hidden devotion

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75078731.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Wyatt Hayes, Zane Boodram, Evan Dykstra, Nick Chouinard
Additional Tags:	POV Outsider, them all theorising on why ilya moved to ottawa, Secret Relationship, Not Canon Compliant, my love letter to ilya rozanov because apparently people are hating on him after the first two episodes
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of from the outside
Collections:	Outsider POV My Beloved, The best pairings to bask in, THE COTTAGE, *Heated rivalry melts my heart*, No thoughts just gay hockey, Outstanding Outsider POVs
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-02 Words: 3,707 Chapters: 1/2

hidden devotion

by goldengalaxies

Summary

Surprisingly, Rozanov seemed to understand completely. “Long distance is hard, yes?”

Wyatt saw Bood’s eyebrows raise. “You talking about your girl, Rozy?”

Rozanov shrugged. “We know what it is like. I have had years of practice. Was complicated. Long distance is shit. It is better now I am here, in Ottawa.”

“What?”

“Yes, uh- she is from Ottawa.”

Bood’s mouth dropped open. “That’s why you moved teams? For her?”

(snapshots from the centuars pov of ilya rozanov moving too ottawa)

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授翻】隐衷 by Krisha0101

Chapter 1

Wyatt Hayes

Ottawa, 2018

When it was announced to the team that Ilya Rozanov was going to transfer from the Boston Bears to the Ottawa Centaurs, Wyatt had assumed it was a joke.

Wyatt had only been on the team for a little while, but he was already so much happier than he had been in his other teams. He was no longer just warming the bench, and the whole dynamic of the team was completely different. Wyatt had been anxious that joining the Centaurs would mean he would have to deal with the typical humiliating hazing rituals and loudmouthed assholes who taunted anyone different to the cookie cutter expectations of male hockey players.

When he realised that this wasn't some elaborate joke, he'd been disappointed. Which was ridiculous. If he wanted the team to win anytime this century, having Rozanov added to their roster was certain to boost their chances. However, Rozanov seemed like the type of man to revel in such a hyper-masculine arena. Wyatt hadn't met the man yet, but he knew from being in the hockey world that Ilya Rozanov was one of those hockey players who took full advantage of the plethora of women, booze and partying that came from life in the fast lane. There had been years of tabloid spreads on the infamous man leaving clubs or VIP parties with girl after girl; long legged blondes or curvy brunettes.

So, when Wyatt finally met the man, he'd been nervously waiting for things with the team to slide back into the typical hockey team culture that he hated so much.

The team had been called into a meeting with their coach one morning before practice. Ilya Rozanov had been sat next to the coach, but he stood when the guys from the team came in. It was almost bizarre to see him in person; he was a legend in the hockey world. And, yes, Wyatt was aware that he was also a famous hockey player, but it was no where near Rozanov's level of Stanley Cups and Player of the Year awards.

Coach Wiebe cleared his throat. "As you're all aware, Rozanov is joining our team this season. Thought I'd call a quick meeting before our first practice with your new teammate, so we can discuss how this will affect everyone's positions and our plays."

A few grumbles were passed round the room. Personally, Wyatt didn't care; he was the goalie so whatever upheaval Rozanov would bring wouldn't affect him much.

"Thank you," Rozanov spoke in English but his accent was thickly Russian. "It is nice to be here. I hope the team will do better this season, now."

The implication was lost on no one that Rozanov was implying that *he* would be the reason the Centaurs would do better in their next season.

This, Wyatt had expected. In the brief interactions he'd seen of Rozanov, he was one cocky motherfucker. Wyatt could already tell that this was going to rub a few of the guys up the wrong way, and he sighed internally.

After the meeting, Coach Wiebe had taken Rozanov to go and meet some of the other team members, and the trainers and physiotherapists they had on staff. The rest of the team had all trailed into the locker room to get changed for practice.

Dykestra blew out a breath next to him. "Christ, he's a bit of an ass."

Bood huffed a laugh. "You could say that again, I mean, that whole thing of," He adopted a terrible Russian accent. "*We will do better now I am here, yes?* Cocky fucker."

Dillon joined in. "What the fuck is he even doing here, anyways?"

It was the question that had been circling in Wyatt's mind the entire time.

"Wait, does anyone actually know the reason Rozanov got traded here?" Nick asked.

Wyatt shrugged and looked around. Everyone else looked as clueless as him.

"It is pretty fucking weird. Maybe he did something to piss Boston's management off," Dillon snorted.

Dykstra nodded. "Probably. From what's I've seen he's not exactly an easy person to get along with. Dude is an asshole."

"Plus, he was playing good last season. Why else would Boston trade their best player?" Bood interjected.

To be fair, that was probably the most likely option.

"Maybe he asked for more money and they said no." Dillon suggested. It seemed a bit far fetched to Wyatt.

"Why would he need more money?" Nick asked.

"Maybe he spent his last pennies on some ridiculous luminous green sports car," Dykestra shrugged.

A few of the guys laughed. Wyatt had to agree that Rozanov's taste in cars was absolutely criminal.

"Well, if he got booted for asking for a pay rise, it's bitten him in the ass coming here." Wyatt said.

That pulled even more laughs. It was a running gag how little they got paid compared to most other teams in the league. Personally, Wyatt thought it would be funnier if it wasn't so damn depressing.

The laughter faltered slightly as Rozanov entered and took his place at his new cubby, stripping off quickly.

"Come on, boys, we've not got all day!" Coach's voice rang out.

Everyone hurried up and filtered out onto the rink.

Nick Chouinard

Ottawa, 2018

"Does anyone know where Rozanov is staying at the moment?" Nick asked one day in the locker room.

Maybe it was a weird way to start a conversation, but damn it, Nick was curious. He knew absolutely nothing about the guy's comings or goings. He didn't know if the guy had bought a house or a flat here, or if he was staying in a hotel. And it was weird. You spent a certain amount of time with someone, you expected to learn the bare basics about their life.

He also wanted to know if Rozanov had intentions to stay with the Centaurs. Nick hoped he would, he was a great player. Nick thought that maybe if Rozanov had bought a flat, it would show that he was actually committed to staying with their team.

Everyone shrugged.

Then, Rozanov came in, cutting off any discussion about him. He nodded to them in greeting but said nothing, his typical stoic expression on his face.

Nick refocused on putting his kit on, and didn't look back up until he head a low wolf whistle from Bood.

"Damn, Rozy!"

Nick glanced up to see a half naked Rozanov, his neck covered in hickeys and his back marked up with long red scratch marks.

"Jesus Christ, you look like you've been mauled." Dykestra said, wrinkling his nose.

Rozanov smirked. "Jealous?"

"Gross," Dykestra responsed.

“I am!” Bood said. “Who the hell is this girl, and where do I find one?”

Rozanov’s self-satisfied smirk grew. “I do not… how you say- kiss and tell, yes?”

And that was the end of it because Rozanov tugged his jersey over his head and headed out of the locker room to the rink.

Bood laughed. “Looks like he definitely has a place to stay. Damn.”

Zane Boodram

Ottawa, 2018

Zane had spent the past five weeks trying to organise a group outing to celebrate welcoming Rozanov to the team. It had taken this long, firstly because these men were absolutely hopeless at actually organising themselves or knowing what they were doing on any given day unless it was to do with hockey. And secondly, most of the team were struggling to warm up to the Russian man.

Personally, Bood thought the man was hilarious. However, not everyone found Rozanov’s particular brand of humour amusing. He guessed that was fair considering it was mostly just Rozanov being an asshole.

But he was a great player and clearly had a real love for the game. He worked almost harder than everyone else when it came to drills. This was all that mattered as far as Bood was concerned.

However, even when he’d finally managed it to convince the guys to stop being dicks, and to attempt to get to know Rozanov, all his efforts were apparently to go to waste. Rozanov was already busy.

“Doing what?”

Rozanov smirked and shrugged. “Wouldn’t you like to know.”

Now Bood was starting to get irritated. He was trying so damn hard, the least Rozanov could do was give him a reason why he was bailing. “Dude! This is the only time all the guys are free. Do you know how fucking long it took me to get everyone to be organised for this?”

Surprisingly, Rozanov actually seemed regretful. “Ah, I am sorry, Bood. Another time, I promise.”

Bood narrowed his eyes slightly, trying to figure out if Rozanov was as much of an asshole as they all said. Was the guy just fucking with him?

Rozanov sighed. He opened his mouth and then closed it, a slight flush rising on his cheeks. Bood gaped openly at the sight. Was he actually *blushing*?

What the hell.

“I… uh. I have important thing tonight.”

Bood said nothing, willing Rozanov to give him more than that.

“Jesus. It is anniversary. You know-“

“You have a girlfriend or something? Dude. You never said anything!”

Rozanov looked down briefly. “I have someone yes. Is private, though.”

Well, that was a little strange. Clearly this wasn't some typical conquest that they'd joke about in the locker room. No, this was *private*. And Rozanov was turning down a night out to spend the night in with her. To celebrate their *anniversary*. What the hell had happened to Ilya Rozanov, notorious player and outrageous party boy?

It was actually kind of cute. He wanted to meet the girl who'd managed to tame Ilya Rozanov.

“Okay, dude. No worries. Aw,” Bood grinned. He was *so* ready to tease Rozanov. “You’re a secret softy, Roz!”

“Fuck off.”

“You are! You’re blushing just talking about her!”

Rozanov scowled, immediately looking more like himself. “Never in my life have I blushed. Russians do not do this.”

Bood grinned wider and held his hands up as if to say he was retreating. “Fine. I hope you have a good evening with your *lover*-“

Rozanov threw one of his leg guards at Bood and Bood ducked, cackling, as he made his escape.

“Next time, Bood!” Rozanov shouted at his back.

Evan Dykstra

Ottawa, 2018

When Bood turned up to the club all alone, Dykstra was pissed and he was not afraid to show it. Bood had put so much effort into getting them all here, but clearly, Rozanov thought he was too good to bother showing up for his own welcome party.

Evan knew that *technically* Rozanov was better than all of them. He probably was one of the best players in hockey. But, whatever, that didn't give him the right lord it around like an asshole. Besides, Rozanov was on their team now, so he couldn't be as good as he so clearly thought he was.

"Where the hell is Rozanov!" Nick asked.

Instead of looking pissed, as Evan had expected, Bood grinned.

"You'll never guess."

Well, that was an unexpected response. Evan glanced around too see all the guys looking at Bood expectantly.

"He's with his *girlfriend*. Celebrating their anniversary."

Everyone burst into immediate chatter.

"Rozanov, in a serious relationship?"

"Are you sure he wasn't messing with you, dude?"

"Who the hell is this girl?"

Nick Chouinard

Ottawa, 2018

As the months went on, Nick started to get used to Rozanov's typical bluntness. Yes, he was still an asshole, but he was actually turning out to be a great Captain.

What he was not getting used to, however, was the sheer amount Rozanov talked about *Shane Hollander.*

Whenever Nick heard Rozanov mention Shane Hollander, it always took him a few seconds to remember that the rivals were apparently friends now. It was kind of bizarre to think about. He had not met Hollander, but he seemed like a nice, easy going guy who most people could get along with.

Rozanov, not so much.

Except he could kind of believe it, because Rozanov would not *shut the fuck up* about Shane Hollander.

Seriously, it was *constant*. When someone scored a goal, Rozanov would bring up the time Hollander had done some insane hat trick. When they were doing their stretches at practice, Rozanov would bitch about how obsessed with yoga and flexibility Hollander was. He knew the other man's stats by heart, and always knew where the Montreal Voyagers would be playing next.

Evan guessed this was what came of being rivals with someone for a decade, but it was becoming a bit alarming.

Zane Boodram

Ottawa, 2019

Zane was at the pharmacy when he caught sight of a head of dirty blonde curls. Was that Rozanov? Zane craned his neck over the shelves to try and see the man's face, and yes, it was.

"Rozy!" Bood shouted across the pharmacy.

He laughed loudly when Rozanov jumped out of his skin and almost dropped the basket he was holding, ignoring the glare and huff from the woman next to him.

Rozanov turned his signature scowl on Bood, but Bood just grinned back. Rozanov could glare all he wanted

At the grin, Rozanov scowled harder. "Asshole, you trying to kill your own Captain? They will not make you Captain instead, you know."

Bood rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

His gaze dropped to the basket in Rozanov's hands. It was filled to the brim with flu medicines, tylenol and tissues. He was also holding a bag from the nearby soup restaurant.

"Dude, are you okay? You're not getting sick are you? We have a match in less than a week!"

"No, is not for me. *Moy lyubimyy* is sick. And very whiny about it." Rozanov rolled his eyes, but it was unbearably fond. For a second, Bood thought he was hallucinating. Was Ilya Rozanov actually in love with this girl?

This was making Bood feel extremely single.

Rozanov's phone pinged and he huffed. "I have to go or I will..." He paused to read aloud from his phone. "*'Be murdered in my sleep for bringing cold soup'*,"

Bood cackled. Damn, Roz's girl was clearly a firecracker.

Wyatt Hayes

Ottawa, 2019

The more Wyatt came to knew Rozanov, the more confused he was at the fact that they still hadn't met this mysterious girlfriend. He'd been with them for almost a year now, and they all now knew that even though he was as much of an asshole as they'd expected, he also had a heart of gold.

And, he was clearly *whipped*. He was constantly smiling like a loon at his phone, texting her all day through practice. Bood had told them all last month about when he'd seen Rozanov practically buying out a pharmacy because his girlfriend had the flu. He clearly cared about this girl a lot, so it was baffling why he was so intent on keeping her a secret. When Rozanov had first said no to the team meeting his girl, they'd been fine about it. But then the months had passed and still nothing. They didn't even know her name!

Seriously, Wyatt heard more about Shane fucking Hollander than this mystery girlfriend.

It was at this point that they'd started coming up with crazy theories as to why Rozanov was hiding his relationship so intensely. The running theory was that she was either someone very famous who couldn't ruin her brand by being associated with Rozanov, or that she was married.

Bood had once jokingly asked if it was because she was ugly.

Rozanov had glared at him so hard Wyatt thought he might pop a blood vessel. "Take it back."

"Oh, hit a nerve I see," Bood had joked.

Rozanov gestured to himself before skating out onto the ice. "You think I would be with someone ugly. Look at me, Bood."

Wyatt Hayes

Somewhere over Canada, 2020

Now that almost two years had passed with Rozanov on their team, he could safely say that Rozanov lived up to his reputation as being an absolute asshole. Still, that didn't stop Rozanov from becoming friends with most the players on the team.

Wyatt knew maybe he wasn't the easiest person to befriend hockey players. Mostly, they wanted to go out and party. Wyatt on the other hand, would rather stay home and marathon marvel movies. But Rozanov never made fun of him for it, as some of his past teammates had done.

He was also surprisingly good at giving advice.

They'd been sat on the Centaurs private plane, flying down to San Francisco for their first match of the season. Wyatt had been in a rare foul mood, thinking about the fact that he'd only be seeing Lisa via facetime for the next two months. They had a jam-packed schedule for the next weeks, and Lisa was a doctor. She was already overworked and could hardly just take a day off to come and visit. So, yes, fine, he was in a shitty mood.

Rozanov had noticed immediately and bugged him until Wyatt had given in and spilled his guts.

Surprisingly, Rozanov seemed to understand completely. "Long distance is hard, yes?"

Wyatt nodded. "It sucks,"

"I know. Not enough time together. Having to schedule face time is not the same as being with someone. It is… difficult."

Wyatt saw Bood's eyebrows raise. "You talking about your girl, Rozy?"

Rozanov shrugged. "We know what it is like. I have had years of practice."

Wait, hold up. *Years?*

"Years?" Dykestra interrupted. Wyatt hadn't even known Evan was awake, let alone listening to their conversation. He suppressed a groan. Great, the whole team had been listening to him whine about how he was going to miss his wife.

"Yes, years." Rozanov nodded, as if this was obvious information.

"Years?" Bood repeated. "You never said your anniversary was for years! I thought it was like some little six month thing! Weren't you hooking with other girls like a year ago?"

"You keeping tabs on me, Bood?" Rozanov winked at him.

Bood huffed, clearly unsatisfied with his response, and Rozanov rolled his eyes.

"Fuck, fine. Yes, we have only been together for a short while, but we have been…" Rozanov waved his hand around as if searching for the right word. "…*something* for eleven years. Was

complicated. Long distance is shit. It is better now I am here, in Ottawa."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, uh- once I was in Ottawa we could move in together."

Bood's mouth dropped open. "Wait, is that why you moved teams? For a woman?"

Wyatt felt as if he'd been sucked punched by a puck.

Rozanov had moved to one of the worst teams in the league and one of the most boring cities in Canada for *love*?

Over the last years, it had almost become a competition between the guys of who could come up with the most outlandish, insane theory as to why Ilya Rozanov would move to the Ottawa Centaurs. The running theory had been that he'd been involved in some Russian mafia crime ring and had fled to Canada to escape the FBI.

The Russian mafia theory actually seemed more believable than reality.

"Dude, what the hell," Dykestra muttered, saying what they were all thinking. "You're actually, like, a walking hallmark movie."

"I do not know what that means." Rozanov said, rolling his eyes and laughing slightly.

Everyone else just continued staring in complete shock.

Dillion piped up suddenly. "So, you've been with this girl for over a decade, and you moved to another team in *an entirely different country* for her, and we still don't even know her name?"

Rozanov shifted in his seat uncomfortably. He looked hesitant, and almost scared, something Wyatt would never in a million years have expected from him.

"It is difficult to explain. I-" He paused. "I am bisexual. *He* is not out."

Wyatt sucked in a breath. Of all the reasons Rozanov had been hiding his relationship, this hadn't even been in the realm of their guesses. Maybe it was stupid of him, and it was definitively partly down to stereotypes he was still trying to shake, but he'd never even thought for a second that Rozanov was anything other than straight as a pin. He was just so masculine. He had reminded Wyatt of the type of man he had been intimidated by in his last team; overly-macho, obsessed with women and fucking, and always looking for a fight. It just didn't fit Wyatt's image of what he thought gay men were like. And, yes, these thoughts were definitively ignorant, so he'd be keeping them to himself.

"Dude," Dillon muttered. "I never would have guessed."

Rozanov shrugged. "Yes, well, I do not shout about it. Is not accepted back in Russia, and I am hockey player. Is not something to be loud about."

Christ, he'd been keeping this a secret for *eleven* years.

He eyed the rest of the team, checking their expressions. Thankfully, nobody looked outright disgusted or angry about the revelation, which was a relief. It was mostly shock, which Wyatt fully understood. He was certain he also wore a similarly dumfounded expression.

Wyatt wasn't sure what to say, but he knew he should say something. The silence was beginning to get awkward.

"That sucks, dude, I'm sorry," Bood said.

Rozanov's lips quirked up, as if amused.

Wyatt groaned and put his head in his hands. "The man just came out to us and told us he's had to hide his relationship for over a decade and you say *'that sucks',* for fuck's sake, Bood."

Thankfully, they all laughed, breaking any awkwardness remaining.

Rozanov laughed at the embarrassed look on Bood's face. "Is fine. You are all handling this much better than Boston would have."

Wyatt thought about Boston's team, and privately thought that was probably the understatement of the year.

Rozanov sighed and leant back in his seat. "Enough of this, we should focus on how we are going to beat San Francisco, no?"

Wyatt grinned as the team yelled out hoots and cheers. You could say a lot about the Ottawa Centaurs, but you couldn't say they weren't optimistic. Besides, Wyatt had a good feeling about this next match. Things finally felt like they were coming together.

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!