Shane's Temper Tantrum

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Shane's Temper Tantrum

by Tequila1989

Summary

The Centaurs are on the road and their last stop is Montreal. Shane is not happy.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hollander was antsy. They were on the plane from Edmonton to Montreal, their last stop of what felt like an endless road trip. He was sitting next to Ilya, who had a steading hand on Shane's knee trying to keep him from jostling it. They were just more than halfway through the flight and Shane had already burned through a countless number of activities – reading, watching a movie, listening to his podcasts, trying to listen in on the other guys' conversations, eating, pacing up and down the aisle – and now he resigned himself to staring blankly ahead with the intensity of a thousand suns.

"You alright? Want something to drink, maybe?" Ilya asked gently.

"No, don't touch me," Shane said rather curtly. Ilya pulled his hand back. Shane glanced over then barked. "Okay, put it back!" It sounded just as aggressive. Ilya did as he asked.

That was a lot of mixed signals. "I just don't want to be there!" He finally blurted in a minute or two. "Why can't we fly to Ottawa? We don't play until tomorrow and I would happily drive to this god forsaken city by myself with myself in peace." Ilya knew that Shane's frustration was irrational. They would land in Montreal late afternoon, check into the hotel even later and play the next evening. But logic was beside the point at the moment.

Ilya also chose not to mention that Hayden had promised to bring his whole family to the game and they would have a solid hour before the game to hang out with the kids.

"And now we are here, and they are at home, and they are going to win this game because they are at home and…" He continued.

"They're not going to win," Ilya interrupted. "We won the last one; we'll win this one too."

"We won the last one because I woke up at home, ran my good route, had lunch at my good place and everything went perfectly. Now I haven't been at home in two weeks, haven't seen my dog in two weeks, don't know where I will run tomorrow! And I can't even go to my old good place because some other people also think it is their good place. And their faces are not something I want to see before the game."

It was a fresh new variety of anxious rant. At the very least it was delivered in a hushed tone, so seemed like no one else could actually overhear it.

"Okay, Hollander, you can't bring this bad juju to the team."

"I know; that's why I'm telling it to you, and not to the team, genius." He furrowed his brows. Ilya would find it adorable in any other situation.

"And you don't need to be mean to me right now."

"Sorry. I didn't mean it." Shane muttered, turning away.

Thankfully, the plane began its descent.

As soon as they landed, Shane started packing his things into his backpack with unnecessary force, as if both the backpack and his belongings had personally wronged him.

Bood, who sat behind them, looked at that and then shot a glance at Rozanov. Ilya subtly shook his head “no”, hoping it was enough for him and everyone else to leave Shane alone, or Ilya’s job would be exponentially more difficult.

By the time they reached the bus, even the last rookie sensed bad vibes radiating from Shane. Wyatt sidled up to Ilya and asked quietly if everything was alright.

“Montreal. He’ll be alright by tomorrow. I hope. Just leave him be, I’ll deal with it.” Wyatt nodded and probably went off to tell others not to interfere.

Immediately after they got the keys to their hotel room, Shane approached Ilya, who had been talking to the guys, took his hand and pulled him towards the elevator. “Let’s go!” Ilya gave the others an apologetic look and followed his husband.

They rode up in silence.

Once inside their room, Ilya let out a long exhale as though he’d been holding his breath. “You are not very polite today, are you?”

“Shut up. Take off your clothes and get on the bed.”

Ilya shrugged and began to undress. Shane was just standing there, unmoving.

“Are you getting undressed?” Ilya prompted.

Shane snapped out of his trance. “Yes!”

Ilya got on the bed and watched Shane strip. He got naked and stood by the side of the bed looking down at Ilya.

“Do you even know what you are going to do to me?” Ilya asked, a little tiredly. For a brief second, something shifted on Shane’s face. He looked exactly how he always did in these moments, just a little uncertain, though he still tried to muster some defiance in his voice.

“No, but seems like I never know what I’m doing, so it’s just another fucking day.”

Ilya opened his arms, and Shane went willingly, burying his face in Ilya’s neck. Breathing him in, Shane’s body finally began to relax, and Ilya held him close, providing the calm he so clearly needed.

A while later, Shane stirred, kissed Ilya’s shoulder, and rolled on top of him.

“Feeling better?” Ilya asked.

“No, I still don’t want to be here. Well, not here-here. This is fine,” he wiggled his naked body against Ilya’s. “But not in this fucking city. And also, I feel guilty for behaving like a dick in front of the team.”

Ilya smiled. “They’ll survive.”

“And they probably think I’m some kind of jerk to you, and that I made you come here and… I don’t know… have my way with you.”

“They definitely think that,” Ilya said, grinning. “You were very obvious. Anyway, just to ask, what do you think you wanted to do to me?”

“I don’t even know! Nothing I would even enjoy probably! I like things done to me! I’m so fucking stupid!” He buried his face in Ilya’s chest.

“It’s fine. They’ll survive that, too.”

“Will I survive? They’ll see me tomorrow! Oh my fucking god, they know now that we have sex in hotels!” His red face scrunched in disgust and embarrassment.

“I think this ship sailed long ago,” Ilya laughed. “Anyway, since we are both naked and in bed, you want to?” Ilya waggled his eyebrows.

“Fine, but can we order some room service first? I’m starving.”

“And eat naked?”

Shane looked at Ilya. He did behave like a complete dick before, so he could give Ilya something. “Sure. And then a shower, and then we can do something quick and efficient because I need my ten hours of sleep if we are winning this thing tomorrow.”

“Deal,” Ilya agreed. Now that was a shift in attitude.

The next morning Shane woke up in a far better mood.

At breakfast, Bood approached Ilya. “How is it going?”

“He’s fine to play, don’t worry about it.”

“Are you fine to play? Everything in one piece?” Bood smirked.

“Yeah, why wouldn’t it be?” Ilya’s face looked confused, and then he smiled widely as the realization dawned on him.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Bood chuckled, “Hollander looked a little combative yesterday.”

“Oh fuck yes please tell him that, he would love it!” Ilya made an executive decision to stop treating his husband with kid gloves. After all, Shane did behave like a dick to the team.

The morning skate was intense, but Shane felt more grounded, more like himself. Ilya had convinced him that yesterday's outburst was behind them, though every so often he felt others smirking or exchanging knowing glances. They were probably all silently teasing him, and it was very hard to ignore. He supposed he deserved the penance.

Lunch with the team was no different.

"So, are we still combative tonight, or, did you use it all on Ilya yesterday?" Shane realized that Bood, who was sitting across the table with a shit-eating grin, was talking to him.

"Oh fuck off," he threw a napkin at him. "Ilya's fine; he can take it."

"I'm not even sore," Ilya added with even wider grin. There wouldn't be any rest for Hollander today.

Shane pointed a finger at him. "Shut up!" He turned back to Bood. "That's not what... I'm not talking to either of you!" At least with all the ribbing Shane forgot where he was and who they were playing against today.

The game was fierce and very physical, and Ilya knew that tonight Shane would need him again, but at that moment he was on fire. Every shot, every pass — it was as if all his pent-up frustrations had channeled into pure skill. And as if Shane was harnessing energy from every time the crowd booed him, or the Voyagers players were a bit more aggressive than was strictly necessary.

They won, with Shane scoring the game-winning goal on the last power play. As the team celebrated, Ilya skated to Shane and hugged him.

"Guess you don't need your good place to win after all, my love?" Ilya asked with a soft smile.

Shane grinned. "I'm so happy!"

"Are you going to crash on me in a couple of hours?"

"Probably. You think you'll be able to take it again tonight?"

"Oh no, please, tell me it's not what I've heard!" Bood groaned as he skated by.

Shane just laughed and moved into the line to fist bump Wyatt.

Ilya turned to Bood. "That's not what you think!"

"You do you, man. Defy expectations and all that." Bood raised his hands in a mock surrender.

Ilya looked at Bood. “You know what? Yeah, you’re right, man.” And he skated away towards the line to hug Wyatt as well.

End Notes

The end!

Does Bood go on to gossip further about his captain and his husband?

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