

they layered me up, then broke me down

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by [byulelle](#)

Summary

“Crazy fucking season, eh? Never thought they'd let a faggot like you back on the ice,”

Hollander takes a step back, immediately moving out of the way as Rozanov charges from his right, catching Bernese seemingly off guard, not anticipating him to actually hear the chirp. His chest was shoved – hard. It hurts him through his padding before his collar gets balled up and Rozanov violently shakes him, momentum favoring the speed at which he jumps him.

“Watch your fucking mouth when you talk to my team,” he snarls.

; There's a new dawn on ice. And with revelation comes resistance. And with resistance, comes the very fist of the one who changes the game. Montreal is not their only problem. But with Ottawa slowly establishing themselves as a household name, their word and play is law on the ice.

Notes

this isn't as narratively linear than [are you loyal to yourself in advance](#), the scenes escalate from tamest to bat shit crazy so homophobic language alert again.

ALSO. mentions of blood and shane's violence kink, not sorry.

((++ MIGHT WHIP UP A QUICK LIL SMUT CHAPTER???) MAYBE.

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

“You have got to be fucking kidding me...” Anthony Mullner, Colorado Blizzard’s alternate captain furrows his brows, the newly released rosters finally out. “We cannot be the against fucking Ottawa in our second match-off,”

“We are?” one of his teammates, fresh out of the shower, leans over and looks at the screen. “Fucking christ...”

“Hollander’s first season in the Cents eh?”

“What a fucking nightmare,” Mullner shakes his head.



Hollander pops off the knob before stripping off the tape narrowly, making it flush against the butt end, wrapping it over ten times before it reaches a certain thickness before capping the opened end the plug left with more tape, thrice over and then twisting the tape to form ropes for better grip. “You still tape like amateur, Hollander,”

“Fuck off and mind your own business, Rozanov.” he rolls his eyes, not stopping when he twines the ropes into candy canes, wrapping it twice with the normal width of tape up until the label up top. The team had yet to get used to the sharpness with their interactions, trying to pass it off as normal. It’s not like they haven’t seen Shane or Ilya lovey-dovey with each other – it was just a really stark contrast. The mere idea of the ice sets them off, a rivalry so embedded into them it’s hard to break away, or rather, they’ve found a familiar sense of familiarity and comfort behind the roughness of their play.

They’re being *playful*, and the team needed more time for them to wrap their heads around that.

Their tape jobs are also a heavy contrast—with Hollander obsessing over every meticulous detail and Rozanov’s barely there job, just five twists all over and calling it a day. There was a reason his hands were more calloused than his husband’s.

“That’s why your tape cracks open mid-game,” Hollander passes over to grab the pride tape, just doing it once over the very bottom of where his gloves stopped holding the shaft. He loved the representation but the finish was not ideal to him.

“What happened to minding your business, huh?”

“You started it,”

Rozanov suddenly grabs Hollander’s stick, pulling him until he’s forced to lean forward, and he steals a kiss before Hollander shoves him lightly on the shoulder, holding back a smile before his husband smacks him on the ass and lets him continue getting ready.

Grabbing a marker, he scribbles a quick ‘**Yuna**’ on his stick. Twisting it around, he adds ‘**Irina**’, blowing on the ink, watching it dry before taking it out on a spin. The last of his taping rituals finishes when coach Wiebe walks in, tense energy now palpable.

“Gather up,” his voice booms. “Let’s talk game,”

Meanwhile, the energy is more glum within the locker rooms of the Blizzards. Their captain, Jonathan King, clasps his hands together. “Come on gang, we cannot look so fucken’ glum eh?” his eyes span around the room, “What about it? It’s just fucking Hollander and Rozanov, yeah? They aren’t on the ice all the time and Hollander is a baby deer with new legs. There’s no Pike, no Boizieu, and no Miitka,” he assures them.

“Hell yeah!” Mullner cheers from the west cubicles. “Can’t possibly lose to the fucking Centaurs now!”

Their team follows along, riding the tides of adrenaline despite the pressure breathing down their backs. Individually, either Rozanov and Hollander could have a hat trick within the 1st period. Three goals too much, if you asked the other teams. God knows what they could do together.

“We have to believe in the power of our team. We’ve been in the play-offs in an unbroken streak and we’re just getting fucking started this season, we can’t let Ottawa have a fucking pass at us now, can we? Let’s wipe that backwater team from the map again,”

Cheers echo through the guest locker rooms, team chants leaking through their walls.

And before anyone knows it, it's game time.



Hollander ducks down center ice, face to face with Colorado’s newest draftee, a fresh-faced rookie who couldn’t even look him in the eyes, death grip on his stick and eyes planted down on the ice.

He pities the poor kid. He remembers once upon a time, coming face to face with his hockey idol at eighteen years old. He badly lost three face-offs against that legendary hockey player. It all seemed like yesterday too, so young and full of gas in the tank. The ref poises himself, holding the puck above them as he slips his mouthguard in.

“Good luck, kid,” he simply says before pushing the puck sideways, his teammates quickly darting to grab it into their zone.

Haas immediately attempts a shot at the net, tapping his stick against the ice twice before Hollander passes it through, allowing their own rook to try and find an opening against the

Blizzard's own goalie—veteran against rook, a game played as old as it could. He misses, not too entirely, hitting the left pole as it enters the crease before being pushed out.

Hollander has heard from his husband that missed shots immediately throw the rook off, too rife with guilt so with as loud as he could muster, he shouts across the ice, “Shake it off! Shake it off, one more!” before trying to contend with the other players behind the net, getting into the scrum with Rozanov and Dykstra before passing it to Haas *again*.

This time, he finally pushes it in a bar down, the lights immediately flashing and horns blaring at a 1-0 within the first two minutes of the first period. Whether Colorado wanted to believe it was luck or an intentional pass, it didn't matter. Not when the Cents were already piling on their youngest, shaking and smothering him with helmet pats and cheers with their first goal. Hollander's passes were great with the rook's, the anticipation and understanding of what he needs coming in clutch as they go have another face-off.

The play continues, Colorado winning with Dykstra and the forwards immediately heading to the defensive zone. Dykstra immediately checks one the right winger, puck slipping out from his blade only for a teammate to save it and try to make a shot at Hayes who bounces the puck back off his shin pads, successful at deflecting it only to be dogpiled with a second try, the whistle immediately blowing when both Hollander and Rozanov tear the opposition off their goalie.

“They're covering the puck!” Rozanov argues, always at a home court disadvantage when it comes to the refs and linemen. Obviously with additional pushback now. It was understated, but the officials didn't have to hide their disdain toward Ottawa.

“Back to the neutral zone, Rozanov,”

“No, no, not until you penalize Logan. I saw him high stick our goalie before covering the puck,” he argues, not one to really take shit from everyone and wildly protective of his team.

Boodram nudges Hollander, “Love a man in authority”

That makes him smirk, tapping Bood to retreat back, “He's always been one hell of an enforcer,”

“Oh trust me, we know,” Bood chuckles and shakes his head, “Fucking Logan is a gong show, ey?”

“All height, no power. Fucking embarrassing,” he scoffs back.

Time ticks by as the play continues, the boards remaining a 1-0 even at the end of the first period.

By the time the second period is marked at fifteen minutes in, Rozanov has to go back to the bench, Barrett coming in hot only for Mullner to zip past Rozanov quickly and before he knows it, his husband is the target.

Managing to dodge the alternate captain, Hollander moves, getting caught in the momentum before the shank of his stick snaps against Muller's skates. Rozanov darts back, tossing his own and bringing his husband's broken one with him, not wanting Hollander to lose the puck he had in his possession.

With quick enough movements, he manages to maintain his ownership on the puck.

The announcer's surprised voice rings through. "And it seems Hollander's snapped! Rozanov is back on the bench, his own stick offered to his teammate!"

"I don't know about you Charles, but from what I've heard the two have very different stick specs! With Hollander operating at a 105 flex, harder than his usual, would he actually be able to play?!"

But Hollander just adjusts his grip. He'd tried out his husband's stick in jest a handful of times. But even with what he considers a shoddy tape job from his husband, he tightens his wrist and braces for harder hits.

"Cap..." LaPointe trails him nervously the moment his captain gets settled on the bench, eyes sharp and trained on him and the ice.

"He'll manage,"

It takes him four shots towards the net before getting the hang of it. Effectively, however, his momentum is not broken—better to use another stick rather than stopping to change.

Chouinard manages to get the puck back, immediately passing it to Barrett as they rush back to the opposing defense zone, and by the wings, Hollander is waiting for him to cross the blue line before speeding up, and with a twist on both his wrist and arm, he braces himself and shoots the puck directly off Barrett's pass, the speed of the puck making the snow around it flurry up before it lands on the net, another goal scored by the Cents.

2-0.

When Shane enters the bench for a break, he immediately receives a big, fat kiss on his cheek as he laughs and playfully shoves Ilya off him, who pats his helmet with a beaming smile.

"Such a saucer that was, yes? Very nice,"

Shane rolls his eyes and hands Ilya's stick back to him, tape already split down the middle. "If you taped it a little more properly it wouldn't crack like that,"

"Again, with the tape job. Then I just re-tape it again, so easy," Ilya groans with exasperation, handing Shane another roll of tape save for the one he was about to use as his husband finally recovers his own stick. "Maybe I should start using a firmer flex,"

"I told you. Less flimsy,"

"But maybe not a 105, still too stiff," Shane shakes his head while multi-tasking with his new tape job. "Got a marker in here?"

One of the guys from the line toss it to him, and he busies himself with his ritual—same names, same places.

“You put mama’s name too,” Ilya points out, “I saw it a while ago,”

“I wasn’t necessarily hiding it,” Shane hums and looks at him, seeing the slightly watery look in his husband’s eye. “Hey. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” he quickly shakes his head, unable to hold his smile back, gently bumping his shoulder against Shane’s. “Love you,”

“Тоже тебя люблю,” Shane pushes back against the weight before Zane suddenly crashes down against the boards, snapping them out of their revelry. “Motherfuck!” he curses loudly before getting himself back together and darting after the puck.

They manage to knock out the game by the end of third period – a good 3-1 against the Colorado Blizzards.

Game 5 — September 24

The Winnipeg Darts had a history of verbally scathing players. Any and every insult and chirp under the sun, released from their arsenal better than their puck ever entering the net, especially within the confines of their home court. Star problem players, however, Mark Bernese and Salvadore Golde, were short fuses looking for a bad time.

In their minds, the Centaurs were easy prey. Queer, married, fathers within the team and to them were very glowing and glaring soft spots. No bar too low.

“Okay, listen up,” Rozanov calls their attention, clapping his hands before taking a deep breath, “This team will try to piss you off. It breaks my heart to ask, but please do not engage in any fights on the ice,”

The team is silent, as if already solemn with self-control. “You let me and Bood handle whatever fights they try to make, but we are not in home court and their refs are shit. I know it is hard, and when you are stressed out and tired, you want to throw hands. We can do that to Toronto next game, we cannot do that here, so no fisticuffs yet. Please,”

His eyes span around the room, seeing the steadfast faces of the men who held onto his every word like law. Rozanov from the Raiders would’ve scoffed and called him a pussy, but this was a game they couldn’t afford to throw. It would be very dangerous for their general point standing if they allowed any officials to cherry pick what penalties they wanted to dole out.

“Take care of each other on the ice. You only have each other here. And I know you could do it,”

“Yes captain!” their voice booms through the locker room. Rozanov grinds his teeth, taking in a deep breath before nudging his head towards Boodram and his alternate captain follows suit. “You got this?”

Boodram bumps his helmet against Roz’s, “Abso-fucking-lutely. Let’s do this cap. I got you,”

A small smile is pulled out from the tension coiled in Rozanov's body, offering his glove up to be bumped. “I know you do,”

“Let's wipe the ice with ‘em, see how they like it,” Bood cranes his head back into the locker room, “Let's roll out!”

The boos are immediately evident from the home side of the audience. Even their own fans didn't like their own players and god, was Winnipeg a mess. And the moment Golde’s eyes come into contact with Hollander’s, the smirk on his face tells all—like the cat got the cream and Shane tries his best to not let it affect him before they could even face-off.

Even before his signing to Ottawa, Golde was already a homophobic player, throwing slurs and derogatory chirps at anyone who would listen. Now that in his mind, his fucked up humor had been realized—three queer players in a team—he couldn't help but grin and relish in the feast he thinks he's having.

“Hollander,” Wiebe nods, “First line center again, yeah? I'll put you in with Holmberg and Haas. I need to distribute the lot of you out, and I find this is the wisest it could get. You try to rack up as many you could before they fucking pummel you down into the boards,”

“Seems like we're about to have a lot of power plays today, coach,” Hollander stretches his neck. “We've got this,”

Skating towards center ice, he's flanked by Dykstra and LaPointe, triaded with the rookies as he bends down and braces himself. Taking a deep breath, he sees Golde’s skates roll right in front of him.

Haas hesitates, seeing Hollander’s eyes shift upwards when the opposing center says something to him. His eyes flit back to Rozanov, seated and spectating from the bench and before he could stop himself—barks at him in a desperate attempt to try and detach from what he could only assume was a derogatory chirp.

His captain wasn't on ice, but he'd be damned if he didn't try.

Just one, firm ‘woof’ but he sees him smile from the periphery, dropping his head with a laugh as the ref finally drops the puck.

Pushing forward and fueled by Haas somehow, Hollander wins the face off.

It doesn't take long for both Haas and Hollander to be checked, toppling into each other while the older player helps him up quickly, catching up to retrieve the puck while hearing a distant, “Fucking gay ass cunt!”

Hollander's eyes narrow, immediately speeding up and jabbing off one player's stick from the ice, making a pass at Dykstra who hurriedly brings it to Winnipeg's defensive zone, intentionally making a shot behind the net so that Hollander coming from the east side of the court could swipe it up with enough momentum even with two Darts players hot on his trail.

"Haasy, your right!" he shouts, seeing them charge after him preemptively before finally shooting in the net able to make it slide in top-side. The goalie is able to bat the puck, making him curse under his breath before the whistle blows.

Back in the center ice, there's another face-off and Hollander manages to win again, teeth grit with determination and white-knuckle grip just wanting to score at least one. Winnipeg was shit, but they were riding hot on their rookie goalie's trail, so fresh and full of ambition.

Eventually, however, with Rozanov joining the fray and Hollander taking a breather on the benches, he manages to score with a minute left for the first period, saucer pass managing to bounce off his puck and slam into the net.

With a 1-0, Hollander returns on ice for the second period after intermission, briefly paired with his husband again.

"Tough goalie," he huffs.

"Good kid. Got a lot of mileage, the faster he's out of his team, the better,"

Rozanov shrugs his shoulders and hums, "Fair, actually. It is obvious he is the best they got and is not such an asshole," he comments with finality before crossing sticks with a Darts player, being right winger for his husband.

The puck drops, and with one strike too hard, Winnipeg accidentally forms a hole on the board panels, garnering an immediate whistle as the referee immediately goes to check – calling in game stoppage. Whether it was their excuse to buy their own home team some time or was an actual area of concern, none of the Cents contested it.

The game stops momentarily, and as Hollander idles by, waiting for the refs to proceed, Bernese approaches him, squaring up as he stops just shy of an inch from brushing against his jersey.

He'd played against Hollander a handful of times in past seasons, seeing how docile he could get, not one to get into fights outside of body checks and the usual puck scrum.

"Crazy fucking season, eh? Never thought they'd let a faggot like you back on the ice,"

Hollander takes a step back, immediately moving out of the way as Rozanov charges from his right, catching Bernese seemingly off guard, not anticipating him to actually hear the chirp. His chest was shoved – hard. It hurts him through his padding before his collar gets balled up and Rozanov violently shakes him, momentum favoring the speed at which he jumps him.

"Watch your fucking mouth when you talk to my team," he snarls.

Hollander makes eye contact with Bernese who tries fighting back and smirks, rolling his eyes and turning around to skate away, allowing Rozanov to have his way with him if the lineman didn't intervene immediately. "Back to your bench! Both of you! Jesus,"

Bernese skates back, a little shaken by what he witnessed as Gahllager chuckles. "I see Rozanov is back at it,"

"...Hollander had him at me," he slowly comes to the realization. "Fucking...he turned around! He wasn't going to hold Rozanov back!"

He wasn't fucking crazy, was he? He saw it with his own eyes. Maybe it was better after all that he was Captain. In Montreal. Not whatever the fuck Ottawa was allowing him to be.

The game ended in an embarrassing 4-0 for the Darts. Only doling out penalties for both Rozanov and Boodram, and even with seven chances at a power play, they couldn't get a score in.

Game 7 – October 15

Anaheim Albatross had very good defensemen. And god if that wasn't pissing Rozanov off already with a glaring 1-2 gap in their first period.

Steering himself to try and break that defense line, he checks Felix Kister. Hard. His entire arm shoves him off, knocking the stick back down and letting go of the puck before leaving him in the dust, finally having the damn thing in his possession rather than just scrambling to make sure it doesn't go through Hayes or their goal.

Kister, with a now obvious chip on his shoulder and bruised ego, chases after him. His grip on his stick tightens and before Rozanov knows it, a taped knob is immediately jammed into his face, hitting his nose with an injurious speed as the whistle blows.

The ref signals with one closed fist above the other, a high sticking penalty called making the players stop. Dykstra is about to charge against Kister but stops when he sees small droplets of red on the ice.

And when he finally lifts his head up in recovery, Rozanov's nose is bleeding. A five minute penalty for the Albatross.

All the worry fizzles out of Hollander when his boxers tighten within the confines of his padding and jock, it's fucking embarrassing how hot his husband looked with a cocky grin and literal blood dripping out of his nose, tongue darting out against bloodied lips while he trudges back to the boards.

"Subtitles," Barrett nudges him, reminding him that he had a tendency to wear his heart out on his face. "Your husband just got sacked, at least look a little sad. Jesus, Hollander,"

“Right. Right,” he feels his cheeks heat up, shaking his head. “My bad,”

Barrett does a double take towards Rozanov, brows furrowed before looking back at Hollander. “You...are one messy motherfucker Hollzy,”

“Just tell me you and Harris are vanilla, hurts me less,” he bumps his fist lightly against his shoulder, hearing him stammer in shock. Of *course* he feels bad for Ilya.

But his teeth and tongue ache between his guard and he truly tries to skate it off. Would it be a dream to lick all that blood off? *Absolutely*. Would it be abhorrent to do that in front of an audience and officials? Also yes.

So he tamps it down, trying to channel his arousal into anger because an injury is an injury regardless. His focus dialing back in, he steers himself to catch after the puck when Anaheim wins the face off. The Centaurs have Hayes flanked, making sure that if they couldn't get Chouinard to steal the puck back, it couldn't get in the net.

The lot of them are clustered around near the crease, legs, skates, and sticks tangling with each other, one of them takes a shot and the puck goes to the back of the net, both Barrett and Haas fighting tooth and nail with the blades of their stick to make sure the puck doesn't get veered off sideways.

With another try at a shot, one of Anaheim pushes past the two forwards playing defensive before being stopped by Haye's stick, pushing the puck towards the far left where Hollander is waiting and quickly, he manages to gain possession of the puck, skating fast enough with four Albatross players on him. Taking a shot, he hits the cross bar and it isn't a goal.

With exhaustion seeping into his veins, he looks to the benches, seeing LaPointe hiking the boards as he opts to rest and head back.

“Tired already?” his husband teases, making Shane tip him off the bench while grabbing Ilya's bottle for himself and taking in large gulps of water, “Shut up. How's your nose?”

“Not too painful, I wanna scratch but Terry said no,”

“Yeah? You better not,”

“You like it when I bleed, sweetheart?”

That makes Shane snap his head back, eyes wide with accused surprise as he sputters in shock. “Absolutely not!”

Ilya raises a brow, “No? But I think you're lying.”

“Ilya...fucks sake we're still on ice,” Shane's face reddens, like a kid with his hand caught down the cookie jar, turning away from his husband who starts gently tugging at his ankles with his stick, grinning like the cat got the cream. “We can explore that little fascination, no?”

“Ilya.” he sternly stops him.

“Shane?”

“Oh fuck you, drop it!” he sputters and ambles his way to the other side of the bench, nape too hot underneath his helmet but rather suffering through it than expose his very red face. One time, it was one time!

His eyes trail the ice, the Albatross managing another point, putting them 1-3 but Rozanov hops over the boards the moment Barrett opts out, and passing by Hollander’s side, he makes a quick pit stop. “If I bring that score count up, you owe me the truth, yes?” he winks and darts towards the ice before Hollander could even process his wager. The little shit.

But that’s what Rozanov does best on the ice. Getting on people’s nerves and having his words to be answered for with an absolutely lethal play.

Ducking down for a face off, Rozanov lifts his eyes to Laughnan, grinning, “You’re tired, I can see it in your eyes. Is the big leagues too tiring for you? No hard plays in div two?” he chirps and it clearly gets on the center’s nerves who spits on the ice. “Fuck you Rozanov, I’ll make your fag nose bleed again,”

An infuriating shrug to his shoulder, he hums, “Sure,” before the puck drops and he immediately pushes back, not waiting for Laughnan to react, breaking his stick away from him and catching the very puck he touched, immediately charging to the opposition’s defense line.

Pushing through with pure brute strength given by being off the ice for nearly ten minutes, the puck goes airborne when he lifts off, batting it towards the goal and immediately making the indicator light go off and it’s a second goal for the Centaurs. Fueled by the sheer idea of his husband confessing that maybe he *does* have a violence kink.

With each face off every after goal, he manages to get on Laughnan’s nerves while finishing up a hat trick on his second shift on ice, bumping them into a 4-3 within just two minutes and before anyone knows it, the third period is nearly starting. Much to Shane’s chagrin because he had a sinking feeling that he wouldn’t get sleep tonight at all.

“You’re such a fucking show-off, you know that,” Hollander snarls playfully against grit teeth, the tip of his nose nearly pressed against Rozanov’s when his husband hangs out the the boards with a satisfied smirk. “If I do one better, I don’t have to tell you shit tonight,”

“No, no. Not possible, Hollander. I made those numbers go up, see?” Rozanov points at the scoreboards, “Is that how you thank your captain?”

“Asshole,”

“You are starting to sound like Laughnan, is not so original anymore,” he beams with lips between his teeth when Hollander makes it his goal to shoulder check him when he’s called into ice for what could hopefully be their last period of the night.

Laughnan on the other hand, is not doing so hot as he keeps his eyes trained on Hollander from the bench. “Fucking...did Rozanov get even more insufferable the moment his faggot

fucking husband joined his backwater shit team?”

“Woah, language,” Jordie Manucas, his captain laughs along, sarcastic and shaking his head. “But he gets more audacious with his fleshlight on his team, yeah? Keeps the depression away, no?”

Laughnan raises a brow, turning to his captain, “He got depression?”

Manucas shrugs, “I don't know. His mom had it, my girl says he probably has it too. Psychology or some shit,”

And something stirs inside him, eyes narrowing down on Rozanov who was taking a break on the boards. The moment he takes over the last of his shift for the third period, he manages to check Rozanov, only for the Russian to grin and make sure his husband got the puck.

“Your aim is shit. Probably all those steroids you're taking,” he chirps, shoving Laughnan off him.

“Fuck off Rozanov! Join your dead fucking mother too!”

Hollander's head snaps sideways, a little shellshocked at the chirp before dropping his gloves and immediately charging. It was 5-3 with two minutes and fifteen to burn before time, he could afford a fight.

Laughnan goes down the ice with a sickening thud, helmet immediately off by Hollander's hand, his first infraction among many. But with a player as big as him, he clambers back up, able to rip his helmet off too. Fist fly, and there's no letting go even with a lineman trying to intervene.

But Hollander has the higher ground, fist immediately colliding with the south of his cheek, skin breaking. “Say that again!” he roars against Laughnan's face, “Say that to my face, what about my fucking mother, huh?!”

“Not even yours man!” he coughs, feeling his face heat up from the impact, god knows he's cut somewhere.

“You dumb fuck. Watch your fucking mouth next time, or I'll have it personally seen to that shithole of yours being unhinged at the bone you can't even fucking swallow soup,” Shane bellows, pure bloodlust in his eyes. If the chirp wasn't so bad Laughnan would've assumed he was just doing it to pick a fight.

“Hollander enough!” the linemen and a referee finally pulls him away. Heaving, Hollander finally slackens as he comes face to face with a very angry referee. “When you are told to stop. You stop,”

And finally, Rozanov skates by his husband's side. “Out of the game for you, Hollander. We'll take it from here,” he says in a stern voice, a little surprising for the ref who would've expected a bit of pushback from the game ejection.

“Got it cap,” he concedes easily, wiping the now dripping blood from his nose, adding to the disbelief amongst the disciplinary committee. Laughnan had it worse. “Sorry about him,” Rozanov softly chuckles, “Bad chirp,” he shrugs.

Like his husband hadn't given another player a cut cheek, missing tooth, bleeding nose, and black eye.

Rozanov grabs his arm, gloves off and pushes his nose in closest he could to his cheek, “You really want your dick sucked tonight, no?”

“I couldn't let him talk about you that way, Ilya,” Hollander says through grit teeth, fire burning in his eyes and Rozanov swears he *would* fuck him center ice one of these days.

“You are too dangerous for my heart, Hollander. Now go take a breather, we'll take it from here,” he pats his chest and shoos him off, watching as his husband ambles off to the dressing room. Shaking his head, he has to hold off from beaming too widely on the ice, but god was he absolutely gone for Shane fucking Hollander.



“Okay, I do not condone violence like that on ice!” Rozanov announces in the locker room as a chorus of cheers and whoops fill the space, hands and fists jostling Hollander. “Because he punched a guy, no player of the night, but! He did give us fifty assists this game alone, Hollzy!” he reads from the list Brandon had handed him after the game.

“So no honorable pink cowboy hat for you tonight, Hollander, very sad,” he says very patronizingly while making his husband swat at his ass with a grin.

“Instead, with the second best player in rank, Barzy! Our winning goal of the night!” and the cheers intensify, Harris handing Ilya the pink, felt cowboy hat, a tradition they've started since he was made captain. As the team celebrates, Ilya manages to steal Shane away back from incessant rookies and Wyatt goading him on further for sacking someone so bad.

“You have been on fire this season, my love,”

“Wow, my love. That's new,” Shane grins up at him, smug and more than self-satisfied.

Ilya shrugs, “Wanted to change some things up. Just like you,” he bumps his shoulder against his'. “And is just English version, you know that right?”

“Just feel like I have more to prove now,” he tilts his head up, their noses nearly touching as the ruckus in the locker rooms blur out of their space, “Somehow I feel like I gotta impress you,”

“And you are,” he affirms, grin irremovable from his face. “And you are getting very lucky tonight, *Hollander*.”

“Oh I know I will,”

End Notes

for my hockey gurlies out there YES i did the heated rivalry-ification of the league team names. also, in lieu of current events, i would just like to preface that i am still in no way, shape, or form pleased with the U.S.A men's team at large. i have been getting into the PWHL and i highly encourage everyone ESPECIALLY HOCKEY NEWBIES to get into them because it is so genuinely interesting and more exhilarating watching them.

i am always a girl's girl, through and through, and would always stay in support of women and women's sports as an entire sphere. i hope this story makes you realize that hockey jocks are not improbable to being absolute dicks.

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