i've been the archer (i've been the prey)

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by londonfoglatte (nimbus2003)

Summary

five times their friends realize shane might be the scary one, after all -- and one time ilya reminds the world he's only soft for shane.

OR

their friends – and hayden fucking pike, who, for some reason, remains shane's best friend – are slowly realizing they can be more complex than Hollander and Rozanov. they can be Shane and Ilya, too.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授权翻译】猎手与猎物：强肉弱食...吗？ by Shiny_Park

1. **The Great Steak Debacle**

“Be nice,” Hayden warns.

JJ snorts. “Yeah, sure. Because you’re Rozanov’s biggest fan.”

Hayden slams a finger against the doorbell, pressing unnecessarily hard. “Jackie told me to be nice. And if I have to be nice, you have to be nice.”

The door swings open.

Ilya Rozanov stands before them in all his smug, Russian glory. Hayden stares. Opens his mouth. Closes it again, after JJ shoves him. Finally, he settles on a nod.

Rozanov raises a single, cocky eyebrow. “No kiss, Pike?” He steps back, letting them through the door. “Is okay. Very natural to be intimidated.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov,” Hayden mutters.

JJ laughs. “I’m telling Jackie.”

Shane appears, chased by Anya. The boys kneel down — a temporary truce forming while they pet the dog. Shane looks up at JJ and Hayden, smiling. It doesn’t meet his eyes. A pang hits Hayden's chest.

JJ notices, too. He has the good sense to look ashamed, at least.

They’re ushered into the dining room. Stupid, macrobiotic appetizers sit on the table, alongside pre-poured shots of Russian vodka. He knows it’s Russian, because a fancy bottle, drenched in Cyrillic lettering, sits off to the side. Shane and Rozanov’s house, indeed.

“So,” Rosanov says, taking a seat. “How is Montreal without Shane? Is sad, yes? Or is pathetic better word? My English, you know. Not so good.”

JJ sputters — actually sputters, but he spits out a retort.

Maybe the pre-poured shots weren’t the worst idea.

Dinner isn’t a complete trainwreck, so that’s something. As difficult as Rozanov makes it, Hayden tries to be a peacemaker. Owes him that, after the FanMail video and fucking *Brad.*

At some point, Shane and Rosanov sneak away to the kitchen. Allegedly, they’re grabbing the steaks and sides.

Allegedly.

Hayden has been married a long time. He pictures himself and Jackie, filling plates and muttering about their guests. What are Shane and Rosanov talking about? Him? JJ? *See,* he pictures Ilya saying. *This is disaster.*

So, yeah. Maybe Hayden snoops, a bit, but his concern is justified. He gestures for JJ to quiet down. Without any surrounding noise, the heating vents carry enough sound for them to make out their conversation.

"— is normal," Rozanov is saying. "It was big offense." He sighs. "Not offense. Like, crime, but personal."

"Betrayal?" Shane offers.

A sound of delight. "Yes! Betrayal. It was huge betrayal."

"I'm getting there with Hayden. JJ, though." Shane sighs. "I can barely look at the guy. I know he apologized. Doesn't matter. All I hear is him accusing me of tripping – like some kind of sick earworm."

Hayden tenses, looking over at JJ. His friend looks sad, but resigned. They wait for Rozanov to deliver the death blow.

"Знаю, моя любовь. But he was your friend, before. One of the best. We said we would try."

Shane exhales, muttering something too quiet to hear. Then, louder, he speaks again. "I know you're right. It's just –" He cuts himself off. "Thank you for making me do this dinner."

JJ turns to Hayden. "*Making me*?" JJ mouths, shocked. Hayden holds up his hands, equally confused.

"I am exceptional husband," Ilya replies. "I break out the nice водка. I put up with your friends who cannot stake for shit. I fuck you later."

"Oh, yeah?" Shane responds, breathless.

Hayden can actually *hear* Rozanov smirking. "Oh, yes. Like, reward for being brave. Я думаю что мы —"

Mercifully, as though by an act of God, the conversation switches to Russian. JJ leans back in his chair, staring at Hayden. "Did I — Is Ilya *fucking* Rozanov pulling for Shane to forgive me?"

Hayden laughs. The situation was completely, categorically ridiculous.

"But Shane never holds grudges," JJ says. He shakes his head, as if he can physically clear it. "And since when does Roz give a fuck about the power of friendship?"

Hayden thinks about Jackie sending him off to dinner, surrounded by giddy children, thrilled at the chance to say hi Uncle Ilya, even vicariously. He thinks about Shane, starting across the Montreal locker room, with quiet, deadly rage on his face. And for the first time, he thinks —

"Maybe it's not that simple."

2. **The Playboy and the Simp**

The Centaurs win their season opener. 5-2. Watching Roz and Hollander on the power play is like watching God smite the other team.

Troy skates up to Hollander, slamming into him. “That’s our fucking boy!” He screams, fighting to be heard over the roar of the crowd.

Shane grins. “Fucking beautiful assist, Barrett.”

“You and Roz coming to drinks?” Shane hesitates, toying with his stick. Instinctively, Troy pulls him in, grabbing his shoulder. “Harris and I are going. You should come.”

The confirmation seems to settle something in Shane. Given his rocky departure from Montreal, it doesn’t take a rocket scientist to guess what.

“Alright,” Shane says, a slow smile spreading across his face. “Yeah, okay, what’s the address?”

Ilya skates over, grinning when Shane tells him to shower quickly. “You usually like slow, no?”

So that’s how Troy — and the rest of the Centaurs — come to hang out with Shane for the first time. He showed his face at a few barbecues over the summer, but he always left early, making excuses about bedtimes and dogs. Certainly never stayed for drinks at the end of the night.

Troy feels bad for the guy. He remembers transferring to Ottawa. It took him awhile to warm up to the team. Seemed too good to be true, almost.

He skates over to the bench. Harris waves, waiting for post-game photos.

“They’re coming,” Troy says.

Harris squeals.

The bar is dark and moody, with leather seats and candles. The team spills off the provided benches and onto stray chairs. Wyatt and Haas sit next to each other, arguing about goal placement. Young and Boyle are doing shots. The others mill about, enjoying the ambiance – and the open bar.

Roz and Hollander are a half hour late. The rookies stand, shoes scuffing the pristine couches, and cheer when they enter. Ilya, ever the modest captain, bows. “Yes, I know. Very exciting I am here.”

“Fuck you, Roz,” Boodram shouts. “We’re just happy to see Hollzy out past 9.”

Shane rolls his eyes, but he takes a seat.

No one would ever, like. *Pry* about Shane and Ilya. But it’s natural to be curious, right?

Since Shane joined the team, his interactions with Ilya have been nothing but professional. Ilya flirts with Shane from time to time, but that's not notable. Ilya flirts with *everyone*. Opponents. Refs. Inanimate objects.

And, fine. Troy wants to know more, okay? Harris does too – not that he'd ever admit it.

Maybe it's the drinks. Maybe it's just curiosity killing the cat. Either way, after a few more hours and a few more beers, Troy blurts out: "So, like. How long have you guys been together, anyway?"

Conversation stops.

Fuck. *Fuck.* What was he thinking? Troy didn't just bring up the elephant in the room. He fucking *murdered* it.

Shane stares at him for a second. Searching his face for something. Malice, maybe? Then, finding none, he throws his head back and laughs. Troy laughs with him.

"Man, I was wondering when one of you would ask," Shane says, still laughing. He reaches over to his husband, handing him 100 bucks. "I thought you'd last till at least mid-season."

Haas blinks. "Did you. Bet? On when we would ask?"

"Figured would happen eventually," Rozanov says, shrugging. "Shane wanted his privacy for a bit. Why not compete?"

Harris stares at their captain, blinking slowly. "There is something very, very wrong with both of you."

"What's the answer, though?" Wyatt asks. Clearly, he's not wasting a chance to sate his curiosity.

"Do you not know?" Ilya grins. "Should you not have your goalie eye?"

"Eyes," Hollander corrects. Ilya bats him away. He turns to Wyatt. "Since our rookie year."

"Little longer, even," Roz adds.

The table goes quiet. Then, pandemonium ensues.

"Since your rookie –"

"Where did you find the time to –"

"But you both dated –"

That one seems to stick. The team quiets, staring at Shane. "Yeah, hang on," Dysktra waves his hands. "Time out. So what was Rose Landry, then?"

"Ilya got serious. I panicked."

Dysktra blinks. Slowly. "*Ilya* got serious. *Ilya Rozanov.*"

"Yeah. He wanted more. I wanted –"

No one lets him finish. Boodram holds up a hand. "You weren't sure you wanted Roz. Yearly candidate for Sexiest Man Alive. So you dated *Rose fucking Landry* as a backup?" He sounds incredulous.

Shane looks smug. *Can* Shane look smug?

"Had to be sure I was gay, I guess."

Boodram *howls*. "Yeah, of course. I always try to check that with incredibly beautiful, famous actresses. Who stay my fucking friends after!"

"Hollzy, you dog!" Young leans in, hooting. "That's our fucking boy, right there."

After that, the damn breaks. Who fell first? Who fell harder? Who kissed who?

Roz, Roz, Roz.

Well, who knew. Roz the simp. Hollzy the non-committal playboy. The media really *does* miss a lot.

3. **The Murder in Montreal**

Usually, the team captain gives the pre-game speech. Usually, the second-line center is not the opposing team's former captain. Usually, there isn't enough bad blood to fill the Pacific lingering between two teams.

But this is Ottawa vs. Montreal. There is no usually. Not here. Not now.

Shane Hollander, golden boy of Canadian hockey, stands on a chair. Around him, the Centaurs linger, hanging onto his every word.

He doesn't yell. He doesn't need to. Shane doesn't need a captain's badge, or a loud voice to command their respect. They've been coming into practice early and leaving late all week. Week after week, he wins them games. They don't want to let him down now.

Idly, Harris thinks back to summer, when Shane had just joined the team. The early months were full of awkward exchanges. Shane was slow to trust. Understandable, after being burned. Now, these boys are his family.

"I try not to ask for a lot." Shane turns, staring each player in the eye. There's ice in his voice. "But tonight, I'm asking you to go out there and fucking destroy Montreal."

"I don't like to talk about the Metros. But you know what I do like? I like *beating* them. So let's go do it."

“Hollzy. Hollzy. Hollzy.” Roz starts the chant. The boys pick it up, echoing through the locker room and into the tunnel. A shiver runs up Harris’ spine. It’s the kindest, most respectful speech he’s heard in the Ottawa locker room. He doesn’t bother filming Ilya's anymore. There’s not a single one that meets community guidelines.

So why does he suspect Montreal is completely, uniquely fucked?

*

Before he left Montreal, Hayden played against Shane almost daily. They’d switch up the lines at practice – prepare for surprise injuries, that kind of thing. So he’s not, like, unaware of what a fucking nightmare the guy can be. Add Rozanov to the equation? Death on wheels.

All this to say, he’s not looking forward to playing Ottawa.

He steps onto the ice, preparing for the starting face-off. Their new center leans down, wincing at the look on Roz’s face. Hayden can’t help but laugh. How did anyone think Roz hated Hollzy, if this is what he looks like when he’s actually pissed?

Rozanov wins the faceoff. And thus begins the worst three hours of Hayden’s life. The first-line is merciless, slamming them into the boards and passing the puck with brutal efficiency. Rozanov is in rare form. His mouth moves constantly – almost as quickly as he spins the puck around the Metros.

So, yeah. That sucks. Hayden breathes a sigh of relief when Ottawa's first line skates to the bench. Their line is staying out for a bit – trying to build momentum in the absence of Rozanov and Barrett.

And then he sees Hollander step onto the ice.

He’s seen Shane go through a lot of shit. Seen him mad at a chirp. Seen him go after Hunter. Seen him disappointed in his team. This is – something else. A side of Shane that he’s glimpsed over the years, but that’s never been unleashed.

Shane’s eyes are dark. He tosses his stick from hand to hand, unconcerned about modesty. For once, Shane Hollander looks like he *knows* he’s Shane motherfucking Hollander.

“Oh, sh –”

The game is a bloodbath. At the end of the third, they’re down by seven, thanks to a shut-out by Hayes, a goal by Haas, and hat tricks from *both* Hollander and Rozanov. Hayden would rather be taken out back and shot than play another five minutes.

And yet.

Comeau is in the penalty box. Goaded, no doubt, by Rozanov, who muttered something that inspired the Canadian to punch him. Rozanov grinned as he spit blood, watching Shane step out for the power play.

“Oh, Jesus *Christ*,” Hayden mutters. He finds Jackie in the stands. She looks back at him, sympathy written all over her face.

Hollander and Rozanov pass with lighting speed. Hayden can barely find the puck – let alone try to stop Hollander as he receives a perfect pass, deftly switches to his backhand, and slams the puck into the Metro’s goal.

Rozanov roars, slamming into his husband. The two seem to exchange words. Hollander shrugs, laughing. Rozanov grins – actually grins – and skates away. Dread, cold and thick, spreads over Hayden.

He watches Roz skate past Drapeau. He’s close enough to hear Roz instigate – “*What’s worse, Drapeau. If I fuck your captain. Or if he fucks me?”*

Drapeau’s stick hits the ice. He swings first. With a delighted grin, Rozanov ducks the hit and punches him squarely in the jaw. In the end, he has to be pulled off of Drapeau, who Hayden suspects will be on IR for the foreseeable future.

Hayden skates by Hollander. “Bad fight,” he says.

Hollander shrugs. “End of the game. Won’t matter.”

There’s something about the way he says it. Hayden stops in his tracks. “Hang on – did you release him on Drapeau? Like some kind of feral dog? Was that why he was smiling?”

Shane skates away, wordless. JJ takes his place. “I think,” Hayden says, stunned. “That our friend is scarier than we realize."

4. **The Virtues of Power Bottoms**

It starts with small things. First, Ilya stops joining Hayes during his smoke breaks. He makes an excuse, of course. Something about lung capacity and the team doctor.

Except, when Roz cheats, he doesn’t seem scared of the team doctor. He’ll walk past him, smelling of tobacco and stupid, Russian cigarettes that are probably twice as deadly.

Shane Hollander, on the other hand?

Hayes and Roz sneak out during a team party. When Hollander appears at the door, Roz starts muttering in Russian.”Пиздец. Я думал –” Frantically, he steps on his cigarette, putting out the evidence.

That’s Wyatt’s first clue.

Second, Roz gets in fewer fights with Shane on the team. He still talks shit – Wyatt thinks he might explode if he were to hold in a chirp – but he doesn’t pick bad moments to throw a punch. If he’s gonna to sock a guy, he does it at the end of the game, when it won’t affect the team.

When Roz gets into a messy fight during the first period against the Admirals, Wyatt watches him in the box. Roz stares at Hollander, who alternates between destroying the other team and glaring at his husband.

Roz is back on best behavior next game.

The nail in the coffin though, starts with the team learning Russian. It's been a tough couple years for their captain, and they figure it'll be a nice surprise. In any case, it will be an advantage on the ice.

Haas picks it up no problem. Young and the new kids struggle, but they muddle through. Wyatt, like most of the team, falls somewhere in between the two.

They beat Toronto after a particularly raucous match, thanks to Ilya's sheer determination to score in the third. It's a game worth celebrating, and they find themselves at their favorite hometown bar.

It starts like any other night, really. The kids are blackout. The married men, less so.

They're playing Never Have I Ever. It's childish, but who gives a fuck? It's fun.

"Never have I ever…" Roz pauses, grinning. "So hard to think. Have just been so sexy for so long –"

Barrett groans. "You're done. We'll come back to you in a minute. Hollzy can take your turn."

"Never have I ever…"

"No, no I go," Rozanov cuts in. "I am ready. Never have I ever… begged in bed."

Hollander drinks, glaring at Rozanov while he does it. Well. That's more information that Wyatt wanted about their sex life.

Hollander gets him back – *never have I ever bought special snacks for my hookup* – and the game continues in peace, until the next round. Rozanov opens his mouth, already grinning. "Never have I ever –"

Shane interrupts, glaring. "Если ты надеешься кончить мне в задницу сегодня вечером, веди себя прилично." The russian comes out of nowhere.

Haas makes a choked sound. Slowly, Wyatt translates enough to follow suit. He recognizes the word for *if*. Then *hoping* and *tonight*.

If you're hoping to ___ in my ___ tonight, behave. He remembers learning how to tell his nieces to behave in Russian, thinking it would sound intimidating. Christ. Does he even want to translate the rest of the sentence? Unfortunately, his goalie brain won't let it rest.

Arrive? Get there? Donkey?

With horrible, freezing realization, he puts the pieces together. *If you want to cum in my ass tonight, behave.*

Ten sets of wide, scandalized eyes stare at Roz and Hollzy. Slowly, Hollander turns to face them. “What?”

Haas, God bless him, breaks the silence. “We, uh. We are learning Russian. To surprise Roz.”

Rozanov cackles. Hollander goes red, then blue, then red again.

“Damn, Holzy,” Barrett chokes out, laughing. “And here we were thinking Roz was the freak.”

“You were. Thinking?” Rozanov punches Barrett in the shoulder. “Your sex life so boring, you must think about mine? Poor Harris.”

Barret cackles. “No, not like that. It’s just like –”

“You never *touch*,” Dykstra supplies.

“Or flirt, really,” Boodram adds.

Chouinard laughs. “You’re like, maybe the most famous couple in the world. And we never see you act like a couple. You see us kiss our wives!”

“And so you… Speculate about our sex life?” Hollander asks, amusement creeping into his horror.

“Maybe a little,” Harris admits.

“Well,” Shane says. “Do you see Rozanov acting up now? No. Clearly I have plenty of sway.” And then, flushed, driven by his love of his new team and the thrill of being out, he continues. “And if you need more explanation, look up power bottoming.”

Fuck if that doesn’t send the boys howling. Wyatt feels a rush of pride — excitement that Hollzy feels comfortable enough to joke with them.

Ilya, he notices, is on best behavior for the rest of the night.

5. **Shane Motherfucking Hollander**

Pike, Boiziau, Barrett, and Hayes stare at each other. They’re on the same team, for once, thanks to All-Stars. So far, they’ve bridged the discomfort with help from Rozanov and Hollander. Unfortunately, the first husbands of hockey are currently at a press conference.

They’re at a bar, waiting, when someone says “fuck it” and turns on the livestream. Because, apparently, that’s their only common interest as a group.

Ilya is wearing a sheer, silk shirt. It's unbuttoned so far, Pike isn't sure there's a point to wearing it. His gold crucifix bounces on his chest as he gestures, animated. He looks frustrated.

To his right, Shane sits upright. He looks better these days. More like a threat and less like a boy in athletic clothes. Sponsored sunglasses obscure his eyes, but Pike can sense the heat in his gaze from a mile away.

Barrett stiffens. It's odd, to think someone else knows his boys well enough to clock their discomfort.

His boys? Since fucking when is Rozanov one of his *boys*?

A thought for another time. Hayden focuses, tuning into the interview "-- concern that your personal relationship will affect your team's playoff performance."

Rozanov stiffens. "Again –"

Shane, who's been quiet for the duration of the interview, pulls off his glasses. "My *husband* and I have been together since we were *rookies*." Gasps fill the interview room – whatever the public's suspected timeline, it wasn't that.

Shane ignores them. "I dare the Metros, or any other piece of shit, homophobic team, to underestimate us. It's their funeral. Now, if you'll excuse me, we have an All-Stars game to win."

Rozanov leans in, grinning into the mic. "Is hot, no?"

Hayden sighs, hiding a smile. "Man. Do you get the feeling Hollzy is, like –"

"Finally acting like he's *Shane Hollander*?" Barrett finishes.

He smiles. "Yeah, that."

"He's kind of scary, actually," Hayes admits. "Would rather piss Rozanov than him."

They collectively shudder at the thought of angering the hulking, notorious punch-happy Russian. "Maybe neither," Boizaiu offers.

They nod. "Yeah, neither."

+1 The Menace Never Dies

Ilya Rozanov likes watching people discover Shane. His quiet, control freak husband. They assume he is sweet – the ice to Ilya's fire, the calm to his storm. It's not wrong, he supposes. But it's not *right* either.

Ilya is everything they say in the press – don't get him wrong. Cruel and brash on the ice. Prone to throwing punches. But he's also Anya's father. The neighbor who stops to see the kids before every game.

Shane is a good boy. He eats healthy. Does not smoke – no matter how much Ilya tries to persuade him. He is polite to fans. He is also – to Ilya's delight – the man who tells the NHL Comissioner to fuck off. He is deliciously, quietly dangerous.

Less quiet, lately though. Their friends – and Hayden fucking Pike, who, for some reason, remains Shane's best friend – are slowly realizing they can be more complex than Rozanov and Hollander. They can be Ilya and Shane, too.

"We have dinner with my parents tonight," Shane observes. He knots his skates, then double knots them. Idly, Ilya wonders if he measures his shoelaces to ensure they're equal.

"We do," Ilya agrees. "Yuna – who loves me more, by the way – picks a delicious sushi restaurant. They have boring healthy food, just for you."

"Do *not* start a fight tonight." Shane steps forward, grabbing Ilya. "I don't want Mom and Dad fussing over you all night."

"да. Yes. No starting fights."

Shane doesn't look convinced. "Why do I feel like you're lying?"

"Liar? Am not liar. Am gorgeous teller of the truth."

Shane says something under his breath. It sounds suspiciously like *Jesus fucking Christ.*

They're called to the ice. Ilya takes his place at center, grinning up at Dallas Kent. He makes it through the face-off peacefully – if you can call likening Kent to a neanderthal peaceful. Ilya certainly does. No punches were thrown.

He is proud of his chirp. He learned new vocabulary, just for this.

It takes the better part of two periods for Ilya to bait Kent into punching him, but he does it. In the end, all he has to do is ask for a kiss, and Kent is dropping his stick, charging at him. Ilya smiles. Oh yes. This will do.

Kent limps off the ice five minutes later.

Ilya looks down to where Kent's tooth lies on the ice, sitting in a generous pool of blood. Briefly, he debates picking it up and taking it to a jeweler. Would be excellent trophy.

He skates to the penalty box. Shane takes his place on the ice, throwing a disapproving look his way. "We said no fights."

"We said no *starting* fight. I do not start, I finish."

Shane sighs. "That's why you looked so smug."

“Да.”

His husband skates away without a word. Ilya isn’t worried. He can sense his amusement, even from across the rink. Besides, Shane *hates* Dallas Kent.

Barrett joins Ilya in the penalty box a minute later.

“Looked like Kent still had some teeth,” he jokes. “Had to take care of it.”

Ilya cracks a smile.

“You know,” Barrett says. “It’s nice to know, no matter what else changes, you’ll always be a fucking menace on the ice.”

End Notes

wrote this instead of studying for finals, but hey, at least my random 2020 obsession with learning russian finally came in handy. i wrote this all in one fever-dream of a day like a little demon, so apologies in advance if things are wild or messy!

i love you all sm let me know what you think//if i should write more of the boys this is vvvvvv new for me!

Works inspired by this one

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