I said nobody knows you

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I said nobody knows you

by rachelrae

Summary

"And so, like, Roz is never at these things?" Barrett had asked.
"Well, he's come once or twice." Bood had answered, a thoughtful face on. "We always invite him, though I know at this point he's going to be busy."
"But what's he doing?" Barrett asked, his face crunched up.
"It's an Ottawa Centaurs mystery." Harris was sitting next to Barrett and was grinning at him as he elaborated. "Just like how NHL star Ilya Rozanov gets traded, willingly and by his own choice, to Ottawa and yet, no one knows why he chose the team."
Or
The Ottawa Centaurs have their own theories about what their captain gets up to in his free time. Wyatt Hayes organizes a bet about it. If only getting an answer out of Rozanov would be easy.

Notes

This wasn't supposed to be a 5+1 thing but whoops. Shit happens.
Title from I'll believe in anything by Wolf Parade because I can't handle this season being over right now.
Unbetaed so please let me know if you see any mistakes!!
Russian translation by CreateWorldsWithWords: https://ficbook.net/readfic/019c3a3a-ab45-78cd-8625-1f53630d28ae

See the end of the work for more notes

When it was announced Ilya Rozanov joined the Ottawa Centaurs, Wyatt Hayes' first response hadn't been something he was proud of. He had been over at Bood's, grilling with a couple of the guys on the team, enjoying the summer, when the news broke.

Technically, he was glad they found out early. Coach Wiebe had sent a message in the team group chat hours before the official announcement was made. He had given Wyatt, and the rest of the team, hours to have their own private reactions. To get out their choice words and, in Cassie's case, throw some things.

Wyatt was such a fan of Bood's wife. He had wanted to throw some things too.

But yeah. Their response had not been positive. Wyatt knew he wasn't the only one who'd played against Rozanov and really knew he wasn't the only one who hated playing against Rozanov.

When he had first joined the Centaurs, he had bonded with the other players on the team over their shared fear for the hockey monsters that were the dynamic, rival duo: Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander. The guys had even started a deal. For every goal Wyatt blocked from either Rozanov or Hollander, they'd buy him a beer. According to the whiteboard tally in the locker room, Wyatt wasn't sure he'd even ever have to pay for beer again this summer.

And now to get the news that Ilya Rozanov, Boston's golden boy, was traded to buck-fuck-nowhere Ottawa?

Bood had had his wife read the text out loud the first time. To make it real, he had said.

Wyatt didn't think any of them had really believed it until Rozanov was standing in their locker room, that first day back to practice.

Roz was a menace on the ice, but to see him standing in shorts and a sweatshirt - a new red one with an obnoxious Centaurs mascot on the front of it - in front of an empty locker with

the fresh sticker of Rozanov pasted to the top, Wyatt couldn't help but feel like he looked small.

Not that he would call Rozanov shy, because he could never, after seeing years of his behavior on the ice, call Roz shy. But, he was nervous, maybe.

Wyatt didn't remember what Coach Wiebe had all said, but he did remember how Roz went around and shook every player's hand. How he had called them all by name. How he had known all their names, the positions they liked to play, and had looked them all in the eye with respect.

For the first few minutes, Wyatt had felt like he had stepped into an alternate reality. One where Ilya Rozanov was not a crazy hockey star, but instead a calm and focused team captain, meeting his new team where they stood. For a minute, he had wondered if he had ever truly known the man at all.

And then Roz had seen the whiteboard. Wyatt guessed they had all grown so used to it, they hadn't even thought to erase away the evidence of their views of their new Captain.

For a second, the entire room of hockey players seemed to cringe, preemptively flinching back.

But Ilya Rozanov had just leaned in closer, hand still shaking Harris' distracted, and read out loud.

"Hayes' beer count: Rozanov 47, Hollander 43." His voice had been full of humor, lighter and closer to what Wyatt was used to on the ice. "I love this." He had started laughing and took out his phone to take a picture. Wyatt, standing next in line for a handshake noticed him quickly send it off to his top contact before he quickly pocketed his phone again.

And then it was Wyatt's turn, faced down with a grinning, eyes sparkling with excitement Roz. He'd felt a little of his unease unravel at that handshake. Roz had pulled him in slightly, still chuckling as he announced, loud enough for the whole room to hear, "I love this. But the numbers are wrong."

"What?" Wyatt had managed. What the hell was Rozanov going on about?

"The numbers, the amount of blocked shots, no?" At Wyatt's hesitant nod, Rozanov had gone on. "You are close, yes. But if you are counting up all games since you were the Ottawa Goalie, Hayes, then it should be Rozanov 52 and Hollander 48."

Shocked silence had met that. Wyatt could hardly process the words. He knew Rozanov was good, hell, he had to be, but for him to know this seemingly off the top of his head? Did he know the stats of every goalie he played against? And for Hollander too?

Rozanov seemed to take pity on him at that moment. "Ah, it's ok. I'm still beating Hollander so that's what matters." He was still looking only at Wyatt when he said this, eyes both mischievous and comforting.

Wyatt was shocked to find himself laughing. "Well, not sure we can keep up the count anyway. I'm sure I'll have a lot more opportunities to block your shots in practice."

Roz had finally let go of his hand and was staring back at the whiteboard. "Nah, let's do it. It will make him mad when I continue winning."

Him? Rozanov had moved on to shake the next player's hand, more joyful and loose, but Wyatt was still stuck on his words. Him had to mean Hollander right?

Oh my god. This was really Ilya Rozanov in front of him. Of course he would want to antagonize Shane Hollander. That was like, their whole thing.

Wyatt wasn't sure what shocked him more, the fact that he was excited to watch the score go up or that he was excited to play with Rozanov, on his team.

That first meeting had set the course. Ilya Rozanov blended in to the Ottawa Centaurs like there had never been a team before him. Yes, they were still losing on the ice, but it was by less and less each game. Even practices with Roz were fun. The chirps and insults Wyatt had grown to associate Rozanov with were still there, but toned down. More teasing than personal. He was surprised to see how much Roz pushed them to train harder. How much it pushed himself to train harder.

Once the initial fear and stardom had worn off, Wyatt and the other guys on the team had started inviting Roz out to drink after the game or to Bood's house to grill. Or, at least, they tried to invite him out.

For all there wasn't much free time at the beginning of the season, Roz seemed to have plans every single evening or free day. He was always polite, seeming actually regretful that he couldn't come out with them when he said no. And it wasn't always a no. Normally after away games they could get Roz to come out with them. Away games seemed to be the trick, except when they played against Montreal.

At first, Wyatt had been worried Roz didn't like them. That the entire thing was personal or something, but during practice and the few times they were able to convince their captain to come out with them, Roz treated them all so warmly and fit in so well Wyatt almost felt guilty for thinking otherwise. In conversations with the other guys, Wyatt knew he wasn't the only one who felt this way. But no one could give him an answer for what was eating up all of Roz's free time. The guys had ideas, sure. Outlandish ones, simple ones, illegal ones. But no one knew for sure what Ilya Rozanov was doing in Ottawa when he was not playing hockey.

It wasn't until Barrett had been transferred that things finally came to a head.

It was at one of the first grilling evenings at Bood's with Barrett when the typical conversation had started around the fire pit.

"And so, like, Roz is never at these things?" Barrett had asked, a piece of jerk chicken dangling from his fork.

"Well, he's come once or twice." Bood had answered, a thoughtful face on. "We always invite him, though I know at this point he's going to be busy."

"Busy missing out on this great food." Dykstra had muttered.

"But what's he doing?" Barrett asked, his face crunched up.

"It's an Ottawa Centaurs mystery." Harris was sitting next to Barrett and was grinning at him as he elaborated. "Just like how NHL star Ilya Rozanov gets traded, willingly and by his own choice, to Ottawa and yet, no one knows why he chose the team."

Wyatt noticed, not for the first time, that Harris was one of the few on the staff who didn't use the language "our team". It irked him the wrong way, but before he could say anything, Bood had jumped back into the conversation.

"And why he's here? We've thought of it all. No fucking clue and the man's sure not telling us."

"You've asked him?" Barrett seemed surprised. Wyatt remembered what that was like, when Ilya Rozanov was still a god and not a man he knew liked to stop and take cute pictures of any dog they ever passed. They had nearly missed their flight once because of that. It was hard to take Roz seriously after that.

"Of course." Wyatt had answered. "You can try if you want. It'd be great to see what Roz comes up with this time."

At Barrett's confused stare, Harris had explained. "We've all tried asking. Heck, it was one of my first questions in his 'meet the new player' interview I did. But Roz never gives a clear answer. Never a real answer."

"They're fucking funny though." Dykstra laughed. "I got: They have better pasta here."

"What?" Barrett had just looked more confused.

"You'll never get a straight answer out of him." Wyatt had warned. "When I asked, he told me he had just wanted to settle down."

"Settle down? Ilya Rozanov?"

Bood threw in his own story. "He told me there was this tattoo artist he really liked here. He did really have a new tattoo the next week, but like, it's not like he had to move for that."

"What the fuck."

"Welcome to the team, Barrett." Wyatt passed him another beer. "At this point, you've gotta ask him. It's a Centaur right of passage."

"But, he has to be doing something though. There has to be a reason he moved here, right?" Barrett took a sip of the beer. Wyatt was amused by the almost distress on his face.

"We've all had our theories. Not all of them are good-" Wyatt began.

"Hey! My secret mistress theory is no worse than your running from the law BS." Bood cried.

"Secret mistress?" Barrett's soft echo was drowned out by further arguing, the raised shouts drawing in even more players to the fire pit.

Wyatt could hardly believe they were having this argument, again. If he had to sit through one more season of more and more outlandish conspiracy theories on Ilya Rozanov's home life he was going to throw something.

"Enough!" He channeled his inner goalie voice to grab everyone's attention. It took a few moments for the arguments to cut off, but soon Wyatt had the attention of most of his teammates. "Enough. We can't keep doing this guys."

"You're just afraid to admit you're wrong." Bood had thrown back, but his tone was light. He was listening.

"I'm not saying anyone is wrong or right. But we can't keep arguing about this." Wyatt shot back.

"So what? We're just supposed to let it be?" Dykstra sounded sad, like Wyatt was suggesting he stopped eating sweets for the rest of the season.

Wyatt let out a sigh, eying up his teammates over the heat of the fire. No, they couldn't just let this be. "I said we can't keep doing this, the way we've been doing it."

"What the hell are you going on about?" Bood leaned forward. Wyatt could tell he'd got them.

"No more arguing. No more BS about who has the better theory. No more. We're going to be civilized about this, gentlemen." Wyatt stood up, feeling a little more drunk of their attention than the drinks he'd been having. "Everyone gets one bet. One theory. 5 dollar buy in. And it's all going on an official list."

"A word document?" Harris had teased.

"An official word document." Wyatt had agreed. "Everyone gets one theory - one! And if this ever comes out, the truth from Rozanov's lips, then we'll know. Who wins. No more of these arguments."

"Deal." Bood's grin sealed the deal. If Bood was on board, then the team was on board.

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(1)

The Official™ Centaurs Bet Book

Bet #5: Whatever the fuck Roz does when he's not playing hockey (aka why the fuck Roz moved to Ottawa)

Hayes - Roz got in trouble with the law in Boston

Bood - Roz has a secret mistress in Ottawa

Dykstra - Roz really likes the food in Ottawa

Barrett - Roz lost a bet with Hollander

Haas - hasn't asked yet (come on Rookie! You can do it! -Bood)

...

Harris - Roz fell in love with Ottawa and is enjoying the city (really Harris?? -Bood)

Cassie - Roz moved for love (barf -Bood)

...

Current betting pot: 55$

The Word Document worked really well. Wyatt could hardly believe the first evening out for drinks after the game. The bet only got brought up once. Once! And it was only to tease Haas into finally making up his mind. Wyatt felt like he was walking on cloud nine. Maybe things had finally turned around.

And then Haas finally worked up the courage to ask Roz.

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(2)

The Official™ Centaurs Bet Book

Bet #5: Whatever the fuck Roz does when he's not playing hockey (aka why the fuck Roz moved to Ottawa)

Hayes - Roz got in trouble with the law in Boston

Bood - Roz has a secret mistress in Ottawa

Dykstra - Roz really likes the food in Ottawa

Barrett - Roz lost a bet with Hollander

Haas - Roz goes to his cottage (come on Rookie! You can do it! -Bood)

...

Harris - Roz fell in love with Ottawa and is enjoying the city (really Harris?? -Bood Ottawa love, man! -Harris)

Cassie - Roz moved for love (barf -Bood really? This is your wife, Boodman!! -Dykstra)

...

Current betting pot: 65$

Wyatt felt the notification buzz in his pocket as he walked into practice. He had dismissed the document notification, expecting just another silly comment left by Bood or one of the boys. Why they were deciding to leave comments on a word document instead of just texting, or god forbid talking, to each other was beyond him.

It did make him smile though. Not that he'd tell them that.

He had considered it unimportant until he had met Bood's eyes when he'd walked into the locker room to change for practice.

Bood was practically staring him down, still seated in front of his locker, pulling up one of his socks for what seemed to be an endless amount of time. He wouldn't look away from Wyatt, yet he didn't verbally say anything.

"Mornin'. Everything ok, Boodman?" Wyatt slowed down in front of him.

"Yeah, yeah." Bood answered, but his eyes told a different story. They were pleading and a bit freaked out. Wyatt waited for more but Bood just shook his head, as if to say, not here. Not now.

But when Wyatt looked up, he was met with the same look after look from every Ottawa player. It was then he noticed how quiet the usual chatty locker room was. It seemed like every Centaurs player was looking at Wyatt, begging him to get it. Whatever group psychosis they had all apparently subscribed to before practice was begging Wyatt to just get it. To join in.

Only Haas and Rozanov seemed normal. Well, normal for them.

Haas was struggling into his practice gear, hastily, like he wanted to be anywhere but this locker room. He wouldn't meet Wyatt's eyes.

Rozanov grinned at him, headphones still in as he shimmed and danced his way through his morning routine. For now, he seemed oblivious to the rising tension around him.

"What the fuck is going on?" Wyatt breathed out, trying to keep quieter than Roz's music as he sat down and felt his body go through the motions of beginning to pull out his gear.

"Check the word doc." Came a barely audible reply from Dykstra next to him.

Slowly, as if not wanting to spook the wild animal that was Ilya Rozanov, Wyatt pulled his phone back out and quickly pulled up the word document. In the few seconds it took it to load, he raised a confused eyebrow at Bood, who was still pulling at his socks across the room, only to get a stuttered nod no in reply.

At a first glance, Wyatt didn't even notice anything had changed. The document looked basically the same, the betting pot hadn't increased. Only when he started reading the individual responses again did he see it.

Haas - Roz goes to his cottage

What the fuck? Wyatt's head shot up towards their newest Rookie, but he refused to meet Wyatt's eyes.

His phone buzzed in his hands, this time a private message from Bood.

The kid finally asked. He said that's what Roz fucking told him. A cottage??? We couldn't get more out of him before Roz showed up. Wtf?!?!

Wyatt could tell he was being obvious, with his panicked looks across the room, but what was he supposed to do? Had Roz really given the kid an actual answer? Not the usual round of bullshit that he gave everyone else? Wyatt knew Roz liked Haas best.

But a cottage? How the fuck did Ilya Rozanov know about the Canadian phenomenon that was a summer cottage? Why did Roz have one? And what the fuck did that have to do with Ottawa?

"Why the fuck are you all being weird?" Roz's teasing tone tore Wyatt out of his racing thoughts.

"Weird? Us. No. Never!" He quickly tried to back peddle, similar excuses coming from those on the team least intimidated by Rozanov.

Roz had just laughed it off. "Yes. This team is weird. It's ok. Just don't let it affect practice."

Weak replies had come to that and Wyatt had a short minute to hope that was that, and that Roz would head to the ice already, given that he and Haas were the only ones fully dressed, but their captain wasn't letting them off so easily. Roz was quick to turn into a mother hen, shifting around the locker room to help startled player after startled player to slip into their practice jerseys, lace up their skates, and strap on their helmets. One by one, he herded them out, together, onto the ice, never giving them a moment alone. Never giving any of them a moment to talk. To process what that new clue meant.

Ilya Rozanov had a cottage, here. At least, near Ottawa.

Why here? And why had they never been invited?

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(3)

The Official™ Centaurs Bet Book

Bet #5: Whatever the fuck Roz does when he's not playing hockey (aka why the fuck Roz moved to Ottawa)

Hayes - Roz got in trouble with the law in Boston

Bood - Roz has a secret mistress in Ottawa (a secret mistress with a cottage???! -Bood no. -Hayes)

Dykstra - Roz really likes the food in Ottawa

Barrett - Roz lost a bet with Hollander

Haas - Roz goes to his cottage (come on Rookie! You can do it! -Bood holy fuck kid -Dykstra KEEP ASKING QUESTIONS -Bood)

...

Harris - Roz fell in love with Ottawa (really Harris?? -Bood Ottawa love, man! -Harris)

Cassie - Roz moved for love (barf -Bood really? This is your wife, Boodman!! -Dykstra)

...

Current betting pot: 70$

Their next big clue came in a game against Montreal of all teams.

Wyatt had already been counting on Roz missing out on the evening, ready to have the time to interrogate Haas further about Roz's cottage comment (though what he expected to come out of the fourth retelling of this story, he wasn't sure) when Roz once again broke their brains.

"So, where are we going tonight?" Came accompanied by an arm thrown around Bood's shoulder.

"We? Are you fucking coming Roz?" Wyatt couldn't even be mad at how obvious Bood was being. He wasn't sure his shocked look, nor those of their other teammates, was much better.

"Yes. It was good game. I'd like to drink." Roz's grin was a little feral. A little hot.

"We fucking lost, Rozy." Dykstra didn't sound upset though.

"Almost didn't." Roz called out, voice sing-song tone as he pulled Dykstra under his other arm. "We played good. Let's drink."

"But we're in Montreal?" Came Haas' confused argument.

Roz didn't seem to hear and no one put up a further argument.

It wasn't until they were at the bar, two rounds in when Wyatt began to believe he had figured out Roz's true reason for wanting to come drink.

"Hollander!"

And there he was. Shane fucking Hollander. Pure Montreal Nightmare Fuel.

And, apparently, according to their joint statement recently about their charity, Ilya Rozanov's best friend.

Wyatt felt Bood still beside them and the two of them watched the two men crash into each other. Or really, how Hollander handled Roz crashing into him. Wyatt kind of felt like they were watching the nature channel. Like two feral animals, meeting in the wild. Watched as Roz lit up, throwing Hollander around playfully like they hadn't been body slamming each other on the ice an hour ago. Watched Hollander take it, how he seemed to glow under the attention.

"I don't think I'll ever believe this." Bood hid his grin behind his beer, whispering over to Wyatt.

"Seeing is believing. Still not sure I'm really seeing though, Boodman." Wyatt took a long sip, finishing his drink. Maybe if he was drunk this would make more sense.

"Hollander. Sit. Sit. I get drinks." Roz's voice was getting closer. Hell, Wyatt could see Roz getting closer, yet it wasn't until Roz had manhandled Hollander into their booth that Wyatt realized that if Roz was friends with Hollander, there was a good chance he was expected to be friends with Hollander.

What the fuck?

"Um. Hi." Was all Hollander managed before Roz disappeared.

"Hollander." Wyatt managed as a greeting.

"Good game." Hollander sounded unsure, his voice squeaky.

Wyatt gave a short nod in thanks and was about to echo the statement when Bood butted in. "So, you and Rozy huh? When'd that happen?"

And suddenly Wyatt Hayes got to witness something he'd never seen before. He had played against Shane Hollander for years. Been terrified of him, honestly. The guys had always talked about his inhuman-like ability to turn off his emotions. How clean, almost perfect, player he was. Any interaction Wyatt had with him had only confirmed the rumors. He'd see what Hollander was setting up, know where the puck would soon be flying, yet Hollander would somehow shoot such a perfect shot it wouldn't matter how fast Wyatt moved. He was almost like a robot.

But that was not the man in front of him now, blushing so bright red and stuttering. He looked so young. So human. So afraid?

Wyatt felt his shoulders relax as his mouth spoke before his brain. "Hey, dude. Relax. We think it's really cool you're friends with Roz. The whole rivals thing is overplayed anyway." Hollander was staring at him with such wide eyes, emotions flashing so quickly Wyatt felt blindsided trying to keep up. He seemed to be calming down though, so Wyatt continued, "I think Bood is just asking, and he sure as hell isn't the only one curious, but how did this whole friendship charity thing start?"

Hollander took a couple deep breaths, the silence stretching between them for a few moments before he seemingly pulled himself together. Wyatt couldn't help but feel he was also watching walls be put back up.

"Il-, um, Rozanov and I, well, you've seen it. We've always been aware of each other. Made to be aware of each other." Hollander was still blushing but one side of his mouth had begun to curve up. "And I guess, over the years, the novelty of that all had worn off. I think we just realized, on the other side of all this, there was a real person too."

"Huh. It's almost, romantic." Bood ran a slow finger over the top of his empty glass. The motion created a low noise, which almost distracted Wyatt from Hollander's renewed blush.

Almost, but he definitely didn't miss Roz's face when he spotted them, hands full of drinks. While Hollander's blush had been interesting, the mean, almost protective glare Wyatt faced for a spilt second before Roz plastered over an over exaggerated grin was more telling.

"I leave you alone for two minutes, Hollander, and what? Trouble." Roz was practically cooing, shoving a cold can of ginger ale into Hollander's hands before sliding over two more beers for Wyatt and Bood. He had nothing for himself.

"It's fine." Hollander's voice was quiet, almost as if it was only meant for Roz. Watching them interact off the ice still broke Wyatt's brain.

Roz fixed his teammates with a knowing stare. "I've got to get myself drink. And water for Haas. Be nice to Hollander."

"Aye, aye Captain!" Bood finished the call with a mock salute.

"I'll be fine, Ilya." Again, Hollander's reply was quiet. Private. Wyatt was half convinced he was hearing things. When this evening was over, he'd have to be asking Bood what he'd heard.

With one last pointed glance hidden glare, Roz was gone again, swallowed up in the chaos of the bar post game.

"So, if you're friendly with Rozy," Bood began and Wyatt felt both himself and Hollander tense. Where was he going with this?

"Yes?" Hollander's voice shook less, but Wyatt could see his fingers still gripping the can too tightly.

"Boodman?" He tried out a warning but only got a half crazed grin in return.

"You want in on a team secret, Hollander?" Bood leaned in across the table.

"Is this about Hayes' Beer Count? Because I already know about that." Hollander seemed to be puffing himself up, making himself sit tall.

Bood and Wyatt shared a shocked look before Bood started laughing. "Nah, man. That's not it. But glad to see that Roz really wasn't kidding about holding that over you."

"He uses every opportunity. I get weekly updates." Talking about Roz seemed to calm Hollander down. Wyatt could swear though, the annoyance in his voice was fond.

"Bless him." Bood tapped the table between them. "No, Holly. This secret is something that Roz doesn't know about." Hollander's eyes went wide. "Can we trust you to keep it a secret from him?"

With the next tap of Bood's finger, Wyatt realized where this was going. In the begining beer haze of his mind, he wondered if they should be telling Hollander about this. If his bet would even count.

Before he could form further thoughts, Hollander's face transformed again. This time, a mean grin, one Wyatt had seen on the ice too many times to count, emerged. "A secret Rozanov doesn't know? Count me in."

Bood's answering whoop was too loud, but disappeared in the loud chatter of the bar. The three men shifted closer together in the circle booth, voices lowering.

"So." Bood began. "There's this bet."

"You need to understand, this is all in good fun, but it's also really bothering the fuck out of us." Wyatt pulled out his phone and opened the word document practically from muscle memory.

"We have this, well, mystery. About Roz. And when you fucking ask the guy, straight up, he gives some bullshit fake answer. Which is like, so suspicious." Bood rolled his eyes.

Wyatt chanced a glance at the bar and Roz still waiting there before continuing. "And you see, these flakey answers have just led to theories. Which led to arguments and so on. Hence, the bet."

"Theories about what exactly?" Hollander was leaning in closer now.

"Whatever the fuck Roz is up to in his free time." Bood declared proudly, ending the sentence with a slap of his hand on the table.

Hollander blinked slowly once before a huff of laughter escaped him. From one second to the next, Wyatt watched the man break, overtaken by laughter.

Wyatt exchanged a look with Bood, found his confusion mirrored, but before he could get an answer out of Hollander, Roz was back, as if summoned by Hollander's laughter.

"What is funny? Hollander?"

Wyatt knew they were getting nothing out of him now.

Which is why he was surprised to get a text much later that night. A text from Hollander.

Hey, it's Shane Hollander. I just wanted to thank you for the drink tonight! I know we never got to finish our conversation but no need to worry. I won't tell Rozanov.

In fact, I want in...

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(4)

The Official™ Centaurs Bet Book

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Hayes - Roz got in trouble with the law in Boston

Bood - Roz has a secret mistress in Ottawa (a secret mistress with a cottage???! -Bood no. -Hayes)

Dykstra - Roz really likes the food in Ottawa

Barrett - Roz lost a bet with Hollander (holy fuck, did he see this? -Barrett no. -Hayes)

Haas - Roz goes to his cottage (come on Rookie! You can do it! -Bood holy fuck kid -Dykstra KEEP ASKING QUESTIONS -Bood)

...

Harris - Roz fell in love with Ottawa and is enjoying the city (really Harris?? -Bood Ottawa love, man! -Harris hey isn't Hollander from Ottawa? -Haas)

Cassie - Roz moved for love (barf -Bood really? This is your wife, Boodman!! -Dykstra)

Hollander - Roz really likes to do puzzles (wHAT THE FUXK? -Dykstra Hollander? As in, Shane Hollander?? -Harris I thought this was team only!! -Haas)

...

Current betting pot: 85$

In the mess that was the entire team almost dying in a plane crash on the way to Florida, Wyatt kind of forgot about the bet. Something about almost dying really made such things seem meaningless. So what Roz had a secret? Let the man have it.

That mindset lasted all the way up until the first practice back on home ice. The first practice where Roz didn't show.

Wyatt couldn't remember Roz ever being this late. It wasn't until Coach Wiebe had paused practice to try to call Rozanov that Wyatt realized Roz might not be showing up that day.

Suddenly, the team's nonchalant attitude towards Roz's private life evaporated.

"Where the fuck is Roz?" Bood was slamming angry fingers onto his phone in the break, no doubt sending Roz a sixth message.

"How can we still have no idea?" Harris was even in on the panic after Coach Wiebe had asked him to try to get in contact with Roz during drills.

Their Coach was right with them in their worry bubble on the bench. "It's just not like him. It's fine if he needs some space, but I'd just like to know he's ok." He was worriedly flipping through apps on his phone.

Something about his words clicked in Wyatt's brain. "Wait, Coach. Do you, even you, not know where Roz goes?"

One by one, shocked glances of his teammates joined in, circling their Coach.

Coach Wiebe let out a sigh, dragging a hand through his hair before answering. "I mean, I have his legal address. Here, in Ottawa. But I'm not sure missing practice would warrant a welfare check. I don't want to intrude on his privacy like that."

"But, don't you have, I don't know, some other way to contact him? Someone else to contact?" Wyatt could hear the pleading in his voice but damn, Roz was really making him nervous.

Coach Wiebe seemed to struggle with the question for a minute, before his shoulders slumped. "There's not anyone on file. At least, not that I know of. There may be an emergency contact, but again, I don't think this situation warrants that yet."

"So really none of us know what Rozy gets up to? Damn." Bood had placed his phone down and Wyatt watched him shake himself a little. Watched a small smile make his way back on his face. "Well, ain't this grand. You know, Roz would love this." His voice rose, loud enough for the entire team to listen in. "Here we all are, gathered around our phones like worried mothers, wondering about him. You all can bet how much he'd love this."

His jokes generated a few laughs and Wyatt was relieved to feel the tension in the group decreasing.

"Rozy never needs to find out how much we think of him." Dykstra quipped.

"Ah, you mean the bet?" Coach Wiebe was smiling now too.

Wyatt couldn't hold in his snort. "Of course. Want to throw in your own theory Coach?" He said it was a throwaway line, a further joke to lighten the mood, but Coach Wiebe seemed to be thinking.

After a moment, the Coach gave a laugh of his own. "What the hell. Why not. Put me in boys."

The cheers of Wyatt's teammates were the final thing needed to break up the somber mood of practice.

And when Roz showed up at practice the next day with further non answers, Wyatt just shared a knowing look with his Coach.

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(5)

The Official™ Centaurs Bet Book

Bet #5: Whatever the fuck Roz does when he's not playing hockey (aka why the fuck Roz moved to Ottawa)

Hayes - Roz got in trouble with the law in Boston

Bood - Roz has a secret mistress in Ottawa (a secret mistress with a cottage???! -Bood no. -Hayes)

Dykstra - Roz really likes the food in Ottawa

Barrett - Roz lost a bet with Hollander (holy fuck, did he see this? -Barrett no. -Hayes)

Haas - Roz goes to his cottage (come on Rookie! You can do it! -Bood holy fuck kid -Dykstra KEEP ASKING QUESTIONS -Bood is this then a second property?? -Dykstra)

...

Harris - Roz fell in love with Ottawa and is enjoying the city (really Harris?? -Bood Ottawa love, man! -Harris hey isn't Hollander from Ottawa? -Haas yes??? -Hayes)

Cassie - Roz moved for love (barf -Bood really? This is your wife, Boodman!! -Dykstra)

Hollander - Roz really likes to do puzzles (wHAT THE FUXK? -Dykstra Hollander? As in, Shane Hollander?? -Harris I thought this was team only!! -Haas)

Coach - Roz has family in the city

...

Current betting pot: 90$

Their next major clue was only more confusing. And nearly caused a team riot.

"As if he really just guessed this! The man is lying to us!" Bood had cried, waving his grill tongs dangerously in the air after Wyatt had finished recounting the situation.

"Coach would never!" Sweet, sweet Haas had defended him, but even Wyatt could tell he was unsure.

Because Wyatt himself was also a doubter. How could he not be, after what he had seen?

It started this morning. A very normal morning.

They had just gotten back from a string of away games last night, so Wyatt had enjoyed the small pleasures of waking up in his own bed. Had enjoyed kissing his wife goodbye on her way to work and scribbling down a grocery list. As a cherry on top, he'd even driven to the good, fancy grocery store a little further away. He almost never made the effort to go that far but god, the food there was just next level.

He was busy soaking in the organic aisles when he heard a familiar, barking voice. A familiar Russian voice.

"No, no. We need the good vodka. Even for pasta."

Wyatt had followed the voice automatically, like a lost duckling, steering his cart into the next aisle.

He saw Rozanov before Roz saw him. He was standing with an older gentleman, both of them with their hands on their hips, almost playfully glaring at each other in front of a wall of liquor bottles.

"It's going to burn off anyway." The man was arguing back, a hand gesturing to the shelf. "There's no need to waste the good stuff, Ilya."

Wyatt could only stop and stare as his captain, the current top player in the NHL league and very much a grown adult, crossed his arms and pouted like a little kid.

"No. It's no waste. That, stuff!" An angry hand unraveled from his chest to point strongly at the shelf. "That stuff is waste. Disgrace. I cannot be in the same house as that!"

"Roz?" Wyatt couldn't help himself. The picture painted in front of him was so ridiculous he felt a physical need to step in. A need to shift the image in front of him until it matched that in his head. If that was even possible anymore.

He watched Roz actually jump when he saw Wyatt, and there was a sudden nausea in his stomach when he saw the pure panic in Roz's eyes.

"Hayes. What are you doing here?" If Wyatt didn't know any better, he'd say Roz was angry.

Wyatt chanced a glance down to his half full cart almost as if to remind himself. "Grocery shopping." Why'd he feel guilty?

Roz seemed at a loss for words, hands crossing back across his chest, tight.

After a long moment, the older man stuck out a hand to Wyatt. "Wyatt Hayes, I assume? I'm David, a, friend, of Ilya's. And a big fan."

Wyatt shook his hand on muscle memory, eyes still mostly focused on Roz as the man threw back his head with a whine.

"David!" His voice elongated the last syllable, like a child. "No. Do not tell him you are fan. This is embarrassing."

The man, David had smiled, giving Wyatt a quick wink like he was sharing an inside joke.

As if sensing he was losing ground, Roz changed techniques. "Hayes. Ignore him. The man cannot even pick proper vodka."

"I wouldn't need to if you hadn't drank all the good stuff!"

Wyatt could barely process the bickering. He'd never seen this side of Rozanov. Of Ilya.

"The one on the top shelf's not bad." Wyatt finally managed, his eyes shifting away from Roz long enough to take in the shelf in question.

Roz's offended huff and David's smile had shown him which side he had just picked.

"Hayes. No. You both are helpless. Stupid Canadians." Roz had stalked off, leaving the two men standing in front of the offensive bottles.

"He doesn't know I have a new bottle of the good stuff at home anyway." David had whispered, giving Wyatt such a familiar smirk that he could have sworn the ground shift under him. Where did he know that look?

Before he could ask, David was pushing his own cart further down the aisle after Roz, calling over his shoulder, "Nice to meet you!"

Wyatt had stood in that aisle for a very, very long time.

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(+1)

The Official™ Centaurs Bet Book

Bet #5: Whatever the fuck Roz does when he's not playing hockey (aka why the fuck Roz moved to Ottawa)

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Hollander - Roz really likes to do puzzles (wHAT THE FUXK? -Dykstra Hollander? As in, Shane Hollander?? -Harris I thought this was team only!! -Haas)

Coach - Roz has family in the city (holy fuck -Hayes does this count??? -Dykstra Coach has an inside man!!! -Bood Coach is the inside man -Harris)

...

Current betting pot: 105$

In the end, Wyatt would be pained to admit that they probably would of never guessed the truth. The truth was so unbelievable. Unthinkable. Beautiful. He'd never of come up with that possibility on his own.

And if you had told him the big secret would be revealed Hollander? No chance. No one would have bet on that in a million years.

What had not been a surprise was Roz being invited to the All Star Games, again.

Wyatt couldn't remember a year where Roz hadn't been invited. Ilya Rozanov and the All Star Games went hand in hand.

Wyatt had been invited too, but a overextended leg injury had him sitting out games for a couple weeks and he'd had to turn it down.

He knew Roz had felt bad, so he hadn't been surprised when Roz had called him in the middle of the last day. Wyatt was in the team gym with some of the guys, finally slowly being able to train his legs again when his phone rang.

"Roz! How are things, man?" Wyatt pulled himself off the stationary bike and collapsed on the neighboring workout mat.

Alone the name Roz had the other guys running over, jostling Wyatt until he put Roz on speakerphone.

"Boodman!" Roz's voice crackled over the speaker. "I'm good. The week is good. Scott Hunter is playing badly, so!"

Wyatt had been happy to sit back and listen to the guys chat with Roz as he filled them in on all the petty drama and behind the scenes plays they hadn't seen on TV.

There has been a short click and an increase in the fuzziness of Roz's voice as he changed his own phone to Bluetooth headphones, teasing Wyatt that he was joining in on his stretches across the country.

They were all laughing and joking so loud that Wyatt had nearly missed it. Roz sure did. But Wyatt was certain he'd heard a door, opening in the background of Roz's call.

"Could you do that without shorts on? On me, maybe?" Had come a teasing voice, muffled but still audible in the background.

Wyatt froze at the words. At the very familiar voice. Bood's wide eyes met his over his outstretched phone as the voice continued. This time, the entire team listening in heard it.

"Wait, are those my shorts? Ilya! I thought you said you couldn't find them to pack!"

Wyatt heard Roz's ragged intake of breath and knew the man had also put the pieces together.

"Shit."

Shit indeed. Because Wyatt knew that voice.

Shane fucking Hollander.

"Shane." Roz's voice was quick, but not quick enough.

"Oh my god! Did I just hear Shane Hollander say he wants you to sit on his face!" Bood fell back on the mat, howling in laughter. "Oh my god. We are such idiots." That part was quieter, as if Bood was speaking to himself.

Wyatt could see the ripples of realization sweep across his teammates.

"Shit. Shane, sweetheart. Too loud." Roz had tried.

"What?" Shane Hollander, who was apparently in Roz's room - the very room Roz had bragged about having alone - thirsting over their captain stretching, was a bit slow on the uptake.

"Bluetooth. Picks up background. Picked up you." Roz hadn't pulled out both headphones yet apparently, as his voice was still clear.

"Shit." Hollander had echoed, louder. "Who are you on the phone with?"

"My team." Roz's tone was so apologetic Wyatt was tempted to hang up. To pretend this call had never happened. To never, ever address the truth now staring them straight (ha!) in the face.

But a larger part of Wyatt knew this moment was too fragile for that. He couldn't just leave Roz like that. Leave this conversation unfinished.

"Can they hear-"

"Yep. We can." Wyatt found his voice, leaning in closer to his phone. "I'm sorry Roz."

There was silence on the line before suddenly Roz's voice was loud and clear. He had turned off the Bluetooth connection. "Give me a minute, Hayes. I'll call you right back."

And then there was true silence on the line. Not in the team gym, as Bood was still laughing, rolling around on the floor. "Oh my god. Oh my god. We are such idiots." He kept repeating.

"Do you think-" Haas started to ask, when Dykstra had cut him off.

"They are for sure fucking. You heard the man."

"Oh my god." Bood was still going.

Wyatt met Barrett's sharp gaze and something clicked into place. "You knew."

"What gives you that impression?" Barrett shot back, but his small smirk was damning.

The accusation seemed to finally snap Bood out of it, the man rolling himself back up and pressing a finger into Barrett's chest. "How the fuck did you know? Your bet was the only one with Hollander in it?"

Barrett swatted Bood's hand away, but his grin was bigger. "I didn't know. It was just a guess. A feeling I had."

Wyatt leaned it. "From what?"

Barrett shrugged. "Have you seen them interact, ever? There is nothing normal about Rozanov and Hollander."

At that, Wyatt could only agree. God, how long had they been, well, together?

"It's kind of hot, when you think of it." Bood added, much to the distress of Haas, the poor kid flaming up red and squeaking.

"Bood. Behave." Wyatt tried to find a commanding voice. "This is really important. We need to make sure Roz knows we're ok with this."

"We need to make sure Hollander knows we're ok with this." Barrett said, lowly.

"Fuck. Does anyone know Hollander's dad's name?" Wyatt knew the answer already, but he needed to hear the words out of someone else's mouth.

Haas' thumbs were fast across his phone screen and there was barely time for a deep breath before the answer, "David. Fuck."

All eyes turned to Wyatt.

"You've met Shane Hollander's dad." Bood spoke the words they were all thinking.

"They were acting like practically family that day." Wyatt still couldn't believe it. He'd shaken the man's hand. Damn it. He'd known that smirk. It was the same Hollander had when one of his shots made it past Wyatt.

Before any further connections could be drawn, Wyatt's phone started ringing. For a video call.

There was a three second mad house as all the guys tried to cram themselves behind Wyatt before he accepted the call. The was still movement wriggling behind him when Roz's face filled the screen.

"Holy fuck, Roz." Came Bood's voice from Wyatt's right ear.

"Oh great. That's how we're starting? Way to be supportive, Bood." Was Barrett's short reply over Wyatt's left shoulder.

Roz's wide eyes seemed to take them in. Wyatt didn't know how to start, but he knew he had to get to talking.

"Roz. Ilya. We're so sorry this came out this way." Wyatt took a deep breath. "But we really want you to know, we support you. And love you. No matter what."

"You and Hollander." Dykstra added.

"Real enemies to lovers shit, huh captain?" Bood was still on a roll.

Before Wyatt could elbow him to prevent him from further idiotic comments, Roz's face broke out in a large, watery smile.

"I told you." He called off screen. "I told you they'd be good."

"Holy shit. Is Shane Hollander still there?" Haas' voice came from above Wyatt.

"Yeah. Yeah, I am." Came a much clearer tone of Hollander and there was a sweeping blur of movement before Roz righted his phone camera again, this time to include both of them.

Wyatt's brain buffered at the image. Still, he noticed Hollander's red rimmed eyes and Roz's leftover panic over everything else.

"We won't say anything. To anyone." Barrett seemed to have picked up on the fear on the other line as well.

Wyatt was surprised when Hollander cracked a hesitant smile. "Well, this certainly wasn't the plan, but we had been planning on telling you guys, soon."

The look on Roz's face at those words was so sappy that Wyatt could feel himself blush.

"Ilya spoke so highly of you all. He's wanted to say something for a while." Hollander continued.

"Shane. Not until you were ready." Roz was speaking so quietly, but the words were hardly missed by his teammates.

"Holy shit. This is one hell of a secret, Rozy." Even Bood was more subdued.

Hollander turned his gaze back to the camera and Wyatt was greeted with an expression he had seen at that bar in Montreal months ago. "I thought your guys theories were quite funny. At least, the ones Hayes' told me about."

Wyatt heard at least three separate gasps at the same time Roz's confused "Theories?" filtered through the speaker.

"The fuck! Holly, I would have never known you had it in you, you sly, sly fox!" Bood was back to shaking again, his rocking back and forth jostling Wyatt.

"Wait a sec, this is completely unfair! Hollander can't be apart of the bet if he's the fucking answer!" Barrett was near shouting now, a glare switching between the screen and Wyatt, as if begging him to back him up on this.

"The cottage." Haas was whispering. "It's Shane Hollander's cottage, isn't it?"

"Wait! Does this make you his mistress, Hollander? Fuck, does this mean I win?" Bood was louder, somehow.

"Mistress? Shane? No!" Roz cried. "He's my fiance!"

Wyatt could only start laughing at this point as chaos and noise surrounded him.

Leave it up to Ilya Rozanov to be secretly engaged to Shane Hollander.

No wonder Roz was busy all the time.

He forced himself to focus back on the conversation when Roz asked again, "what the fuck would Bood win? What bet?"

And in the moment Wyatt knew Shane Hollander was the perfect match for Ilya Rozanov. How did he not see this before?

"Did Hollander not tell you?" Wyatt couldn't help but tease. "He put in his own bet too."

Roz's gasp was stuff of b-list movies. "Shane!"

Hollander was giggling, the fear from before overtaken with laughter. "It was so great, Ilya. So great."

"Your fiance is a menace." Bood filled Roz in. "We have a bet, well had, I guess. About you. Cause we were all always wondering where the hell you always were. Why you were busy all the time. Why you came to Ottawa."

"Oh my god. Ottawa is only two hours from Montreal." Haas' voice was quiet and ignored by Bood, but Wyatt felt the truth of those words and their implications further rock him.

"And so, we all had all these theories, what you could be up to. Your secret, other life." Wyatt could see Bood move his eyebrows obnoxiously in the camera. "A lot of us are in on it. Including your lover boy, Hollander here!"

Roz have another scandalized gasp, this time a hand flying to his chest. Hollander was laughing so hard now, he could hardly sit up straight.

"Shane! How could you!" Wyatt could nearly taste the sweetness of those words. These two were going to be insufferable, weren't they?

"I'm sorry, it was just too good! I mean, they really asked me, me!, of all people, what you do in your free time in Ottawa."

"And what did you tell them?"

"I told them you do puzzles. With my dad."

"Hollander! The betrayal!"

"It's the truth!"

Wyatt was half sure they had forgotten the rest of the team on camera but he couldn't bring himself to remind them yet. He let himself soak in the joy and happiness radiating off Roz and let himself hope for a future.

"You're going to have to invite Hollander to the next Grilling at Bood's." Wyatt threw out in the room.

Shocked and delighted eyes met his through the screen and Bood's answering screech shocked through him. "Hell yeah!"

"We'd be happy to see you both there, Roz."

End Notes

This reveal was inspired by Hudson's comments about not being kept in the loop about season 2 cause he can't keep him mouth shut (I love him so much).

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