

You Know I'll Go Apeshit Just to Be Right

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/93459176) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/93459176>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Luca Haas , Wyatt Hayes , Evan Dykstra
Additional Tags:	Domesticity , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Drinking , Heavy Drinking , Vomiting , Autistic Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Mild Hurt/Comfort , Mild Sexual Content , Idiots in Love , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Anxious Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-09-28 Words: 3,450 Chapters: 1/1

You Know I'll Go Apeshit Just to Be Right

by [WeStanDeku](#)

Summary

“You are still on about this?” Ilya laughed. “You will have one beer, get tummy ache and want to go to bed.”

“I will not!” Shane said, more shrill than he intended.

“You want to bet?”

“I thought you weren’t into gambling.”

Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand and pulled it up to his lips, then placed a kiss on his ring finger. “I will bet on you any day.”

Which, fuck, made Shane melt a little bit. Until, “Plus you will lose.”

“Fine.” Shane ripped his hand out of Ilya’s grip. “Bet. Whatever.”

OR: It's Luca Haas' birthday, and Shane wants to prove he's able to let loose sometimes.

Notes

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

“All you do is win, win, win,” Ilya sang into the Centaur’s locker room, beelining to pull Luca Haas into a headlock and give him a noogie. “No matter what!”

He butchered the rhythm of the song. Shane found it incredibly endearing.

“Okay, birthday boy,” Ilya continued after he released Haas from his grip, “You turn twenty-one and suddenly you are scoring all of the goals? He doesn’t need his captain anymore, I understand, all grown up.”

Shane smiled at Ilya’s teasing. All the years he had spent in Montreal, being the person to give a rousing speech to his team, were torture. A tick-box he’d have to check as part of his job as captain. It came so easily to Ilya, he thought, in comparison. He was happy to sit back and watch.

“Just doing my job, cap,” Haas said meekly. He still blushed whenever Ilya gave him praise.

“Yes, and you did so good at your job. As a reward, tonight, you are not buying any drinks for yourself.”

The room cheered and Ilya whipped his head, waving with his hands. *Pipe down.* “Is all your birthdays, huh? I buy you all drinks? No, just Haas, relax!”

Shane laughed to himself and got back to getting out of his gear. A night out at Monk’s after stomping the other team was just what they all needed. He considered even having a beer himself. Maybe.

He was just getting his street shoes on when Ilya sauntered over to him. Ilya’s shirt was still off, and Shane’s gaze caught on the ring that was lying on his bare chest, right next to his heart. “Okay, I will see you later. Won’t be too late. Haas has early bedtime.”

“I’m coming out with you guys.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow. “You do not have to be dedicated driver. I will call a cab.”

“Fuck you.” Shane rolled his eyes. “I’m celebrating with you. The win, and Haasy’s birthday.” He tied off his shoes and stood to meet Ilya’s eyes.

“You do not do this. What about your macrobiotics?”

Shane shrugged. “It’s a special occasion.”

Ilya smiled and pursed his lips, his head tilted, like Shane was an adorable kid trying to showboat. Look how high I can jump, how fast I can skate. Look how I can go out with my team and have a drink.

“I can have fun on a night out, you know. I’m thirty years old.”

“Yes, well, I will believe it when I see it.”

Shane chewed the inside of his cheek. “You will.”

—

Shane was stewing the entire ride to Monk’s. His back was warm against the fancy seatwarmer in one of Ilya’s sports cars. He’d never admit it, but if he had to pick, this one was his favorite, even compared to Ilya’s old extensive collection. The safety rating was the highest, and the features were nice.

But now the toasty leather was making him squirm. He fiddled with the dashboard while Ilya drove, turning the warmers off.

“You okay?” Ilya eyed him. He lay his right hand on Shane’s knee, his left hand still firmly on the wheel. His ring glinted in the setting sun.

“We should have just taken a taxi. You’re gonna have to come pick the car up tomorrow. It’s a waste of time.”

“Mm. Or, you will drive me home. You like driving this one, admit it.”

Shane crossed his arms over his seatbelt. “I like my Land Rover. And I won’t be driving you home, we’ll both be too drunk.”

“You are still on about this?” Ilya laughed. “You will have one beer, get tummy ache and want to go to bed.”

“I will not!” Shane said, more shrill than he intended.

“You want to bet?”

“I thought you weren’t into gambling.”

Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand and pulled it up to his lips, then placed a kiss on his ring finger. “I will bet on you any day.”

Which, fuck, made Shane melt a little bit. Until, “Plus you will lose.”

“Fine.” Shane ripped his hand out of Ilya’s grip. “Bet. Whatever.”

“What do I win when you lose?” Ilya asked, stealing a glance to flit his eyelashes at Shane.

“When I win...you stop commenting on my diet. From now to the end of time. Never another word about macrobiotics, or what I put in my smoothies. Okay?”

“Yes, yes. You will not break your diet in first place to win, so it does not matter. When *I* win...” He tapped his finger on his chin. “I get a U-O-I.”

“You mean an *I owe you*?”

“Yes. I get one favor, to be cashed in at a later time.”

“That’s not fair. I can’t agree to something I don’t know the terms to.”

“Take it or leave it, Hollander.” Ilya dragged out the syllables of his last name. Tantalizing, teasing, a name he only used these days to rile Shane up.

“Fine. You’re on, Rozanov.”

Ilya wasn’t worried about the bet.

His husband was one of the most competitive people he’d ever met in his life. It’s what drew him to him in the first place, how dedicated Shane was to everything he did. The lengths he’d go to to be the best. He loved that no matter what anyone said, he would not bend for their opinion.

But, he supposed, if you were incapable of bending, eventually you’d break instead.

Haas was already at the bar with half of the Centaurs when they walked in. There were balloons that had floated up to the ceiling above them, various cartoon characters like Dora the Explorer and Spiderman. He was wearing a tiny rainbow party hat, its point skewed to the side on his head.

“Happy birthday, Haasy.” Ilya greeted warmly. “You have not gotten party started yet? We need shots for the whole group. How many are here so far, eleven? Eleven shots please!” He yelled to the bartender.

“Um, I think there’s twelve, cap,” Haas said.

“Hm? Oh, no,” Ilya laughed, “Shane does not drink. He is on a diet.” He began dishing out the shots as they came, making sure everyone got a drink but Shane.

Shane seemed unphased as he leaned over the bar counter. He flashed a wide smile at the bartender. “Can I get a double? Whatever’s top shelf. Perfect, thanks.”

Ilya watched, mesmerized, as Shane threw his head back and downed his drink like it was water. His Adam's apple bobbed deliciously as he swallowed, then shook his head like a wet dog at the taste.

“Let’s fucking go, Hollander!” Someone shouted.

It was going to be an interesting night.

Shane couldn’t remember the last time he had actually been drunk.

It must have been years. He was never one for getting too inebriated. He liked control, and alcohol made him loosen the tight grip he had on the reins of his life. But he liked winning even more.

The double shot hit him like a slap to the face. Nothing at first, then all at once. It took him aback, a little bit; to be sitting on a barstool one moment perfectly fine, and the next feel a rush of warmth creep up the back of his neck and wrap around his brain.

He squeezed his eyes shut. He didn't know the fine print of his bet with Ilya. He had said one drink and Shane would want to go home, but he'd had a double, so that counted as two, right?

No. Shane wasn't about to give in that easily. He steadied himself, taking a deep breath in through his nose, and out through his mouth. When he opened his eyes, he felt a little bit better. At the end of the day he was still 200 pounds of muscle, for god's sake. He could handle a few.

"Excuse me?" He held a finger up to grab the bartender's attention. That suddenly felt very silly, and he laughed as he said, "Can I have another? The same one, yes please."

"Moya lyubov, pacing, yes? Is early in the night." Ilya ran a hand through Shane's hair and he shivered at the feeling.

"I'm good, moyaa luubov." He furrowed his eyebrows as he mangled the pronunciation. "I'm gonna book in for more Russian lessons tomorrow. Maybe I should start going twice a week? I don't think it's enough- Oh, yes! Thank you!" Shane grinned at the drink placed in front of him.

"Maybe I take this one. You ordered from top shelf just for me, hm?"

Shane batted away Ilya's hand. "No stealing," he said with a wild smirk, throwing the drink back. He managed to tame the wince that threatened him that time.

Ilya gave him a hard look, but Shane didn't care. He was actually feeling really great. His team was there, his new team, and they were welcoming him with open arms and *partying with him* without making fun of him. The Metros could have never. And it was Haasy's birthday!

"Haasy!" Shane shouted, suddenly remembering the reason they were all gathered. As he stood, his head spun just a little bit, but he was able to steady himself immediately and stride over to the younger man.

Haas leaned over the pool table, about to take his shot when Shane approached. His eyes were laser-focused on the cue ball, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the stick. He pulled back quickly, then launched the ball masterfully into the pocket.

"How many goals are we going for tonight, Haasy?" Shane jeered, wrapping Haas into a backwards hug the same way Ilya had in the locker room. "I didn't know you were so multitalented!"

Haas laughed, shrugging him off. "You wanna play? Our game is pretty much over."

Wyatt Hayes pouted from across the table. "It is not! I still have a chance."

"You're a great goaltender, Hazy, but it looks like you're shit at pool," Shane said and grinned when Hayes looked stunned at the chirp. "I'm just kidding. How do we reset this?"

"Ilya, your man is stealing the birthday boy's thunder," Hayes said. He leaned against the back wall beside Ilya. Ilya had a beer in his hand, not his first drink of choice, but he had slowed his drinking down considerably after watching Shane do four shots in the span of half an hour.

"He is having fun." Ilya shrugged.

“I didn’t know he was into partying like this. I’ve seen him on what, one night out since he joined? Which is fine,” Hayes added quickly when Ilya gave him a look, “Just surprised, is all.”

“He is having fun.” Ilya repeated.

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“Okay, I think it’s clear, Haasy’s unbeatable.” Shane threw his hands up in defeat. He’d lost two games in a row. But with how he kept getting handed drinks from his teammates, them dapping him up as he chugged, he was surprised he was able to shoot at all.

“I just have more practice, that's all,” Haas said sheepishly.

“No, don’t be humble. You got us the winning goal tonight, and all the winning...” Shane stared hard at the green felt of the table, trying to remember the word. “Balls in holes, or whatever.”

Dykstra cackled. “That’s probably the gayest thing I’ve ever heard you say.”

Shane froze, the words running through him like ice in his veins. Then, slowly, his brain caught up to him and reminded him where he was, and who he was with. Dykstra wasn’t a homophobic asshole. It probably was, actually, the gayest thing he’d ever heard Shane say - apart from *I Do*.

“Yeah, well, speaking of,” Shane smiled, “Ilya! Come over here, put some balls in holes with me.”

Ilya appeared beside him so quickly it made Shane jump. “Ne pri nashikh druz'yakh.”

“I don’t know what you’re saying, the translating part of my brain is shut off.”

“Many parts are shut off, I think.” Ilya pressed a kiss to his temple, right in front of all their teammates. He didn’t know if it was from the alcohol, or his love for his husband, but goosebumps ran up his arms.

“Now, what is this about balls in holes?”

“I bet,” Shane slurred, “I bet I could beat you at pool, first try. Haasy’s a lost cause, he’s too good.” He waved his hand dismissively. “But you? I could take you.”

“Moya lyubov. No, I do not think you could even hold the stick right now.” Ilya whispered. Shane was sure it was the alcohol that made him shiver that time, because there shouldn’t have been anything sexy about the word *stick*. And yet.

“And you say I’m the boring one. I’m getting another drink.” As Shane turned to leave, Ilya grabbed him by the back of his collar, easily holding him in place.

“How about we call it a night? I take you home?”

Shane shook his head vehemently. He was having way too much fun, and he loved all his new friends and, as it turned out, he actually loved being drunk. He’d never felt so uninhibited. Every action he took was the first thing that came to mind. Every word he said was the next one in the queue, unfiltered.

“Nooo way. It isn’t even midnight, I’m just getting started,” He gasped suddenly, “When Monk’s closes we should go to a club!”

“Shane, you hate clubbing,” Ilya argued, but Shane ignored him. Dykstra was approaching, another two drinks in hand.

“One for you.” He handed the cocktail to Shane. “And one for you, cap.”

If looks could kill, Shane was sure the look Ilya gave Dykstra would have. Dykstra shrunk, putting his hands up. “He asked for another drink!” Ilya took the other drink from Dykstra, setting it on a nearby table. And, well, if Ilya wanted to be a buzzkill, that was fine. Shane could be the life of the party, too.

“Okay, my husband is too scared I’m gonna beat him. Who wants to play me next?”

As it turned out, Shane was just really bad at pool. Royally, could not come back from the losses he faced, levels of bad.

He couldn’t even blame his state of intoxication. He simply could not get the stick to do what he wanted it to do. It was different in hockey. He could thread the needle when he was going for a goal, perfectly fake out the opposing team and sink the puck into their net, no issue. But the finer finesse that pool required evaded him. He’d scratched the pool table more times than he could count.

“You are going to have to pay for it to be reupholstered,” Ilya said blandly. He sat backwards in a chair while he watched the Hollander vs. Hayes rematch.

“Who taught you the word reupholstered?” Shane jeered.

Ilya raised an eyebrow. The memory of the hotel chair they’d ruined years ago came flooding back. Shane had freaked out, convinced the hotel staff would out him as a weirdo who covered loungers with cum.

“Nevermind,” Shane rasped, “Your go, Hayes.”

“Happy birthday, Haasy. Get home safe.” Ilya patted the younger man on the back.

“You too, cap. See you both later!” Haas had his balloons in his hands as he walked to his cab, which gave Ilya crazy levels of cute aggression. He couldn’t wait to get home and snuggle Anya.

But first, he had to deal with Shane. The love of his life, the man who he would go to war for, the reason his heart beat.

The man who was also, currently, throwing up in a bush.

“Yebat’, Shane,” Ilya groaned. He rushed over to his husband, then dropped to his knees to rub his back as he emptied his stomach. “Get it out. Good, you are doing so well.”

When it was over, Shane coughed, hacking up the last of the phlegm that was stuck in his throat. “I hate being sick.”

Ilya hummed. “Yes, I know. Come on, can you stand?”

“I think so.” Shane stumbled to his feet. Ilya felt Shane’s fingers dig into his bicep as he steadied himself on him.

“Let’s get you home, dorogoy.”

“Hey, I know that one! Sweetheart. My translation brain must be turning back on.”

Ilya maneuvered him into the passenger's seat. "No, you've heard it enough times while I have been fucking you to remember it."

"Oh, maybe." Shane scrunched his nose. "Wait, why am I in your car? You can't drive us home."

Ilya rolled his eyes at him. "I can drive us home."

"But we're both super drunk."

"Shane, *you* are super drunk. I have had one shot and half a beer in the last four hours. I can drive."

Shane blinked, but all energy for argument seemed to have left his body along with his food. "Oh. Okay." Shane conceded. "But I won the bet, right?"

Ilya placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. "You won."

"Winning was not worth it," Shane moaned. He was attached to their toilet seat at home. Ilya had brought him a towel to sit on, the gem of a man he was, so the bare skin of his legs didn't have to touch the tile. Being down there was enough to make him sick, even without the alcohol.

"Oh, dorogoy," Ilya soothed from his perch on the bathtub's rim. The early morning rays were filtering in from the window behind him, making it look like he had a halo. He might have been an actual angel, Shane thought. "You played pool so well. Beat all our teammates."

"Did I actually?"

Ilya scoffed. “No, you were shit.”

“You’re such an asshole.”

“Yes, well, I am not the one who kept feeding you drinks. That was you, and our teammates. I am going to kill them all, by the way.”

Shane shook his head, then immediately stopped. It made the room spin. “It’s not their fault. I wanted to keep drinking.”

Ilya slid down from his seat, settling in next to Shane on the floor. His back leaned into the wooden cabinetry. Usually Shane liked the smell of the untreated pine, but right now, it made his stomach do unhappy flips. He pressed his nails into the porcelain of the toilet, trying to stabilize himself.

“Why did you drink so much?” Ilya asked gently.

“Ugh. I don’t know,” Shane said, “I guess, at first, I wanted to win the bet. And it wasn’t so bad, drinking the top shelf liquor. I mean, it was, but I figure if any alcohol is going to be the least bad for my diet, it’ll be the good stuff that’s clarified naturally, right? Like, organic and all.”

Shane could tell Ilya was biting his tongue so as to not comment on his food preferences. He had won the bet, after all.

He continued, “But then, when I started to feel...loose, it was nice. I didn’t have to think so hard about smiling at the right times, or saying the right thing, or making eye contact. I could just do it, and everyone liked it. They liked me, without me trying.”

Ilya gave him a sad look. “You do not have to change yourself to be liked. I like you how you are. Boring.” He tucked Shane’s hair behind his ear. “And perfect. Moy ideal'nyy muzh.”

“My perfect husband.” Shane translated.

“Your translation brain is back. That is good, I thought you lost it all.”

“Never.” Shane smiled.

“Also, I would also like to cash in on my U-O-I.”

Shane groaned, again, feeling small and feeble. “It’s an I owe you. And I’m sorry, but I can’t imagine going anywhere near your dick right now.” He hiccuped. “You wouldn’t want me to.”

“No, no.” Ilya shook his head then stood, grabbing something Shane couldn’t see off the counter. “My favor is that you drink this. Not all at once, you can sip it.”

Shane took the glass that Ilya was holding and gave it a swirl. The liquid inside was cloudy, like sea water. “What is it?”

“Electrolyte mix. Will help with the vitamins that you lost with the...” Ilya’s hands gestured to the toilet. “Will help.”

An electrolyte drink. Shane didn’t even know they had those in the house. He didn’t drink them, they had too many additives. Why did anyone think an electrolyte mix needed food coloring?

But this one had no coloring. It was just a swirling cloud of salt and vitamins. Ilya must have chosen the least offensive option.

“I love you,” Shane said in place of a thank you.

“I love you too, moy nosovoy platok.”

“My...handkerchief?”

“Da.”

“You are so weird.”

End Notes

Fic is loosely inspired by and gets its title from Jett Blyton's "Apeshit", he makes bops check him out!

Google translate was load bearing in the structure of this fic, if any Russian is wrong feel free to let me know + sorry!

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