Deck His Ass

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Deck His Ass

by dead_on_the_inside

Summary

Shane is used to keeping his mouth shut when his teammates spout off bullshit

Or: Five times Shane Hollander lets people talk like homophobic assholes around him, and one time he's reminded that it isn't supposed to be that way.

Notes

Content warning: Homophobia, Transphobia, F-Slur

See the end of the work for more notes

I

"Yeah fucking right, bunch of cocksuckers, they never should've beaten us!" It's Schneider who says it, horrible locker room shampoo still rinsing down his shoulders as he scrubs roughly at his skin with the strange blue-ish tinted soap provided.

"Bet they'll go home and have their wives all fuck them up the ass tonight, to celebrate their good fucking luck," Wilson chimes in from just outside the showers, drying off and slipping into a pair of worn joggers.

Shane swallows his words. He always does, because he's a captain but he sure as hell isn't in charge of what people say. That's not his job, he just needs them to listen to him and win. And they won't listen to him if he's on their bad side, so he keeps his own little comments in his head. He's good at that.

"No, no, they'll sit on their fucking cuck chair and watch their wife get fucked by someone else. Then they'll suck the guy off as a thank you." That's the one that really has the locker room laughing, even though Shane's pretty sure it's one of the worst jokes he's ever heard. He can't help but think Ilya would've found a way to make that joke in a funny way, but he shuts that out of his mind.

It's a personal rule of his, to not think about Ilya in the locker room. Partially because he doesn't want to accidentally end up with a boner when someone could see, even though he knows no one would care and probably wouldn't even notice. Mostly, though, it's because it feels like desecrating this space of hyper-masculinity to imagine his… his whatever Rozanov is to him. Not boyfriend, certainly not friend, his fuck-buddy? His gay lover? God, he really wishes they could just put a label on this shit and be done with it so his head didn't spin every time he thought about it.

"I'm taking off. Have fun thinking really hard about other guys sucking dicks," Hayden says, slapping Schneider on the back on his way out in a not-entirely-friendly manner. There's another round of laughter, this one accompanied by at least a couple looks of vague shame.

Hayden can get away with it, at least that gentle kind of admonishment, because he has nothing to prove. He has a gorgeous wife and four fucking kids. Shane knows that if he did that, his team would dig their fucking claws in and wouldn't let go. He would be getting made fun for defending the fucking enemy, the weird ones, the *cocksuckers*.

II

It's so commonplace that usually, Shane doesn't even think about it. It's just locker room shit-talking, none of it ever even makes it as far as the ice. And he never says anything about it.

Really, he tries his best to just ignore it because it can't hurt him if he doesn't pay any attention to it, right? As long as they don't know that he's right there, he's infiltrated their circle of hatred, it's fine. He can just fly under the radar with it.

So it surprises him when Hayden straight up decks Schneider one day, after a tense practice. It takes a second for it to even click for Shane why he had done it, and then his mind catches up to the word that had fallen out of Schneider's mouth so swiftly it sounded like every other one in the sentence. "He's just some faggot, anyway, not like we need to be at our best to beat them," Replayed in Shane's head for the rest of the day.

Not nearly as much as the sound of Hayden punching him though. The room had gone quiet, and while a few of the guys were cold to Hayden, backed Schneider up on their way out, most of them had known perfectly well that he'd crossed that line himself.

Shane didn't say anything either way, even when one of the rookies straight up asked him what exactly was going on with that. He'd shrugged, said he'd been distracted, said he trusted Hayden's judgement to not fight without having a damn reason. The kid (though, really he was only a couple years younger than Shane) had nodded slowly, and gone back to minding his own business.

III

It's weird, seeing how Ilya is with his team. He knows the rest of his guys see it too, but he also knows how differently they see it.

For Shane, it feels like a glimpse into Rozanov's life. Those are rare, even now when their routine has settled and most of the drama has fizzled out into actual communication. Well, sometimes one of them still freaks out about something or other. Mostly, though, they're alright. But alright doesn't translate to a free ticket into seeing each other in their daily, normal life. That's too far, too risky, too soft for what they do. No matter how much Shane wants it.

So he settles for moments like these after a game, where they've beaten Boston and Ilya is saying he loves his players and there's truth in his voice, and even from across the ice anyone can hear it. He loves them, he trusts they did their best; he loves them, he knows that was a hard goal to make; he loves them, good job blocking that one in third period.

Shane is stolen away for interviews, like usual, and by the time he gets his turn in the locker room all the other guys are finishing up, tying shoes and laughing among themselves. When he walks in, it goes quiet for a minute, and then there's a muttering that slowly grows louder as Shane begins to look around, until suddenly the room is overtaken like a wave breaking with shouts of "I love you!"

He has to physically take a step back from the display as guys start to jostle each other, a herd of them crowding him back to the door with their fucking insanity. Sometimes, Shane forgets how much he hates hockey players. Unfortunately, they're what he has to deal with to play

the sport he loves, so he purses his lips and waits for their tantrum to calm down before he pushes past them towards his locker.

“C’mon Captain, do you not love us like Rozanov loves his guys?” J.J. teases, prodding Shane on the shoulder. He knows J.J. doesn’t mean anything by it—that’s just how he is—but it gives the guys who *are* assholes permission to be worse.

“Pretty sure I like it this way. At least our cap doesn’t make bedroom eyes at us when we fucking lose.”

“Yeah, no I don’t want to be loved like Rozanov loves, man. Save that shit for the wife, you know?”

“Some girls like that early on though. Had one tell me the morning after, it was crazy. She was a total slut, though.”

“Rozanov would do something like that, tell whatever girl that fucked him he loves her. Actually, bet it's all of his teammates and that's why he's like that with them. Fucking glad we don’t do that gay shit in Montreal.”

Shane glares daggers into the back of his locker, and he wishes more than anything that Ilya would tell him that. Wishes he had the guts to tell Ilya that, after they fuck. But he doesn’t, and Ilya is complicated, so he isn’t going to ask that of him. Not yet, anyway.

IV

“I still don’t see how it’s fucking fair, is all. I mean don’t get me wrong, it’s not like I hate people like that, it’s just, you know, our guys wouldn’t go to my aerobics class and then act surprised if they won,” Mrs. Schneider, ever the instigator along with her husband, is complaining. Jackie has been arguing with her for ten minutes now, and Shane, holding a baby in each arm, has been wanting to crawl in a hole and die.

“Carol, I need you to listen to what you’re saying. It’s not one of our guys, it’s a woman who transitioned years ago and wants to play sports, there’s not a problem with that.” Jackie speeds up her pace angrily towards her car, and Shane is stuck between the two moms as he holds one child of each. Fuck, he really needs to stop letting himself get dragged on Jackie’s walks.

This happens a weird amount of time, where they run into someone Jackie knows and then spends a while catching up with, and Shane awkwardly stands there holding onto the baby. It’s just more unfortunate that this time it was one of the worst WAGs and she’d offloaded her own kid onto him within thirty seconds of seeing him.

“Sorry, sorry, Carol, here, have Christian back, okay?” Shane falters a little bit over his words, handing off the almost-toddler carefully, delicate as ever even as he hands the boy over to his terrible, terrible mother. Not much he can do about, after all. He readjusts to hold

the newest Pike up against his chest where he normally goes, and the sniffling that had been threatening to break into crying peters out as soon as he's pressed up close to his Uncle Shane again.

"Thank you for holding him, Hollander. You really will be a good dad one day, just gotta find the right woman to draw you out of that shell, huh?" And if it weren't for the baby on his chest, Shane would probably have just started running away about then with no excuse. Instead, he takes his out with a well-timed diaper incident on the mini-Pikes part and hurries to catch up to Jackie and the stroller with the diaper bag in it.

When they get to the car, with a freshly changed little one that has fallen asleep and is drooling across Shane's shoulder, Jackie is still fuming. Shane slides into the passenger seat after gently buckling the baby up in his car-seat.

"I don't fucking understand why you put up with this, Shane!"

"Not often you have to put one in the swear jar," Shane says quietly. Jackie shoots him a look so similar to his mother's own absolutely withering shut-the-fuck-up glare that Shane instinctively feels his shoulders rise up and his face go red. "I mean, uhm, the baby's asleep though, so no worries?" He squeaks out, hoping to calm the waters a little bit.

"Yeah, Shane, no worries. Either way, I'd have my kid cuss like a sailor, or, God forbid, a hockey player, over make that kind of stupid bigoted argument any day. My kids will never turn out like that, and if they do then I seriously need you to take me out back, Shane. Hayden would never, so I'm trusting you to let me end it peacefully if I ever mess up parenting badly enough that my kids turn out like that bitch *Carol*!" Jackie takes a breath, about to run off on another piece, but Shane reaches out and places a hand on her shoulder gently.

"Hey. It's alright. I think if you kid is grown and then chooses to disregard all of the empathy that you taught them, they're the one making the wrong choices. Besides, I doubt that will happen. They've got probably the best parents I've ever met."

"You're so great when you aren't around assholes, Shane. You just need to learn how to let that through when you're outnumbered, too."

V

They're on a team outing when Shane is blindsided for the last time. Walking past a gay bar, about to cross the street, when a guy, maybe seventeen, maybe a little older, walks backward right into him as the bouncer turns him away.

"Fuck off, I'm totally old enough!" And suddenly, he's up against Shane's chest, warm and solid and right there. Shane stops in his tracks as the guy trips over his feet, but he holds him up carefully, righting him so they face each other. Being surrounded by a bunch of burly fucking hockey players all the time sometimes makes Shane forget that he is also

significantly more built than the average guy, and it doesn't help that this person is also–what was that word Rose had used—a twink?

"Ohhh, Hollander is switching it up? You know, I'm pretty sure it's alright if they look like a girl, cap." Shane can't help the way his eyes roll at Olsson's comment, but no one can see it in the dim streetlamp lighting anyway.

"You alright, kid?" Shane asks, feeling himself fall into the social role of *older-bigger-guy-trying-not-to-be-intimidating* like a second skin. It wasn't something he needed to do a whole lot in his usual circles, but he knew it pretty well by now, how to fit himself into that niche so he didn't seem as scary as he probably looked. Well, he sort of hoped he looked scary sometimes, but it never seemed to work when he wanted it to.

"Uhm, yeah, yes Sir, I'm fine. Sorry for-sorry for that." And the boy is running off into the night in a way that Shane is pretty sure is exactly what he would've done at his age, especially if he'd been caught by a group of muscular guys.

Shane's team are all laughing as he runs off, except Hayden, home helping with the kids for the night, and Shane himself. He swallows and turns away to keep walking, but that's hard with the guys being the way they are. He's usually better at getting out of going to these things, but there's only so much he can do when they pressure him as much as they had been for the last two weeks and he'd already turned them down so often.

"Oh my God, Cap, you totally saw something you liked there. Seriously, I bet that one's a girl under all that anyway."

"Only one way to find out!" And there's a slap on his shoulder from whatever fucking guy said it.

He pushes past the guys to walk on ahead, crossing the street and walking faster than normal. If nothing else, he at least needs to make sure that they need to work to catch up to him. God, he needs to get his one-beer-then-take-off routine over with in the next thirty minutes or he might just curl up in shame and die right there on the sidewalk.

VI [+1]

"I don't know, Ilya, it just feels… weird, somehow," Shane says, exasperated as he cracks open the ginger ale that his husband had pressed into his hands. They stood in the garage of Bood's house, nominally to grab the soda, but mostly because Ilya could tell Shane felt off. It was their first team BBQ with the Centaur's, or at least it was with both of them there. Together. "They're all so, so nice."

"Yes, they are great! So why does it feel weird, lovely? They are wonderful team. Well, they are very kind and accepting team."

“No, I mean, that’s the problem. They’re all so nice. It doesn’t feel like a hockey team sometimes, I guess. Feels more like I’m hanging out with Jackie and her girls, minus all the babies.”

“What are you talking about. Every hockey team I have ever been on has been very close. We all paint our nails together and put cucumbers over eyes.” Ilya is grinning sharply.

“Fuck off, you know what I mean. They haven’t made a single comment about cocksuckers or whatever, and I feel like it’s just because they don’t want to offend me or something.”

“They would never say bullshit like that. And, would it be so bad if they did not even just because it would offend you? What is wrong with them changing asshole qualities because they care about you?” Ilya asks, reaching forward and brushing a hand through Shane’s hair, landing on playing with the longer strands around his ear, the nape of his neck. Shane leans into it.

He loves when Ilya does that, it settles something in his soul. It feels like being scruffed, like a kitten, and it makes him feel about as useful as a kitten too. It makes his mind go a little fuzzy around the edges, the places where his anxiety builds up, and it makes his shoulders relax. He takes a deep breath and lets the sensation wash over him as he actually thinks about it before he answers. He really, really hadn’t considered that option.

“I guess because Montreal was never like that. They never- I mean- I would’ve just been laughed out of the room. Except Hayden, I guess, and J.J. too. But the others- I’m not used to this. Not used to guys acting like it’s normal?”

“Ah. Yes. You mean team full of assholes was full of assholes. Well, now you are not surrounded by assholes. And if any of them says something shitty, then we will tell them to shut up. I often told Boston to shut up. They will listen to hot and sexy Ilya Rosanov if he tells them to shut up.”

“And you will listen to me when I tell you to shut up right now,” Shane says, “Or else you’ll annoy me enough that I won’t let you fuck me tonight.”

Ilya obediently mimes a zipper across his lips, grinning wildly, and leads Shane away from the garage and back out to the rest of the party.

End Notes

Didn't write fanfiction for over a year and now we're two in two days what is this show doing to me

I'm on Tumblr so go talk to me. or don't. up to you.

comments/kudos are wonderful. every comment is another one of shane's freckles that i'm making out with sexual style. hope this helps!

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