

Scotty Fucking Knows

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Scotty Fucking Knows

by [Oaks118](#)

Summary

Shane's voice was almost a whisper as he admitted, "I fucked up."

Ilya stopped in his tracks, "What do you mean?"

"He knows. Scott Hunter fucking knows."

OR: Shane calls Ilya crying after the fight. Ilya yells at Scott Hunter about it.

*Now with Kip's POV in part 2 and everyone at the Kingfisher in part 3!

Notes

I had no intention of writing a Hollanov fix-it for this ep but then I saw a couple edits to Scotty Doesn't Know and immediately came up with this. My fyp is also full of memes about Shane innocently trying chirping for the first time on his good buddy Scott and then getting absolutely bodied because Scott was in a bad mood lol. They're all too funny not to capitalize on that in a fic. So here you go, extra fic this week :)

Fair warning, everyone's a little intense in this so not completely in character, but still within reason. And I know they haven't used first names in the show yet, but I'm having them do that here because it's angstier (and that's what we're really here for). And I don't think of Scott as a villain for this (if anything that scene is kind of funny for how badly Shane overreacts) but for fic purposes it might come off like that. So ya, this is my take on the post-fight fic if Shane was being a little baby about it and Ilya went a little unhinged.

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Enjoy!

-Oaks

Chapter 1: Shane + Ilya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya was still laughing at the highlight reel when the call came through. Shane was on his tv screen, yelling at Scott Hunter while his teammates held him back like an angry kitten. Ilya was lying in bed with a stupid smile on his face because even angry, Shane was just so...cute. He was so bare. All his emotions right there on his face, set deep in his eyes. Like he couldn't help it – like he still didn't know how to hide, even when he was trying. Not from Ilya. It pleased the Russian greatly.

The news anchor was speculating on what they could be talking about and Ilya was desperately wondering the same. He'd thought Shane and Hunter were cool – friends even, after Allstars – but his boy was practically spitting words at the American, face scrunched and eyes hard in a way Shane rarely got. Especially on the ice. Especially in front of cameras. Whatever it was had to be good for Shane to have lost his composure and Ilya was practically chomping at the bit to get in on the action.

He was just pulling his phone out to text and ask when Jane's contact popped up as the device started ringing.

Ilya answered the call still laughing, "Goody, goody Hollander dropping his gloves—"

"Ilya," Shane's voice broke on his name. Like he was crying.

Ilya immediately sat up in bed, "Shane? What is wrong?"

"Ilya," and yes, that was definitely a snuffle on the other end of the line. Fuck. "Ilya I – he—" Shane was gasping between words, hyperventilating. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Ilya was out of bed and moving before his head could catch up to his feet. "Shane? Shane, is alright. Just breathe."

"I didn't – I didn't fucking mean it," Shane was sobbing. Ilya felt like his stomach was in his throat. "I-I was just messing around. Like the guys are always messing around."

Ilya hopped on one foot, phone pressed between his ear and shoulder as he tried to put on his shoes, not even bothering with the laces. He grabbed his jacket from the closet, patting the pocket – where was his fucking wallet?

"Shane what happened? Talk to me. Is this about fight?"

"I-I just wanted to try it out, you know, the jokes and stuff. I thought it would be fine. I-I didn't think Scott would take it like that."

"Hunter? What did Hunter do?" Ilya was a mix of blinding panic and rage. If Shane was this upset then it had to be serious. Ilya was going to kill Scott Hunter.

He was already calculating travel time to Montreal, pulling up flights on his phone. If he got to the airport now, he could be in the city in three, maybe four hours. He'd be at Shane's apartment before sunrise. But that still meant he'd spend the night alone.

"T-The fight. He – he said – I-I said—" Shane broke off with another sob.

Ilya's heart broke. He needed to go. He needed his fucking wallet. Where the fuck—

There! On the side table where it usually was when he actually put his jacket away in the closet. Why he hadn't looked there first...it didn't matter. He grabbed it, going for the keys on the hook – which were fucking missing. God fucking dammit.

Shane's breathing had sped up again. Ilya tried to calm him down, "Shane, you need to breathe. Breathe for me, please sweetheart. Deep breath."

He heard Shane take a choked inhale.

"Good," Ilya soothed. "Are you in trouble? Is manager mad? Team?"

"N-No, t-they didn't say anything about it."

"Then why are you crying? Was it Hunter? Did he hurt you?" Ilya was already running every possibility of injuries, and hospitals, and time off that he could think of. Spiraling through every doomsday hockey scenario that had ever haunted his nightmares. Except in his dreams, they usually happened to him. Somehow, this was worse.

Shane's voice was almost a whisper as he admitted, "I fucked up."

Ilya stopped in his tracks, "What do you mean?"

"He knows. Scott Hunter fucking knows."

And Ilya understood what he meant immediately but he still needed clarification – for Shane to confirm it out loud so he knew it was real, "About...?"

"Us," Shane sniffled again. "About you and me."

Everything in the room stopped moving. A chill settled over Ilya's bones.

"How do you know?"

"Because he told me. When I chirped him, he told me he knew that we were together."

Ilya's veins were turning to ice, "He said it on rink? With cameras?"

"No. I don't think so. I-I don't know, it was on the ice but there weren't cameras around. It was after the game."

"You are sure is what he meant?"

“Yes.” There was a long pause before Shane said, “And if he wasn’t sure, then I confirmed it.”

Ilya was standing very, very still, staring at his front door. He should be looking for his keys, but something in him was hoping that if he just didn’t move, then time might stop, and the future of whatever this was wouldn’t come to fruition. He took a breath before asking, “Confirmed it?”

“I-I overreacted. Even if he was just making assumptions before, he’d have to know it was true now,” Shane was still crying. Ilya felt like he might start. “I-It was a joke. It was supposed to be a joke—”

“What was? Shane, what did you say?”

“I said ‘Hope the next time we play you decide to show up,’ a-and he spat at me and then h-he said I was starting t-to sound like – like—”

“Like what?”

“You.”

Ilya could still hear the sports broadcast playing over the tv – could hear the anchors saying over and over again how unlike Shane Hollander it was to get scrappy like that – especially *after* a match. Everything was starting to make sense now. Hunter was butthurt over a stupid fucking comment Ilya had made and he took it out on Shane because he knew if he swung at Ilya then Ilya would swing back. He likely hadn’t expected as much from the Voyager.

The fog of panic gave way to clarity. And rage.

“You give him easy chirp and he throws secret in your face? In public?” The chill was starting to be replaced by heat.

“I-I’m sorry. I don’t know how he found out. I didn’t mean to antagonize him—”

“You did not antagonize. He overreact. Not you.”

“I should’ve just kept to myself. It was mean.”

“Is hockey. Is part of game. If Hunter cannot handle, then he should not play.”

Ilya set in motion again, taking his wallet out of his pocket and placing it back where it belonged, hanging up his coat in the closet. He could find his keys in the morning, when his adrenaline had calmed down. He wouldn’t be fixing this right now, but he would be fixing this.

Shane’s crying had dissipated to the occasional snuffle, but he still sounded completely broken when he asked, “What if he – what if he tells?”

“Tells? Who would he tell?” Ilya tried to keep his voice calm, reassuring. Shane was still freaking out and this would only get worse if Ilya succumbed to the panic too. They needed

damage control, not a wrecking ball. Even if he wished he'd been the one swinging on Scott fucking Hunter tonight.

"I-I don't know. Anyone. H-He knows. He could. What if he already has? What if other people know?"

Ilya pulled up maps, finding the drive time from Boston to New York. Four to five hours. That was doable. "Do you think he would?"

"I-I don't know."

"Hunter does not seem like person who outs someone. He does not seem bad like that." And Ilya was going to give him a reminder to make sure.

"Right," Shane sniffled again. "But do you think other people know?"

And that was the really scary part of this. Because if Scott had figured it out, there was no telling who else might have noticed. Who else might be waiting for the best moment to bring it up. To ruin them.

Ilya tried to stay calm. Be the voice of reason. "If others know then we would have heard already," or at least that was what he was telling himself to keep his heartrate in check. "We have been careful." The clearly not careful enough went unsaid between them, ignored because that felt like too much to deal with right now. Too much fear.

"B-But what if I pushed it too far? What if he actually meant it as a threat?"

"Sweetheart, you do not chirp hard enough for threats," Ilya said it like a joke, hoping to get a tiny chuckle out of Shane, but the other man stayed silent. Ilya softened his tone, "Shane, it will be fine. I take care of it."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"You're not gonna like, hurt him, right?"

Ilya hummed, calmly walking back to his bedroom, "Is option. If necessary."

He could practically hear Shane roll his eyes, "Ilya."

Ilya rolled his back, "No, Hollander, I do not threaten with fists. Only words. Will be fine."

"Will it?"

"Trust me. Ok?"

"Ok."

Ilya settled back on his bed, heaving a great sigh as he nestled into the pillows (he had too many now for one person, honestly too many for two, but it helped to make the bed feel less empty when he was alone). He picked up the remote to mute the tv, watching Shane try to fight through three full-grown men holding him back on the screen.

Ilya smirked, dropping his voice low, playful, “Now tell me what else you say.”

“Ilya,” Shane sighed. He wasn’t crying anymore.

“Come on, is not everyday world sees Shane Hollander bring out claws. My little baby tiger.”

“Are you watching the fight?”

Ilya hummed shifting against the blankets, “I ever tell you, you look pretty all flushed?”

“Ilya.”

“Except you are not red for me. That is problem.”

“Ilya, it was a just a stupid fight. I don’t even know what I said.”

“Fine. Do not tell me. This is new Shane; he fights, he is mystery.”

“I am not—”

“Shane Hollander; hockey bad boy.”

“I am not.”

“No,” Ilya hummed. “You too much good boy.”

Shane’s breath hitched.

Ilya smirked, “Now be good boy and tell me about punching Scott Hunter’s face.”

There was shuffling through the phone – Shane likely settling into bed – before he let out a soft breath, “Ok.”

Scott Hunter lived in a rather nice apartment building. It had a big lobby with a fancy elevator and a doorman. A surprising lack of security though. Oh well, not Ilya’s problem.

He knocked on the door to the apartment, the address of which he’d come by through semi-nefarious means. He glanced down the hall – the next door over was pretty far away, it made sense that Hunter would have a big place – but it still felt too close. There was no one here right now to see Ilya, but that didn’t mean someone couldn’t walk out that door or come up

the elevator. Maybe someone had seen Ilya in the lobby – recognized him. Would start asking questions why a Boston player was in New York. Why a player most of the league hated was suddenly at a random apartment outside his city.

The paranoia was starting to take over, making him feel a little unhinged. God, what was he fucking doing? This was so fucking stupid. If Shane knew, he would be telling him as much. He should turn around, go home, forget about this. Except he kept replaying Shane saying his name on a half-sob. How broken he'd sounded. Defeated. *Scared*.

Ilya couldn't let that slide.

If Scott fucking Hunter wanted to throw the weight of knowing Shane's secret around – especially on the fucking ice – then Ilya had to make it clear there would be consequences. If he already knew about Shane and Ilya, then Ilya didn't have to hold back in defending Shane. Scott Hunter had run his mouth a little too much and Ilya Rozanov was going to put his fist through it.

He knocked again.

"I'm coming," came a deep voice from inside.

Ilya was bouncing on the balls of his feet, adrenaline pumping through his veins, heartbeat pounding in his ears.

There was a click, another, and then the door opened to reveal a shirtless and sweaty Scott Hunter.

Ilya stopped.

"Rozanov?" Scott asked, completely confused.

Ilya tracked a drop of sweat running down Scott's chest to his abs.

"What are you doing here? How do you know where I live?"

Ilya snapped out of it, rage right at the surface, "Does not matter. I find you."

"You found me?"

"I come in." Ilya didn't give Scott a chance to say no, pushing past him too fast for the man to think of blocking him outside.

He took a couple steps into the apartment. It was nice. Lots of art displayed around the shiny sleek furniture. Lots of breakable things...

Ilya turned back to Scott, finding him still standing in the open doorway, his confusion slowly turning to apprehension.

"Close the door," said Ilya.

Scott's jaw ticked as he realized why Ilya was here. The Admiral glanced to the hall – maybe thinking about making a run for it – but he had no shirt and no shoes (seriously, who walked around their house in jeans? Why *jeans*?) and there was no way Ilya was going to let him do that. Better they have this conversation in private.

“Close the door,” Ilya said again.

Scott nodded, letting it shut behind him. He looked at Ilya, eyes hardening, “You’re here about last game?”

“You know what I am here about.”

“It’s just a game. Fighting’s part of that.”

“Fighting yes. But you do more than fight.”

Scott rolled his head back with a sigh, “Look man, I’m sorry about that. I shouldn’t’ve said —”

“Sorry? You are *sorry*?” That chill was settling over Ilya again, the scary kind, the kind that came over him before he’d get ejected from a game as a kid. The kind that let him go to some other place when his father was yelling. The kind he tried very desperately to keep under control. Control that felt very far away right now.

He tried to keep his focus, tried to stay present, but Shane’s broken voice was still playing through his head on a loop and Ilya’s own fear had been riding him the entire four-hour drive (yes, he could’ve taken a plane, but then someone might have recognized him at the airport and he really, really didn’t want anyone to know he was in New York right now. Just in case) so he wasn’t really thinking clearly at the moment. What he really wanted was to be on the ice so he could drop his gloves in front of Hunter and watch the fear sink into his eyes. But they were in his apartment, so Ilya was going to have to settle for squaring his shoulders without the pads making him look bigger. Scott’s eyes still widened.

“You say that out there – you make accusation – during a *game*,” Ilya’s voice was rising. Good thing Scott Hunter had a big apartment with far-away neighbours. Good for Ilya. Possibly bad for Scott.

“I-I know man. It wasn’t cool, I’m sorry,” Scott took a step back as Ilya took one forward.

“You don’t get to make threats on ice. Not without consequences.”

“I think Hollander already saw to that,” Scott gestured at his jaw and through his blinding rage, Ilya could see a little redness on the skin there. Not even a fucking bruise.

“You think that makes better? You think that is same thing? You say to him in front of everyone!”

“Not everyone—”

“You do not know that. You do not start shit like that out there.” Ilya’s control was slipping.

Scott's eyes hardened, "I didn't start it. And maybe Hollander shouldn't be talking shit if he couldn't take it."

Ilya scoffed, "He don't even say much! He make little joke and you throw darkest secret in his face!"

"I know—"

"Are you such baby you cannot handle little chirp? Hollander don't hurt you – he don't hurt fly – and you swing at him because you can?"

Ilya pushed Scott into the door, feeling it shake on its hinges. He pressed his forearm to Scott's throat, "You want to swing at someone you swing at me." He gave him a little shake, "I swing back."

"I'd like to see you try."

"You think you big man, Hunter? I show you, fucker," and Ilya's fist swung. It made contact right over the little red mark Shane's had left behind – like a target. Like Ilya's hand was finding Shane's even broken by time. Like he was reclaiming a place that Shane had touched.

Scott grunted, trying to push Ilya away.

The Russian got into his face, practically spitting, "You know how fucking dangerous this is? And you just throw it out there on the ice!"

"Not my fault you're fucking someone in the fucking league!" Scott went to take his own swing, Ilya catching his fist, crushing his hand—

"Hey, get the fuck off of him!" There was suddenly another body at Ilya's back, arms around his, trying to pull him away from Scott. Ilya fought back on instinct.

"Kip—"

"Get a hold of yourself, man!"

Ilya pulled back enough to see the other man. The other man. There was another person here. Someone who'd heard everything Ilya had said. Another person who knew about him and Shane.

That fear was back. Ilya stumbled away, pushing the other man off him, setting distance from Scott.

"Who the fuck are you?"

The man held up his hands, "I don't want any trouble."

Ilya turned to Scott, "Who the fuck is he?"

Scott didn't say anything. Ilya's heart was practically beating out of his chest, mind clouding with panic.

"Does he know?" Ilya's voice cracked on the last word.

Scott's eyes were darting between Ilya and the other guy, barely looking at them both.

"Does he know?!" Ilya yelled.

Scott flinched, "No. Well, I didn't tell him. But I imagine now..."

"It's fine, man," the other guy raised his hands more, holding them out to Ilya as if to placate him. As if he was a child. As if he wasn't watching what could be the most disastrous thing to ever happen play out right in front of him. "I'm not gonna tell anyone your secret. I wouldn't do that."

"How do I know?"

The other guy looked at Scott. He didn't look back.

"Who the fuck are you?" Ilya tried again, dropping his voice dangerously low.

"I'm..." the man was still trying to catch Scott's eye. "I'm a friend of Scott's."

"Friend?" Ilya raised an eyebrow. He didn't recognize the guy, so he wasn't a hockey player. He was pretty sure he'd never seen him before. For the first time, Ilya really took the other man in – hair a little messy, stubble perfectly groomed, gold-framed glasses and also not wearing a shirt. His toned chest was on full display with jeans slung low on his hips, a light sheen of sweat on his skin. A perfect match to Scott. He actually looked kind of...in fact, they both looked kind of...

Ilya's eyes snapped to Hunter. He was still looking at the ground, carefully avoiding Ilya's eyes, pointedly not looking at the other man. Like he couldn't. Like if he did, the expression on his face would immediately give him away. Give *them* away.

Ilya's rage and fear calmed with apprehension. He asked Scott quietly, "You too?"

Hunter's eyes snapped to him and the vulnerability there – the desperate pleading – it was all too familiar to Ilya.

The Russian's heart rate slowed. He nodded, "Ok."

"You can't tell anyone," Scott blurted out.

Ilya practically scoffed, "Do not worry Hunter. *I* will not throw secret in your face during game."

Scott dropped his eyes again, chastised, "I-I know it wasn't cool—"

“Not. Cool?” Ilya let the words drop slowly from his mouth. “You almost out him in front of whole arena. Is more than not cool.”

Scott just looked at the ground, chastised.

“You know what happen if people find out. If players find out.” Ilya wasn’t asking but he waited for Scott’s confirmation anyway.

“Yes.”

“Then you keep your big fucking mouth shut.” Ilya glanced at the other man, letting a hint of a threat seep into his eyes, the set of his jaw.

Scott’s eyes hardened at the unsaid *or else*. His jaw ticked, “Understood. We good?”

Ilya took a step closer, getting into the other player’s face. Scott’s boy went to jump in, but the Admiral shot him a look, keeping him out of arm’s reach.

Ilya sneered in Scott’s face, “Come near Shane again and I will knock your helmet off next game.”

He stepped back, hands smoothing down his jacket. He let his eyes roll to the other man, let them trail over his naked torso, muscles on full display. Ilya smirked, just because he knew it would get under Hunter’s skin more, “Nice meeting you, *friend* of Scott.”

The other man stayed silent as Scott moved to stand next to him, eyes tightening as they stared at Ilya.

Ilya grabbed the door handle. Swung it open. Stepped outside.

He turned back to Scott. He was standing next to the other man – a little too close for casual. Ilya let that anger fill his eyes again, just as a precautionary reminder. “See you next game.”

He let the door close.

Shane was making a late-night snack when his phone rang. He was tired and dehydrated, his eyes sore from crying. In hindsight, he might have overreacted. He knew Scott was a good guy. He wouldn’t put Shane in jeopardy like that. And he didn’t seem particularly homophobic either. Even if he did know, Scott wasn’t enough of an asshole to do anything bad about it.

Shane had probably just hit him at the wrong time. Emotions ran high in hockey and people said shit they didn’t mean all the time. Maybe he could shoot him a text today to clear the air?

He was drafting it up while he waited for his toast to pop when a call from Lily came through.

Shane answered with a casual, “Hey.”

“Oh Hollander I am very tired,” Ilya sighed over the line.

Shane frowned, taking his toast out as it popped, “Tired? From what?” It wasn’t like Ilya had played yesterday. And as far as Shane knew, they’d both gone to bed relatively early. Sure, Ilya had had to talk Shane off the ledge not too long ago, but they were both fairly recovered from that.

“I go on very long drive.”

Shane put down the knife he was using to butter the toast. He almost didn’t want to ask but... “Where did you go?”

“Hmm,” Shane could hear the amusement in Ilya’s voice. “New York.”

Fuck. Shane let out a bone-deep sigh, “Do I even wanna know?”

“Hmm, no. Is boring.”

“Boring?”

“Yes.”

“You potentially beating up Scott Hunter was boring?”

“Well, the punch part was boring—”

“You punched him?”

“But other part...now other part was not so boring.”

“Other part? What else did you guys do?”

There was a long pause. Shane could practically see the smirk stretching over Ilya’s face. “I only fuck with him little bit.”

“Fuck with him? Fuck with him how?”

Shane’s doorbell rang. Weird. Who would be ringing his doorbell at this hour?

“Is not bad,” said Ilya.

“Ilya.”

“Really Hollander. Is only innocent fun.”

“You’re describing going to New York to confront Scott Hunter about messing with me on the ice as ‘innocent’?”

Shane looked through the door. His heart did a little flip when he saw who was on the other side.

He flung it open.

Ilya fucking Rozanov was holding a take-out cup with a shit-eating grin on his face, “Shane, do you want New York smoothie?”

Chapter End Notes

Do I condone Ilya threatening Kip to get to Scott? No. But is it fun for the fic. Yes. You cannot tell me that man doesn't carry and act on vendettas. Also, the overly pleased face he would make in that last line to Shane, especially with his accent, has me cracking up. He would so fuck with them about this and have the best time with it (which Shane would not condone but secretly find hot).

Chapter 2: Scott + Kip

Chapter Summary

Kip's POV of Ilya's confrontation with Scott plus the fallout.

Chapter Notes

Due to popular demand, here is a part 2 with Kip's POV of Ilya confronting Scott, his visit to the coffee shop, and a little something extra from Scott's POV at the end ;) Thank you for all the lovely comment requests, hopefully this lives up to the expectations.

Thanks for blowing this up! Enjoy!
-Oaks

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

Kip was lying in bed, breathing heavily. His boyfriend had just gotten home from a roadie and they'd been making up for the couple nights they'd spent apart. At least they had been until someone had started banging on the door.

"They'll go away," Scott muttered, going back to kissing Kip's neck. Kip leant his head back to give him more room.

Bang, bang, bang.

"Or not," sighed Kip.

Scott reluctantly peeled away from him. Kip took in his professional athlete boyfriend's sweaty torso on full display, jeans hanging low on his hips. Kip had gotten Scott's belt half-undone, but the hockey player was quickly working to reverse his hard work. Bummer.

Scott leaned in to give him a peck, "Be right back."

Bang, bang, bang.

"I'm coming," Scott called. Kip watched his ass as he walked away, hugged by his jeans that fit just a little too snugly. Thank God for hockey butts.

He fell back against the mattress with a sigh. God, he'd missed Scott. Every time he went on the road the apartment just felt so empty without him. Sure, it was a nice place (a *very* nice

place), but it didn't feel the same without the hockey player there. Without his quiet, comforting presence, it felt more like a show-piece than a home.

Kip let his hands trail over the soft sheets. Scott's pillow hadn't even been touched yet. Sometimes when Scott was gone, Kip would hold it during the night to fill some of the empty space in the bed (a little pathetic, but who was going to know about that?). He always made sure it was perfectly back in place when Scott got home.

He'd been preparing the house all day for Scott to get back, making his favourite food for dinner, cleaning up the take-out containers from late-night reading obsessions. Scott had a rough run of games lately, plus the fight he'd gotten into in Montreal. Kip hadn't had a chance to ask about it yet, Scott jumping him practically as soon as he'd gotten in the door. He was pretty sure Scott's duffle bag was still on the floor of the entryway where he'd dropped it in place of picking Kip up to carry him to the bedroom.

Maybe Kip should prepare a little extra surprise for when Scott was done with the door? He let his hands find his belt, pulling the buckle open, fingers going for the button of his jeans—

A loud thump resonated through the house.

Kip paused.

He couldn't hear what the person at the door was saying – Scott's apartment was too big.

Maybe he should go see what was taking so long—

Another thump.

Muffled yelling. Kip could just make out, “—how fucking dangerous...throw it out...ice!”

He was out of bed, fingers refastening his belt, and walking down the hall without a second thought.

“Not my fault you're fucking someone in the fucking league!” Scott yelled.

Kip came into the room just in time to see Scott's fist fly at some guy's head. To watch it get caught in the other guy's hand as he held on to Scott's wrist and *twisted*—

Kip once again moved without thinking, wrapping both arms around the guy pinning Scott to the wall, “Hey, get the fuck off of him!”

“Kip—” Scott tried to warn him as the other guy wrestled in Kip's arms, trying to pull away.

Kip held on tighter, trying to dislodge him from Scott, “Get a hold of yourself, man!”

For some reason, that worked. The other guy paused and then he was bodily shoving Kip off. Kip stumbled, Scott shooting out a hand to steady him before abruptly letting go, keeping them separate.

“Who the fuck are you?” the guy asked. He had an accent. Russian maybe?

Russian...Fuck.

Kip finally had a chance to take him in and that was definitely Ilya fucking Rozanov standing in his apartment.

Kip raised his hands, taking a step away from one of the most brutal players in the league, “I don’t want any trouble.”

Ilya looked at Scott, waving his hand at Kip, “Who the fuck is he?”

Scott wouldn’t look at him. Kip’s head was swinging between them both, trying to figure out why Ilya Rozanov had shown up to their apartment to supposedly beat Scott up. What the fuck?

“Does he know?” Ilya asked.

Scott still didn’t answer. He briefly glanced at Kip out of the corner of his eye before resolutely turning his gaze back to the floor. What the fuck was going on?

“Does he know?” Ilya yelled this time.

Kip watched Scott’s shoulders hunch. He wanted to reach out to comfort him, to protect him, but there was someone else here, so he kept his hands to himself.

Scott shook his head, still looking at the floor, “No. Well, I didn’t tell him. But I imagine now...”

Ilya looked at Kip, a mix of fear and anger in his eyes.

It’s not my fault you’re fucking someone in the league.

Oh.

Kip looked at the bruise on Scott’s jaw in new light. The fight with Shane Hollander...Ilya showing up here...

Oh.

Kip tried for a reassuring tone with Ilya, “It’s fine, man. I’m not gonna tell anyone your secret. I wouldn’t do that.”

“How do I know?” the Russian glanced between Kip and Scott again. “Who the fuck *are* you?”

“I’m...” Kip tried to catch Scott’s eye again but his stayed on the floor. Ok. Clearly the truth was off the table, even under this circumstance so... “I’m a friend of Scott’s.”

“Friend?” Ilya raised an eyebrow with a sneer. He looked at Kip, then at Scott. Kip tried not to hunch into himself, tried to keep his back straight and head up. He didn’t care about what Ilya Rozanov saw.

He tried not to care that Scott clearly did.

At least until Ilya's expression changed to understanding. Shit.

He hadn't even thought what it would look like to someone else if they found a half-dressed man in Scott's apartment. If Scott was also half-dressed.

Kip's stomach dropped as Ilya turned to Scott and said the most damning words, "You too?"

Scott finally looked up, but at Ilya. Not at Kip.

Ilya nodded, "Ok."

"You can't tell anyone," Scott pleaded, voice desperate. Kip just stood there, next to him but still so far away.

Ilya scoffed, "Do not worry Hunter. *I* will not throw secret in your face during game."

"I-I know it wasn't cool—"

"Not. Cool?" the Russian spoke slowly. Deliberately. With menace. "You almost out him in front of whole arena. Is more than not cool."

Kip's eyes snapped to Scott in surprise. He wanted to ask if that was true, if Ilya was making that up. Surely Scott would never do something like that, let alone to another player, except...

Scott still wouldn't look at him.

"You know what happen if people find out," Ilya continued. "If *players* find out."

"Yes," Scott mumbled.

"Then you keep your big fucking mouth shut."

Scott's jaw clenched, "Understood. We good?"

Ilya walked straight up to him so their faces were level. Kip made to step forward, wanting to get between them—

Scott finally looked at him, stopping him in his tracks.

Ilya sneered in Scott's face, "Come near Shane again and I will knock your helmet off next game."

Scott didn't say anything back, just let Ilya step up to the door to leave.

Before he did, he turned back. His eyes raked over Kip with what was probably normally a very flirtatious smirk stretched over his face. Right now, it just added to Kip's apprehension.

"Nice meeting you," the Russian leered at Kip's half-exposed body, "*friend* of Scott."

Kip didn't say anything, just looked at Scott who was still looking at the floor.

Ilya turned to Scott one more time, "See you next game." And then he walked out the door.

It shut with a click, leaving them in silence. Scott raised a hand to his jaw, feeling the tender skin where Ilya's fist had connected. Kip wanted to reach up and make sure it was ok, but he also needed to ask, "You almost outed another player?"

Scott's hand dropped from his face as his eyes finally found Kip. They were sad. Deeply, deeply sad. And ashamed. "I didn't mean it like that. I wasn't trying to do anything with it."

"But you still said it."

"It was stupid. I didn't mean it."

"Those are excuses, Scott." Kip wasn't sure why *he* was getting angry on behalf of some random MLH player, but all he could picture was Scott's face at the art gallery. His fear. The panic attack he practically had until they'd been back behind the closed doors of his apartment. "Excuses don't change that you did it."

"I know," Scott sighed.

"Why?"

"I..." Scott ran a hand over the rapidly-darkening bruise on his jaw. "Honestly, I was just in a bad mood. I'd had some bad games and Hollander kicked me while I was down. So I kicked back."

"Sounds like you did more than kick."

"I know. I'm not proud of it."

"You could've said anything else to him. You could've came at him about something appropriate."

"I know."

"You didn't have to drag *that* into it."

"I know. Kip, believe me, I know."

But just because he needed Scott to truly understand how bad that could've gone, he added, "You did it because you wanted to scare him?"

Scott dropped his eyes back to the floor, entire body hunching inward as he admitted, "Yes."

"Why? Why was what he said so bad?"

"It wasn't," Scott sighed. "I overreacted."

"But why does it bother you so much?"

“Because they’re so young. They’re so good. But there’s this thing that could cut them off at the knees and I don’t know why I said it. Honest. It was a low-blow – *beyond* a low blow.” Scott dragged a hand through his hair. He looked tired. Like he did before they’d started dating.

“You know, they have all the same fears I do and I think in that moment, I was already being so mean to myself – I keep beating myself up every game that doesn’t go my way – that when Hollander came to rub it in, I just went with the thing that I knew would hurt *me* the most. I don’t think I even thought about how it could hurt *him*.”

“Oh Scott,” Kip took a step forward, hand coming up to trace Scott’s jaw, fingers light over the injury. “Why don’t you talk to me about this?”

Scott leaned into his hand a little, “Because I don’t want to drag everything down.”

“You’re not dragging things down. Scott, I want to know if you’re hurting. I want you to talk to me.”

Scott tilted his head so his forehead met Kips, “Ok.”

“Ok?”

“Ok.” He leant in for a kiss which Kip happily granted.

Kip gave him a light smile, “Better you talk to me than airing everyone’s dirty laundry on the ice.”

Scott huffed, “Yeah, I’ll keep the washing at home.”

“Good,” Kip’s hands trailed up to Scott’s broad shoulders, squeezing the muscles there as Scott’s found his waist to pull them closer together. “Because I don’t want to see you getting into more fights.”

“I will make it a point not to.” Scott gave Kip another sweet kiss. “You still love me?”

Kip pulled back a little, “As long as you don’t do anything like that again.”

Scott’s eyes turned serious, “Never. Kip, I would never.”

“Good,” he gave Scott another peck. “Then I still love you.”

Scott hummed happily into their next kiss, deepening it quickly. His hands moved to Kip’s thighs, picking him up easily to carry him back to the bedroom.

A thought came into Kip’s head as Scott dropped him on the mattress, “Do you think they’d maybe want to talk about it? Now that we all know? Maybe we could be friends?”

Scott gestured to his bruising jaw, “I don’t think Rozanov has friendship in mind.”

“But maybe we could reach out?”

Scott just laughed as he pulled off Kip's pants, shaking his head, "I don't think you know Ilya Rozanov, babe."

THE NEXT DAY

"Hi, how can I help—" Kip's customer service smile dropped when he saw who walked in the door to the shop, "—you."

"Ah," Ilya Rozanov made a big show of looking around at the tables and chairs, the counter Kip was standing behind, the blenders lined up against the wall. He walked slowly, casually, up to the counter, placing both hands on the surface and leaning in a little. "What is good?"

Kip tried to keep his composure. Tried to act like this was just another customer. It wasn't like the guy had purposely found where he worked, right? He'd probably just been walking around the neighbourhood and gotten thirsty.

He nodded at the menu in front of him, "Anything, I guess."

Ilya raised an eyebrow, "You do not have favourite?"

"Um," Kip took in Ilya's overly friendly smile. "The blueberry one?"

Ilya looked down at the menu, finding the item, "Blue Moon Over Brooklyn." He chuckled a little at the name.

"Uh yeah, the names are all a little over the top."

The Russian pursed his lips before nodding, "Great. I take that one."

And because he was already so flustered by the man who tried to beat up his boyfriend for him beating up his boyfriend finding and coming into Kip's work, he admitted without thinking, "I usually add banana too it though."

A great big smile stretched over Ilya's face, "Perfect."

Kip went to make the smoothie, trying not to squirm as Ilya watched him the whole time, never looking away. He didn't even flinch at the loud noise when Kip turned on the blender.

Kip resisted the urge to text Scott while he waited for the blender to stop. When it did, he took his time pouring the cup, trying to psych himself up for interacting with the hockey player again.

He approached the counter with caution.

Ilya reached out to take the cup but with a spur of confidence, Kip held it back. “You’re not gonna like, make this a regular thing, right?” He tried to make himself look intimidating (and definitely failed. The other guy was a six-foot-something Russian hockey player and he was a five-foot-seven New York gay with an arts degree). This guy had come into *his* house. He shouldn’t feel weird about that. He hadn’t even done anything.

Ilya shrugged as Kip handed over the cup, dropping some cash on the counter, “Depends on how good is smoothie.”

Except he didn’t even take a sip before walking out the door.

What a weird fucking guy.

A COUPLE MONTHS LATER, OFF-SEASON

Shane Hollander pops up on Scott Hunter’s tv screen during the commercial break of the movie he’s watching with Kip. He’s set against a city-scape background with a deep blue night sky, his hair perfectly styled, easy camera-ready smile showing off bright white teeth.

“Hey, isn’t that the guy you got into that fight with?” Kip asks, sitting up a little from where his head is resting on Scott’s shoulder. “The one with the crazy boyfriend?”

“Uh, yeah,” Scott says. He’d given Kip the full recap of the fight after Rozanov had left and they’d finished their...*other* activities. Kip had been understanding, offering Scott a place to open up about the fears he’d been having. Not just about his sexuality and their relationship, but also about his career, his ability to perform, how many years he had left in him.

It had actually been rather cathartic.

“Hollander does a lot of these commercial things.”

On the screen, Shane holds up a cup with a purple label. “My favourite pre-game routine?” he asks the imaginary audience. “A Booster Juice smoothie.”

Scott frowns. What were the odds Shane Hollander would be doing a smoothie commercial? He thought the guy mostly stuck to luxury stuff like watches and shit.

“And for a limited time, you can get my favourite order from the new menu: the Brooklyn Blueberry.”

Kip sits up all the way.

“Is he talking about...?”

Shane takes a sip of the smoothie with a satisfied smile, “Mmm, delicious.”

“No,” Scott doesn’t even sound convincing to himself. “There’s no way Rozanov would fuck with us that much.” There’s no way *Hollander* would steal his smoothie recipe.

“Really?” Kip is definitely not convinced. “Cause he seemed pretty—”

“Hot tip,” Shane catches a piece of fruit thrown at him from off-screen. He holds it up to the camera, “Add banana for a little extra sweetness.”

And looking dead in the lens, Shane Hollander fucking *winks*.

Scott is going to kill Ilya fucking Rozanov.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to @mai_love for the smoothie collab idea. I was gonna do it with Ilya originally, but after E4 with Shane doing all the commercials I thought this would be perfect. And I kind of love Shane getting in on the vengeance a little (but non-violently), especially with a long-con like an ad campaign.

And they also wrote their own version with an Ilya ad campaign so go check that out in the related works to this fic!

And if you liked the humor in this (especially Ilya's), go check out my new fic [Line Change](#). It's an AU where Hollanov becomes publicly friends as prospects and how their private relationship changes with being allowed to be seen together by the media. It will also have them being absolute menaces to Scott Hunter, especially as rookies.

-Oaks

Chapter 3: 7 Years Later

Chapter Summary

A night at the Kingfisher with Hollanov and Skip.

Chapter Notes

In honour of this hitting 100k, my gift to you :)

****This chapter has spoilers for The Long Game!**

Also, not sure if this is the correct year on the timeline but I'm not too pressed about it, unless someone knows. And not sure if Scott retired before Shane transferred to Ottawa but we're pretending he didn't.

Thanks for all the love on this and my other fics. I'm loving this fandom so much.
-Oaks

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

If someone had told Scott Hunter ten years ago that he'd be sitting in a gay bar with his boyfriend, across from Ilya Rozanov and *his* boyfriend, Scott would've told them to get fucked. And yet...

"To the victors go the spoils," announced Kip as he set two pints of beer in front of Shane and Ilya.

They took their mugs with gracious smiles, clinking them together before taking big sips.

Kip slid into the booth next to Scott with his own pint, handing over the last mug with a lovingly playful smile, "And even though he didn't win tonight—"

"Three point shut-out, thank you Wyatt," snarked Shane. Ilya cheersed their glasses again with a self-satisfied smirk.

Scott rolled his eyes. Kip did the same, giving Shane a pointed look for his interruption, "—A pint and a kiss for the most handsome man at the table." Kip planted a smooch on his cheek, pressing their thighs together below the cozy Kingfisher table. Scott smiled into it, feeling warm and happy, despite the Admiral's loss against the Centaurs that evening.

Ilya hummed, “In that case...” he placed a finger under Shane’s chin to turn their faces together, planting a sweet kiss on his lips.

“Ilya,” Shane muttered when the Russian pulled back, cheeks turning red. Scott resisted the urge to roll his eyes again. He was never going to get over the way fucking Rozanov could make Shane Hollander blush.

Instead, Scott took a deep sip of his beer and grumbled, “Don’t get too cocky, we’ll get you next time.”

Kip backed him up, “Yeah, Ottawa’s just on a winning streak right now. Everyone knows New York comes into itself in the second half of the season.”

Ilya turned devilish eyes on Kip, nodding his head at Scott, “Oh really? Because I thought New York over here was busy coming in—”

Shane slapped a hand over his boyfriend’s mouth with a glare, “You promised to behave.”

Ilya’s eyes danced and then Shane cringed, rapidly pulling his hand away, “Did you just lick my hand?!”

Ilya just grinned and then licked Shane’s face.

Kip snorted into his beer and Scott knew he was looking at him with a love-sick smile, but he didn’t care. He was happy. They were an odd bunch of unlikely friends, but after working at the summer camps for Shane and Ilya’s foundation, they’d found enough common ground – mostly around being queer hockey players (Scott wasn’t sure he’d ever *truly* admit to having anything in common with Ilya) – to have nights like these.

Ilya’s eyes lit up as he caught something across the bar, “Shane look, you are on tv!”

And sure enough, the tv screen behind the bar was playing some sort of sports programming – probably to drum up excitement for the upcoming All-Stars game. Presently, they were running through Shane’s highlights which the man himself did not seem to appreciate.

“Oh God,” muttered Shane, face turning even redder as he ducked his head into his boyfriend’s shoulder. The tv finished running through his game highlights and switched to a series of paparazzi shots – Shane walking into games, at other sporting events, walking around Montreal, a couple with his teammates, some with Ilya, some with Rose Landry (Scott never did ask if that had been real or PR) – typical celebrity gossip for publicity.

“It’s not that bad,” Scott reassured him. “You know they do this all the time.”

“Yeah, but not when I’m watching the damn thing in a bar. This is why I don’t leave my house.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Ilya. “We watch your highlights all the time—”

The hand slapped over his mouth again but too late, Kip’s eyes had already lit up, “You seriously watch your own highlights?”

“No,” said Shane defensively. Then quieter, “Not all the time.”

“Come on,” said Ilya once he was freed from Shane’s hand again (who was once again wiping his palm on his pants). “You cannot tell me you do not watch Hunter’s highlights.”

Kip smirked, “I never said I didn’t.”

This time Scott blushed.

Ilya eyed him appreciatively, “Ah Hunter, you might be more interesting than you appear.”

“Oh he’s *plenty* interesting,” said Kip, innuendo implied.

Scott put a hand on his boyfriend’s thigh, giving it a squeeze as he gave Shane a tight smile, “Why do we take them outside?”

“I don’t know,” Shane shook his head but he was smiling too. “We should just keep them locked up at home.”

Kip glared at Scott, “Oh believe me, he’d be thrilled with me lying in his bed all day.”

Scott pressed a kiss to his boyfriend’s cheek, whispering, “Can you blame me? You look so good all spread out in my sheets.”

“Oh my God!” Kip exclaimed, whole body tensing up. Had Scott gone too far? Was that comment too much for their current company? He hadn’t thought so...

He pulled back and saw Kip staring at the tv across the bar. Scott turned around just in time to watch a video of Shane Hollander catching a banana while holding a smoothie cup and winking at the camera. Then it cut to another one of his old Rolex commercials, then a clip from Reebok.

Oh my fucking God.

Scott had totally forgotten about the fucking smoothie add. Which was strange considering it had haunted him for almost a year. Every time Kip made him a blueberry and banana smoothie he’d see Shane’s stupid face winking at him from his living room couch. Which was *not* helpful on game days. It especially didn’t help that the add had been everywhere too – on buses, billboards, every commercial break for every single hockey game. It had taken ages for Scott to get free from Shane’s revenge.

Across the table, Ilya was absolutely cracking up – full-on shoulders shaking, gasping for breath, “Oh, oh, your face!” he pointed between Scott and Kip. “Oh I always wonder if you saw it.”

“Saw it?” exclaimed Kip. “That thing was everywhere!”

“Fuck me,” muttered Shane, ducking his head back behind his beer.

“Not cool man,” Scott shook his head.

Shane at least had the decency to look a little embarrassed, unlike Ilya who slapped a hand on the table, still laughing, "Oh this is too good. Did it bother you?"

Scott just glared, not bothering to acknowledge that with a response.

"Shane! Shane!" Ilya nudged his boyfriend like he wasn't sitting right next to him. "Oh he *hated* it. We totally got him!"

"Yeah, yeah," Scott tried to wave him off and be a good sport. He looked at Shane, who was glaring at his boyfriend a little to calm down, "You know, I expected this kind of thing from Rozanov but not you, Hollander."

Shane shrugged innocently, "Was just a commercial."

"With *my* smoothie recipe!" said Kip.

"I cannot believe you little shits stole it," said Scott. "How'd you even get that anyway?"

Ilya looked at Shane, grinning and practically bouncing in his seat. Shane just groaned and rested his head on the table muttering into the wood, "Go ahead."

7 YEARS AGO

"Shane, do you want New York smoothie?"

Shane looked skeptically between the cup and Ilya's grinning face as he stood in his Montreal apartment. "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing."

He raised an eyebrow.

"Really. Is good. Well, is not bad. Is nothing special."

"Then why did you bring it all the way from New York?"

"For you." Ilya held out the cup, giving it a little shake, "Try."

Not seeing any harm in it, Shane took the cup, "Ok." He took a sip. Ilya watched him with rapt attention. Shane went for a supportive smile, "It's good."

Lie.

"Is ok," Ilya shrugged.

Shane just looked at him, still very, very confused. He wasn't sure if he should take another sip. "Where'd you get it?"

Ilya's eyes lit up even more, "Ah, see that is why it is special."

"Is it from somewhere famous?"

"No. I imagine barely anyone knows place, actually."

"Then why's it special?"

"Because of who does know about it."

"Who?"

"Hunter."

"Scott Hunter?" Shane couldn't figure out why Ilya was being so cryptic. "Is it like, his smoothie place?"

"Hmm no." Ilya paused for dramatic effect. "But it is his boyfriend's."

Shane almost dropped the cup. "What?"

Ilya shrugged, "He is nice guy. Very pretty."

Shane frowned.

"Not as pretty as you, of course," Ilya took a step towards him, hands finding Shane's waist. "You would like."

"Scott's boyfriend or the smoothie?"

"Both." Ilya placed a peck on Shane's cheek, then let him go, walking into the living room like he owned the place. He flopped on the couch and patted the cushion next to him. He still had that stupidly satisfied grin on his face. "Drink. I tell you about trip."

Shane looked at his door, then his half-buttered toast going cold on the counter, then the smoothie (that was already a day old but oh well). He shrugged, took another sip, and joined Ilya on the couch.

PRESENT

Shane raised his head from the table in time to catch Kip's incredulous look, "You went from New York to Montreal to bring him a *smoothie*?"

Ilya shrugged, “Was gift.” He smiled at Shane, grin all teeth and just as stupidly self-satisfied as it had been holding that cup in Shane’s doorway, “Made with tears of your enemies.”

Scott scoffed and side-eyed Shane, “You sure you’re in love with him? He’s kind of unhinged.”

Shane shrugged and probably smiled at Ilya a little too dopily, “Unfortunately.”

“And now he is stuck with me forever,” Ilya grinned proudly, twinning his fingers with Shane’s on top of the table, their wedding rings glinting in the low bar lighting. Shane tried (and failed) to keep his own grin in check.

“Fucking simps,” muttered Kip.

“Oh God,” muttered Scott, eyes trained on the tv. Shane whipped around, hoping they weren’t playing that fucking commercial again, to find footage of Scott’s first Cup win. He glanced back at the other player, and sure enough, his face was already turning red.

“Not so fun when it’s you, huh?” teased Shane.

Scott groaned, “It’s not that, it’s...”

Scott blushed more and Shane turned to the tv to see him kissing Kip on the screen. Shane let out a wolf whistle just to make Scott squirm. The Admiral hid his face in his hands.

Next to him, Kip gently peeled them back with a laugh, “Hey, it was a great kiss. Best coming out kiss ever.”

“Uh no,” said Ilya. “That was us.”

“What?” Shane turned to his boyfriend.

“Yes. Our kiss was better.”

“No way,” scoffed Kip. “What fucking kiss?”

Ilya waggled his eyebrows.

Kip’s rose to his hairline, “You mean the one from the Fanmail video? Where you got *outed*?”

Ilya shrugged, slinging an arm around Shane’s shoulders, “Was hot kiss.” Shane tried not to let the way Ilya said that and weight of his arm around him get to him. This was not the place to be thinking about kissing his boyfriend breathless.

“Uh no way *that* was better than Scott kissing me *on the ice* after winning the fucking *Cup*.”

“I am not talking about situation. I am talking about *kiss*. Ours was better.”

“Oh fuck you, Rozanov,” said Scott.

Ilya smirked, “You’d like that, would you Hunter?”

“Ilya,” Shane tried to admonish him, but his shoulders were shaking as he tried to hold back his laughter. And Ilya could definitely feel it with how he smiled at Shane.

“No way that kiss had the same passion as mine and Scott’s,” argued Kip.

“You think so?” asked Ilya.

“I *know* so,” said Kip.

Ilya grinned, and just to prove it, grabbed Shane’s face and pulled him in for a rather sloppy but no less passionate kiss. Shane couldn’t help but smile into Ilya’s mouth, a little giggle escaping as Ilya traced his tongue over Shane’s bottom lip. Shane half-heartedly pushed him away muttering, “Ok, ok, that’s enough. They get the point.”

Ilya stared at him with heated eyes and a satisfied smirk, “Sure you don’t want more? Just to make it clear.”

And probably because Kip was equally drunk, he said, “Oh, I still think we’ve got you beat,” and then slid a hand into Scott’s hair to crash their lips together.

And Shane...he looked around the bar. It was packed with people, all talking and drinking, living their own lives. Shane’s face was up on the tv again – this time for a current commercial he’d shot for a cologne brand last month – but no one was paying him any attention. No one was ogling the hockey players in a gay bar. No one was making comments about their boyfriends. No one was taking their picture to out them to the world. Not even when Ilya pulled him in for another kiss.

Shane melted into it, letting the warmth of Ilya pressed against him, the laughter of their friends, and the quiet chatter of the bar, sink in just because he could. Because they didn’t need to hide anymore. And they never would again.

A COUPLE MONTHS LATER, OFF-SEASON

Ilya pushed their cart down the aisle of the grocery store while Shane checked the list.

“Ok, we just need some tuna, cheese, burgers, maybe something for a salad—”

“Chicken?” Ilya eyed the sour patch kids on display. “I think we should get chicken.”

“Yeah, we could roast or barbecue it,” muttered Shane. He swatted Ilya’s hand away when he went to grab the bag of candy. Ilya waited until Shane had moved down the aisle to throw it in the cart.

“Or we could get bread and sauce and cheese and make parmesan,” he mused.

Shane glanced back at him, “We had that last week.”

Ilya shrugged, “And we have not had *this* week.”

Shane rolled his eyes, going back to the list, “We also need to pick up some stuff for when Hayden visits with the kids.”

“Ice cream?” Ilya offered.

“Only if you promise not to eat it all before they get here...” Shane trailed off, stopping in front of a display of pop.

“Do you want more ginger ale?” asked Ilya as he caught up to him. Shane was standing in front of a stack of green cases with a horrified look on his face.

Ilya turned, trying to figure out why Shane would be confused by his favourite pop—

Scott Hunter’s stupid, perfect, grinning face was looking back at him from every. Single. Case.

Ilya’s jaw dropped to the floor.

Shane’s eyes filled with rage.

“Motherfucker.”

Chapter End Notes

If you liked this (especially the Hollanov + Skip vibes), I've got two other fics I'm working on that'll have more of it. [Line Change](#) is an AU where Hollanov becomes publicly friends as prospects and how their private relationship changes with being allowed to be seen together by the media (very youthful, fun, friends to lovers vibes). And [The Short Game](#) is an AU where Shane moves to NY instead of Ilya moving to Ottawa, which means Shane plays with Scott Hunter, and Ilya gets to stay at the top of his game in Boston (angsty, finding queer joy vibes).

-Oaks

Works inspired by this one

[a blue moon over boston](#) by [mai_love](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!