

power, poison, pain, and joy (in my dna)

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by [byulelle](#)

Summary

“I simply think it's paramount to remember,” Shane sharpens his gaze and directly pins the camera with a steely gaze. “That the Metros wouldn't get where they are without me. See you at the play-offs. Goodnight,”

The microphone switches shut, cameras flashing in rapid succession, and Shane gives them the cockiest smirk he could muster before walking towards the exit, shoulders shoving a journalist aside as he stumbles and nearly smashes his camera against the edge of the stage panel.

Enough was enough for Shane Hollander. With a contract to burn and enough rage stewing in his stomach—it was about goddamn time he said something.

Notes

had kenny lamar blasting into my ears while writing this. i tried to truly keep Shane's rage true to character but my own frustrations with the metros might leak through (im an empath /j)

imma leave the song list at the end so that maybe the vibe of this fic starts making sense to yall. enjoy!

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

“We got Rolex,” Yuna hums, pleased with herself as Shane nods rigidly. Lately, he felt like ebbing between rage and discomfort. He was grateful Wiebe was more than happy to actually accept his contract into the Centaurs, and even if three out of countless brands had cut ties with him, his brand stood strong.

But goddamn, was the disrespect a bitter taste on his mouth, like a job unfinished as Yuna taps on the space ahead of Shane on the table.

“You’ll do a campaign with them in August before the start of your season,” she informs, leaning against the table as she assesses him with a knowing look. “Though something tells me it’s not brand deals you’re concerned with,”

“None of the guys from Montreal apologized yet,” Shane bitterly spits out, not knowing that it had festered in the pit of his chest. “I feel dirty. Used,”

Yuna sighs and rubs Shane’s shoulder. “What do you want to do about it?”

“Nothing.” Shane immediately responds, shaking his head, resting his forehead against his opened palms, “Nothing that the league wouldn’t sack me for, mom. It’s not worth it,”

“Of course it is,” Yuna interjects calmly, pushing off the table to pour herself wine. “Think there’s anything you could say that wouldn’t immediately set the league on fire if they do something about it?”

He lets out a scoff, non-committal and absolutely rife with ridicule. “That I’m married to a male hockey player who’s my teammate now? That would do it,”

“Shane,” Yuna scolds softly, “They’re playing it safe,” she rolls her eyes and pins her son with a very stern look, “And now it’s the time for you to say something. You can’t just let them keep on trampling all over you,”

And she words it like a challenge, knowing her son well enough to know how to light a flame underneath him. “Do what you wish,” she squeezes his shoulder, “Whatever you decide, I’ll always be in your team,” she smiles and walks off before pausing by the doorway of the kitchen,

“By the way, the press conference for the Centaurs’ welcome of their newest trade is in two weeks,” she reminds.

☆

It was unfair.

Scott came out and the Admirals weren't so ready to kick him to the curb like street trash. Hell, Ilya had it so well with the Centaurs he could still call his own shots after suspension.

Jealousy grips him like a chokehold and it made his skin crawl with disgust towards himself, groaning as he rubs his face with his hands and stares at the pencil scribbled paper in front of him. He *had* to say something impactful, couldn't let himself be beaten back down, not when he was just getting up from a substantial blow to both his ego and career.

He loved Ilya beyond hockey, he truly did. And that's what frustrated him the most—that he was being punished for wholeheartedly loving the kindest man he knew.

Fuck the NHL. And fuck the Montreal Metros.

“You will burn paper if you look at it any longer,” hands gently rest on his shoulders, immediately pulling him out of his seething slump, body relaxing as he rests against the chair and looks up.

A tired smile reaches his lips, not quite sincere, but still grateful for his husband's presence. “Just...going through a mood,” Shane mumbles, closing his eyes when Ilya presses down against taut muscle.

“Mood so bad your trapezius hard as concrete slab,” Ilya jests lightly, making Shane quirk up his lips slightly.

“It doesn't feel that bad,”

“To you,” he immediately counters, “To me, feels like concrete slab,”

Shane quiets, relishing in Ilya's comforting ministrations before his husband finally asks, “What have you written for press conference?”

“...Nothing yet. I'm working on it, my love,” Shane softens his voice, deciding that snapping at anyone now despite his frustration wouldn't get him anywhere.

“Nothing? Or something but you can't say?”

Shane stays silent. Ilya takes it as a yes.

“Why? What could possibly be so boring and dull you cannot even write it down?”

“Oh, shut up, asshole,” he dryly laughs.

“I am serious!”

“No, you're not,” Shane opens his eyes and finds the absolute softest look from his husband directed to him. He was absolutely right.

Sighing, he reaches out and gently caresses his face, tender with emotion. “I just don't know how to face the...old team, tomorrow. We'd go after Montreal and I just,” Shane sucks in a breath. “I don't know,”

“So?” Ilya tilts his head, covering his hand. “Just be honest. Fuck Montreal,”

“No, Ilya, I just can't say that,”

“Why?”

“Because!”

Ilya grips Shane's chair and turns him to properly face him, “Sweetheart,” he calmly calls, smoothing down the fabric of Shane's pajamas taut against his thighs. “Why?”

“Because I'm already in deep shit with the league, *we're* already in deep shit with the league! Why is everyone asking me that?!”

“But Wiebe would never jeopardize his two best players, Shane. If the league could not get to him, then it would not get to us,” Ilya assures him, “I know you are nervous, yes? Anxious, and that's normal,” Ilya smooths a hand over Shane's thighs, moving to kneel down before his husband.

“But this your new team now. Bigger, better, and more protective of you,” he grips Shane's thigh, “We will win cup this season, and make sure Metros regret ever fucking with you. We are going to *fucking kill them*, you understand?” he snarls, slipping so easily into his captain mindset as Shane couldn't help but laugh softly.

“Understood, cap,”

“That is so weak, Hollander. Say it with chest!”

“Understood cap!”

“What are we gonna do to the Metros in play-offs?”

Shane beams, “We're gonna fucking beat them!”

★

“Jesus...” Bood mutters, skating to the sides to see Hollander and Rozanov face off like they weren't *married*. “Hollander sure is fast,” Troy comments, “That's the happiest I've seen cap play,” Haas adds.

The puck flies between Shane and Ilya as he slams his husband against the boards, immediately garnering a, “You can't just shove players into the boards, this is why you always get penalties!”

“You have to move faster, then!”

“Oh fuck off Rozanov, I've been off the ice for exactly zero months,”

“Yes, yes, but you're playing new team, sweetheart,” Ilya pants and skates in front of Shane, squeezing his shoulder through the gloves, “Is new for you, and I cannot blame you, yes?”

“I don't like it when you patronize me, Ilya,” Shane frowns.

“I am not. I am saying, to play best game so that we sack it to Metros and every other team in league,” Ilya says, gently patting Shane's helmet. “We face off again, next time, I want puck in goal before I even get to touch a thread of equipment on you, yes?”

Shane grins, “Yes captain,”

“You are liking the captain way too much,” Ilya laughs with a beaming smile.

Wyatt drops the puck and immediately bolts as Shane manages to win the face off, skates grating against ice, fast and agile as he grits his teeth, looking up ahead.

If he was facing off against Drapeu, strength was of the essence, he was slow but could snatch off a puck just as easily without a foul. If it was against Boiziau, headmanning was best because the agility was off, but the speed was there.

If it were Hayden. He'd played with Hayden for roughly eleven years. Eleven seasons of knowing Hayden, despite being a more defensive player, guarded his position with the precision whenever he had those off-chances of receiving the puck in a touch and narrow spot.

Eleven years—of knowing how these men played, their positions, the powerplays they made—And they didn't have the gall to fall behind their captain in his very time of need. *Eleven years, eleven seasons.* And only Hayden was at the helm of basic, common, courtesy. Of not hating him for being outed, for being *gay*, and for keeping it a secret for so long because deep inside, Shane *knew* it would turn out exactly like this.

Shane immediately slams his stick into the puck, effectively swerving to avoid Ilya as it catches the net.

“That's one for the basket,” Shane turns to Ilya who nods.

“You hesitated, why?” Ilya knew his husband like the back of his hand, near obsessive to the way he watched Shane's plays on and off ice. There was no denying he was still hurt, and Ilya could *never* blame Shane for that.

Shane presses his lips together and sighs, “I'm...I'm just realizing now that I have to go against Hayden eventually.”

“A lot of players are friends with other players from other leagues,” Ilya reminds tapping the underside of Shane's chin with his glove.

“You're a strong player, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya assures, “As much as Pike is mediocre player, he is smart enough to understand that when we eventually win,”

“And if we *don't*?” Shane furrows his brows but Ilya simply taps his helmet against his husband’s, “Then we lose together,” he pragmatically says before giving him a tap on his chest, right above his heart.

“But second-best player in the entire league never loses,”

“Hey!”



“Fuck...” Shane sighs and crumples the paper in its nth inception. He had at least three more scripts prepared in his pockets, pacing backstage to and from. Ilya was first out as captain, and as their new trade, Shane was about to go last.

“You know,” Troy speaks up, leaning against the wall of the partition, “It doesn’t really hurt to put some people in their places,” he suggests sagely, one of the newest trades himself, turned away by his own team.

Shane looks up, and shakes his head, “If I say the wrong thing it would make things worse.”

“Listen,” Troy stands properly and tucks his hands inside his pockets, approaching their nervous center, “Things have already reached their focal point. Them kicking you out was their worst decision,”

Shane takes one good look at the conviction on Troy’s face, now quiet and at least still receptive to feedback. *At least* he hadn’t completely spiraled. “The bridge is burnt, Hollander. If it isn’t in them to hear you out, don’t accommodate their feelings,”

Troy clears his throat and glances out the stage – Haas giving out his allotted fifteen minutes. “This team...it needs you. You’re our missing piece,” Troy says without looking at Shane.

“For the record? We would *never* abandon our captain. Or anyone in this goddamn team,” He says in a tone that had struck Shane pointedly, and once Haas begins to step off, Troy pucks off a fallen, crumpled card Shane had dropped and hands it to him.

“We have your back, always,” he assures. “Tell them whatever the fuck you need to,”

Shane looks down at the crumpled vellum, the wrinkles casting shadows over his written words. He had truly tried, to stay polite, amicable, and respectful when his departure from Montreal was anything but.

“You can’t just let them keep on trampling over you,”

His eyes burn with tears. It wasn’t like he wanted to be trampled on, he wasn’t *letting them*. But they were his friends, his brothers. If he let his anger speak, what would it even say beyond the sorrow and disappointment that greeted him on that paper.

That somehow, in his twisted way of looking at himself – he *understood* why his team was so blindsided.

But he swore that Ilya was no longer secret. That *his* Ilya was never to be hidden away again, not as long as Shane lived and breathe, and in his trading, that was a clear message by the men he expected to stand up and push back against their own pride.

They did not like Ilya. And anyone who didn't like Ilya, would be an *enemy to Shane*.

Steering himself, he takes in a deep breath, feeling his phone buzz against his pocket.

Lily

You okay?

And Shane makes his decision, resolve slowly strengthening as his fingers tremble over the screen

Jane

Never been better.

Lily

I love you.

Jane

I love you more.

Lily

???

You cannot do that?

Shane scoffs and tucks his phone away, watching as Troy boldly shuts down another invasive question about Toronto. Truly, Shane had wished he didn't need cue cards to get his thoughts straight.

He could do it before. But this one was *different*.

Pressing his fingers together, and then squeezing them repeatedly, Harris peers over and smiles at Shane. "You're on in fifty seconds,"

Shane nods, tugging at the lapel of his suit. "Do we have some vodka back here?" he asks.

Harris doesn't know where this is coming from. Hell, even *Shane* doesn't know where the fuck it was coming from.

But Harris turns to an intern and procures a fifty-milliliter of Absolut Citron. "All we got, would it do?"

Shane takes the miniature bottle, "Perfect," he mumbles before downing it all in one go. Before he knows it, he's called up front and the cameras flash blindingly, reporters already poised to clamber around him until there was a buzzing din in his ear from all the noise.

He felt like he was static, one wrong touch from anyone would electrocute them both, and he rigidly sits down and places clasped hands on the table, *trying* to look as calm as he could despite the lurching in his stomach.

He looks down at the crumpled paper in his palm before the microphone clicks on.

"Hello. I am Shane Hollander," he rigidly says into the microphone, "The new center for the Ottawa Centaurs."

Journalists start to flock, Harris and his team needing to siphon through the questions, "Mr. Hollander, is it true that you got traded out of Montreal Metros?"

"Yes, that is a well-known fact," Shane nods, hands intertwined together. "And was the reason because your newly revealed relationship with Ilya Rozanov? What do you think that says about the team?"

Shane takes a beat, even considering just softening the blow. It would be an uproar for the Metros if confirmed that they kicked out their best player because of *intolerance*. But, for better or worse, hockey fans were quick to forgive.

"There have been certain *priorities* that the Montreal Metros have, and unfortunately those priorities have not aligned for us," was basically confirmation. "It was better for me to retire my position as their captain and center. They were fostering a negative work environment, and we figured it was better to cut our loses,"

"And what exactly do you think you could accomplish working with the Centaurs, Mr. Hollander? As you might probably observe, it is a less than decorated team than the Metros," that made his eyebrow twitch.

"Well, it's simply to make sure the Centaurs, and adjacently, Ottawa finds its spot in the play-offs this year. The team had welcomed me with great reception and opened arms, I find it hard not to accept the trade dealings and what's left for me to do is be a good team player. My

teammates are skilled and strong, and I am certain that we can raise to the ranks this year,” he answers without preamble.

“Not even for the fact that the Centaurs have barely scraped through play-off line-ups?”

Shane grits his teeth through answering more invasive, stupid, and absolutely infuriating questions. *Would your relationship with Ilya Rozanov distract you from your play? Have you considered retirement? How would you say your intimate relationship with Mr. Rozanov affect your physical gameplay?*

All truly nauseating, but ones he had answered with finesse for the most part, managing to maneuver out of occasional stutters and looks of disbelief.

One he had truly needed a moment to shake off, was the question of; *how did you manage to charm Mr. Rozanov into making sure you were signed in on the team. Was it neediness? Transactional in any way?*

Shane could truly punch the guy, not taking the time to even dignify that accusation with an answer. Fuck him. He fought tooth and nail for this position, Ilya fought hard and justly. Both of them did.

As the final 0:59 of his time comes crawling, the questions get more heated. Especially ones regarding the Metros.

“Mr. Hollander, how do you think your drafting to a completely different and new team would affect the Metros? Now that they don’t have you as their captain?”

And it truly makes Shane think, looking down at the long abandoned piece of paper near his hand, glancing up at Ilya who was watching from the other side of the wings along with his other teammates.

He knew Yuna was watching from the monitor backstage, involved and thorough.

“I simply think it's paramount to remember,” Shane sharpens his gaze and directly pins the camera with a steely gaze. “That the Metros wouldn't get where they are without me. See you at the play-offs. Goodnight,”

The microphone switches shut, cameras flashing in rapid succession, and Shane gives them the cockiest smirk he could muster before walking towards the exit, shoulders shoving one of the shittier journalists aside as he stumbles and nearly smashes his camera against the panel of the stage.

“Don’t ever talk about my husband like cheap trash again,”

End Notes

song list: all by kendrick lamar

tv off

count me out

the heart (5&6)

pride

dna

humble

also, finally finally taking requests on [tumblr](#)

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