

## Ilya Finds Out About Shayden

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# **Ilya Finds Out About Shayden**

by [wilmonstan12345](#)

## Summary

At a camp lunch, Ilya finds out that people ship Shane and Hayden.

He is not happy.

“You've really never heard of Shayden?” Harris’ jaw dropped in delight, and Shane grimaced.

“No. What is Shayden?” Ilya looked around at the faces of the rest of his camp counselors, agitated in confusion at Max Riley's laughter.

Abruptly, Hayden got up from the table, red face betraying him as he muttered, "I can't be here for this," and left the room.

“Here we go,” J.J. scrubbed a hand over his face, trying to hide a grin.

“It's their couple name!” Harris exclaimed.

“What.” Ilya’s voice dropped.

“Jesus Christ,” Shane sighed, mostly to himself.

“Their couple name?” Ilya scoffed.

“Yeah, like on Tumblr and stuff.” Max piped up, still laughing. “There's, like, people who make videos and collages and write fan fiction about them.”

Ilya's jaw tightened, and Shane looked like he wanted to perish into the ground, intensely focused on his salad.

“And you are aware of this?” His Russian accent was clipped and bitter.

“I’ve heard of it.” Shane muttered, refusing to look up from his lunch.

“What about us?” Ilya huffed, sending misdirected ire at Harris. “Do we have a couple name?”

“Of course.” Harris only grinned, nodding. “You guys are Hollanov. It’s been around for ages. Let me tell you, those guys were *thrilled* to be right.”

“Hollanov? Why not Rozander?”

“Is that really what you're focusing on right now?” Shane sent him a flat look.

“Rozander sounds better.” Ilya grumbled.

“They’re both awful.” Troy winced.

“Yeah, but you can’t deny that Shayden really rolls off the tongue.” Leah chimed in, earning herself a glare. “What? I’m not the one doing it! More of a K-pop shipper myself.”

“What is a shipper?” Ilya scowled, unsure which part of this conversation was irritating him most — feeling so out of the loop on so many English words (what the fuck was Tumblr?), or the concept of *Shayden*.

“Here, let me show you.” Max pulled up his phone, immediately finding thousands of posts dedicated to the beautiful love between Shane and his best friend.

The two of them laughing together.

Joking around in team promo videos.

Holding each other’s shoulders on the ice, speaking directly into each other’s ears.

Cheering with the Stanley Cup.

Out pushing a stroller.

“Okay, that one’s fucked.” Shane pointed at the phone. “They literally cropped Jackie out. She was there.”

“They are *all* fucked!” Ilya practically yelled.

“You *do* make a cute couple.” Harris said, popping a chip into his mouth, only to get a murderous look from Ilya. “What?! They do!”

“This is so fucking weird.” Shane sounded dazed as Max played a slowed down, black and white video of them hugging after a goal, set to a Lana del Rey song. *Dear God, when I get to heaven, please let me bring my man...*

“We are a cuter couple.” Ilya grumbled, grabbing the phone out of Max’s hand. “What do I search?”

“Here. I’ll do it.” Harris took the reins, instantly finding what he was looking for. “See? You guys get stuff like this.”

The photo he found was a screengrab of the two of them facing off at an All Stars game early in their careers. The eye contact between them was admittedly charged, and the caption said, “If a rivalry lasts more than 10 years, then you are no longer just rivals. You are GAY.”

Ilya chuckled, despite himself. He’d fucked Shane’s mouth until his eyes watered that night.

“Shayden is more loving. Hollanov is more homoerotic.”

“That, I cannot argue.” Ilya tilted his head towards his husband, and Shane scowled.

“Hold up, I’m searching you guys on AO3.” Leah stared down at her own phone before bursting into laughter. “Oh my God.”

“What’s AO3?” Shane looked nervous now.

“There are so many more Shayden stories, holy fuck.” Leah laughed, still scrolling. “You guys have a lot of catching up to do.”

Troy looked over her shoulder, and instantly started blushing. “Yeah, I don’t think you wanna see this, Roz.”

“I don’t want to see this.” Shane groaned.

“Wow,” Leah seemed entranced. “A lot of first time stories on here. It’s kind of sweet. You’re so tender with each other.”

“Am I in any of them?” J.J. asked, and Ilya narrowed his eyes, unsure if that was alarm or hope on his face.

“Eh, some. A couple threesomes, but you’re mostly their confidante.”

Ilya glared at Shane, as though he had anything to do with it, but Shane had already stood up. He reached for his coaching lanyard and unleashed a long, shrill whistle.

“What the fuck, Hollander?!”

“Dude!”

“God, my ears! What is wrong with you?!”

“That’s it.” Shane put on his captain voice. “No more Shayden. Talk about anything else. I don’t even care what.”

The whole table snickered, silenced but now cowed as they exchanged sly, smug looks.

“Damn. Dad got mad.” Troy mocked.

Shane exhaled harshly as he sat down, immediately embarrassed by his outburst, but still too annoyed to care.

“So...” Harris began cautiously. “You probably don’t want to hear about Rozlow, right?”

The horror in Ilya’s eyes set the whole table off cackling.

“Can I come back now?” Hayden shouted from the hallway.

“Fuck it, I’m out.” Shane grabbed his salad and went to join Hayden.

“Aw, Roz.” Troy mock-pouted. “He left you for Shayden.”

Ilya threw a napkin at him and stormed away to the sound of laughter.

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A few minutes later, Harris and Troy stepped into the hallway, on their way to grab something from the car, when they heard sounds coming from Shane and Ilya’s shared office.

Angry sounds? Heated sounds. Grunting sounds.

Harris giggled, shooting Troy a giddy, scandalized look. “Think Hayden’s in there too?”

Troy huffed a laugh, reaching for his hand and walking towards the door. “I really don’t want to know.”

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At home that night, Harris rolled over on the couch, poking Troy on the arm. “Look. They did it.”

“Mm?”

“It’s the meme.” Harris held up his phone. “They did the meme.”

On screen was a photo of Shane and Ilya glaring at each other, a tweet superimposed on their faces: “when ur man mad so u gotta fuck him calm 🙄”

Against his will, Troy smiled.

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