOD

Evan Dykstra

Lol Shane you fucked that guy up so fast

Wyatt Hayes

Lisa's so cool and smart. I get that you guys want to talk to her all the time. She's the best person in the whole world.

But without me???? 😞😞

Luca Haas

Has anyone talked to Shane or Cap?

I'm worried about them

Zane Boodram

They'll be ok Haasy, they're probably just busy

Luca Haas

We don't have practice today. Why would they be busy?

Troy Barrett

Oh gross. This is side chat behavior

Nick Young

Lmao get it Cap!

Zachary LaPointe

I don't think Cap's the one getting it after today 😂😂😂

Garret Holmberg

Hollzy's about to be skating with a fucking limp

Nick Chouinard

Again

Today 8:17PM

Me

I have never skated with a limp

Fuck you guys

Ilya Rozanov-Hollander

Morning practice is delayed tomorrow

I pull so many muscles rewarding my hero

Me

Ilya.

Ilya Rozanov-Hollander

Running back upstairs, moy lyubimiyy



Wyatt Hayes
Six and a half hours????



There weren't any showers at the office. Why would there be? It was a corporate charity headquarters. It was basically a wash for if it was closer to home or to the Centaurs rink so they decided to drive home.

Yuna had been kind enough to switch cars with them so they wouldn't risk getting any paint on the interior of Ilya's Maserati. It had been Shane's congratulations gift to him for winning the Conn Smythe last season so he would have hated to see it need a detailing so soon. Ilya joked that the car was already in Centaurs colors so the red wouldn't have been that bad of a color risk, but Shane knew how thankful he was. No matter how careful they were with putting down coverings for the seats, they were bound to have something rub off.

"So..." Ilya said from the passenger seat.

"So." Shane sounded more terse than he wanted to but he was still fucking furious. They'd played it off well with the press, he hoped. But he couldn't stop replaying it all in his head. "I should've broken his fucking jaw."

How the fuck had no one stopped that psycho from spewing his crap while he checked on Ilya? Seriously, no one wanted to do anything but capture it all on camera? Was he the only one who had working legs after the guy took off?

He got why Ilya was firmly cemented into place but seriously? No one else had any fucking backbone?

"That was hot."

"What?"

"Shane." He could feel Ilya's eyes boring into him. The heat in his gaze was warming the entire car without needing to check it. "You cannot possibly be so oblivious."

"Oblivious, hmm?"

"Yes." Ilya's hand started to reach for its usual spot in Shane's lap but he realized at the last second that there was still paint on it from wiping it off his face. It was definitely dried and peeling by now, but they'd promised to be good in his mom's car. Ilya retracted his hand like it touched a hot stove. "It was nice to learn something about you."

"You didn't think I'd be able to catch up to some random guy?"

"No. No, I know you're better than any other man, Shane." Shane didn't know how he did it, but Ilya sounded fucking slutty from how his voice dripped through the syllables. It was rough like how he sounded after edging him for hours with just his mouth. It should have been illegal to sound like that on a Wednesday afternoon while driving home from a work

function. “I get to know how you feel every time I get into fight for you. You only ever fight horse who was on his way to the glue factory. Finally, I get to watch something fun.”

“You’re such an ass.”

“I feel like we have had this conversation. I already made jokes I want to make now. You are infecting me with your boring.” He could feel Ilya’s gaze on him again. Not even needing to turn and take his eyes off the road, he could sense every part of his husband’s body.

“If I’m infecting you, maybe we should maintain some social distancing. I’d hate to fuck up your whole personality.”

“No!” Ilya quickly cut him off. “My personality is too strong. Probably need to stay very close for many hours to hope that you become exciting from being near me.”

“Just near you?” He tried his best to keep a flat affect and straight face, knowing it would drive Ilya up a fucking wall.

“If we weren’t covered in fucking paint and in your mother’s car my mouth would already be on you,” Ilya said. “I should have taken keys because we are getting home way too fucking slow for how turned on I am right now, Shane.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. I’m going to make you say every single thing you want me to do to you until neither of us can even think about leaving bed for practice tomorrow. We might miss next home game. I don’t know. I am making plans.”

Shane picked up the speed. He could afford a ticket on his salary. This was worth it. They were home in a time that even Ilya would have normally been impressed by.

Once he parked, Shane raced to the front door, Ilya shortly behind him. He spun around and grabbed Ilya’s jacket lapels and flipped him against the door, not even bothering to make it inside.

He could hear Ilya input the front door code by the familiar melody of the beeps. As he heard it unlock, he hitched his hands under Ilya’s thighs and held him firmly against his crotch. He carried his husband inside, never breaking contact as he hauled them to the nearest shower. He felt the muscles in his back strain at the weight of Ilya in his arms until he set him on the bathroom sink counter and started to strip him.

“I love you.” Ilya said in the brief pause of the flurry of removing paint stained clothing. “I love that you fight for me too.”

“You’re my husband.” He said it with the finality it meant to him. The weight of the words heavy in his heart. It needed no further explanation or elaboration as to what it meant. He’d do anything for Ilya. “I love you so much.”



@shanehollander

I am not going to defend myself with words if you attack me with something beyond them. If you come at me or my husband you know what to expect. #ZoomZoomKaboom

↳ @rozyfor81times

right right right he's a Rozanov too #ZoomZoomKaboom

↳ ↳ @shanehollander

For several years at this point. No one better forget it again.

this tweet liked by @ilyarozanov81

End Notes

What if I added chapters to this too? Even though I've already committed to a different multi-chapter fic that I've fully plotted. Would that be smart?

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