

Mama's Boy

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Mama's Boy

by [mssarahx](#)

Summary

Montreal's new starting centre fires shots at Yuna online.
The centaurs respond.

@DomMav_Montreal:

Crazy how some people talk like they're part of the game when they're just watching from the stands. Maybe focus less on tweeting and more on cheering your boy through another invisible night.

@DomMav_Montreal:

Ottawa media hype is hilarious. One decent winger and suddenly his whole family thinks they're untouchable.

@DomMav_Montreal:

Shane Hollander plays like he's scared to disappoint mommy. Hockey's a man's game, not daycare. #mamasboy

@DomMav_Montreal:

Tell your son to keep his head up tonight, Yuna. This league eats soft players alive.

@DomMav_Montreal:

Some guys bring skill. Some bring grit. Some bring their mom to fight their battles online. Guess which one Shane is. #mamasboy

@DomMav_Montreal:

Hope Ottawa enjoys defending feelings instead of the neutral zone tonight.

Northern Ice Sports – Live Broadcast

Ottawa Centaurs vs. Montreal Voyageurs

Play-by-Play: Jack Mercer

Color: Paul Levesque

Mercer:

Five minutes left, tied at two, and nobody on either bench is pretending this is just hockey anymore.

Levesque:

Jack, this stopped being about points in the standings the moment Maver opened his mouth about Hollander's family. Every shift since has been payback.

Mercer:

Hollander carries through the neutral zone—hooked by Comaeu, no call—he keeps his feet, dumps it deep, and Maver *drives him face-first into the boards* after the puck's gone!

Levesque:

That's predatory. That's intent.

Mercer:

Rosanov is on Maver in a heartbeat—shoves him down—refs screaming for space, but nobody's listening!

Levesque:

Rosanov's not even arguing. He's staring. He's remembering.

Mercer:

Play resumes—Young wins the draw—shot from the point—rebound—**ROSANOV SCORES!**

Levesque:

That's a pressure release. That's rage finding the net.

Mercer:

Montreal pulls Stedlund—six attackers—Maver over the line—he fires—Hayes blocks it—covers—

WHISTLE

—and Maver slashes Hayes *after* the save!

Levesque:

Oh no. You do *not* touch the goalie.

Mercer:

Haas jumps Maver—gloves off—Drapeau piles in—now Hollander is there—this is detonating!

Mercer (voice rising):

Everybody is in! Every skater! The benches have emptied!

Levesque:

This is not posturing, Jack—this is hatred boiling over.

Mercer:

Rosanov and Maver square up at center ice—Rosanov throws first—Maver answers—both men trading bombs!

Levesque:

Look at Hollander—he's *not* looking for anyone else—he's hunting Comaeu! He drags him down, right hand after right hand!

Mercer:

Chouinard has Stedlund pinned against the boards—Dillan wrestling Drapeau to the ice—sticks discarded, helmets gone—

Levesque:

Hayes is across the red line! The goalie is *throwing punches*! He's grabbed Maver from behind!

Mercer:

Maver's down! Rosanov standing over him, officials finally pulling him away!

Levesque:

That's restraint, Jack. Five seconds earlier and this is worse.

Mercer:

Boodram and Young double-team Stedlund—Voyageurs players slipping on the ice, bodies everywhere—

Levesque:

This is old-school chaos. No instigator. No heroics. Just anger.

Mercer:

Linesmen exhausted, refs waving their arms—crowd on its feet, half cheering, half stunned—

Levesque:

This is what happens when you make it personal and think skill alone will protect you.

Mercer:

Players finally separated—penalty sheets are going to be novels tonight—but the clock

has expired during the stoppage.

Levesque:

And look at Hollander and Rosanov on the bench now—sitting shoulder to shoulder. Bruised. Bleeding. Calm.

Mercer:

Final score: **Ottawa Centaurs 3, Montreal Voyageurs 2.**

Levesque:

The Centaurs didn't just win a game. They drew a line—and Montreal crossed it.

Mercer:

This rivalry just got a new chapter, written in knuckles and ice. Good night from Ottawa.

****Centaurs Locker Room – Postgame****

The door slams, as the team filter in, the previously silent room now filled with heavy breathing and the shuffling of sore limbs.

Steam hangs in the air, curling up from damp gear and skin that's already starting to bruise. Nobody speaks, an unspoken agreement to just let everyone be, to collect themselves.

Shane sits on the bench, elbows on knees, breathing slow and deliberate. There's a cut under his eye, already swelling. His hands are trembling, he can't decide if it's from anger or adrenaline or a skewed mix of both.

Ilya stands in front of him, still in half his gear, knuckles split and red, but the Russian is purposefully ignoring the blood dripping onto the floor in favour of checking on his Husband.

"You okay?" he asks.

Shane looks up, their eyes meeting and he feels himself settle, letting out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Yeah."

That's all it takes and Ilya exhales like he's been holding his breath since warmups. He reaches out, presses his forehead briefly to Shane's helmet. Shane understands everything he's trying not to say; *I love you, thank god you're ok, thank you for being there.*

Hayes drops onto the bench hard, goalie pads thudding, he's grinning whilst holding an ice pack to his left eye. "I don't care what the league says," he mutters. "Worth it."

That gets a couple of dry laughs and the room seems to lighten slowly. Murmurs start to fill the corners of the room, whimpers and groans echo out as people remove their jerseys, some torn, some stained with other's blood.

Boodram peels off his jersey and hisses, purple already blooming along his ribs.

"He went after you again," he says to Shane.

Shane nods. "Yeah."

The muted tones continue as the team undress. Shane stays sat in his stall, Ilya beside him, and thinks back to the ice. Maver had made it known that he would be coming after Shane tonight and Shane originally had resigned himself to a rough game with the brutal chirps, promising himself he'd rise above it and let the scoreboard do the talking.

He'd told the team as such during the pre-game practice and had been shocked when the team declared as a whole "Like fuck we will!". The Centaurs were a family - a big, rowdy family with definite boundary issues - and if you came after one, you came after them all. They had decided, they wouldn't start the fights, but if Montreal wanted one, they would get it.

Chouinard slams his gloves into his stall.

"Guy runs his mouth like that, thinks skill makes him untouchable," he says. "Doesn't work that way."

"No," Young says quietly from the far end. "Not here."

Dillan is staring at the floor, replaying something only he can see. Finally he looks up and addresses the room.

"Maver with that fucking slash man" he looks towards Hayes, who simply lifts a shoulder in response, "I couldn't help it, I just snapped" he says.

The room murmurs their agreement and pockets of conversation break out over the stalls. Shane stands stiffly and begins to remove his gear, wincing as the movement jolts his shoulder. Ilya is there in a second, placing a calming hand over his sore joint, fingertips massaging the already bruised skin. Shane hisses in both pain and relief as the ache starts to lessen. He looks towards Ilya, and is shocked to see just how soft his face has become. Shane places his hand over Ilya's rubbing his thumb across the split knuckles and squeezes gently. It's all the reassurance he needs and he begins to remove his own clothes.

The team slowly file into the showers, and its still for a few moments before;

"Hey, you think Drapeau would mind if I took his teeth home with me? Would make a sick trophy" Tanner shouts over the water.

The room erupts in laughter and even Shane can't help a chuckle. Easy conversation follows, the players all exchanging their favourite parts from the brawl. Shane let's himself breath for a moment and take it in. A year ago, he was terrified that the world knowing his secret, that it would make him vulnerable; it never occurred to him that it would make him stronger. That

he could have a team like this, a family like this. One that truly accepted him, one that would go to hell and back for him.

@YunaHollander:

Hey @DomMav_Montreal — funny how loud mouths go quiet after a 3–2 L and a full-team collapse. Talk all you want, scoreboard doesn't chirp back. 🏒❄️

908 replies 14,442 retweets

@IceLevelKaren:

Imagine getting ratio'd by someone not even on the roster.

@HatTrickOfShame:

She didn't even raise her voice. That's the worst part.

@IlyaRoz81:

@DomMav_Montreal ran his mouth all week, ran out of ice by the third, and left with an L, a minus, and the memory of getting folded at center ice. Next time keep my family's name—and my net—out of your reach. 🏒🏒

1,499 replies 26,878 retweets

@ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer:

(Photo: Shane Hollander with Ilya Rosanov and Yuna Hollander, arms around each other in the tunnel, bruised but smiling)

@DomMav_Montreal You made it personal. We made it permanent. **3–2.**
Say whatever helps you sleep.

#ProudMamasBoys ❤️🏒

4,678 replies 34,899 retweets

@OldSchoolBlueLine:

If you chirp family and still lose, you gotta uninstall the app.

@PuckDontLie:

Bro found out hockey gods protect moms.

@BenchMinorEnergy:

That's a character loss AND a standings loss

@FrozenNorthFan:

@DomMav_Montreal talked about moms all week just to get sonned on the ice 🧠 3-2.

@SensCitySouth:

Imagine chirping a married couple and losing to BOTH of them. Generational L.

@GoalieUnion33:

Slashing the goalie AFTER the whistle because you couldn't score during play is nasty work. Hayes owns you.

@OldSchoolBlueLine:

That wasn't a rivalry, that was a lesson. Center ice. Film don't lie.

@PuckPsychologist:

Maver spent more energy talking than skating. Emotional regulation: failed.

@TapeToTapeEh:

You made it personal, they made it permanent, the fans made it hilarious.

@IceLevelSeats:

Scoreboard louder than your mouth tonight. 📊 3-2 Centaurs.

@NeutralZoneEnjoyer:

Chirping family members is wild when you can't backcheck.

@BruisedButHappy:

Rosanov standing over Maver is already my phone wallpaper.

@HabsButHonest:

Voyageurs fan here. Maver embarrassed us. Don't bring family into it if you can't win.

@PenaltyBoxPoet:

Talk is free. Ice time is earned. Respect is optional. Wins are not.

@DomMav_Montreal

Tough loss. Emotions run high. Not proud of everything tonight but we'll see them again. Season's long.

1,098 replies 15,888 retweets

@SensCitySouth:

“Not proud of everything” is wild when you started it 😭

@FrozenNorthFan:

Season’s long but that L is forever.

@ClipMerchant:

Posting the clip of you getting folded at center ice every time you tweet now. Sorry in advance.

@GoalieUnion33:

Apologize to Hayes’ blocker next.

@PuckPsychologist:

Textbook ego collapse. Step 1: vague accountability. Step 2: zero change.

@BruisedButHappy:

You don’t get to say “emotions ran high” when you lit the match.

@TapeToTapeEh:

“We’ll see them again” bro you just saw the ice from your back.

@NeutralZoneEnjoyer:

This tweet reads like a PR intern typed it while you iced your face.

@DomMav_Montreal:

Funny how everyone’s tough online. I’ll take my chances on the ice any day.

@IlyaRoz81:

You did. Result posted above. 👉

@ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer:

Already took your chances. Already took the win. Try acceptance.

@YunaHollander:

“Any day” but couldn’t handle tonight.

@HayesInTheCrease:

Any day except when the puck’s live, apparently.

@ZaneBoodram27:

Film session gonna be rough tomorrow. Bring snacks.

@FrozenNorthFan:

This man fighting for his life in the replies.

@RatioWatch:

This tweet is getting outscored worse than the Voyageurs.

@ClipMerchant:

New angle just dropped. He *looked* at Rosanov and fell.

@SensCitySouth:

Log off, king. The ice already humbled you.

@OldSchoolBlueLine:

Hockey rule #1: Don't chirp families.

Hockey rule #2: If you do, win the game.

You did neither.

@ProudOfTheBoys:

Centaurs 3

Voyageurs 2

Maver 0 self-awareness

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