

Montréal goes home crying (also thanks to Shane Hollander)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78001016) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78001016>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Troy Barrett , Zane Boodram , LaPointe (Game Changers) , Nick Chouinard , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Wyatt Hayes , Luca Haas , Harris Drover
Additional Tags:	ice hockey , Roughing , Chirping , Homophobic Language , Homophobia , Penalties , Fighting , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers) , Angry Shane Hollander , Frustrated Shane Hollander , Protective Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Speaks Russian , Shane Hollander Speaks French , Ilya Rozanov Speaks French , he tries , VERY Selectively , BAMF Shane Hollander , i guess? , Fuck AI we rawdog writing here
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Send them home crying
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-20 Words: 3,234 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Gimmiexoxo](#)

Summary

The Voyageurs woke up on the wrong side of the bed, so Shane decides they need to wake up in a hospital bed for balance.

(The Voyageurs chirp, Shane loses his cool.)

Notes

Yes, there is a mix of book and show cannon; don't @ me. Also, I had a friend from Québec educate me on swearing, and it was a wild ride, any mistakes blame them - don't shoot the messenger, I just like writing silly hockey fanfic.

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

Ilya knew the Voyageurs liked to run their mouths, babbling and chirping like it was part of the game. It was, to some extent, the art of nonchalantly crawling under another player's skin was something Ilya had honed over his years of playing hockey. It felt amazing dishing it out; the crinkle of annoyed eyebrows behind visors was Ilya's personal Mona Lisa, but a lot of players couldn't take what they were giving themselves.

Number Seventy-two had learnt that lesson after playing a game of cat and mouse with Shane.

After that, they'd set a rule with each other - any chirps about their relationship were to be ignored and dealt with through the proper lines – reported to higher-ups and, hopefully, sanctioned with fines. No more bullying rooks or bordering on illegal checks, or in Ilya's case, roughing up other players.

That was fine, he could listen and honour his husband's wishes, even if it was adorably hypocritical of Shane to preach after what he'd done to Boston 72. Ilya wouldn't call it out during their post-coital cuddling, but he kept Shane's request locked away for future reference.

Today, however, Montréal didn't know when enough was enough, nor when their 'game level chirping' began bordering on personal insults and bigotry. Shane hadn't realised the extent of their shit talking until he'd become the prey himself, slightly shocked at the vitriol he'd let foster amongst the players.

The realisation had sent him into a spiral about his captaincy, but Ilya had reminded him that it had been a sink or swim situation. Had Shane done any more than nod along and laugh awkwardly, he'd have been crucified to their changing room wall.

In an odd way, knowing that he did what he had to in the situation to survive was comforting, yet there was always something screeching in his ear that he could've done more, forcefully made them more accepting.

It didn't matter now; he was a Centaur – primed and ready with a team that practically bled dry with wholehearted acceptance.

Part of the reason Ilya had enjoyed playing against the Voyageurs was the breath of fresh air that Shane was. He knew when going against Shane he'd be playing great hockey, not playing thirty percent hockey and seventy percent flyting.

However, with Shane standing at his side clad in Centaur black and red instead of that abhorrent Montréal blue, Ilya felt the true weight of the Voyageur vitriol.

"How are you gonna protect your husband today, Rozy? We're thinking a bit of rattling might set him straight in the head," Gagnon chirps, eyebrow raising in challenge.

"*Ferme ta gueule*," Ilya responds, delighting in the momentary hiccup from the other player. After years of playing against Francophones, Ilya had picked up a word or two. Chouinard

and LaPointe had also taken it upon themselves to help out the team's overall French ability – mostly consisting of swearwords, but those were useful anyhow. They claimed that otherwise it'd be 'embarrassing' for them to allow the team to get a verbal battering and only be able to respond in English.

Shane had just laughed off their impromptu lectures in Québécois, even offering up a couple swears of his own before the practice had divulged into a class on how to swear around the world whilst running drills.

Frankly, it'd come in quite handy considering the way Gagnon's skates had slipped back an inch.

The Voyager smacks his lips together, lowering his stick to the ice, "Did Hollander teach you that one in bed, *crosseur*?"

Ilya shrugs his shoulders as best as he can in his pads, lips falling into a pensive pout as he eyes the referee, the puck still hovering in the air and waiting for the drop. "No, actually. But we did do that in bed. *Se croser*..." He ponders playfully, narrowing his eyes. "Oh no, wait, I know this one. *On s'est taponné*, right?"

Gagnon looks gobsmacked as the puck drops, Ilya hitting it over to the left and nestling the stone in Bood's capable hands – well, capable hockey stick. His skates dig into the ice as he charges, making sure to pass the blue line after the puck and place himself perfectly to receive the goal.

90 seconds in and one up from the Voyageurs, Ilya could work with that.

LaPointe joins his celebration, patting Ilya on the back with a laugh before sliding his mouth guard out, "Perfect French, 10/10, please do it again – I want to film it next time."

So, Ilya continues, chirping away at the opposition in his slightly broken French, accent thickening with each taunt before he swaps to ride the pine for a little, waiting patiently for his turn. Soon, Shane slides out onto the ice and kicks into place.

Ilya notices the way his face contorts at words leaving his former teammates' lips, just out of range for his own ears. His husband does what he's best at, shoving the clear taunt into a box and focusing on his play. Luckily, Shane's sharpness brings Ottawa another goal, but he doesn't celebrate as he usually did, riding out his speed with bended knees and a hunched back.

Hass looks slightly concerned as he leans towards Ilya, "Is Hollander okay?"

The question has Ilya's own eyebrows contorting as Barrett jumps the boards, ending his shift, and for once, he takes advantage of Luca's idolisation of him. He looks over at the rook, pasting a small smile on his face, "Can I take this one?"

Hass nods, scooting over so Ilya can join the rink, Weibe's admonishment falling into cheering now that both Hollander-Rozanovs are on the ice. Ilya snaps his gaze towards the jumbotron, shaking the small grin off of his face when he spots the camera capturing both of

their jerseys, S. Hollander-Rozanov and I. Hollander-Rozanov happily displayed on the pixel screen for all to see.

The play continues as normal, the pair dancing around the ice and creating lines which the Voyageurs can't seem to follow. It seems to go well until Shane *trips*, falling to the ice with a thud.

The whistle screeches before the Centaurs can attempt to save the play, and Ilya catches Drapeau's taunt from the goal. "Tripping for us now, Hollander? Who do you want to take you in the showers?"

Ilya sees red, ready to jump on the goalie in a split second, but Shane's head shake has him retreating. "Let's just finish the period without sending one of them to the hospital," He requests, bumping his helmet against Ilya's and skating away to resume the final seconds of the game.

Ilya glares at Drapeau as he takes his place on the ice, and if a stick 'accidentally' jabs the goalie, then it was just him trying to mash the puck into the goal and nothing else.

When the claxon sounds to signify the end of the period, he slides up next to Shane, catching the tail end of some jeering from Comeau as Pike attempts to corral his own teammate. "You're a parasite, you don't belong in a men's sport."

Before he can stop himself, Ilya chimes in, referencing the two minors for hooking Comeau had been privy to in the first period. "You can't talk shit about his play until your stick actually touches the puck. This is ice hockey, not fishing."

"*Ciboire*, you've brought over the man of the house to deal with your problems now, Hollander?" Comeau laughs listlessly, stick beating against the ice as he leans on it for balance.

Ilya huffs a breath, inching forward. "How do you know that I don't take it up the ass, Comeau? Man of the house only exists to make men with tiny dicks feel more assured of themselves." He questions, straight-faced and stare deadpan. Any harder and he'd probably be roasting the man's brains from the inside out, like one of the shitty sci-fi protagonists from movies David had made him watch while they had 'Father and Son in law' bonding time over puzzles.

"Ilya don't," Shane whispers gently, Ilya's mouth snapping closed. His husband looks perturbed at least, partially as if he hadn't been expecting the Voyageurs to be this horrible on the rink and part trying to restrain himself from fuelling the fire. It was difficult being attacked and unable to do anything about it; Ilya had felt the dread himself when Boston 72 used their shared language to his advantage.

He retreats slightly, only out of respect for his husband, despite the urge to shirk his gloves off and start punching.

"Go on then, Hollander, walk him like a dog," Comeau jokes, trying to shake off Ilya's response. Hayden gently pushes him back by the shoulder, and Ilya appreciates Pike's

sentiment in deflating the situation until Boiziau joins the fray. “Is this a reunion of great friends, or is Hollander into pet play as well as taking it in the *boule*?”

For the first time in ages, Ilya watches his husband’s well-manicured persona crack at the seams. “Maybe if you actually captained your team, they wouldn’t keep running their mouths,” He begins, jaw ticking with thinly veiled anger.

“We don’t like to keep our men on leashes by dicking them down in the locker room,” Comeau adds insult to injury, eyes narrowing. Ilya wants nothing more than to rip the ‘A’ off of his chest and skate over it, slicing it in half right there on the ice.

“Good to know you copped a look while I was changing then, huh, Comeau?”

Oh, now *that* went straight for the jugular – to hell with ignorance, apparently.

Shane inches forward, chest beefing up against his former teammate. “You got a nice ass anyways, it’d be a shame if I let it go to waste,” He continues, looking Comeau up and down like he was nothing more than a piece of meat. Ilya can’t help but feel some form of twisted pride. If being gay scared him so much that he had to resort to low-brow insults, then why not throw his biggest fear straight back at him.

Shane was getting into his psyche, and doing it well at that.

“*Tu voudrais un daddy, là? Si, je te demandais* get on your knees, you’d do it right here *comme un bon toutou, hein?*” Shane continues to dig, Comeau steadily getting more worked up at the taunts. At some point, Chouinard and LaPointe had made their way towards the group, small snickers cracking the tension.

“*Bah, là...* It was just getting good, but we have some plays to go through, Hollander, Rozy; Weibe wants you both back,” LaPointe breaks the heated conversation, gently tugging Shane backwards.

“You’re a freak, Hollander,” Comeau responds weakly, Shane staring him down with the force of a thousand suns and years of closeted repression. Shane’s shoulders still hold a heavy line, his teeth grit together as Weibe runs through the strategy that he knew like the back of his hand.

Ilya was afraid of the vitriol in his husband’s glare, and Weibe rests a hand on his padded shoulder, “He’s not gonna run the play, is he?” Ilya purses his lips in thought, watching the rigidness in Shane’s posture as he heads back out onto the ice for the second period. “Nope,” He smiles, popping the ‘p’ as the players swerve into position.

Shane places himself in front of Boiziau, ringing out his arms and cracking his neck. “So, you can finally chirp, Hollander? It only took you a couple of decades.”

The Centaur smirks. “Learnt from the worst.”

“*Tu sais ce qu’on dit*, ‘you are what you eat’, *mon chum*.”

If Shane hadn’t been assured in his reaction, he sure was now.

Fines could come later; his fists could react immediately.

The puck collides with the ice, and he flicks it out with the snap of the wrist before abandoning his stick, flicking off his gloves and grabbing the blue Montréal jersey in his hand. He reels back with an almighty swing, cracking his fist straight across JJ's nose and sending him into the ice.

Ilya physically recoils at the hit, face contorting into a twisted moniker of pain.

He stumbles back slightly and sets his sights on Comeau, charging for the other player and wrestling in a good amount of hits before the referees can break them apart, pushing Shane away. His fist throbs with a searing pain, probably from a fractured metacarpal, but JJ seems to be in a worse condition with his crooked nose and frantic trainers.

Shane pushes over to their team bench, gear still abandoned on the ice as he leans over, clenching his hand. Their trainer inspects the damage with a professional gaze.

“Welp, there goes the game,” Barrett chuckles, eyeing Shane with a mixed sense of fear and appreciation. “Well, hopefully we can hold onto the two-nil,” Weibe sighs, narrowing his eyes at the team, “You’re lucky there’s two assistant captains, Hollander.”

“Why do you think I punched him instead of letting Ilya do it?”

“Aw, *Solnyshko*, thank you for sacrificing your knuckles in the name of defeating homophobia,” Ilya smiles, pressing a kiss to his injured hand.

The ref slides into centre ice: “Ottawa 24, 5-minute major and game misconduct...”

Shane blocks out the remainder of the referee's announcement, stepping off the ice before turning around and leaning over the rink. “And it was worth it, *trou d’cul!*” He shouts at the ruffled heap of Voyageurs still on the ice before making his way down the Centaur's tunnel towards their dressing room.

Weibe hands Ilya his guards before nodding knowingly towards the tunnel. “Thank you,” He smiles, sliding on the skate guards quickly before jogging himself, as best as he can, down the hall.

When he peeks into their locker room, he's greeted with his half-undressed husband grumbling in Russian. “*Golden-boy Hollander can't chirp for shit, fucking assholes. Hope his crooked-ass nose hurts like hell, dick.*”

“*Did Sveta teach you that too, or was it the 'Learn Russian 101: Post-game ejection anger' podcast episode?*” Ilya responds, his familiar cadence echoing through the empty room.

Shane's shoulders fall after his momentary flinch, twisting around to stare at his husband. “Why aren't you on the ice?”

“A little birdie gave me these cool plastic things, and sent me to make sure you don't break shit,” Ilya smiles, wiggling himself into the room despite his bulky gear. Shane sighs,

lowering himself to the bench and leaning back, sweat still falling down his neck. “I didn’t mean to break our promise... I just –“

“Couldn’t take it anymore?”

“Yeah.”

The response is filled with resignation. Shane prided himself on playing good hockey – he despised the hooligan's game it became when egos and opinions overtook well-crafted matches, and yet here he was. Broken, probably bruised, and ejected from what he’d dedicated his life to.

“*Luchik*, you shouldn’t have to take it; that is the point. If we have to teach that lesson through fists, then I think it is not too big of a problem.”

“We shouldn’t have to be teaching grown ass men a lesson. Being gay doesn’t change me – hell, they knew me while I was *with* you. But suddenly, the moment that leaves my mouth, the moment I, Shane Hollander, acknowledge who I am for once in my fucking life, it changes my whole being. They treat me like I’m a stranger... Like I didn’t spend seven years building that fucking team.” Shane becomes progressively worked up, and Ilya nods his assent, plopping himself on the bench beside his husband.

“Three cups, Ilya. My draft team that *I* captained and led to three cups. And they have the audacity to ask me who I’m gonna suck off in the showers?” He admonishes, face contorting in a cruel upset which breaks Ilya’s heart more than he’d like to admit.

“We’re meant to be playing hockey, Ilya. I’m meant to be playing centre, not beefing with every single position on the ice for reasons unrelated to hockey.”

“I know, *Solnyshko*. But people who are bad at game, use words to make up for what they lack in skill. They can’t beat you if you’re playing at one-hundred percent; so they knock you down to ninety-nine,” He chuckles softly, hand reaching up to gently curl around his warm, freckled cheek. A tear drips down the corner of Shane’s nose, soaking into the pad of Ilya’s thumb, “And even at ninety-nine, they still can’t beat you.”

Shane blinks, face scrunching as he rings his neck, trying not to look at Ilya as he breaks down.

“Hey, hey, hey,” He whispers, grip finding its way to Shane’s chin and pushing it up to regain eye contact. “You’re amazing at what you do, Shane. Don’t let them take that away from you.”

Faint cheers sound from the direction of the rink, and the pair look towards the screen in the locker room currently displaying a replay of Hass’ goal, sending them to 3-0. “That rookie right there, you trained him – and here he is getting goal for your home team, Ottawa,” Ilya points out.

Shane cracks slightly, rubbing a sweaty palm against his eyes. “Hass is talented, that’s all him.”

“You are the one who puts your everything into him, making his play better, helping him during practice. You couldn’t make Montréal better because they’re all shit, that’s why they needed you.”

Shane breaks into a small laugh, shaking his head at his husband’s disdain for his former team. “Ilya.”

“I mean what I say. And we know I only ever say the truth.”

Shane looks at him with a disbelieving grin, “Oh, really now?”

The pair sit there relishing in a comfortable silence, before Shane runs his hand through Ilya’s hair, “Go play for me, and let Pike know I’m okay.”

“Ugh, always with Pike. Hayden this, Hayden that, constantly calling Hayden – we should keep tally of how many blowjobs I’ve had to give you while he talks about kids and wife,” Ilya groans, standing up and allowing his arms to hang limply at his sides.

Shane laughs, and the sound of his joy is music to Ilya’s ears.

“Wait, where’s your gloves... and your stick?”

“Weibe is babysitting them for me, now I can go tell him that you didn’t break anything expensive,” Ilya smiles, making his way towards the door. “You know if you say it like that, he’ll assume I’ve broken something, right?”

“Exactly.”

“Fuck you.”

“Gladly,” Ilya winks, opening the door to send himself back out into battle.

“Ilya,” Shane’s voice rings throughout the Centaur’s changing room, his torso turning to look at Shane. “Send them home crying for me,” Shane smiles, watching Ilya with beautifully glassy eyes. “I think you already handled that part, *lyubimyy*.”

Ilya practically beams when he hears a small ‘*I love you*’ echo through the empty hallway from behind him.

The Centaurs win, another round of online discourse about the ‘power of friendship’ decorated with reaction memes and SpongeBob GIFs shines back on Ilya’s phone post-game, and he can’t hide his pride over their team.

At their next practice, Harris implores them to upload a new video to their social media, having the team line up and pretend to roughhouse in the middle of the ice, titled ‘Assistant Cap’s new drill, sending the opposition on a bon voyage.’

Every forum explodes at the dig.

End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed the wham bam thank you ma'am from mr golden boy hollander. As per usual, this isn't properly beta'ed apart from the québécois because my friend wanted to help the goobering and make fun of me. There might be a third part to this because Haas has my heart, but we'll see, i'm just a goofy lil goober writing silly lil fics. Hope your sinuses remained unclogged no matter the weather, and you keep going to the cottage!!

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