

Stick taps

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Stick taps

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander was known for many things when it came to hockey. Fancy trick shots is not one of them.

Notes

Thank you Kelly for making me write this. Sorry it took a year to finish it 🙏

Shane Hollander was known for many things when it came to hockey. He had a pretty impressive highlight reel of goals that even he had to admit were pretty wicked. But all of those were during games. With other people around and points at stake. In the heat of the moment, finding an opening, a pass, the perfect shot, all those just came naturally to him.

But right now, he had nothing.

He was standing at centre ice having just finished an interview with some former hockey player who now worked for the Canadian All-Star Game broadcaster and he was up next and he had no fucking clue what to do. They'd thought he was just playing coy when he'd mumbled an *I don't know, I guess we'll just have to see*, but he was not. It was 100% serious.

Because Shane didn't do the silly breakaway competition. That was for the kid who could somehow score from behind the goal, or those two annoying brothers who played for Western teams and were goofballs when they were together and annoying pests during games. Shane did fastest skater, or even accuracy shooting. He didn't do this weird thing.

One of the crew waved his way, giving him a warning that he was next. Shane skated away and tried to remember what Ilya had suggested the night before, but it was all a giant blank. He looked over to where Ilya was sitting on the boards of the Eastern Conference team's bench, legs dangling over the boards, holding Wyatt's nephew and making his little arms move to the beat of the pop song that was blasting in the arena. As if sensing Shane was looking at him, Ilya looked up, smiling brightly — making Isaac wave and Shane waved back, smiling back at his husband.

His husband, who wasn't playing in the All-Star game this year. And that was a whole other thing that pissed Shane off.

His first year in Ottawa had been nothing short of amazing, but for the first time ever neither he nor Ilya were selected to go. And when the fan votes seemed to indicate they'd be going and they didn't... it caused a bit of a stir to say the least.

This year, somehow, Shane got in but Ilya hadn't after the league instituted a 2 player per team maximum, and Wyatt had been the team's official pick. Shane and Ilya had tied for most votes, but somehow Shane got the nod, even though he would gladly have let Ilya take it — Ottawa was his team in many ways still, he deserved this!

Of course Ilya still went along for the ride and played up the whole thing on his social media. Wyatt and Lisa were coming along, bringing his nephew with them while his sister enjoyed some sunshine (and no doubt quiet), so it was still going to be fun. When Lisa had a last minute emergency at work, Ilya had stepped in to take care of Wyatt's nephew — which was a whole other level of adorableness.

But now, when Shane could've used Ilya with him for this, he was at it solo.

The ref came over to chat with him, reminding him to go easy on the poor goalie who wasn't a professional player, and taking a second to let Shane know he was happy to see him back at

the event. When Shane looked up, Ilya wasn't sitting along the boards. He spotted Isaac sitting awkwardly on Wyatt's knees and heard the faint little *Go Sane* he let out over the ruckus of all the NHLers around them — his missing front teeth making it harder than ever to pronounce his name. Ilya must be helping Wyatt with something, so he waved to Isaac and took in a deep breath.

No sense overthinking it, he'd just pretend it was a shootout, and maybe try for a between the legs goal.

Boring, but again this was *not* his event of choice.

Shane lined up when his name was called, waving to the fans. The ref blew his whistle and off he went. He tried to read the goalie and figure out which side they might slide to so he could go at it bardown and make it a little fun, when a familiar rhythm of stick hitting the ice caught his attention. He smiled to himself, and without having to look, he passed backwards just off to the side — doing it between his legs to make it fun — making the goalie come all the way to the opposite side of him, leaving the net wide open for the pass he was expecting back to him, which he easily tipped in the net, bardown and everything.

Shane circled behind the net and sure enough saw Ilya standing near the blue line in his shorts and runners, sporting a Shane Hollander All-Star jersey from a few years ago, borrowed hockey gloves and stick in hand, just smiling like a loon at him.

Shane couldn't resist stopping extra hard, snowing his legs more than was strictly necessary when he stopped in front of him.

"That is very rude when I just made you win the competition," Ilya told him, no heat behind it, and no movement to remove any of the ice covering his legs.

"I love that move, but all it might do is get us in trouble," Shane replied, unable to contain a smile even at the thought of the commissioner finding some way to make them pay. He gave Ilya a quick peck on the lips. "Thanks for making me look good."

Ilya shrugged his shoulders and scrunched his nose like it was all no big deal. "Cannot have my husband make me look bad at All-Star weekend."

Their moment quickly got interrupted by the in-house announcer coming to him and asking Shane if any of this was planned.

"Not even a little." Shane laughed a bit and explained what he'd planned to do and how he recognized the stick tap from Ilya and muscle memory just kicked in. "We'll have to find a new code for that one now that everyone's seen how we do it in slow motion," he joked about the signature move they'd done a handful of times since they'd been on the same team now, which had won them a few OT games and power plays.

The judges gave their score — respectable 9s across the board — putting Shane in first place for now. With two more contestants to go, Shane wouldn't finish in last place, so he was happy about that. Ilya gave the stick and gloves back to a kid who'd been a rookie when Ilya

had left Boston and was now their star forward. Shane took off one glove and took Ilya's hand, skating idly back to where Isaac and Wyatt were.

"That was *so* cool," Isaac screamed, making Ilya laugh while Wyatt gave Shane a fist bump. He grabbed him and threw him above his head to make him laugh more. Shane and Wyatt scolded Ilya for it, they were still on ice after all. Ilya had to give Isaac back to Wyatt until he was back at the safety of the boards.

"Mr. Rozanov," one of the staff members called as she walked over. "I'm being asked to remind you that you are supposed to stay on the bench."

"I think the instructions they gave the partners and guests earlier was that only NHLers could be on the ice and the kids had to be held, no?"

She gave him a knowing smile. "That is indeed correct, Mr. Rozanov."

Ilya smiled back, and Shane wanted to both kiss him and smack him behind the head. "Can you not make the poor staff's lives harder? It's not her fault some people suck."

"It's okay, Mr. Hollander." She moved the microphone from her headset up and leaned in. "We confirmed numerous times that's how the policy is written, and made sure the staff stated it that way to everyone so it was *very* clear there wouldn't be any rule breaking."

Shane gave Ilya an incredulous look. "You planned this?"

"I did not know until 10 minutes ago! It is true. Then you looked like lost puppy on the ice-."

"I did not!"

"So I helped."

Shane shook his head fondly. "You are such a menace."

"You are welcome."

Before Shane could say anything, Isaac shrieked about one of the mascots, and Ilya grabbed him from Wyatt, took out his phone, and headed for the stands to go take pictures — a request of Isaac's to get pictures with as many of the mascots as he could.

Shane laughed and took a spot on the ice near Wyatt, getting ready to watch the next player going in to score on the poor amateur goalie in net.

All-Star weekend definitely wasn't the same without Ilya participating in an official capacity, but it was turning out not to be as bad as he'd imagined.

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