No stupid questions

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by spnispain

Summary

After a grueling game against Montreal, Ilya has to talk to the press, instead of kissing his beautiful husband. A tragedy, if you ask him.

Notes

I too got consumed by this fucking series despite trying very hard no to. I will soon apload an actual emotional fic, one I did not write in the office while talking to lawyers, but for now you get this so yeah

English still isn't my first language so lmk if I made any mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya hated doing post-game press interviews.

He knew it was an integral part of being a captain, the same as hyping the team pre-game, or breaking up stupid fights on the ice. But that doesn't mean he has to like it.

He was so fucking tired.

They had won 4-2 against Montreal, and the game was long and tiring even without accounting for the fact that seeing his husband's ex-teammates on the ice made Ilya burn on the inside, filling his blood with fury and clouding his judgment.

It had been a long and physical game. Ilya wasn't known for his self-control and was used to getting into fights on the ice, but whenever they played against Montreal, he lost it even faster. Hollander's ex-team arrived full of their own grievances, making the whole game chaotic.

Ilya spent almost half the game in the penalty box. Though he had no regrets, he recognized that his actions made it much harder for his own team to win.

But they won, and that's the important part.

Now all Ilya has to do is suffer through 15 minutes of reporters asking stupid, irrelevant questions, and then he gets to go home and fall asleep on his beautiful husband.

Sighing, he had made his way to the press room, nodding in acknowledgment to Troy and Harris, who stood in the left corner, and shooting a small smile at his husband as he caught his eye in the back of the room, talking to Zehavi, a new rookie who made his debut last week.

God, he loves that man.

Taking his seat, he cleared his throat, pointing to a random reporter in the third row.

"Jale Cohen, The Independent," the reporter said as she stood. "You were seen arguing with the referee in the second period after Troy Barrett was sent to five minutes in the penalty box. Would you like to comment?"

Ilya was searching for a polite way of saying *'Do you fucking need glasses'*, and after he couldn't find any, leaned into the microphone.

"It was not 'penalty'."

"Are you claiming that there wasn't any foul move?"

"Yes," Ilya suppressed the urge to roll his eyes. "Was not a foul. Pike was holding the puck three seconds before."

"Thank you, Mr. Rozannov".

Ilya nodded before pointing to a reporter in the back of the room.

“James Kelly, Channel Five,” He introduced himself as he stood. “Mr. Rozanov, you have been sent to the penalty box five separate times in this game alone. Do you think it affected the game, and would you have changed the way you were playing retrospectively?”

The fuck is retrospectively?

“The team played well today. I am very proud. We all make mistakes, after every game we watch and we learn how to fix them. I am the same way,” He turned his gaze to a tall man sitting in the front row who looked keen to be called on. “Yes?”

“Peter Higgins, the Analyst,” He cleared his throat as he stood. “I think we can all agree that this game has been remarkably more violent than any other game Ottawa played this season. What would you say to people who wonder if the reason for that is Montreal being your husband's former team?”

Usually, hearing Shane being referred to as his husband forces a giddy grin onto Ilya’s face, but today wasn’t usual.

He forced himself not to look at Shane, not to give that satisfaction to the press, and answered. “Every game is emotional. It's sport, we care about every game.”

“This is what you’d say to those people?”

“I’d say they should mind their businesses, yes?” Ilya replied, ignoring the disapproving glare he received from Harris. “We played this game like any game. We always play strong and hard, and we play to win.”

He was so sick of this bullshit. He just wanted to take a shower and cuddle with his sexy husband in bed. Was that too much to ask?

“That’s interesting,” Peter noted with a curious look. “Because I have sources that claim Mr. Holland's departure from Montreal was anything but pleasant, and that there had been suspicions against him for throwing away games. So you say that doesn’t change the way you play? Do you think that having to play against a player who used to be one of their own and turned out to sell them out didn’t change the way the game went?”

*Oh, **fuck** that guy.*

Saying Montreal suspected Shane of throwing games away is one thing. Anyone with half a brain cell would know it’s not true. Stating it as if it were a fact, ignoring the years Shane spent carrying that team on his shoulders? Fuck no.

Ilya couldn’t help but look toward his Husband, and upon seeing the way he stared ahead and locked his jaw, as if stopping himself from crying, He had to suppress the urge to jump over the table and hit Peter Higgins in the face.

He forced himself to take a deep breath before answering the reporter’s idiotic question. His voice still came out harsh and angry, but he had managed to refrain from hitting the guy with

his stick, which Ilya considered a win at the moment.

“Don’t confuse conspiracy theories with reality, da? Hollander carried that team on his back from 17 years old. If they want to go cry when he can’t do the job of entire team, it’s on them and not anyone else.”

“Liste-”

“No,” Ilya cut the man off. He wasn’t able to listen to his bullshit any longer. “Montreal is a shit team. They think having one good player means they should win everything and then blame everybody when they lose. Hollander- Shane, wouldn’t lose on purpose to his save life, yes? He is competitive, doesn’t like to lose. He is angry when he loses in cards, saying he would lose a game by purpose is stupid.”

“A-”

Ilya raised his hand to stop him. “I’m not done. They did play differently. They were physical when there was no need; they made a lot of fouls. Was not clean game on either side. They think we owe them something because they can’t understand that sometimes in sport you just lose. They fucked around and found out, and I hope to play against Montreal very soon to show them again what it’s like when team trusts each other.”

Ilya glanced to the side, and his heart grew at the sight of Shane attempting to hide a laugh in the guise of coughing. Harris looked like he couldn’t decide between wanting to smack Ilya or kiss him, Troy had a grin plastered on his face, and Bood hadn’t even attempted to hide his smirk.

“We are done, good? Don’t ask stupid question next time.” He could see his coach looking at the ceiling as if asking God himself for strength, and knew he was gonna get an earful from the PR department tomorrow morning.

But as he reached for his husband’s hand and walked out of the press room side by side with him, he could only think *worth it.*

End Notes

I don't know a lot about hocky because I'm a football girl (soccer, if you are american and annoying) so i can't say anything I wrote is correct since it's probably not.

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