

hope it hurts like you hurt me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/79898801) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79898801>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Wyatt Hayes , Jean-Jacques Boiziau J. J. Dagenais , Hayden Pike , Gilbert Comeau , Patrice Drapeau , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	BAMF Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , POV Shane Hollander , Exhibitionism , Semi-Public Sex , Blow Jobs , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Protective Shane Hollander , Established Relationship , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Being Assholes (Game Changers) , Minor Violence , dw it's the good kind of violence (punching homophobes) , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov Relationship Timeline Reveal , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Angst and Humor , I wasn't sure if that would be a tag I'm glad it is lmao , Strippers & Strip Clubs , Shane Hollander I firmly believe yelling at the Voyageurs in a strip club would heal something in you , this seems v ansty and it IS but it's also like horny loverboys Shane and Ilya with a side of certified goofballs Wyatt and Hayden , Homophobia , Accidental Voyeurism , Shane Hollander Can Fight
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-21 Words: 5,539 Chapters: 1/1

hope it hurts like you hurt me

by [gurlsrool](#)

Summary

“Come on,” Comeau says. “Are we all just supposed to pretend it's normal that you're still playing house with Ilya Rozanov?”

“Gil—” J.J. says, but Shane doesn't want him to finish that sentence, to pull Comeau gently off the ledge he's steering himself toward. Shane wants to push him, kicking and screaming, to make them say it to his fucking face. That after all this time, they still hate him for the heinous crime of falling in love.

“We've been married for two years,” Shane says. “I'm not sure that qualifies as playing house. I mean, it's longer than you were with your first wife, isn't it?”

Or: Shane reunites with his former teammates at J.J.'s bachelor party. He's finally ready to say (and maybe punch) his piece.

Notes

If I had a therapist, they'd probably say, “Now gurlsrool, you've not only written 16 Game Changers fics in 2 months, 3 of them have been Voyageurs hate fics. Do you think maybe there's something we need to unpack there?” and I'd say, “Wait, why are you addressing me by my AO3 username?”

But luckily for us, I don't have a therapist right now, so I'm still cranking these out baby!

This is your last warning that there are spoilers for The Long Game in this. There's also spoilers for the hit 2012 film Wreck-It Ralph. Yes, this fic takes place in a strip club in 2023, why do you ask?

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

Shane knows the drive from Ottawa to Montreal by heart.

He can do it in his sleep. Hell, he basically has, fucked out, bone tired, and racing to make morning practice in time. He always did, of course, with ten minutes to spare.

The drive still manages to feel unfamiliar now. Maybe because it's been two years since he called Montreal home, since he loved the city and it bothered to love him back.

Or maybe because he's in the passenger seat, his thigh shaking beneath his husband's hand.

"We do not have to go," Ilya says. It's probably the tenth time he's said it.

The first was when Shane got the initial call from Hayden. Their best man duties were split down the middle in a sensible fashion.

Hayden was put in charge of the bachelor party. Shane was put in charge of making sure everything runs smoothly on the wedding day.

"I just want you to know now," Hayden had said, and it was obvious that he was building up to something, "J.J.'s asked me to invite the guys."

The guys. It was a phrase that meant something different now. That meant lounging in Bood's backyard, swapping Haasy's fifth beer for a water, openly ogling Ilya while he and Troy play fetch with Chiron and Anya.

But from Hayden, he knew what it meant. He's seen them all in the past two years since he became a Centaur—but only on the ice or in passing at the NHL awards.

Only one of them has pulled him aside and apologized. One. And it was a fucking rookie.

"Honestly, I'm down to just go get pizza or something," Wyatt says from the backseat. Shane jumps. He'd kind of forgotten he was there. "I don't really like strip clubs."

"No." Ilya mock gasps. "You?"

"The guys in Toronto went to them a lot. Made me feel all...slimy."

"I would kill to see Barrett and Price at a strip club," Ilya says. "Sounds hilarious. And pizza sounds good. We could even get salad, Shane!"

"We're going," Shane says sharply, like he does every time.

Yes, he gave the whole of himself to a team that ended up gleefully shattering him into a mosaic. But it's fine. It's just one night. One night for one of his best friends.

He loves J.J. He's put in the work to make amends, including inviting Ilya to his bachelor party.

Shane wants to show up for him. And it doesn't hurt that Ilya booked them a suite at the Ritz, which he's promised profusely to make good use of after.

"What are the odds that someone gets in a fight?" Wyatt asks. "Totally not wondering because I have a bet going with Bood or anything."

"Nobody's fighting anyone." Shane looks sternly at his husband. "Right Ilya?"

"Yes." Ilya nods. "I will be on my best behavior."

Wyatt laughs at that. He launches into a tirade about a comic book he's reading, which he insists is somehow relevant, but Shane can't pay attention, too busy watching the number drop on the GPS.

Seven minutes til they arrive, then six.

He remembers his first day in the Montreal locker room, how nervous he'd been.

How Hayden grinned at him, said, "Thank fuck we had second pick. If I had to play against you, I'd shit myself."

Everyone laughed then, the ice broken.

Five minutes.

He remembers the call he got late at night when Wilson was arrested for being drunk and disorderly after a Boston game, dragging himself out of Ilya's arms to go bail him out.

Four minutes.

Comeau at his second wedding, throwing his head back laughing, passing Shane another shot, which he immediately passed off to J.J.

Three minutes.

The two hour phone call with Drapeau when his kid broke his arm falling off a ladder and scared the shit out of him.

Two minutes.

Slamming into all of them when they won their first Cup, their second.

Calling Ilya from the locker room after they won their third, screaming, "I DID IT."

Ilya replying, "Of course you did, my champion."

A set of hands wrestling the phone away, another spraying him with champagne.

"Shane," Ilya says softly, snapping him back to the present. The car's no longer moving, parked beneath a glowing pink sign.

“Just...give me a minute.”

Ilya gives Wyatt a nod and he moves to open the car door. “Here if you need anything, Holly,” he says, flashing a smile before he goes.

Shane smiles back, but it doesn’t last long. “Fuck. What am I supposed to do? How do I act normal around them?”

“They will be drunk,” Ilya offers. “And there will be naked ladies. No one will notice you making out with your husband in the corner.”

Shane smiles softly and Ilya reaches out, cups Shane’s cheek with his hand. He strokes his thumb up and down and Shane leans into it hard. “I’m glad you’re here,” he whispers.

“Yes, me too. Has been years since I’ve been to a strip club. My husband is very strict.”

“Fuck off.” Shane laughs, shoving Ilya’s chest.

Maybe on another night, Shane would feel weird about being surrounded by naked women with his husband who can actually be attracted to them. But his anxiety is sharpened to a point, narrowed in the direction of the far too familiar faces waiting for him inside.

“Just remember, their lives are very sad,” Ilya says.

“Oh please.”

“They are! You are so much hotter than them. And you have how many Stanley Cups?”

“Four,” Shane whispers.

“Hmm? Louder.”

“Four,” Shane says, laughing. “I have four Stanley Cups.”

“Nobody in that building can say that,” Ilya says, leaning in to kiss him. “Just you. Just Shane Fucking Hollander. Okay?”

“Okay,” Shane repeats. He kisses Ilya back, probably deeper than he should in a strip club parking lot. But he needs it. Needs to feel moored to something and needs that something to be Ilya.

He pulls back breathing heavily and Ilya smiles, trails his thumb down to Shane's lips. “None of them can kiss like you either.”

“And how would you know?” Shane grins, pushing the door open.

Ilya follows, locking their hands tightly together.

The music inside is so loud that Shane winces. Ilya leans down, says right in his ear, “I think maybe I have been here before.”

“Really?”

He nods. “The guys in Boston always wanted to go to strip clubs in Canada. In America, the strippers don’t get naked.”

“They don’t? How do they strip then?”

“They wear underwear. The team came here a lot but I only came once or twice,” he says as they snake their way toward the back, following Hayden’s texted instructions. “I was busy when we played Montreal.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yes, there was this very boring boy always begging me to come over and fuck him. He was pretty though. Hard to resist.”

Shane nudges him, laughs. The sound dies in his throat when he sees the top of Comeau’s head.

“CAPITAINE!” J.J. shouts. He must be really drunk if he thinks it’s a good idea to call Shane that here. Two tables worth of Voyageurs turn, watching him like they’re assessing their prey. Shane’s whole body gets hot, itchy. Ilya squeezes his hand. “You’re here!”

J.J. jumps out of his seat and hugs Shane. Then, he hugs Ilya. Okay, so he’s not just ‘really drunk’. He’s trashed.

“Boiziau,” Ilya says stiffly. He hasn’t warmed up to J.J., still hasn’t forgiven him for doubting Shane, even for a second.

“You wanna hear something fucking crazy?” J.J. says, pulling Shane down into his booth. “I’m getting MARRIED!”

“I know. I’m so happy for you.” Shane smiles. It really is crazy. He’d sort of expected J.J. to float from club to club forever, but he got serious the minute he met Jamie, the owner of a restaurant he invested in.

“Still can’t believe your girl let you have your bachelor party at a strip club,” Drapeau says. He doesn’t offer Shane even the most basic Canadian kindness of fake pleasantries. Now that the initial stare down is complete, they seem to be ignoring his presence entirely. Ilya sits down beside Shane, presses heavily into his side. “Soph would have me killed.”

“You’re assuming she knows we’re here,” Comeau says, grinning. The other guys laugh, except Wyatt and Ilya, who both frown.

“She knows.” J.J. waves a hand. “No big deal. She’s going to a gay bar with her friends tomorrow.”

“What? Why?” Shane asks.

“Women love gay bars,” Ilya says. “Less creepy men and for some reason they think gay men will call them pretty all night instead of fucking each other.”

J.J. laughs, but no one else says a word. Shane isn’t sure if it’s because Ilya spoke, or because they’re daring to talk about something gay.

“OKAY!” Hayden’s voice calls from behind them as he places a tray of shots on the table. Instantly, Shane starts breathing a little easier. “Crisis averted, just had to talk Jade down from her latest nightmare. Hey buddy!”

“Hey,” Shane says. When everyone reaches for a shot, he does too. Ilya raises his eyebrows, but says nothing, not even when Shane immediately downs a second.

“You guys want any drinks?” Hayden asks. “I didn’t realize you got here.”

Shane and Wyatt both ask for beers, Ilya a coke. Hayden gives him a surprised look, but Ilya just shrugs. “Designated driver,” he says, as if that’s the only reason. As if he isn’t keeping a clear head in case Shane needs him.

“I’ll get the drinks!” Wyatt jumps to his feet. Shane has a sneaking suspicion that he’s just trying to get away from the stripper in his sightline, but whatever. It means that Hayden can sit in his seat.

“Is Jade okay?” Shane asks quietly. A naked woman flits past them and he offers her an awkward smile before averting eye contact completely.

Hayden launches into a long-winded story about Jade’s recurring nightmare. Shane barely hears a word, too hyperaware of the rest of the table. Comeau laughing about something with Drapeau, J.J. ogling dancers with Wilson.

He wonders how he’d fit into this scene if he’d never left. How many shots they’d be lightly pressuring him to take. How many jokes he’d be inside of. How many times he’d be checking his texts with Ilya.

“...Jackie thinks it’s because of the clown at their birthday party, but I’m not sure,” Hayden says, and Shane hums, hopes that passes as listening. “I really thought they liked the clown. Jade lost her mind when the balloon hat he gave her finally popped.”

“No. Is not the birthday clown,” Ilya says. “They love Mr. Woogles. Is the clown that rides the car. The king of candy.”

Shane turns to him, frowns. “The what?”

“King Candy! In the movie with the big guy that breaks things. But he says, ‘no, I am sad, I do not want to break things anymore’. Is very good.”

“Wreck-It Ralph?” Hayden guesses somehow.

“Yes! The villain is not a clown but he looks like a clown. We watched it when we babysat last month. She got very scared, remember?”

“Oh yeah,” Shane says, smiling, remembering how Ilya held Jade in his arms until she fell asleep.

“You think he is helping the little princess, but really he is only helping himself,” Ilya says seriously. “Huge betrayal, I was upset too. We played cupcake princesses after and that helped—or I thought it did. Poor Jade. Have you tried—”

“Jesus, I’m not drunk enough for this shit,” Comeau mutters.

Shane whips his head in his direction, finds Comeau staring directly at Ilya. Shane shouldn’t say anything. He knows that. “What *shit*?” he says anyway.

The rest of the table falls quiet. “Come on,” Comeau says. “Are we all just supposed to pretend it’s normal that you’re still playing house with Ilya Rozanov?”

“Gil—” J.J. says, but Shane doesn’t want him to finish that sentence, to pull Comeau gently off the ledge he’s steering himself toward. Shane wants to push him, kicking and screaming, to make them say it to his fucking face. That after all this time, they still hate him for the heinous crime of falling in love.

“We’ve been married for two years,” Shane says. “I’m not sure that qualifies as playing house. I mean, it’s longer than you were with your first wife, isn’t it?”

“Oh shiiit,” Hayden mutters. On Shane’s other side, Ilya’s grinning wider than he did when they won the Cup last month.

“Look, I’m just saying,” Comeau slurs. Despite what he said, he’s clearly very, very drunk. “Just saying, we all know the real reason you married Rozanov and I’m tired of acting like we don’t.”

“The real reason?”

“Alright, that’s enough,” Hayden says. “Tonight’s about J.J. Stop being assholes to Shane.”

“Seriously guys,” J.J. says. “Leave him alone.”

“No, I think it’s time someone said it,” Drapeau says.

“Said what? What, do you think it’s a publicity move or something?” Shane scoffs. “Oh yeah, you caught me. Uprooting my whole life and getting regular homophobic threats was worth it for the PR boost. It was my mom’s idea actually, she thought it would make me ‘relatable’ to all the young hockey players out there taking it up the ass from their sworn rivals.”

Wow, those shots did a number on him. Ilya’s howling with laughter next to him, which probably means every word was a huge mistake, but whatever. Maybe two years is long enough to hold this inside.

“No one thinks your marriage is a PR move, Shane,” Hayden says gently.

“I do,” Comeau says.

“Jesus Christ,” Hayden says. “You know you’re allowed to have private thoughts that you don’t share with other people, right?”

“And what would I possibly have to gain from that?” Shane barrels on. “Do you think I get off on the commissioner and half the league despising me or something?”

“I get off on Crowell despising us,” Ilya says very unhelpfully.

“I mean, we don’t think it’s a PR move in that sense.” Comeau looks to Drapeau and Wilson, who both nod. God, how pathetic are their lives? How much time do they spend dissecting Shane’s? “The way we see it, you got caught with your fuck buddy and ended up with your back against a wall.”

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I love fucking Shane against walls.”

Hayden makes a fake gagging noise, but then notices that Drapeau is doing the same thing and stops short.

“It’s like...you were fucking him because you got off on the forbidden aspect or whatever,” Drapeau chimes in. “Then, Pike pulls his idiotic move and the whole world finds out.”

“Oh come on!” Hayden says. “Why does your fucked up conspiracy have to drag me down too?”

“So, what’s golden boy Shane Hollander to do? The way I see it, you had two options,” Drapeau says. “Either admit to the world that you were being a depraved freak with your sworn rival turned fuck buddy. Or you marry him, fuck off to Ottawa, and spin it as a fairytale ending.”

“It’s an interesting theory,” Shane says. He puts a hand on Ilya’s arm, a silent *I’ve got this*. “Makes total sense, down to my casual fuck buddy moving to Canada for me. That happens all the time, it’s a problem really. The entire province of Ontario is just filled with men I slept with once.”

“Hey!” Ilya says, because of course this is where he draws the line.

“So what? You expect us to believe you’re actually in a loving, monogamous relationship with Ilya Rozanov?” Comeau says.

“I don’t expect you to believe any basic facts, considering you still don’t think I tripped.” Shane’s red in the face now, he’s sure. He may even be popping a vein. He almost feels bad about ruining J.J.’s bachelor party. But, well, he invited these assholes. Hopefully he got in a lap dance or two before Shane showed up.

“Hollzy,” Drapeau says. Shane physically cringes. The old nickname feels like sticking an unwashed finger in an open wound. “I don’t know how you expect us to believe you just tripped. One day you start fucking Rozanov, the next—”

“Okay, this is the part I don’t understand,” Shane says. “Do you really think we started seeing each other in, what, 2020? You can’t be that stupid, right? I know you’re not that stupid.”

“Ooh, fun party game.” Ilya claps. “Everyone go around and guess how old we were the first time I sucked Shane’s dick. The answer might surprise you!”

Shane laughs. “Yeah, I wanna hear this.”

J.J. groans. “Let’s all play a new game called everyone be nice and normal to each other.”

“I think it was 2017,” Wilson says easily, like he’s given this some thought. Shane’s starting to think they’re active members in those weird Hollanov subreddits where teenagers zoom in on old photos of them for ‘timeline clues’.

“Has to be,” Comeau says. “Obviously that check from Marlow knocked some screws loose.”

Wilson and Drapeau both crack up. Shane wills himself not to think about all the hours they spent by his bedside, playing cards and shooting the shit while he recovered. They always left with a warm, parting word lamenting his tough break and a homemade casserole from their wives.

Shane swallows. “Any other guesses?”

“I try really hard not to think about it,” Drapeau says, which feels like a bold-faced lie at this point.

“Oh? Takes a lot of effort not to, hmm?” Ilya winks. Drapeau scoffs, but ultimately says nothing. Maybe the worst part of all of this is not a single one of them has spoken to Ilya directly since they walked in. All these years spent hating him and they still can’t seem to grasp that he’s a person.

“Come on, guess something,” Wilson says. “I wanna know.”

“Mmm, you don’t actually,” Shane says. “Because I think it’ll break your brains if you know we started hooking up our rookie season.”

Once again, silence rolls over the table. Hayden lets out a little exasperated huff, and J.J.’s drunk enough to laugh, but everyone else stares at him, stunned. Like they don’t believe him. They probably don’t.

“But Shane,” Ilya says, still smirking. “How is that possible? You have won so many Cups, I thought you threw games for me!”

“We took turns throwing them, remember? With our coin flip system.”

“Coin flip?” Ilya blows a raspberry. “Only you could make cheating boring. Why not best blowjob competition?”

“Best blowjob competition?” Wyatt says, coming back from the bar and placing their drinks on the table. “How would you judge that?”

“You... There’s no way...” Comeau says. He’s finally regained his capacity for speech, which is unfortunate. Shane was starting to hope it was gone forever. “There’s no fucking way you

started hooking up your rookie season.”

“No.” Ilya shakes his head. “Of course not. Was summer before our rookie season.”

“No shit, really?” Wyatt grins, either oblivious or apathetic to the tension at the table.
“How’d that happen?”

“Shane got hard in the shower,” Ilya says.

“Oh fuck you!” Shane’s unable to stop the grin that takes over his face. “You were preening.”

“Preening?”

“Like...” Shane waves a hand. “Showing off. And then you *jacked off* at me.”

“What?” Hayden sputters next to him. Shane’s pretty sure he can hear someone else choking on their drink. “How do you jack off *at* someone?”

“Do you want a demonstration?” Ilya asks.

“Oh fuck off, Rozanov.”

“This is...” Drapeau says. “God, this is fucked. I can’t believe you were lying to us the entire time.”

“It wasn’t about you!” Shane says, his voice heated enough to burn the whole place down. “It had nothing to do with you. I fell in love. Are you really telling me none of you can understand that?”

“You fell in love...” Drapeau says slowly. And for a stupid second, Shane has hope. Hope that finally, he’s going to get it. “With Ilya Rozanov.”

He says Ilya’s name like it’s a slur. Shane wants to scream. He wants to flip the table. He wants to tell these assholes that they’re lucky to share the ice with Ilya. Hell, they’re lucky to breathe the same air as him.

His only salvation is that decades from now, the world will have forgotten about them—but it won’t have forgotten Ilya Rozanov. Who could?

“Yes,” Shane says finally. “Of course.”

“Of course?” Comeau laughs. Like it’s funny. Like Ilya’s a punchline and not the reason that Shane’s world knows how to turn.

“Don’t bother trying to make sense of it, Gil,” Drapeau says. “It’s his fucking funeral.”

“My funeral?”

“Sure. If you want to waste your life with some fucking asshole who’s cheating on you with everything that moves, that’s your prerogative.”

“Amen,” Wilson says.

“But don’t come crawling back to us when you finally realize the fucker only married you because he was too lazy to get Canadian citizenship on his own.”

Something that most people don’t realize about Shane is he knows how to throw a punch. When he was fifteen, his mother sat him down and taught him how.

She said it was for the ice, that he needed to know how to hold his own before going pro, stressing all the while that he was far more valuable out of the penalty box. *For hockey*, she kept insisting. *Just for hockey*.

It wasn’t that Shane thought she was lying. Yuna Hollander imparting hockey wisdom on him wasn’t anything new.

But when he got older, he did wonder if she was teaching him for self defense. In case a racist or a crazed fan or a combination of the two came at him and no one was there to shield him.

He does know, definitively, that she didn’t teach him so he’d deck Patrice Drapeau in the middle of a strip club. But he’s pretty sure she’ll understand.

He lunges forward, punches Drapeau three times in rapid succession until he hears something crack. A hand reaches out as if to pull him back, but it’s not necessary.

Shane’s already retreating. He knows how to get a job done efficiently.

Someone says *holy shit* and someone else says his name and someone who’s probably Drapeau says “ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME” and someone who’s definitely Hayden is talking down a security guard. Shane ignores them all, distracted by the familiar string of Russian coming from his right.

Shane looks up at Ilya, suddenly shy, and finds his husband staring down with his pupils blown wide, mouth agape, the same look he gets before he—

Ilya lunges forward and kisses him. He places both hands on either side of his face and sticks his tongue down Shane’s throat like he’s searching for God there.

Shane doesn’t think twice before sucking on it. Because he can and because he wants to and because this image deserves to be burned in his former teammates’ brains.

This is Shane Hollander. This is the man who led them to three Cups, who they worshipped until it was no longer convenient to them.

The same hunger he had as their captain, he has as a husband. He runs two tight fists through Ilya’s hair. He’s half tempted to drop to his knees right here, to let them see how well he takes Ilya’s cock, how fucking desperate he’s been for it for a decade.

A hand forcibly pulls him back by the elbow. “Seriously?” Hayden groans.

Shane gives him a sheepish smile, then sweeps his eyes toward Drapeau, who's desperately trying to blot his bloody nose with cocktail napkins.

Shane should regret it. Maybe it's the adrenaline pumping or maybe it's Ilya's arm wrapped securely around his waist or maybe it's Drapeau's nose spurting like a fountain, but he can't find it in himself to.

"Sorry J.J.," he says, because he does at least kind of regret ruining his bachelor party.

"It's fine." J.J. sighs, dejected, like he expected this. Which, honestly, he must have on some level. "If someone was running their mouth about Jamie, I'd do the same."

Shane nods. He'll still send him a fruit basket or something. Does cantaloupe scream *sorry I punched an asshole at your bachelor party, but he was asking for it?*

"Alright, well, we have like thirty seconds til security chases us out of here. Anyone who's in the mood to not be a raging asshole is invited back to the hotel suite," Hayden says.

"Will there be strippers there?" Wyatt asks, looking almost scared of the answer.

"Nah." J.J. slings an arm around his shoulder. "Let's order room service and watch Batman." Wyatt fist pumps the air.

"I think we'll go back to our hotel...I should take care of this." Shane gestures with his bloody hand that he's sure will hurt when his adrenaline buzz wears off.

"Uh huh, that's why you can't come." Hayden rolls his eyes, glancing at Ilya who's probably—yup, he's looking at Shane like he's about to devour him. Hayden takes a step forward, wraps Shane up in a hug. "Proud of you. That was long overdue."

"Oh. Thanks," Shane whispers, and now his throat is all tight, fuck.

To Shane's surprise, Hayden gives Ilya a hug too. Okay, it's two seconds and it's more like a hover, but he's still counting it as a win.

"Come babysit soon and watch something that won't traumatize my kids, will you?" Hayden says.

"That will be hard," Ilya says. "They're always asking to watch videos of you playing hockey."

Shane drags Ilya out by the hand before another fight can break out.

When they get in the car, Ilya makes no motion to start it. He just sits in the driver's seat, staring at Shane, awestruck.

"What?" Shane says.

He expects something witty or, honestly, horny. Instead, Ilya says quietly, "Why did you punch him?"

Shane laughs. “You can’t honestly be asking that.”

“No...I...” Ilya gets that look on his face that Shane now recognizes as his *I have so much to say in Russian but I have to settle for English* look. His heart twists. “They say worse on the ice. For two seasons. You never drop gloves. Not once.”

Shane could point out that he doesn’t have to. Not when Ilya and Troy and hell, on one notable occasion, even Luca are there to defend him.

But he feels raw, vulnerable, and he’s never been good at lying to his husband. “He called you lazy. No one gets to call you that. *No one.*”

They know each other well enough by now that Shane doesn’t have to spell it out. *Not your flesh and blood. Not you, cursing your own reflection. Not a soul.*

Shane’s spent a decade hearing insults slung at the love of his life. Asshole, arrogant, cocky, smarmy, smartass.

At least those are true. Lazy? *Lazy?* Ilya makes such an earnest effort in every aspect of his life—whether it’s playing hockey or caring for Anya or getting out of bed.

Or loving Shane. Ilya worked himself to the bone so they could be here today. Married, each other’s, in love. In a strip club parking lot, awash in the sign’s pink glow, Ilya...frantically scrambling for Shane’s fly.

“What are you doing?”

Ilya blinks at him like he’s stupid. “Guess.” When Shane doesn’t, he says plainly, “I’m going to suck your dick.”

“We’re in public!”

“Okay,” Ilya says, and that’s the last word he gets out before his mouth is otherwise preoccupied.

Shane lets out a choked out gasp. He should stop this. He’s going to stop this. Oh who is he kidding? What a tired refrain.

Ilya’s mouth is just...it’s wet and hot and exactly what he needs, where he needs it. It only takes thirty seconds before he’s lost track of the fact that they’re in public and could potentially add another charge to his likely impending physical assault case.

"Yes," Shane moans, closing his eyes so all he has to do is *feel*. “Just keep...”

He doesn't manage to finish that sentence. He’s not sure what he would have said anyway. *Keep doing that? Keep touching me? Keep me forever?*

Ilya doesn’t need instruction. Even in the awkward angle of the car, he’s in tune enough with Shane’s body to bring him to the edge in a matter of minutes.

“I’m close—I’m already—fuck,” Shane whimpers, and Ilya hums around his dick.

Shane opens his eyes because he wants to see Ilya’s head bobbing, wants to come to the sight of his husband, too desperate to wait the fifteen minutes til they’re back at the hotel.

Instead, he makes eye contact with a very, very shellshocked Gilbert Comeau.

On either side of him, Wilson is holding a cigarette and Drapeau is fumbling with the cocktail napkins shoved up his nose. All three of them are staring at him like they can’t believe their eyes.

Shane’s hip jerks, but Ilya keeps going, probably thinking he’s just too close to control himself. Which, in fairness, he is.

He should tell Ilya to stop, push him off. He knows that. But fuck, why should he let them ruin a perfectly good blowjob? He’s not giving up another thing for these assholes, even if it’s an orgasm.

And, well, he’s too close to coming to deny the truth, even to himself: he fucking loves that they’re watching him.

He bangs his head back hard against the seat, doesn’t disguise his eyes rolling back or his slack jaw.

Let them know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they’re witnessing the league’s biggest menace, Montreal’s worst nightmare, take their dear captain apart with his tongue.

Let it sink in that he regularly has better sex than they ever will in their sad little lives and he has it with Ilya Rozanov. He wants them to leave tonight with the realization that whether they beat Boston or lost, this was the face he was making after. Every fucking season. Every fucking game.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane gasps his name. His last coherent thought is that he hopes they can read his fucking lips before he’s coming, spilling over into Ilya’s mouth.

He pants, blissed out and breathing heavily.

Then, he laughs—giddily, hysterically.

There’s a good chance that later, he’ll freak out about this. He’ll process that word of this is going to spread and come October, every locker room will be saying, “Have you heard that Shane Hollander’s a violent sex crazed maniac?”

But right now? Two shots, a broken nose, and an orgasm in? It’s funny. It’s a fucking riot.

Ilya pulls off gently, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. “Fuck. You’re so fucking hot I almost—Shane? Are you okay?”

Shane looks out the windshield again. They’re all still there, but they have the decency to be looking down. He bites his lip, wonders when they started pretending to not be interested.

Ilya follows his gaze and curses under his breath in Russian. "Are you okay, sweetheart? I never should have—"

"No. I'm glad they saw." Shane traces a thumb over Ilya's jaw. "Probably the best thing they've seen all year, huh? It's like charity work."

"*Fuck* Shane, stop. I will come in my pants."

Shane smiles, leaning in to kiss him deep, relishing the taste of himself. "Hotel," he says against Ilya's lips. "I need you to fuck me."

Ilya pulls back enough to tilt his head, looking out the window. "There is a perfectly good wall right there."

"Stop." Shane nudges him. "That's just for us. Besides, I need you to take your time with me."

"I will try." Ilya kisses him again. "I think maybe I will come in three seconds remembering that punch. But for you? I will always try."

"I know. Because you're the least lazy person I've ever met."

Ilya kisses him one more time. Okay, two more times. Three more. Then, finally, he buckles up, tucking Shane gently back into his pants so he can follow suit.

Ilya pulls out of the parking lot and Shane, still basking in his post orgasm glow, just can't help himself. When they drive past his old teammates, he rolls down the window and shouts a cheery, "See you next season!" They're too shocked to so much as glare at him.

Ilya laughs. He laughs so hard that Shane worries he'll stop breathing and crash the car. "You're my hero."

"I don't know what's gotten into me," Shane says, wrapping his hand in Ilya's. "Well, I guess you have."

"No." Ilya lifts their locked hands to kiss his. "This is all you, Shane Hollander."

Shane, like always, loves the sound of that. His name, from Ilya's lips, uttered like a prayer and a promise.

"Maybe. But I wouldn't mind being more like Ilya Rozanov."

Shane says the name with all the softness that it deserves.

End Notes

Ilya spends the next few days frantically googling “Shane Hollander Patrice Drapeau fight” in search of his holy grail of porn. Sadly for him but thankfully for Shane, a video never surfaces. Ilya does get his hands on security footage of it from the club “for legal purposes”

Title credits for this one to “Tights on my Boat” by The Chicks. I NEED someone to introduce Shane to Not Ready to Make Nice, I think it would alter his brain chemistry

Okay thanks for reading, comments are appreciated as much as I currently appreciate that Wyatt and J.J. have a canon friendship and I was able to drag Wyatt along for this shitshow turned porno lmao. Don’t worry, Bood owes him 50 bucks now and he got to info dump about Batman, he's thriving!

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