

Cover up (love's alibi)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77272496) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77272496>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Wyatt Hayes , Troy Barrett
Additional Tags:	Mild Hurt/Comfort , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Implied Sexual Content , Secret extra character - The Penalty Box , Hockey Fights , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Being Assholes (Game Changers) , Supportive Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 3,080 Chapters: 1/1

Cover up (love's alibi)

by [Booloodle](#)

Summary

Shane knew after he'd transferred to the Centaurs he'd have to play in Montreal at some point.

He didn't think it would go down like this (he really should have, though)

Notes

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

At some point, Ilya had completely forgot that his very pretty hockey player husband had transferred from Montreal to Ottawa.

He wasn't ignorant that Shane had transferred, how could he be? They'd gone from slamming into each other a few times a season to playing almost every match together. Pike had joked that they'd become disgustingly domestic since Ilya 'stole' Shane away.

Even though Pike was still there and also present in Shane's life, Ilya never thought about Montreal anymore. Because when he thought of Montreal, he'd never thought about the team but about Shane. Montreal was Shane and once he wasn't there, they just ceased to be a thought of his. The important part of the Montreal Voyageurs had moved. A lot had happened since then, it just slipped his mind.

Shane's parents hadn't helped. They'd been more than happy to sweep Montreal under the rug for Ottawa, the framed photos with blue memorabilia being replaced one by one by black uniforms. Some old team photos had even been replaced by pictures of just Shane and Ilya, side by side, arms over each other's shoulders. Yuna would shoot Ilya a knowing smile every time she noticed him looking when they visited.

Each NHL team played 82 games and there's not thousands of teams. So it was inevitable that at some point, especially with how well both teams were doing that season and both being in the Eastern Conference that the Montreal Voyageurs would find themselves playing against the Ottawa Centaurs. And at home for the Voyageurs as well.

He knew Shane was nervous. Stressed. Freaked out. He'd been stiff and jumpy all day, picking at his skin every time Ilya looked over to him. Of course he was, a lot of eyes were going to be on him - on both of them for this match.

But it hadn't sunk in why Shane was nervous until he got a text the afternoon before the game from one Hayden Pike.

Things are tense over here about tomorrow, keep an eye on Shane and yourself

Knock them back if you need to

Or knock them first Rosanov

Shane was anxious and Ilya was pissed off. Pissed off because Hayden Pike had the idea to be a bitch to Shane's former teammates before he did. Pissed because he should have been planning to do that without outside intervention anyway.

Or pissed because he was going to do that on instinct and now in his mind he'll be giving Hayden Pike the credit.

"I'm going to be on the ice," Shane said. It was the night before their match against the Montreal Voyageurs and Shane had been wired all day. He'd spent hours in the gym on the

exercise bike before succumbing to Ilya batting his eyelashes at the door and had followed him up to their room and into bed.

“Yes, that’s how ice hockey works.” Ilya was curled around Shane, his chin resting in the crook of Shane’s neck. One arm was wrapped around Shane

Shane swatted the hand at his cheek away with an amused huff.

“No- I mean I’m not going to be sitting out because I get scared or something.”

“Always good to know as Captain.” Ilya grinned. Shane reached around himself and slapped against Ilya’s chin lightly.

“I’m not going to play more aggressively either.”

“That makes *one* of us.”

“Ilya,” he deadpanned.

“How worth it do you think a five minute penalty would be?” Ilya asked himself, ignoring how Shane twisted in his arm to face him. “We have 60 minutes to beat them, so…”

“You are making this out to be a bigger deal than it is,” Shane sighed. He pressed his forehead into Ilya’s chest, bringing his right arm around Ilya’s torso.

“I am?”

“Yes, you are,” he mumbled into Ilya chest. “It’s just another match, we play loads of matches.”

“No match is just another match. Not to you.” Shane lifted his head to look up at Ilya. Moonlight was hitting the back of his head, framing each of his curls in an ethereal glow. He was smiling softly down at him, eyes glittering with their own moonlight.

“It can be. It should be, really.”

“Hmm, not really. If there is great injury to Montreal player-

“Ilya,” he scolded. Ilya laughed, letting his head drop down into the pillow with a soft thump.

“In accident, in accident.”

“There won’t need to be an accident. We’ll play and we’ll play our best.”

“We’ll win.” Ilya moved his arm up, letting his fingers brush against Shane’s scalp, running through his hair like he was stroking a cat. Shane hummed contently, shuffling himself up so he was lay next to Ilya’s face. He planted a small kiss on his cheek, which Ilya nuzzled into.

“Of course we will. I might even pull off a hat-trick.”

Ilya grinned, leaning in closer so that his lips were pressed against Shane's ear. Their bare chests were pressed flush against each other, so Ilya could feel Shane's heartbeat against his ribs.

"If you pull off a hat-trick tomorrow Hollander," Ilya whispered, a growl wrapping around his words. "I'll make sure you can't play hockey the day after."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Sometimes, when Shane was with the Voyageurs, he would pity the visiting team whenever they played at home.

The Montreal Voyageurs were worshipped. Every fan that flocked to their games was loud and dedicated and completely fanatic.

He'd always meant to ask Ilya about it, what it was like on the other side. Was it upsetting? Did it ever throw him off his game?

Well now he knew first hand that yes, being the visiting team for the Montreal Voyageurs was not a fun experience.

They were about to hit the ice and Shane was already almost deafened on the way in.

The crowd that had been waiting for them into the stadium was less a crowd and more a mob. They had scrambled over each other to try and get a look at them

Wyatt and Ilya had crowded Shane as they entered, bracketing him at either side. Ilya's arm snaked around Shane, wrapping lightly around it.

"We'll have to remember to buy headphones next time," Wyatt joked in his ear. Shane had just nodded along, trying to focus on walking forward rather than the hoard shouting his name.

The tension had followed them into the locker room, subdued jokes and half laughed laughs

Ilya had been rubbing his thumb in small circles on the side of his hand, dragging heavily against his own skin. Shane took his hand into his own, pressing his own thumb lightly into Ilya's palm.

"We'll be fine," he said.

"We'll be good." Ilya gripped Shane's hand back.

"Might need to tell the whole team that, Captain." Shane grinned, giving Ilya one more squeeze before he let go. Ilya cleared his throat and pushed himself off the bench, stopping the snippets of chatter in place as he did.

“We’ve played Montreal before. Hollander will tell you we have sent them home crying before.”

Chuckles broke out across the players as Shane rolled his eyes. “So I will make same promise as I have in past. 1000 dollars for every goal we score. Make me broke, boys.”

Ilya collapsed back into the bench, letting the locker room fill with a buzz.

“So if I get that hat-trick-“

“You will save us lot of money because I will not pay.”

“Wow, picking favourites?” Ilya leant over, placing his chin on Shane’s shoulder. His lips brushed against the lobe of Shane’s ear.

“You get something else, something better, I told you this already.”

“I’ll take the money if Shane’s not getting it,” Wyatt said from next to Ilya. Shane startled, jumping forward in his seat while Ilya just rolled his eyes.

“If you somehow manage to scare from goal you get 2000 instead.” Wyatt just rolled his eyes, giving Ilya a firm pat on the back.

Ilya is on the ice to start the match, leaving Shane on the bench to watch him. He watched Ilya get shoulder checked every time he tried to cut past the Montreal players. Watched them follow through more than necessary as they shoved Ilya away from the puck, catching him every chance they got.

And he watched as every time they skated past the Centaurs’ bench, they’d stare at him as the went.

Nothing that quite reached penalty level, but enough that everyone had noticed.

“I’ve told Ilya before that Montreal are assholes, you know.” Troy was grinning next to him, knocking shoulders.

“Was this when I was with them or when I was with you?” Shane asked. Troy just smirked.

“Obviously I clarified that you’re not an asshole,” he added. “But everyone has eyes. If they’re assholes out there, they’re the ones who’ll have to deal with it in the post-match press.”

Shane leaned over and looked to his left, where the Voyageurs’ bench was. A row of men in blue hunched together, occasionally looking over and then back to the ice.

One head leaned forward, offering him a small wave and a smile. He sent Hayden a thumbs up back before setting back into the bench.

“I’m fine, by the way. Whatever babysitting duty Ilya’s got you on is unnecessary.”

“You think so lowly of me Hollander. Maybe I’m asking after you for myself. But if you change on the whole ‘fine’ front, I’ll sweet talk Harris into getting you some Chiron time.”

Shane watched Ilya slam into the plastic barrier again, the plastic shaking at the force of the contact. It wasn’t the dog he wanted, but “...thanks Troy.”

“Anytime.”

“Another collision from Rozanov grants the Voyageurs yet another penalty. The Russian is playing for blood instead of goals today.”

Ilya is like fire on the ice. Hot, heavy, constantly moving and leaving nothing but disaster in his wake. Usually he’s a controlled fire, burning through his opponents like they’re dried leaves.

But today it seems like that fire is out of control. His checks are going too far, feeling personal.

Because they are, Shane’s brain helpfully adds. Because today is.

Because it wasn’t just Shane that had been insulted that day in the locker room.

Montreal picked up their downed player from next to the boards as Ilya skated over to their penalty box. Again. Wiebe’s jaw was set tight as he watched, their remaining linesmen all scrambling around their goal as Montreal pushed and pushed.

He remembered how Ilya had been shaking, muttering under his breath as he paced around their kitchen. And now he’d seen it again, the tightness in Ilya’s shoulders as he confined himself to the penalty box. His hands flexed in his gloves, gripping and ungripping around nothing as he stared holes into the floor.

The moment his two minutes were up, Ilya was shooting out onto the ice again.

“Roz, Dillon, Barrett, switch out!” Wiebe shouted. Their forward line darts towards the bench, Ilya in the back. His entire being was shaking, head hunched in his shoulders and looking down at the ice as he skated.

“Hollander, Bood, Haas, jump in.” Ilya’s head had shot up, eyes meeting Shane’s as Shane rose from the bench.

He tapped his helmet against Ilya’s as they passed, offering a small smile before he skittered to the centre of the ice.

The air on the pitch seemed to freeze as he got into position. Shane shook his head and rolled his shoulders.

He had a hat-trick to earn.

Shane Hollander was like fire on the ice. The centre moved fast, blazing across the pitch like he was following a trail of gasoline. Even Luca was struggling to keep up with how hard he was hitting the ice.

Ilya couldn't help but be smug when the puck hit the net, Shane scoring his second goal. Shane slowed on the ice and turned to him, raising both arms in celebration before drifting to the centre of the pitch again. His smile tightened when he glided past one of the Voyageurs - Berkes - before it disappeared and his face was tight with focus.

Wiebe shuffled down the bench to Ilya, kneeling down next to him.

"I'll bring Hollander off and put you back on if you promise to behave." Ilya rolled his eyes. He was an adult, a captain, he didn't need to be bartered with.

"Let him try for three, then I'll behave." Wiebe furrowed his brows, looking back at Shane on the ice before sighing.

"Only three, then he comes off for a breather," Wiebe relented, retreating back.

"And Hollander is on the puck again. He passes it to Haas on his left, Haas back to Hollander and- in it goes! It's another goal for Montreal's former captain, I can't believe this!"

Shane didn't even hear the klaxon after he scores. The thud of blood beating in his ears drowns it out as he watches the puck hit the back of the net for the third time. Luca was shaking his shoulders, shaking Shane out of his head.

Shane smiled, a wave of hats and caps showering over the ice as he took his victory lap. He skidded to a halt in front of their bench, panting as he leant against the barrier.

"Three thousand in the bank Hollander, not bad at all." Tanner joked, patting his shoulder as he went past.

"Not taking the money," he breathed out, leaping over. His chest was heaving, shoulders loose for the first time all day.

"Yes, you get better." Ilya grinned, winking before he jumped onto the ice.

“I did not need to hear *that...*” Tanner muttered to himself, pushing himself away with a disapproving shake of the head.

“And it is being called- yes that is a call for icing from Donovan. A face-off in Ottawa’s favour is not what Montreal needs right now, the score 4-1 to the Centaurs. It seems their former captain Hollander’s burst of success and Rozanov’s lack of penalties in the last third has the home team rattled.”

Ilya could not stop grinning. Watching Shane score over and over again had settled his heart. No longer did the blue jerseys make him see red at the edge of his vision, he could just play the rest of the game normally and then after the game he was going to go back to his hotel room with his husband to celebrate.

One of Montreal’s centres skated to right in front of him. He was a younger man, acne scars barely faded on his cheeks. His front tooth was already crooked, an arched chip visible as he grinned.

“What did you promise your boyfriend to get him to play that well Rozanov?” he said, crooked grin widening. Pike came to a sharp halt behind him.

“Berk...” Pike warned, eyes flicking between Ilya and the other player.

“My husband is just good. Does Montreal not know what a good player is? Lose your last one?” Ilya asked. He tilted his head to the side and pouted, barely hiding his glee as Berkes dropped his stick.

“We didn’t lose shit,” Berkes growled, a hair’s reach of Ilya.

“Berk don’t-“

“Hollander was a lovesick boy toy focused on the wrong. Fucking. *Stick.*”

Ilya Rosanov’s gloves had not hit the ice before he was lunging at Berkes.

“Rozanov and Berkes have abandoned the face-off in favour of a fight! Just when Rosanov seemed to be done with the penalty box. It is a busy day for our referees today, as they go to separate the fight and-

That is Rozanov and Berkes on the ice, referees now pulling the two apart. We can safely bet neither of these two will be seeing play again tonight with only eight minutes left on the clock.”

Shane was silent as he pressed ice into Ilya's knuckles, barely looking up every time he flinched.

"I told you not to do anything like this," he said, refusing to look up at Ilya.

"We were both player down, it was not bad."

"You spent seventeen minutes in the penalty box. You were in there for the end of the match."

Ilya chuckled, the image of a bruised Berkes pouting from the penalty box at the front of his mind. "It was worth it."

"Worth even the 1000 you owe Luca?"

"That we owe him, yes."

Shane's head shot up. "Oh, there is no we here, you said 'I', I am not paying for your promise. Not again," Shane said, pressing the ice pack a little harder into Ilya than necessary.

Ilya reached over with this other hand, taking the ice pack from Shane and pressing it down himself. Shane sighed, leaning against Ilya as he scrolled through his phone.

They sat in silence, the occasional bitten-off hiss from Ilya before Shane spoke again.

"Hayden says Berkes isn't talking to anyone, too embarrassed apparently."

"Did he also say he warned him to stop taunting me?"

"That and some other stuff."

"He thinks I'm right." Ilya grinned.

"He's my best friend, one of our biggest supporters, he- don't let it go to your head."

"Too late."

Shane rolled his eyes, leaning over to press a kiss to Ilya's cheek.

"It's a shame he didn't get your face. I'd have to kiss it better."

"Hmm, he got other places though. Will you kiss those instead?" Shane moved down to Ilya's neck, lips lightly sucking on the skin as he went.

"Once I get the payment for the hat-trick, I'll think about it."

Ilya hummed, leaning back into Shane's touch, letting his head rest on Shane's shoulder as he read over his shoulder.

"Your mother is happy with my penalties, it seems."

“She needs to stop encouraging you.”

“Rozanov, do you have any comments on your behaviour during the match?”

“There are rules around fighting. I followed them, sat back for my penalty and we still won. I followed rules.”

“Would you agree with those saying that you were overly aggressive this match?”

“A little. But not with Berkes, that was right amount of aggressive.”

“Just one more- any comment on Hollander’s play this game? This match must have meant a lot to him.”

“He played very well. Played hard. Every match means a lot to him but yes, this one mean a lot.”

“Should we expect to see that sort of performance from Hollander in all his future matches then?”

“No, not next ones. Give him time to rest.”

End Notes

Hi! This is my first time writing for this fandom. I read the Long Game ages ago and have since forgot how to write Troy and Wyatt but the are hopefully not offensively inaccurate.

This is part of my New Year's Resolution to write about more of my interests to push myself into writing a wider variety of characters, which is a very fun resolution that I would recommend. It's also born from the midnight rabbit hole I went down on the penalty rules in men's vs women's ice hockey, so hopefully it's accurate.

Also I've never been to an ice hockey match (hopefully it's not too obvious). But I've been to many, many football (soccer) matches so I stole the commentary style from there.

Title from Blondie's "Call Me".

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