magnifying glass

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magnifying glass

by kittyoisu

Summary

Kinesiology professor Shane Hollander was married, the singular known fact of his personal life which has never been tested. However, the arrival of a new psychology professor Ilya Rozanov brings new information to the table that twists everything into a mess, prompting a year-long investigation led by an ambitious student club on an online forum.

The truth behind this mystery featuring wedding rings, missing lunchboxes, mistresses (Jane? Lily?), a jacket, and a couple birthday celebrations *must* be uncovered.

Notes

hi guys gulp.. im new here..

hopefully i nailed at least Some aspects/traits of our beloved hollanov. AUs can be pretty hard!! i've never written a fic that wasnt just porn in years so i really hope people like this one but i will be scurrying off to continue sharpening my writing skills afterwards!! Mwah i hope you like this!!

disclaimer i might be in uni but i've never been to a Canadian uni so for any inaccuracies pls bear with me (sob). i do not study kinesiology or psych so some of the in-class material here is stolen from quizlet decks. sorry to all the real majors of those subjects who might get jumpscared .

new note: fuck AI and fuck it to death! this is far from my best piece of writing and it obviously has its flaws, but all of my work is, and has always been completely human written. any mistakes are just me being doopid but feel free to point them out to me if you spot one :')

n e ways enjoy!! live love laugh hollanov!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

The fall semester at a decently populated university in Ottawa begins uneventfully. Some professors leave, some professors join. Considering the size of the student body, the lack of complaints about the come-and-go of professors was a miracle. All in all, this year seemed like it would go smoothly.

Enter Kinesiology professor Shane Hollander. His first impression on anyone, faculty and students alike, is the massive load of eye candy he delivers. Not one question is raised about what subject he dedicates his entire life to teaching once you get a glimpse of his stunning physique, one that only the strictest routine could build. His eyes are as sharp as his voice, straightforward as he teaches and fluid in his movements while lecturing.

Professor Hollander was easy to love, learn from, and understand. His RateMyProfessor page speaks for itself; there is only one other professor within a 15 mile radius who could rival his 4.8/5 average quality rating and she left to work on a case study in Vancouver, so if Shane cared any more about his self-worth on a website, he would accept this honor with pride.

He's been loyal to the same university for a little over a decade, and if you didn't know anything about Professor Hollander, you would ask yourself if he even likes his job. But that's his typical awkwardness and dedication talking, and even then, he's more expressive than people give him credit for.

It doesn't take more than two weeks of sitting in his lecture hall to notice the small details; how he finds joy in stacking his papers neatly in his color-coded drawer, when he spends just a bit more time lingering on concepts that clearly interest him, and supplying helpful, personalized examples when a student asks for clarification on a topic.

And if you're really attentive, by week 3, you will find a *very* interesting detail on his ring finger, simple but shimmering.

Aisha, a second-year kinesiology student, has very recently gotten invested in this particular mystery, especially after Professor Hollander's silver band twinkles ever so slightly in the dull light of the lecture hall. When she finally gets a moment to have lunch in between her classes, she sits and ties her brown, curly hair back while a friend shuffles in the seat beside her. "Okay, I saw something absolutely fucking crazy earlier."

The friend, Mayet, second-year journalism student, sighs and scoots closer. "I just got here, and 'hi' would be helpful," she playfully complained. "But go, tell me what's going on."

Aisha wastes no time. "My kinesiology prof just got married. Like, for real. Or maybe engaged, but the ring on his finger is no joke. Like, fuck, I didn't even know he had a girl. But that's crazy for me to even say that because he's probably the universal unethical campus-crush here so I'm not even that surprised but I'm still, like, wrapping my head around this and, like, like–"

"Wait, wait wait wait. Which kinesiology prof? Marlow?"

“No, no, Hollander. The one with the huge guns, black hair, probably autistic–”

“Okay. He is *definitely* on the spectrum, and if you’re really talking about Hollander, he’s been married since the day he got here, apparently. You didn’t know?” Mayet raises a brow. “Seriously, that’s like the only thing people know about him. There’s a group of people on the uni subreddit trying to collect facts about him.”

“*No*. You can’t be serious.” Aisha drags a hand down her face “Really? He’s been married for that long and nobody told me?”

“It’s not like it’s your business… Also, I’m telling you, everyone knew that already.”

“It is my business now! He has a love life! That’s the most interesting thing I’ve known about him since the day *I* got here!”

“And it’s old news.” Mayet hums and opens her lunch, finally digging her fork in. “I’m telling you, Reddit knows everything.”

Aisha simmers on this single fact for another week and some days, and her brief internet-surf session brought nothing new to the table except empty speculation – so either Mayet is surfing a Professor Hollander Case Study subreddit born from the obscure 15th ring of hell to get her scoop, or Professor Hollander is seriously so private that nobody has discovered a new piece of information about him in over a decade.

In some sort of twisted fate, despite both subjects being heavily tied to biology, students of the kinesiology program almost never mingled with those in the psychology program. Perhaps this is why, on a random October morning right before Thanksgiving break, the existence of a new smoking hot psychology professor seems to stun everyone.

For how charming his stunning face seemed, the situation he caused in another professor's lecture could hardly be called graceful. In his first lecture of the morning, Professor Hollander is going over bullet points on the whiteboard while the screen behind him projects an unlabeled diagram of a hand.

Shane is reaching for his laptop plugged into the projector cables on his desk when he hears the door open. His eye twitches at the sudden noise, but he pays it no mind. Students come late sometimes, they can’t help it, they know the policy. He does turn his head, however, when the corner of his vision reveals the figure walking down the steps and towards his desk instead of finding a seat in the hall. Shane barely has time to process just who walked in before he already starts talking–

“Lily says you left your lunch on the counter.” Ilya just barely slams the container on the table with respect. He taps the plastic container with a wink, fingers rapping in a rhythm that makes Shane want to tear his head off his body as the clunking noises seem to echo in the air. The air that had gone tense the moment Ilya walked into his lecture where he was very obviously quizzing his students. Yes, his students, who have gone so silent Hollander swears nobody is even *breathing*, unashamedly staring the pair down at the very front of the room.

Ilya could not have picked any other time of day to deliver his lunch like a postboy. Rozanov is the damn smartest man he knows (to Shane's chagrin), and if he can improvise a 1.5 hour lecture on the spot with a whiteboard and a dream like he loves to boast about, he can read a schedule and come in 20 minutes later than he had just done.

Shane's eye twitches. *I would've remembered it if you didn't fluster me on the way out the door this morning,* he thinks, but reluctantly slides the lunchbox to his side of the desk. "Well," he inhales deeply, "tell Lily thanks. Jane said something interesting the other day."

"Oh? What did she say?"

"That you need to check the time and schedule and stop walking into class if you're not a student. So, hm… what eminence group lies over the carpometacarpal joint of the thumb?"

"Ah," Ilya waves a hand behind him as he turns on his heel, already halfway up the steps to the exit. "Of course, I can't do favors for my little Shane without being forced to answer boring, boring questions."

Before Shane could grit through his teeth to just get *out*, Ilya had disappeared through the doors. Sighing, he finally turns around to his students, who start looking in just about every direction besides him. He spots a boy in the front with his hand raised. "Yes?"

"It's the thenar eminence that lays over the carpometacarpal thumb joint..?"

"Perfect, that's perfect." Shane could sigh and thank the boy a dozen times over for derailing them from Ilya's disturbance. "That can lead us right into…" Shane taps his laptop to retrieve the powerpoint.

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r/UOcentaurnews • 2hr. ago

u/chuuniyena

[HOLLANDER CHUD CLUB] BREAKTHROUGH & ACQUAINTANCE

Guys im SERIOUSLY freaking the eff out. This is our biggest breakthrough since the marriage. Was in Hollander's KINE2424 lecture this morning and a dude walks in mid lecture to give him a lunchbox. Dude says "Lily told me you left your lunch at home" and Prof. Hollander goes "Dwayne said to check schedules before you come in". Like excuse meeEEEEEE???? HE SPEAKS??? DWAYNE AND LILY AND MYSTERY MAN WITH AN ACCENT??? AAAAAAA NEW NPCS JJUST DROPPED

(⇧ 99 💬113)

↳ **https-centaur** • 1hr. ago

Sorry to budge but I have to cut in as someone who witnessed this from second row, Dr. Hollzy definitely said “Jane” not Dwayne

(⇧55)

↳ **Berry-Spirit-43** • 1hr. ago

First row, Can confirm I also heard jane. So now we have prof hollander, unknown dude, jane and lily. What timeline is this???

(⇧6)

↳ **glitteradmiralz** • 1hr. ago

u beat me to the post damn damn damn. this is so much at once like, who even was that dude??? how does he know prof hollander?? WHO IS LILY?? WHO IS DWAYNE-JANE???

(⇧14)

↳ **Berry-Spirit-43** • 52m ago

I got a team of people looking through the faculty directory so we’re just praying its a staff member or a TA maybe bc other than that we have no leads

(⇧10)

↳ **gyubrik-truther04** • 48m ago

his accent was definitely russian if that helps. My fellow east slav brother in christ

(⇧8)

↳ **Xx-MechaChemical-xX** • 22m ago

as a student in the engineering dept i have absolutely no idea what goes on here ever and I am still very invested in this series

(⇧6)

↳ **chuuniyena** • OP • 52m ago

WELCOME TO HOLLANDER CHUD CLUB we prevent academic induced spiraling by lowkenuinely digging for details on the hottest hermit professor ever,.

(⇧13)

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r/UOcentaurnews • 15m ago

u/Berry-Spirit-43

[Hollander Chud Club] New Acquaintance is a Professor

Following up on the mystery man that came into Dr Hollander's 9am lecture, my team searched for an hour on the faculty directory and found him: Dr Ilya Rozanov, just started teaching psych courses this fall. Used to work at a lab for some years, got a few more details about where he went to school and stuff if you google him but tbh we still dont have lots of info. The rumored jane and lily remain unspoken for

(⇧ 47 💬63)

Shane Hollander was a very private person, and for how simple this fact was, many people struggled to wrap their heads around that trait. Hollander caught the eyes of so many people, yet wanted none of those eyes below his surface level image.

Maybe his entire life was just too bizarre to share with the world? Maybe he had a long history of crimes he couldn't bare to unleash to the public. He bought his degree off of Amazon? He's an illegitimate lovechild of a popstar?

The true answer is so, so much worse.

…He just didn't like people digging into all of his details.

Anyone who had the joy of getting to know Shane got to be inside his bubble, full of personal information and small, fun tidbits of his calm life. It's nothing crazy. Yet, to anyone outside of his close circle, Shane was very closed-off and hush-hush about his personal details. It took the first curious person at least 20 minutes of internet surfing to even reveal his first name, as he signs everything off with *only* Dr. Hollander.

When he first started as an assistant at the university, Shane was freshly one year married and his marriage was probably the last thing he wanted to share with others. However, his inability to hide his fascination with his ring was clear as day – plus, it seemed to ward off most of the people who ogled him.

Ilya had mentioned once that his walls being built 50 meters high was overkill, but Shane shrugged it off and muttered, “it just feels so weird and invasive. I know, uh, I won’t die or anything if people knew more about me, but it just feels better to have it to myself. Safe.”

To that, Ilya poked his nose and smiled, “You like to have me all to yourself, am I hearing right?” He took the exhausted reply of “sap.” from his husband with pride, and didn’t prod further.

So when his husband, Ilya Rozanov, finally wrapped up his five-year research project in a psychology lab, choosing to continue his career at a university as a professor marked a completely new beginning. Working at a lab 20 miles away from his husband meant that their paths would never cross during the standard workday. When Shane drives 8 miles south to his university and Ilya 12 miles north, they would never expect to see each other. But working the same job, down to the same exact place, would change lots of things.

The chance of seeing each other every single day sounded so ideal that the couple almost couldn’t believe it was a real opportunity. A perfect life, they’d agree, if it weren’t for a particular fear pressing up on Shane.

“We’ll have to keep it professional.” Shane states, straight to the point.

“I am *very* professional, Hollander.” Ilya immediately cut in. Shane squinted and Ilya threw his hand up in surrender. “What? Very professional.”

“I know you are,” the kinesiology professor sighed and eased back into his husband’s other arm slung over his shoulder. “It’s just… better to act more careful. No kissing, no hugging, no anything, I’m serious. I don’t know if we should even act like we know each other? Is that too much?”

Ilya raised a hand in the air. “I cannot pretend to not know you. But I can do the rest if you tell me more about ‘no anything’.”

“Maybe, um, not seeing each other very often?” Shane lets the silence between them simmer after that.

“Mm, okay.” More silence follows.

“...That doesn’t sound torturous to you? Um. It… well, now that I think about what I just said, it sounds awful. Honestly, thinking about my terms, I wouldn’t even accept them if I were you. I’m just being weird again. Fuck. Sorry, ’m sorry.” Shane placed a hand over his eyes and sighed, starting to rethink his plan.

“No need to be sorry. Why panic?” Ilya peeled his hand off his face, and caressed his cheek. “Is not a problem for me. You don’t want to make a big deal, so we won’t. Is not the first time we had to pretend a little.”

“I know, I know, it just feels stupid to ask so much of you. Sometimes, I really want to show you off too.” A rosy tinge starts to creep at the tips of Shane’s ears, and as much as Ilya is indulging in the words his husband is speaking so softly, the flush of Shane’s skin warms his

chest. “You’re mine as much as I’m yours, I know that. I just don’t know if I’m, uh, ready. There’s so much for me to do… and–”

“Shh, solnyshko. I know.” Ilya shushed him before he can dig himself a deep ruminating grave. “I will try. Try not to go out of my way to go bother you. Even though I know you love it.” he drags with a teasing tone paired with a pinch to Shane’s cheek which was swatted away.

Ilya continued. “There is only so much time that we get between the classes. We will not see each other as much as you think. If you are still worried, we will talk more about rules. But now, calm down. Your head is so loud, I can hear it.”

The minutes continued to pass and the words sunk into Shane’s head, seeping in like sweet syrup and coaxed a few deep breaths out of him. He leaned his head backwards, black hair tickling Ilya’s nape. A wet kiss was pressed against his temple, and as much as he wanted to whisper ‘gross’ to Ilya, he loved it.

“Now, tell me more about how I’m yours, hm?”

“You’re so fucking annoying,” Shane groaned with absolutely no bite, already turning his body to straddle and press Ilya down into their sheets.

The mystery man, now known as Professor Rozanov, didn’t make anything easier. You would think, with one mystery uncovered, things will start falling together and the Hollander Chud Club would finally paint the big picture. But no, as expressive and insane Dr. Rozanov seemed, most of his personal details were locked in his Russian box and he didn’t share a single new thing.

He really does live up to the psychology instructor stereotype, charismatic and shutting down anything with a clever joke. He was frustratingly talented at finding some other outlandish move to distract them from whatever he’d been asked.

To top it all off, there were only a pinch of students in the Chud Club that were in his lectures, and only one who was actually willing to nudge Rozanov about his life outside of teaching. But after he shot down the first few questions, it was rarely brought up again by any student.

By the time November rolls around, the case of interest in the Hollander Chud Club reaches yet another standstill, cold like the leaves on trees crinkling up and falling.

In a desperate call for help, Aisha and Mayet (who is way too invested in this case despite claiming she was not interested) reach out to a mutual friend majoring in psychology. He hadn’t been seen in damn near an entire month, even though Mayet usually crosses paths with him multiple times a week.

The mutual friend, E.J., a second-year psychology major, if Mayet could even call him that considering she assumed he dropped out, was showing the same nonexistent level of presence on his phone.

Mayet shoots a text on an early Tuesday morning, *hey dude hope you're doing cool. You in dr. rozanov's lecture or know someone who is? Aisha's waist deep into the HCC*.

E.J answers five days later on Sunday afternoon, *sorry i was in church. nah everyone ik didn't get in this semester bc they were skeptical of taking a new prof for a lv. 3XXX course, but i heard the current students have been failign to get smth out of rozanov. tried waitlisting for next sem, but dk yet.*

Mayet furrows her brow, and pulls the keyboard up on her phone. *So u swear ur not religious but you got time for church but not time to text me back. i see how it is. tch.*

yk damn well i only went for free food, her phone pings. She types back a quick, *excuses excuses. Come eat lunch with me and aish sometime plz and i'll pardon your crime*, and chucks her phone aside, knowing it won't ping again for hours.

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r/UOcentaurnews • 3hr. ago

u/lobotomy-nuke-1863

[hollander chud club] appearance in office hours!!!!!!!!!!

Hello fellow HCC members i bring something to warm up our cold case today!!! Went to dr. Rozanov's office hours this afternoon and saw dr. hollzy leaving his office. So just confirming they're acquainted tbh we still dont have lots of info. The rumored jane and lily situation is still unknown but clearly these two know each other and are friends(?)

(⇧ 50 💬18)

r/UOcentaurnews • 49m ago

u/kiyo124ko

New fact for dr. rozanov?

Okay i've never really done this before but i'm sure everyone knows about prof rozanov in the psych department (he is SO fawking hot) but i just came back from his office hours and-

eye- has anyone ever mentioned he has a RING ON HIS FINGER? MY DREAMS ARE CRASHING AS WE SPEAK–

(⇧ 59 💬52)

↳ **glitteradmiralz** • 44m ago

why has NOBODY NOTICED OR BROUGHT THIS UP BEFORE?? Im Shook.

(⇧13)

↳ **kiyo124ko** • 42m ago

unfortunately i think i'm the only person in my lecture who sees how fcking hot he is. like its week 11 and i dont think anyone is as crazy as i am about this. im Losing It. i need to know everything about this man and his love mystery and who his wife is . the only reason i'm not bombing everything right now is because this is keeping me hooked enough to stay sane. HELP

(⇧18)

↳ **gyubrik-truther04** • 37m ago

I hear you want to dig some details about a hot professor.. well…… i know a group of people who specialize in this (with barely any results) (but it's worth a shot)

(⇧10)

↳ **chuuniyena** • 35m ago

Hey so have you heard of the hollander chud club,

(⇧22)

↳ **Berry-Spirit-43** • 23m ago

To be completely fair, considering we only know he's married and russian he's on the same level as Dr. Hollander… therefore we have grounds to open a Rozanov chud club for investigative purposes, do we not?

(⇧39)

↳ **gyubrik-truther04** • 19m ago

ARE WE OPENING A ROZANOV CHUD CLUB

(⇧10)

↳ **kiyo124ko** • 13m ago

Okay i'm sorry to report but I think we have a severe member shortage for a rozanov club. May we humbly request to temporarily merge our chud clubs until further notice

(⇧4)

The weeks passed by, snow started piling heavy the ground, and Aisha didn't keep track of time nearly as much as she should've, and everything comes falling down. Quizzes that she couldn't remember, late nights before a midterm spent doomscrolling on old forums, and so, so many hours moaning over what was basically a cold case.

Come the last stretch of finals week, Aisha's mind is blank as she slides on the ice on her way to the final exam hall.

The curly brunette forces herself to look back down at her paper, for once. Fuck. She was on the third page of the final exam and she heavily doubted she could finish in time. In the past hour and a half, she has only answered 23 out of 75 questions, none of which she is confident of the answer for. Yet, she gets tunnel vision whenever the professor and proctor, Hollander, circles back to the front of the room and wipes the whiteboard to write '1.5 hours remaining' in replacement of 2 hours.

Fuck. Fuck-fuck-fuck. She flips through all the pages on the exam, trying to find just *one* question she could answer. Postural control and orientation, balance control, plumb lines, articulations, eminence groups, fuck fuck fuck.

The time seems to tick down faster than ever, and God please help her, Aisha thinks helplessly as she watches her professor pick up the whiteboard marker and neatly write in thick lines. 30 minutes remaining.

She knows enough, maybe, and by a miracle, manages to finish 70/75 of the questions, and prays to have gotten at least 60% of those correct.

Aisha stands and gives her sheet to the nearest proctor before quietly walking out of the exam room, glancing back at Professor Hollander for the last time. She couldn't help but feel defeated for not knowing enough, not referring to the exam she probably just flunked.

Mid December arrives with little news, as always. Nothing good, anyways.

Mayet leans over and whistles. “Final grade of a D+. Your GPA genuinely got tanked by a class that’s about your major. You’re a joke, girl.”

Aisha groans extra loud to emphasize her unfortunate situation and slams her laptop closed. “It’s hardly my fault that I was distracted by everything except the class material. I can’t just ignore a love story. I didn’t major in creative writing for a reason. Mayet, I need this spoonfed to me.”

“You aren’t getting anything spoonfed to you when you end up broke and jobless because you’re scoring the bare minimum in major classes. What do you do all day, stare at him and wait for a new clue to pop up? What is this, a scavenger hunt?” Aisha’s silence speaks for itself. Mayet squints, “C’mon, just retake it under a different professor and lock in.” The words seem to reach her friend until a pair of hands slam down.

“No,” Aisha stands. “I don’t stand for this cliffhanger. I absolutely have to take a class with Professor Hollander again. I can’t live without knowing the truth, I’m serious, I can’t move on.” She slumps back into her chair, digging her fingers into her own scalp as she lays her head over the table.

“Moving on was never an option for you.” Mayet offers a consoling hand, but her smile reveals much more about her teasing tone. “You would’ve gotten your A if you followed the leaked pop-quiz schedule on Reddit. Everybody knows Professor Hollander never deviates from his schedule anyways.”

Aisha turns slowly, looking the blonde in the eyes. “That schedule could’ve been BradGPT generated for all I fucking know. How do you know I didn’t just bomb half of the quizzes on purpose?” Mayet shoves her. “I’m serious–”

The loud rustle of a bag being dropped alerts both of the girls, twisting their heads to see E.J., their long-long-lost friend standing right beside their table. He looks way too smug for someone who seems to have been sneaking his way through campus like Swiper the Fox considering he hadn’t shown up to a single social outing since September.

“And where the hell have you been for the past two months?” Mayet clicks her tongue in annoyance.

“Not important. Guess who the fuck just beat the waitlist and got into Rozanov’s psych lecture next semester.”

A con of celebrating every Christmas with the Hollanders was that they (Yuna) always wanted to go above and beyond. But the pro was that his husband was Shane Hollander and Shane Hollander runs his strict program like he’s in the military, even if it’s not his house.

So, thanks to his beautiful partner in crime, nothing overly-stimulating was executed. Ilya also doesn't learn an 8-step dance routine or learn how to carol. He does, however, wear a matching pajama set, starts a large 3000-piece puzzle, and gets tipsy enough on David's good stuff from Russia to pepper kisses all over his husband's face while pretending to ignore Yuna's comically large camera lens glinting right in their direction.

Even though it was far from his first time celebrating with his husband's family, Ilya would never get tired of the tripled amount of love he gets showered in during every holiday.

They always stay over at Shane's parents' house for four days, starting two days before Christmas Eve, and leave late Christmas Day afternoon. Ilya supposes this much time together is a very fair trade considering he no longer celebrates in early January like he used to when he lived back in Russia, though it was futile to celebrate it traditionally any longer when he hadn't been in his home country in so long he could barely remember his last visit. He considers the large block of time with his husband and family a mashup of the two different periods together.

The clock reads 2:12am as Ilya steps out quietly, sock-clad feet muting his paddles to the kitchen. Forgoing the ice to avoid making noise, he fills a small glass with water and chugs it down. Clearing his throat with as little noise as possible, he tips the glass into the dispenser to get one more fill before walking out into the living room.

Only 3/4ths of the puzzle he had started with David before lays finished, wide across the wooden floor with a pile of the unfit pieces on the right side. Ilya sips from his glass of water before placing it on the coffee table, sinking down into a crawl over to the puzzle. It takes all of about five minutes before another pitter-patter of footsteps trickles into the living room.

"You must have learned nothing from being married if you think I can't sense you leaving the bed." Shane shuffles over, rubbing his eyes. His figure is wrapped in one of the blankets that were on their bed, and despite his large build and height, it drowns him in soft cotton.

Ilya smiles at the bundle walking to the spot he's made for himself on the floor, the heavy fabric of the blanket dropping to the floor causing one of the loose puzzle pieces to fly. His sizable, adorable, kind, buff, perhaps a bit strict, and infinitely lovable bundle of Shane Hollander. The Russian presses a kiss to his forehead and rests his hand over his husband's shoulder.

It happens, sometimes, even at their own house when it's just the two of them. Despite the medication, there are some nights he can't sleep, and the feeling isn't even born out of depression. When the sun sleeps, Ilya finds himself buzzing for some sort of stimulation, whether that be extra ice in his midnight glass of water or three laps around the kitchen island. Galina, his therapist, posed the idea that his childhood was so full of noise and tension that sometimes his brain couldn't keep up with the silence and peace it has now. It buzzes for an action, and he couldn't rest until he scratched the itch.

He slips out of the room every now and then, leaving Shane unconsciously rubbing the warm space in the bed for a few minutes. Ilya never means offense by it, and Shane never takes any.

The silence in the living room is comfortable as Ilya continues pressing pieces into the puzzle on the ground. The type of quiet air that Ilya craved when he was just a child, the quiet air that pulled Ilya towards Shane when they were 18. As a child, life at home was so, *so* loud and dramatic and exhausting, and Shane was so controlled and calm and gave him a place to breathe. Even when they were young and wild, meeting in college of all places, their arguments were mostly playful and tended to result in laughter. Shane had taught Ilya so much, how to live without fear, and how to navigate fear when it inevitably circled back to you. Their story stretched over so many years, and each year still felt exhilarating and full of love.

Even though their peace didn't always come easy, still disrupted now and then by small bickering and Ilya's nightmares and his bouts of night-running and Shane's stubbornness and language barriers and things lost in translation… Ilya could never imagine loving somebody else with all of his heart and more. If he could love out of his liver, he'd probably give that to Shane too, especially since it could regenerate. An infinite supply of love, and there is nobody else he'd whole-liver-dly give it to.

A grunt cuts through the air as Shane clears his throat, and Ilya turns. Dark brown eyes meet medium hazel. "...I think I'm overthinking it," he whispers.

"Overthinking what?"

"Us. At the university. I was having a really great time balancing the students I teach and being able to catch a glimpse of you sometimes, but, um, I guess it just turned out to be a bigger issue." Shane huffs, scooting closer and laying his cheek against Ilya's shoulder. "I mean, before the end of the final week, I talked to Marlow for a bit and he said he heard that students were starting to get distracted because they sacrificed their time to dig deeper into my personal life. That's not what I want at all."

Ilya soaks in every word and thinks deeply. "I can, mm, tone down more. Remember when you suggest I do not know you at all? I can probably do it all this time, really." He brushes a light hand over Shane's head where it lays on his right side. "I'm sorry that I ended up making it a big deal, hm?"

"No, no no. What? It's not you, don't be sorry. I really liked being able to see you." Shane reassures, followed by a groan knowing Ilya is grinning stupidly wide at the confession. "It's just, when people talk, people talk. I've been really enjoying the small bits of time I get with you throughout the day, and I could've prepared myself to share that more openly if I didn't know that the reason some of my students are falling behind is because I'm being too open about it… if that makes sense?"

Ilya hums affirmatively, and Shane sighs. "Once it started affecting my students, then it became a bigger issue to me. As a professor, not just a person. It only seems reasonable to dial back instead to fix that performance issue."

"It makes sense to me. I am not going to die because I do not see you for a couple hours." Ilya stated. "Or maybe I will. Oh–" he stretches and pretends to weep, "it is killing me to not see you, Shane. It is killing me and I need the cure! A kiss–"

A soft chuckle escapes Shane, pressing one finger to Ilya's lips to lower his volume, minding his parents asleep upstairs, before pressing a kiss at the corner of his mouth. Ilya smiles, pulls Shane's wrist as leverage to bring their faces together once more and gives him a proper, deep kiss. A pleased hum resounds between them, and Shane resumes his previous position on Ilya's shoulder as the Russian picks up a puzzle piece again.

"That goes over there." Shane grumbles from his tight blanket-wrapped state, though he manages to pull one of his arms free and point at an empty gap a few inches to the right of where Ilya unsuccessfully squeezed a piece.

Ilya squints, "you talk a lot for someone not helping with the puzzle."

Shane rubs his eye again and squints back. "I'll have you know I'm the best puzzle-piecer in this house, Dad included."

"I hear a lot of talking and not enough working."

Shane smiles, dopey and heart beating fast as he unravels the blanket and leans across his husband to pick up a handful of pieces he *knows* go together.

Sticking to their plan, Shane and Ilya interact even less than before. It gets to a genuine point that some students even wonder if they had a fight, some even sparking the possibility of the mysterious Jane and Lily names being a case of mistresses or maybe part of a bigger picture like a polycule. However, no proof leads to no conclusions. Everything leads to a dead end or silence, just like it did before, though the newfound tight-lipped form of both professors completely froze the case.

Though he found it incredibly difficult at first, Shane adjusted to this new abstinence routine, and if he was being honest, the newly bigger gaps apart from each other seemed to make Ilya a *lot* more excited to see him in multiple ways. He'd consider this a win. Better focus, better students, better sex. He couldn't ask for more, really.

Though the spring semester starts with, in a sense, many HCC members in Ilya's lectures, not that he knows of them, nothing new transpires. One reporter and one-hundred reporters don't make a difference if nothing new actually happens. Therefore, January and February pass with nothing new, until they visit the Pikes in Montreal for a special celebration one late March weekend.

"Happy birthday, dear Arthur, happy birthday to you!" The room sings in unison with rhythmic clapping. A series of cheers and woo!'s flood the room. The party is as interesting as it gets for a 12-year-old, with his friends scrambling around the house. Hayden had just barely managed to convince Jackie to be allowed to bring out a *moderate* amount of alcohol

for the adults gathered, and Ilya must admit, it's pretty fucking terrible alcohol, but the buzz is enough to enjoy the community in the room.

Ilya starts overheating a bit, a combination of the alcohol running loosely in his blood and the sheer volume of people in the house, and decides to shake his outer-jacket off. Shane takes it almost immediately, draping it over a chair and sticking to his hip in a side-hug as they continue to converse loudly with the other adults; Ilya particularly throws himself in a pseudo-screaming match with J.J. for the sole purpose of trolling.

The party was a great way to catch up with friends and let loose, though it ends uneventfully, as Jackie begins noticing some of Ambers' friends looking sleepy. She calls their parents for a ride home, and while the children are waiting for their rides, the rest of the adults trickle out. Shane and Ilya are last to leave as they help pick up trash around the house.

Late-night spring breezes feel like a blessing as the pair finally step out of the Pike home, walking down the porch. Shane stretches with a groan and Ilya's eyes flicker over briefly, then refocus on starting the car. He keeps the windows cracked down as he pulls out of the driveway, now empty as everyone had left.

They've been on the street for all of three seconds before Shane hums in a questioning tone. Ilya hums in response, thinking his husband had a question.

"Did you hear that?" Shane asks.

"Hear what?" Ilya blinks.

"...Muh. Probably nothing."

3:28pm

mayet

Which didnt even have anything to do with physics like DONT PISS ME OFF

aisha

Son😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭

ejejej

hello disciples

aisha

!!! HE LIVES!!!!!!!!!

mayet

Welcome Home Cheater.

ejejej

i sense that i’m not welcome here all of a sudden…

mayet

you arent

aisha

YOU ARE PLS COME BACK

aisha

please tell us the information you have gathered

ejejej

oh so this is all i’m good for? a data-collecting fudanshi???

mayet

Yeah…

aisha

NO

mayet

ok but do You actually Have information…. Do tell us majestic fudanshi

ejejej

Lowkey……. No…… i got nothing

aisha

SONNNN 😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭

😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭

“Uncle Ilya!” A feminine voice, pitched medium, could be heard outside the door before it even opened. There were less than five minutes before the lecture would end.

Ilya’s brows furrow for a moment, but he can’t help his voice from softening as he watches the blonde teen skip down the stairs. “Jade. Lisichka, what did I say about coming in while I’m in a lesson?” he almost whispers as she’d already run all the way down to him.

Jade takes quite a bit from her dad, and cannot whisper for shit. She basically whisper-shouts, “I know, sorry! I just– I have to run to the engineering wing for lab so if I waited, I wouldn’t make it. You left your jacket at my house on Arthur's birthday.”

Ilya can’t help but huff, although he’s anything but upset. “Is okay. I remember running around like a chicken, just like you. Thank you.” He plasters a grin over his face as he takes the jacket from her extended arm, patting her shoulder as thanks. Honestly, he should’ve known he couldn’t take the Pike out of her. He should be more irked but Ilya couldn’t help it – his niece (which he knows is not biologically true but Hayden hates it and Jade already calls him uncle so, he indulges in the title and Hayden gets a double whammy so he can cope) was so adorable and endearing.

Watching her grow up was one thing, but Ilya remembers the day Shane told him Jade was planning on attending university at the same school he was teaching at – obviously, she was not studying boring kinesiology but Shane clearly saw how happy it made both Jade and the rest of the Pikes that she would have at least one (now two) adults nearby that could look out for her while she was stowed away from Montreal in the Ottawa dorms.

Jade seems to snap out of her trance and sheepishly smiles. “Sorry for cutting your lecture. I thought you’d need it ‘cause it’s gonna rain next week.”

Ilya’s entire face almost goes completely soft at that. Again, so adorable. “Thank you, Jade.” He takes a quick scan of their surroundings, hyperaware they’re still in his lecture. “Remember what your mother said. Now go, go on to lab.”

The Pike daughter skips up the steps and dashes out to wherever she was meant to be. Ilya drapes the jacket over his arm and sighs, peering at the clock next to the side-exit. His students are sitting suspiciously, perfectly still and silent.

Ilya waves his hand and reaches to grab his laptop. “We will finish up early today. Starting on this slide 63 next Tuesday, have a great week everyone!”

E.J. sits at their small table, looking visibly distressed. Mayet is the first to join him, with a puzzled expression. “Okay. What happened?” she asks.

“No. We have to wait for Aisha to– oh–” E.J. shuffles over as Aisha sits with her freshly microwaved meal. “Okay, we’re all here.”

The vibe in the air is immediately not right. Aisha raises a brow. “Okay. I’m so fucking scared. What. What?”

Once everyone is situated, the male tells the story as best as he could from his perspective. “...tells him he left his jacket at her house, and he gets all soft and tells her to remember what her mom said, and then she just dips.”

The trio releases their breath.

“Let me just get it all straight. A student walks in, calls Dr. Rozy uncle, gives him a jacket he left behind. This is a completely new perso–” Mayet is cut off by Aisha groaning.

“My mind is blown!” Aisha cried.

“Please. Dr. Rozanov’s an uncle? And his niece goes here?” Mayet rubs her temples.

“Sounds like it. So now what, we look into her family? What’s her name? Know her last name?” Aisha turns to E.J., expectant.

“Okay, absolutely *no*. Seriously? That’s not insane to you, what she just said?” Mayet’s eye twitches as she points at Aisha and looks at E.J. in awe.

“Hey! It’s a legitimate question, it won’t hurt anyone. If it’s public information, it’s hardly invasive. Or pushy. Just ask her?”

“You stopped being able to determine whether things are invasive and pushy when you had to retake a class with Hollander just for being too nosy.” Mayet groans.

“Touché.”

“Okay, stop, stop. This is serious business.” E.J. takes a deep breath. “The girl who walked in? That was definitely Jade fucking Pike.”

“Pike? You’re sure?” Mayet manages to ask. E.J. nods.

“Uh, okay, roll it back. Back, back, back. Who?” Aisha cuts in.

E.J. sits up straight and looks at Aisha. “Okay, remember I’m from Montreal, right? I took those weird hockey lessons when I was in high school? I took them with her, Jade Pike.”

Aisha’s eyes seem to glitter at this information. “Oh! Oh, so you know her!” and it dims when E.J. tilts his head.

“Hurts, but barely. First day I met her, I thought I was in love. Even texted Mayet about that. But we got split into different groups, obviously, since I’m a guy.” The group listened with ease. “ But my coach – my instructor, he was Hayden Pike. That’s her– Jesus, that’s her dad.” The table bursts into overlapping chatter and hisses, even though it was populated by just the three of them. “Yes, I know! I know! I’m freaking the fuck out because he was so weird.”

“Weird?” Aisha hums.

“Weird.” E.J. confirms. “He never mentioned having siblings, if anything, he *mopes* around about how he and his wife are both only children, so they unfortunately don’t have any cousins for their kids to play with.”

Aisha furrows her brows. “But his kid calls Dr. Rozy ‘uncle’? So he could be a friend though, right?”

E.J. lifts his head. “Wait, that’s right. They could just.. be friends… Damn, I was stressing over nothing?” he sighs.

“No, but that’s still a big big clue. Close friends. Close enough to be labeled an uncle.” Mayet supplies.

“So we *are* digging into Jade Pike?” Aisha pipes in.

“No!” E.J. and Mayet sigh at the same time. Aisha whistles a tight “tough crowd” before scooting her chair closer to the table.

“But you’re right, it means they’re close or some sort of closer tie is hidden between Dr. Rozy and the Pikes. Obviously, my perspective was from years ago, all the way in Montreal, I couldn’t just connect some dots out of nowhere, but dude, this changes a lot now.”

“Right. So I’m going to launch a new plan. E.J., how much are you willing to die for this case?” Aisha turns. E.J. gulps.

r/UOcentaurnews • 27m ago

[deleted]

[Rozanov Chud Club] student related to dr. roz appeared this morning?

Sorry, this post was deleted by the person who originally posted it.

(↓ -9 💬20)

↳ **kiyo124ko** • 23m ago

I don't mean to be rude cuz I know we're all in the same boat, but this post is a little crazy. You're basically doxxing this student, you can maybe repost without all these details dude. Especially the second paragraph that shit shouldnt even be public info so plz delete/re-write the post or keep it to a group chat.

(⇧15)

↳ **glitteradmiral**z • 19m ago

yeah i thought i was tweaking a little bit but this is kind of crazy. ik it's all info for our case but its gonna stop being fun if we start dragging other people into this, at least make this anonymous

(⇧11)

↳ **symphonic-trick** • 17m ago

You guys are so fking boring, this is finally something to move our case on. It's literally the first clue of the ENTIRE SEMESTER... Just say youre all secretly leading us astray and you know the truth. It's been so boring without any info and we finally get one lead and you guys shut everything down

(↓ -3)

↳ **gyubrik-truther04** • 11m ago

may i remind you this entire chud club fiasco is for fun, and it stops being fun once it stops being about the ORIGINAL people aka dr. hollander and rozanov.
#RECENTERHOLLANDER #RECENTERROZANOV

(⇧14)

The plan Aisha crafted is simple. Talk about E.J.'s very-special-hockey-camp, including his personal encounters with Jade Pike loud enough for Professor Rozanov to hear him.

Since getting incredibly serious about his studies this year, E.J. tends to come early to sit right in the front row, although just on the farther side from Rozanov's main position at the front of the hall. During pre-lecture, when students are still making their way in or setting up their notebooks and tablets, it's quiet enough that a casual conversational volume could be caught by the psychology professor.

Surely enough, Dr. Rozanov is setting up his laptop and plugging in everything he needs to project his slides, working in silence with a calm expression. The student slips into the front row, waddling his way down to his front-facing seat.

E.J.'s friend is already there, and though they're not a full HCC/RCC member by any means, they fully understand the mission. The conversation starts casually once he sits down, asking each other about their day or week, and then he launches Aisha's genius plan. "So, um, I was just remembering a bunch of stuff I used to do in high school. Like, I'm just so fucking busy in college that I don't have all the time do go out, go to club meetings, play sports, all at once, you know?"

"Yes, yes, right. What kind of clubs and sports did you do?" his friend asks.

"Oh, I played hockey… in this hockey-camp… instructed by this really weird, um, coach in Montreal." Something must flicker in their professor's face, by the way E.J.'s friend's eyes widen for a sharp moment.

"Really? Wow! That sounds like so much fun, hockey in Montreal? I can imagine a whole camp about it makes it seem really professional, right?" the other student continues.

E.J. nods, "It was okay, I mean my instructor was sooo damn weird. He was a great player, but w– uh– he was awkward. Super memorable, though. I still remember his name and everything, he was a– Hayden Pike. Super, super weird dude." he manages to stutter out, nervous for the result if any.

Both of them can't help but turn their heads at the silence that follows, and E.J.'s entire body goes cold as he steals one glance at his professor and sees his entire face change. From his relaxed yet focused stare to a darker, almost deeply hateful look, with Rozanov's eyebrows furrows and his mouth twisted in a pinch. He can't tell at first, if he's just thinking particularly hard or if he heard something he absolutely did not want to hear.

E.J. turns right back around in an instant, gulping. He doesn't dare continue his skit, and he doesn't *dare* bring up Jade Pike or do anything to further dig his grave using Aisha's plan.

Oh my God, E.J. barely breathes. His professor hates Hayden Pike's guts.

“What’s the verdict– oh!” Mayet straightens up as E.J. comes to sit at their table, looking a bit pale.

Aisha hesitates to speak up, darting her eyes from E.J. to the corner he came from to Mayet. “You look pretty ugly right now.”

“Thanks a lot.” E.J. says wearily. “I think this is more complicated than we think. Professor Rozanov definitely, 100– no, 110% hates Mr. Hayden Pike.”

All three of their faces seem to pale a bit, then expressions start looking confused and stressed all at the same time.

“For what reason could he have beef with some hockey coach in Montreal? When he gets all soft for his niece?”

“Well, I could think of a lot of reasons he could beef with Mr. Pike, honestly, but it’s crazy that he loves his niece so much but might want her dad dead?” the psychology student groans in confusion.

“Um.. Hate to say it, because this is my least favorite theory of all time, but could it be an affair? You know, maybe the Pike wife is like, Ilya’s secret long-lost crush?” Aisha weakly tries.

“Mmmm… You think the wife could be one of them? Lily? Jane?”

“No, I’m 85% sure his wife was Jacqueline or Jack–Jackie? Jackie?” The male corrects.

“How do you even remember that?” Mayet squints.

“It’s the second-most frequent thing he talks about.”

“...Right. Anyways, Jack-Jackie. New variable to the case?”

Aisha’s mind races with every possibility. “Think so. That, or she’s already tangled somewhere in the case. I mean, it’s close enough to the name Jane, though, right?”

“I can see the vision.” Mayet hums. “But how does that explain Dr. Rozy being married?”

“Again, he could be married to a new person now, but maybe he’s still salty about how his first-love got bagged?” Aisha suggests.

E.J. makes a gesture that basically says ‘stop talking now’. “Okay, but I think Dr. Rozy is the deathly loyal type. This entire narrative is cursed.”

“You’re only saying that because you think he’s hot–”

"*Everybody* thinks he's fucking hot–"

Everything starts coming to a head on a Sunday evening. Half of Shane's students had the final exam on the next day, Monday afternoon, while his other half consisting of online sections would have their final later in the week, proctored by a group of online program proctors so he wouldn't have to worry about them until he finalized grades the next week.

Ilya is sitting on their couch, scrolling through top news articles until Shane walks by from the kitchen, giving him a kiss. "Come. Sit." Ilya pats on the seat next to him, but Shane dives straight for his lap, straddling him and opening up his own phone while his head is turned from it's position on Ilya's shoulder, while Ilya has his phone in his hand, still scrolling contently behind Shane. The perfect position, tangled all up in each other on the couch while on their phones. Prime enrichment.

They stay like this, comfortable silence and sharing body heat, until Shane loses focus. Clicks his phone off, laying it on the couch and feeling the warmth radiating off his husband as his thoughts trail from how he'll have to alter his morning routine in order to arrive early to the proctoring meeting tomorrow, to how the recent school year has been going, and how working with his husband honestly didn't impact his life as much as he thought it would.

Shane thinks of all the time they spent together through all of their lives, and all the time, effort, blood, sweat and tears it took to keep their secret.

When it all begins with reading an anatomy book in the common lounge at his dorm building as a college freshman. Being approached by a foreign student with a thick accent. "You always read this?". Defending his boring, boring books to a boy he'd just met, but he also remembers Ilya sticking around the building every time he saw him in that lounge, despite living in a completely different dormitory hall.

The constant belittling of his health science nonfiction books seemed to never tire Shane out, surprisingly. After weeks and weeks of small banter, the fateful day arrived that Ilya still remembered to stick a bookmark in between Shane's pages before lowering the book in order to press a warm kiss to his lips for the first time. Remembers when heat seared its way down Shane's spine until he wriggled his way out of Ilya's hold. Remembers when friendship turned into sex, turned into kisses in between all the sex, then into kisses without the sex.

Shane's lip trembles as he thinks of the particular days leading up to their own college graduation when Shane was much too ambitious while Ilya trembled like a hit child at the thought of Shane leaving on to much better things without him.

There was once a time where Shane was ready to keep blazing his path forward into his career, while Ilya hadn't thought past what he would do with his life after earning his bachelor's degree. At that time, Ilya and Shane were constantly fighting, crying, giving cold

shoulders and walking in opposite directions. Ilya and Shane were close, *so* close to walking completely different paths and leaving everything behind.

The fear of losing everything he'd built with the love of his life, even though the rough patch has passed, still makes Shane's fucking stomach lurch to his throat and threaten to spill everywhere. He was so close to losing everything.

It was as if the stars couldn't handle seeing them fight themselves to death any longer. A particularly emotional day passed over them, in which both Ilya and Shane put their worst jabs aside, sat down and laid all their cards on the table. After lots of crying, silence, hands held across the table, and suffocating hugs, Shane and Ilya agreed to pursue the next highest level of education together while still hiding their relationship for their safety, even as years and laws passed alike.

The pain it took to hide their love from everybody except a handful of close friends and family for years, to this day, hurt so deep it rattled Shane's bones. Especially thinking of the sacrifices that Ilya has made, and oh, at that, Shane's heart suddenly twists. How could he have ever forgotten what Ilya has done for both himself and Shane? All of the Russian's late nights, hunched over, hands fisting hair in frustration, having multiple books open at once. Ilya worked tirelessly at the same level as Shane, but he had to navigate life without his own family, with merely an occasional phone call from his childhood friend Svetlana once in a blue moon, and has a generous handful of friends, yet only half of them knew he was married to a man.

Shane looks at Ilya, really looks at him. His anchoring arms hold Shane tightly around his waist while his legs bounce every so slightly, giving all of his attention, and Shane's heart sinks into his stomach at how he could ever hide such a treasure and ask so much from his angel sent from heaven. How could he ever ask Ilya to hide a single thing of himself ever again?

"Ilya." Shane whispers with tears pricking his eyes, caressing Ilya's face tightly as if his husband could disintegrate in the next moment. The Russian is taken aback for a sliver of a second, not expecting the sudden switch in mood. In an instant, he tosses his phone aside and uses his now free hand to run up and down his spine. And it's that, *exactly* that undivided attention and love and care that makes Shane love him so unconditionally.

The dark-blond hums attentively, a quiet affirming noise to coax every last word out of his husband and share his burdens. Yet, nothing could prepare Ilya for the words he would hear next.

"Tomorrow. Come visit me tomorrow. In front of everyone. I don't care where."

Ilya's eyes widen. "What?"

Shane nods before he even starts speaking again.

"I mean it. Come visit me and kiss me and tell everyone everything, for christ sake. I'm done, Ilya, it's done, the secret, I don't want it anymore, Ilya, I'm sorry, God, I'm so sor–"

“Okay. Okay. Shh…” Ilya bounces his leg ever so slightly, and Shane digs his face into Ilya’s chest, listening to his husband’s heartbeat and thinks about how he’d like that heartbeat to continue forever, unbothered, unhidden, and free.

“Why are you crying so much, moya lyubov? I can do that, I can visit you. It will be okay,”

“No, it’s not. I just thought a lot about how hard you worked your whole life, some of that because I was just being a dick to you, and how shitty it was to ask you to hide so much.”

“Is okay, it was not a crazy request. When we first got together, the world was not as kind. Even now, I am okay with making some sacrifices for you.”

“Well, I’m not okay with it. You’re so much more than that, Ilya. Got it?” The dark-haired male doesn’t wait for a response before his ramble continues in a softer, breathy tone. “You’re… God, you’re everything. Everything to me.”

Perhaps Ilya stops breathing at this point, after Shane’s whisper. “Mhm?”

“M-hmm. So no more.” Shane’s eyes begin to sparkle. He brushes his hands down Ilya’s face again, framing his curls behind his ears, and presses a short kiss onto his lips. It was short, but he hoped it got at least some of the message in his heart across.

I’ll love you forever, anywhere, anytime, anyhow.

Shane spends a lot of time later that night washing his face with cold water. For the stunt he’s trusting his husband to pull tomorrow, he’ll be absolutely damned if his eyes are puffy and his freckles don’t stand out.

Once Shane emerges from the bathroom, he walks into the bedroom to find Ilya already slipping into the bed. The crying must have tired him out, he muses. “Light off?”

“Yes please,” Ilya all but yawns. The lights flicker off with a slide of Shane’s finger, and he wastes no time in shuffling under the sheets next to Ilya, who lays with his arm spread expectantly. Shane’s head easily shimmies into the spot, pressing himself to his husband’s body as he pulls the blanket up.

A kiss grazes over his temple, and he doesn’t bother hiding his dorky smile at that. “Good night, Ilya.”

“Good night, Shane.”

Shane tries his absolute best to clear his mind of what the next day might look like until a voice rumbles through the blanket.

“I am giving my students Fun Dip to celebrate finishing finals.”

“...Are you seriously starting this now?”

“Yes. I have to make a point to give them Fun Dip so they don’t get sad that they missed out on having a boring professor.”

“Right. I’m giving my students cookies. An assorted arrangement.”

“My point still stands, Hollander.”

“Go to *sleep*, Ilya.”

Never back down. Never give up. This is what Aisha tells herself as she jogs on the clear pavement. Early May brings a plethora of flowers and light breeze. A little bit of blood flowing and good energy in the morning always got her going, and after her jog, she planned to have a hearty breakfast, review her flashcards, and take a long walk to the exam hall to let the natural sunlight and fresh air set her mood straight.

So far, this final exam day is going *much* better than last semester.

Having executed her meticulously planned morning routine perfectly, everything was going her way and Aisha was trying to make this mood make the entire day. At last, she wraps up her walk to the final exam hall and lord, if she needed any more encouragement today, Professor Hollander is absolutely glowing. There’s not a single nub of negativity found anywhere. It’s the damn best Aisha has ever felt.

Every minute is precious. Aisha doesn’t bother putting her eyes anywhere but the paper, even when she hears that squeak of Dr. Hollander wiping the whiteboard, which used to haunt her. Her eyes remain focused on every single question, down to its phrasing. Even after spending an adequate amount of time on every question, she finishes the full exam packet in 2 hours, with 1 hour to spare. She doesn’t dare turn the packet in early. She flips from page 1 to page 10, proofreading every scribble of her pen.

She stays until the very last minute is up, and one of the proctors instructs everyone to stop writing. There’s eight other students remaining and they all collect their exam materials and come up to the front of the hall.

Aisha passes her exam to the long table at the front of the room, where her professor and two additional proctors stand. “Thank you, have a wonderful summer.” Dr. Hollander waves at each of them as they turn in their packets, picked out a cookie, and returned to their seats to collect their belongings.

She would feel upset like she did in the winter, something unfulfilling about not discovering Professor Hollander’s deep dark secrets, but again, she was trying to make her good mood

last, and she felt something in her chest telling her that the giddy feeling would last all day. Aisha doesn't quite grasp that yet, until all the students and proctors alike begin to disperse. She swings her backpack over her shoulder at the same time that the double-doors at the back of the hall open.

Of all people to enter, it's Professor Rozanov of the psychology department. His face is recognizable from a mile away, but his Russian accent seeping into his "Hollander, I came!" as he swings a gift bag on his way down the steps gives everything away.

If Aisha was training her eyes to steer clear of Hollander for the past 3 hours, she sure as hell wasn't doing that now.

Things start happening way too fast for her liking, but she could only watch in silence as Ilya gives him an awkward side-hug before rustling in the gift-bag he brought, pulling out a plastic cone birthday-hat. Aisha almost makes a squeak – first of all, when even was Dr. Hollander's birthday and secondly, side-hug? Birthday gift? The first Hollanov interaction in what had to be a century?

Dr. Hollander grins wide, and Aisha will be damned, the smile he occasionally flashes in lecture is absolute dust in comparison to the way he shines when Dr. Rozanov is here.

"Happy birthday, my dear Jane." Ilya's smirk is so full of pride, it's insane. Aisha's heart is pounding so hard she can barely even hear what her professor says next.

"It's not my birthday yet, Ilya." Shane counters after a deep breath, but the absolutely dopey gleam in his eyes does nothing to defend him.

"Birthdays are only a concept. We can celebrate your birthday all week. My love deserves a birth week."

Aisha scrambles around her pockets, cursing when she remembers her phone had been powered off before the exam started. It takes an excruciating 15 seconds, and her head spins from frantically looking at her phone and the two professors exploding just about every cell in her brain, but once it finally flickers on, she shakily opens the camera app and snaps a quick shot of the moment. At this moment, she forces her feet to step, one after the other, and heads straight for the door, but not without glancing back with every other step.

Aisha stumbles out of the exam hall feeling a bit faint, and her ears are ringing so loudly she swears she might faint. She trudges down the hallway and pushes the second set of double-doors to head outside, immediately plopping on a ledge to sit down.

Aisha was 100– no, 110% sure that her heart must have stopped. Her phone is still tightly grasped in her hand, and she shakily brings it to her face and pulls up the last photo she just snapped, zooming in to make sure she's not crazy. Analyzing every pixel. Her heart might explode. Her intense study session of this single photo is commendable, but Aisha startles when her phone suddenly buzzes.

mayet

guys i’m hearing some really crazy fcking news right now

mayet

streets are saying my clients are queer IS THIS A WIN FOR US

ejejej

I’m sorry what

ejejej

WHAT

aisha

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASJFSDKL

DJFSHFDHBDFKDJFKDSNKDFSNKSDFKNGI

JSGNISFJNSJNJFGSJSNKIGNISKJDFHUIAUIE

aisha

SOURCE: I JUST FUCKING SAW IT

aisha

FINALLY I CRACKED THE CASE ISIUBIFDISDGFHIKDJKN

r/UOcentaurnews • 4 hr. ago • 🔥*HOT! post*

u/aishuaisha1221

[HOLLANOV Chud Club] CASE SOLVED.

[img_8124] Alt: A clear shot depicting the final exam room for KINE2424. The proctor, Professor Hollander, wearing a plastic birthday hat, accepts a gift bag and a kiss on the lips from Professor Rozanov of the psych dept.

AND HE FUCKING SAID HAPPY BIRTHDAY MY DEAR JANE. CONFIRMING JANE = SHANE AS IN SHANE HOLLANDER. AND THE KISS. WHAT THE FUCK. WHAT THE FUCK. UNFOLLOW ME NOW THIS IS GONNA BE THE ONLY THING I POST ABOUT FOR THE NEXT WEEK. LOVE IS LOVE BTW

(⇧ 363 💬319)

↳ **aishuaisha1221** • OP • 4 hr. ago

SEEING THIS AT THE END OF A SPRING SEMESTER FINAL WAS WORTH FAILING THIS CLASS THE FIRST TIME TO INVESTIGATE THIS FOR ANOTHER SEMESTER

(⇧164)

↳ **Berry-Spirit-42** • 3 hr. ago

YOU DID WHAT

(⇧164)

↳ **aishuaisha1221** • OP • 3 hr. ago

Dont Even Worry i think i aced it this time. greatly guided by the sixth sense tingling all day long (yaoi detector). shoutout to whoever leaked the pop quiz schedule btw

(⇧143)

End Notes

Gulp. Looks Around.

this is loosely proofread by myself so if you guys catch any mistakes please let me know!!!!!!!!!!!

kind comments are appreciated!!! happy reading and happy coping for everyone waiting for s2 :'D

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