

Shane's First Fine

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/65786977) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/65786977>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Brandon Wiebe
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Stanley Cup Playoffs , Stanley Cup , Post-Canon , Married Life , Established Relationship , Breaking the Bed , Ficlet
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-05-22 Words: 1,035 Chapters: 1/1

Shane's First Fine

by [wilmonstan12345](#)

Summary

It's the height of the playoffs, and Shane has never been fined -- until now.

This takes place a year after the Long Game.

Notes

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

“Look, the short version is that you’re being fined by the hotel, so I need to know which one of you to file the penalty with.” Coach Wiebe closed the door to his office, far from eager to have this conversation.

“What? Seriously?” Shane straightened in his chair, instantly on edge.

“Shane. Is fine. We are millionaires.” Ilya rolled his eyes. “Just take it from my next paycheck.”

“Okay, sorry I’ve never been fined!”

“You have never been fined?” Ilya raised an eyebrow. “Aren’t you like, a million years old?”

Shane glared. Ilya had been enjoying the one month difference in their age too much in the wake of Shane’s thirty first birthday this week. They were in the height of playoffs, so yes, Shane was once again paying close attention to his body, all while Ilya bemoaned the difficulties of being in an “age gap relationship.” Fucker.

Now, Ilya chuckled. “Such a good Canadian boy!”

“When did *you* even get fined?”

“Are you serious? 2014. Was for ‘unsportsmanlike conduct’. Against you.”

“Oh, okay, cool guy. You talked shit to me like, a decade ago. Big whoop.”

“No... I shoved you, also.”

Coach Wiebe raised a hand, putting a stop to their marital bickering. “To be clear, you’re being fined by the hotel, not the league.”

“I don’t understand. We haven’t been fined for this all season.” Shane twitched nervously in his seat.

Coach sighed. “I don’t think it’s usually a problem. I get the sense this one hotel is just being uppity because their beds are heavier, so the staff had a harder time pulling them apart.”

“This is true. Was extra work pushing them together this time.” Ilya scoffed, earning him a glare from his husband’s direction before waggling his eyebrows at their coach. “You know, there is an easy solution to this problem...”

“I told you, the team can’t pay for a king bed. I know it’s stupid, but we rent the rooms as part of a package deal with the hotels, so they have to all be double rooms.”

“Oh my God.” Shane dropped his head into his hands, attempting to sink into the earth and never return.

“What if we got Farah involved? Our agent, yes?” Ilya questioned mildly.

Wiebe shrugged. "I mean, there's nothing stopping you from doing that, but the rooms are booked for the rest of the season."

"Hmm."

"Isn't it better to just pay the extra fifty bucks to avoid having this come up again? You're already saving money on the two of us rooming together. We're not rookies. We'd have our own rooms if we weren't, you know."

"Married," Ilya chirped, amusement crossing his face as he wondered how Shane could still act so chaste about them, even now, like he wasn't the one who proposed.

"Yeah. That."

"Honestly, there's no precedent for any of this, so you're welcome to try. You're not going to get any pushback from me."

"It's fine. We can just push the beds back when we leave."

"No, we will talk to Farah. Is no big deal." Ilya stood from his chair cheerfully, resting a hand on Shane's shoulder. "Put the fine on me."

"Sounds like a plan. And hey, good playing out there. That's the most important thing." Coach Wiebe shook their hands as they exited. "Let's just stay focused on that."

Walking to the parking lot, Shane fidgeted.

Ilya shot an amused look his way. "You are nervous."

"No I'm not."

"You are." Ilya chuckled. "You got in trouble. How does it feel?"

"I don't know. Bad?" Shane groaned. "This is stupid. We should've had Farah handle this at the beginning of the season. All I want to focus on right now is the Cup. And also, it's just annoying that I keep falling into the gap."

"But it is so cute when you do that."

Shane glared. "I don't understand how you're never the one who gets stuck in the center."

"Is not my fault you are like a little octopus when you are asleep." Ilya smirked at the sight of Shane's angry little pout. "We should just get our own room."

"No," Shane grumbled. "I don't want to risk being on a different floor than the team."

"What, so you don't miss Hazy asking us to watch his Star Wars show? I don't think we will miss much, Shane."

Shane sighed. "I'll think about it."

The news leaked. Of course it did. Someone at the hotel must've gotten a pretty penny to sell the story, which had been highly sensationalized through the grapevine. What started as a fine for pushing their double beds together turned into, "Hollanov DESTROYS hotel room; fined for breaking MULTIPLE BEDS during PLAYOFFS CRUNCH TIME!"

The responses ranged from, "How dare they dishonor the sanctity of the Cup by fucking during the playoffs?!" to "Glad they're still going strong!"

Needless to say, Shane was mortified. Ilya normally would've thought the whole thing was amusing, but he found himself more annoyed than he expected when he got a Google alert for his name while sitting in their kitchen.

"This is insulting. Of course we are still going strong. We are unstoppable, isn't that clear? We are in the fucking finals!" He gesticulated at his phone wildly, but Shane refused to read the article, continuing to silently pour his coffee. "We didn't even fuck that night!"

Shane shot him a look. "I mean..."

"Handjobs in the shower is not fucking, Shane."

"Whatever." He sighed. "We just have to finish the season, and then we'll have the summer to break all the beds we want."

This caught Ilya's attention, and a grin slowly slid across his face. "Promise?"

They decided to be good for the remainder of the playoffs, channeling all of their energy into the game. But when they lifted that Cup in Las Vegas? Ilya already had a room with a king sized bed ready, and he didn't remotely care that it wasn't on the team's floor. That was unavoidable when you booked the penthouse.

This time, the season was over, with a Stanley Cup earned together to show for it, and Ilya really didn't give a shit if they broke the bed.

End Notes

I would like to point out that at the time of me posting this, we are currently in the gap between Shane and Ilya's birthdays, and that can only mean one thing: a month of Ilya making brutal age jokes. :))

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