

I'm Sorry if I Hurt You

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I'm Sorry if I Hurt You

by [mannaray](#)

Summary

The Raiders have known about Ilya's Montreal girl Jane for years. After a rival game in Boston, they plot to find out who Jane is via stakeout. The only problem? The run straight into the Voyageurs.

The Voyageurs have known about Shane's Boston girl Lily for years. After a rival game in Boston, they plot to find out who Lily is via stakeout. The only problem? The run straight into the Raiders.

Notes

I had this idea and originally it was going to be a he-he ha-ha hijinks kind of story and then I started fleshing it out and made it very much not he-he ha-ha for the most part and then I kept writing and was like wait I can add silly at the end!

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

Pike's Phone

Montreal Moves 🏒🔥

Comeau

So we're really doing this?

Drapeau

we have to man 😈

boston girl's a mystery for yearsss

I feel like this is a bad idea 😬 you guys know how shane is about privacy.

Boiziau

It does...but think how we will finally know

Berkes

Its okay he can kill us after we know.

fine but if this goes south im totally blaming you guys

Marlow's Phone

Boston Boyz 💛💜

Everyone remember the plan?

Carmichael

yessir 😊

can't believe we never realized before montreal girl hangs around for Boston games

Hammersmith

we're not beating the hockey stereotype

AT ALL

Hammersmith

I wanna know so bad why he's been hiding her

St-Simon

fifty \$\$ our boy rozy fell for a butterface

Connors

DUDE 🦴

my moneys on a married lady.

you guys are all wrong. I know our boy wouldn't settle for anything less than the best 💪💯

Hammersmith

well we find out tonight

By the third period, both Boston and Montreal were swishing around each other in hues of black and blue as the clock ticked down. It was rushed and messy, like neither team could wait to get off the rink. By the time the buzzer sounded, the crowd was less than cheerful with the asinine 2-1 score. Montreal had pulled ahead with a single assist from Boiziau.

Usually the boys in Boston would be ready to cave and throw money in a club to cover their loss, but tonight they had better. They had the plan.

"Rozanov," Marlow drawled. "You coming out with us?"

He watched his captain shrug him off and slip his phone out, already grinning. "Have better things planned."

The guys pretended to be bummed by this, shaking their heads and booing him. Despite how tough he appeared, Rozanov was like a little rabbit and easy to startle-though if he ever found out Marlow thought of him as a rabbit he may just kill him.

It didn't take long for Rozanov to shower and saunter out the locker rooms, dressed and prepped for a night with his girl. Probably more than any of them would ever put effort into looking for a girl.

Once he was off, the gang of them quickly packed their bags and slung them over their shoulders, ready to hurry off and meet Rozanov's girl. His routine of bringing her home made it easy enough to time it to about when they might catch her dropping by.

After their captain headed out, Pike, along with his idiotic teammates, crammed into one of the cars together and tailed Shane.

"What are we saying if we're caught?" Boiziau asked.

He turned to look at his teammate. He and Boiziau were the closest with Shane and he honestly didn't know if it was going to land softer or harder on them if they were caught.

"We don't get caught." He shrugged. Focusing on tailing Shane with enough distance to not raise suspicion.

Drapeau scoffed. "We are if grandma keeps driving. Dude keep up!"

He rolled his eyes. Drapeau did not know the art of tailgating someone. You have to leave at least one car link between, keep a casual speed even when rounding corners.

They kept on the dim lit road another fifteen minutes before Shane was parking his car along a street. Most of the houses were on the larger scale, sleek, slender buildings framed by meticulously planned pathways of greenery. Pike sat the car just at the end of the street before, shutting the headlights off.

Shane hopped out from the car with his hood thrown over his face as he hastily glanced left to right before walking back up the street and turning straight towards the packed car.

"Shit he's coming this way. Get down!" Comeau nearly shouted while pulling Drapeau and Bereks down to the backseat floor. Pike and Boiziau slipped down under the dashboard, just barely keeping the side mirror in view as Shane passed them unaware.

Once it was clear they slipped out the car and watched the driveway while ducking as Shane walked up. He kept turning side to side, glancing around like he was doing anything more than meeting up with the girl he was totally in love with.

The door cracked open barely as Shane slipped through, and Lily maintained her obscurity in the poor lighting.

"Fuck. We gotta get closer." Drapeau muttered.

Pike whipped his head at his teammate. "Dude we're gonna get caught."

"Look. We just take a peek in a window. Just a peek." Drapeau was looking at him with wide, begging eyes.

Pike rolled his eyes with a huff. "Fine. One shot." He held a finger up and paused. "But just once. We are not going to stalk around this woman's house and maybe ruin things for Shane."

The guys silently nodded in agreement, slowly creeping up into the long and narrow driveway. They were almost to a nearby window when hands came smacking down around their necks.

"What the *hell* are you dipshits doing here?" And if it wasn't Cliff fucking Marlow. Just who Pike *didn't* want to see.

"Us? You mean yourselves? We're here on business." Pike jabbed at the hand around him and turned to face Marlow. "And be quiet!"

Marlow and the other Raiders released their grips and squinted at them.

"What business do you have at Rozanov's place?" Hammersmith snarled at the same time Boiziau asked "Why are you guys tailing Hollander?"

When glass cracks, it can happen slowly. A slow moving line spitting the pane until it shatters. This was not slow moving. It was a boulder slamming against a thin windshield, sending the glass into tiny shards while you crush beneath the boulder's weight.

"Rozanov's here?"

"Hollander's here?"

An ugly silence settled over the two teams. Their minds reeled as possibilities ran through their heads. Of what mistakes the other made to end up here or if Hollander and Rozanov were playing a years long prank on them. Within seconds they came to and rushed up to the doorstep, pushing and shoving the other aside. Jeering at each other as they each tried to get a chance and knock against the large door frame.

Ilya had just pushed Shane into the bedroom and onto the bed when a heavy knock sounded at the door.

Shane glanced up at him questioningly.

"Stay. I'll see who is here."

He patted Shane's cheek teasingly and got a drawled out whine in response.

"Leave 'em. I've missed you too much." Shane grabbed at his waist again, trailing kisses along his chest.

He sunk into the warmth of his lover, relishing in feeling him so closely again. It used to be easier to go months in between, but now a short month apart was torturous.

Pressing Shane back into the bed, he crawled up over top him. A hand carded through his hair as he leaned down to kiss along his jaw and neck. Lingering just long enough to savor it without leaving behind marks.

"I missed you too, моя любовь." A kiss over his chest, then another at his stomach, then hips, then-

Another knock came hard and sharp through the walls. Ilya sighed and dropped his forehead against Shane's lightly. "Fuck. I am going to kill whoever is knocking so late."

Shane looked up with those wide brown eyes he loved so dearly and smiled. "Go give them a stern fuck off."

Ilya laughed as he rolled off the bed and stumbled out the bedroom and down the hall.

Another knock started to pound against the wood and he had a loud curse hanging on his tongue as he swung open to greet whatever asshole was demanding his presence.

When Ilya opened the door he expected a few different scenarios-a neighbor, or one of his teammates, even Svetlana-he did not expect to see the first line of both the Raiders and the Voyageurs outside his door arguing.

"What the fuck is this?" He waved at their antics, hoping he played off as irritated. Because he worried how fast a heart had to race before it ripped through your chest like a spring lock.

The squabble simmered into an eerie silence as heads turned to look at him.

"Let us in." Comeau of all people blurted out.

He scoffed and tried to close the door a little more. "Why would I let my enemy into my home? Is stupid."

Ilya prayed up to the moon and stars hanging above that both teams left. He only got Shane in these short, blissful moments and it would not be ruined by their moronic teammates.

Marlow stepped forward and pat his shoulder. "Rozy, let us in." His eyes bore into him, not asking but commanding.

He almost wanted to agree so they would leave faster, but Shane's ridiculous Reebok sneakers were sat just behind the door. His shirt was strewn across the floor somewhere between the living room and the bedroom. And Ilya knew his curls were already sticking up

and displaced from Shane running his fingers through it. The evidence would be obvious if they came in.

"No. Goodbye to all of you." He bolted in and tried to slam the door shut, but Marlow and fucking Comeau worked together like a goddamn bulldozer and pushed against it. Ilya stumbled back as they stumbled in through the doorway and fell overtop each other into a pile. He would maybe laugh if he could breath-or speak. Instead there was an old and familiar lump forming, taking him hostage as he stood frozen. There wasn't a ridiculous chirp to fly out of his mouth.

Instead he pleaded. "Don't. Leave now, please." It burned through his body like a shock wave as he begged. It was like he was twelve again, begging his father to remember his mother, to not be so harsh. It was stupid and childish how tears prickled at his eyes. Because he was scared, yes, but not so much because they would find a man in his bed. No, he feared for which man they would find just behind the bedroom door. How everything would crumble and he would lose the light of his life. Shane was not ready, they could not know.

"Чёртовы идиоты! Get up, go!" The venom dripped off his tongue as he shouted. He needed them gone. He needed Shane.

Pike was the first of the idiots to listen. He looked over Ilya's face with something akin to pity.

"Rozy..." Marlow said.

His palms came up to press against his eyes and hide the tears he couldn't hold.

"What is problem? Are you all stupid?" His voice wavered on each word, spitting them out like they were ripped from his throat.

A heavy silence hung in the air as they stood in a strange huddle and watched him lose his cool. None of them, not even Marlow had seen him sink this far down. No one but Shane.

A turn of a door handle clicked in the stiff air as feet shuffled down the hall.

"Ilya?" Shane called out.

The air deflated from him and his legs gave out. They would know now. They would all know and Shane would leave and he would have no one again. He wanted to beg Shane to hide, to not move another inch but his throat remained closed and tight. All that would come out were soft, dry sobs.

Shane turned the corner and paled as a dozen faces looked over to him. Mixed expressions of shock and confusion washed over them as Shane's mind forgot how to connect to his mouth. His and Ilya's teammates standing like children waiting for a command.

"I-I, uh-I'm-"

"Hollander?" A cold chill ran down his back as he caught the eye of Drapeau staring back at him. His gaze flickered back to Ilya on the floor curled and back again to their teammates as

his eyes welled.

"We-um." Shane looked to the team again without a reasoning to explain themselves. Ilya's hushed shakes were the only thing grounding him in the moment.

They were already fucked.

He dropped to the floor and wrapped an arm around Ilya tenderly. "Hey, hey."

Shane tried to make his voice steady, tried to sound assured because Ilya has been that rock for him so many times. If he could face his parents he could face the team.

"Come on, Ilya, please." There was an unmistakable and deep tenderness in his voice. The biggest tell-tale sign of their relationship. More than them caught half naked together and flustered. It was the softness you reserved for love.

Both teams remain quiet as they watched their captains move in a way never shown to them. More delicate and pastel than they ever let show. It was jarring yet mesmerizing-the way that a deer caught sight of glowing yellow eyes on a dark road and was drawn to stand and stare as it waited for the collision.

Ilya slowly unfurled himself and looked into Shane's eyes with faint desperation. "Шейн, моя любовь."

His hand reached to Shane's jaw and cupped it, held its weight and let it sink against him. "Ты не убежал."

A silent tear fell from him as a weak smile broke free. "Of course not." The strangled laugh, harsh and garbled, came as a melody to his ears.

"So..." Comeau said quietly. "Lily?"

Ilya could feel his tongue going numb, looking to Shane as if there was any way of saving this-of keeping this privacy just a little longer. But they didn't have more time. They hadn't been able to keep this intimacy private for a long time and had been running the risk of shattering it.

"Yeah, we're, uh, he's Lily." Shane stuttered out. His gaze didn't leave Ilya as he confessed.

So he didn't look to his team as he did. "He's Jane."

They let their gaze linger for a moment on each other-a final breath before they looked upon their jury. The guys were each speechless in their own way. Some held quizzical expressions like they were working through the mechanics of how this ended up-how they fucked. And some were still puzzled on the illusion of a mystery woman being torn away from them. And the rest were betrayed, clear as day.

Ilya nor Shane said a word, waiting for the shoe to drop. A stale cough from Berkes carried over the dead air.

Then Marlow grinned at them and elbowed St-Simon. "You're out fifty. Hollander's not a butterface."

An uneasy laughter broke out between them all.

"Fuck you, you weren't right either!" St-Simon groaned.

"You guys bet on them?" Pike asked.

Carmichael stifled a laugh. "You guys didn't have any wagers? Also, Si, Marlow wins."

"What, how?"

Comeau bit back a laugh. "I don't think any of our ideas would have won bets. I thought Holly was banging a married lady."

Connors gave him an agreeing nod.

Marlow raised a hand and slapped it over his chest. "Nothing less than the best. Course he picked Hollander."

"Fucking, that doesn't count!" St-Simon flopped over on the entryway footstool like he had been shot.

The tension started to drift slowly as the guys threw jokes around. Egging each other on as if it was just locker room talk. Just gossip. But Boiziau remained silent, staring only at Shane and Ilya. "You lied to us. For *years*, Shane. And with *him*?"

A deep sigh let out. "It just happened." He refused to meet Boiziau's eyes.

Hammersmith nodded along. "Yeah, I mean, look, this is a lot." He turned to give the guys a once over. "It is weird. The two of you."

Ilya's head whipped up. "Проблема в том, что мужчины занимаются сексом? Sorry I must say in English I know you are slow." Shane squeezed at his wrist but he ignored it. "You have a problem with men fucking? Me loving Shane?"

He let his stare burn through Hammersmith's thick skull and followed the gulp that trailed down his throat. "Do you all have fucking problem?" His voice raised.

It cracked in the room like lightening, hammering down in a thunderous roar, beckoning any one of them to bravely wear their disgust.

"It's not. I don't know, it's weird. I don't know you *like this*." Hammersmith vaguely waved his hands around, trying to grasp at any other way to describe Ilya.

Ilya was surprised when he heard Pike scoff. "Not like the asshole's all that different."

Pike is a good friend to Shane-not that he would ever tell him, but in this moment he could maybe see why Shane would align himself with boring baby maker.

"And Shane, dude, I don't give a crap if you're gay. I am judging your taste in men, however." Pike pointedly looked to Ilya. He takes back the positive remark he held of Pike. He sucked.

Boiziau rolled his eyes. "He lied. Didn't trust us at all, but he trusts Rozanov to sleep with him?"

Shane's fists curled and loosened before he finally looked at Boiziau and stood. "Trust? Fuck, JJ, it wasn't about trust. I was terrified-still terrified. You don't get to sit there and act like it's the biggest betrayal. Not when you all barged in here anyway like you deserved an answer." His arm swung over to point at the rest of them. "You all want to sit here, shocked for something you went looking for. You all get privacy when you date and fuck, but we don't. It's a spectacle *every damn time*. So yeah, I lied."

"Shit." Drapeau muttered.

Boiziau sighed. "It still stings."

"So does this. Doing this-forever. It's a continuous announcement." Wet streaks ran raw against Shane's face. "But yours fades. Ours doesn't. Ours has consequences."

Comeau nudged Boiziau and gave a subtle nod.

"I know. I'm upset, I don't get it, but I'm sorry."

"Thanks."

It was sort of awkward now as silence drifted in again. Words had been hurled and tears were shed and now they were hanging in the aftermath of it all. In a way it was scary to move, to break this fragile space in time they carved out. Where they had spilled their guts blindly and settled in the mess of it. A peaceful wreckage none of them wanted to leave. Because once they did things shifted, for better or worse, and nobody was quite prepared for that yet.

Ilya stood silently and let his arm fall into place around Shane. Waiting for the ice to break.

And then, slowly, the air started to filter back in and shoulders rolled back. An easiness flattened the rigid movements of them all.

"Dude." Comeau snapped his fingers. "Shane-Jane, Ilya-Lily."

Drapeau and Carmichael both whacked him over the head. "No shit, dumbass."

Shane looked to Ilya and bit back a grin. They were more free now, lighter in a way despite the emotional turmoil still reeling through their minds.

"Your team are idiots." Ilya said.

Shane pinched at his hip. "Yours too."

Montreal v Boston 🏒

Rozanov

We kick your ass today 🐱👊

Hollander

Says the one who's ass is getting kicked

Carmichael

tell em rozy

Marlow

rozy control your man

Shane is not the one who needs restrained...

Comeau

Yeah rozanov is the menace 6 👍 4!! 1 🤡

Rozanov

моя любовь tell them to stop

I will do thing you wanted to try

8 👍 3 🧑 5 🤔

WHAT DID WE SAY ROZANOV

Rozanov

I did not say anything dirty

IT WAS IMPLIED

Rozanov

obviously I was talking about new restaurant. dirty mind pike.

Hollander

guys don't gang up on him

Boiziau

hollzy... Hollander

you would too if you knew

Drapeau

WE DON'T WANT TO KNOW

Hammersmith

this is worse than not knowing who Jane was

Connors

curiosity killed the cat 🐱

Rozanov

but satisfaction brought it back 😊

I am anything but satisfied

Hollander

I am not to blame for his next text

Rozanov is typing

End Notes

Yes they have a group chat now. Yes they made rules for Ilya.

Thank you sm for reading!

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