

## do i look like him

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Scott Hunter (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Kip Grady</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a> , <a href="#">J. J. Boiziau</a> , <a href="#">Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)</a>                                                                                 |
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# do i look like him

by [goldengalaxies](#)

## Summary

He'd still not seen them kiss or touch in any way that signified love or affection, despite their now very public relationship and the elephant-in-the-room matching gold rings. No, instead, he'd seen Hollander push Rozanov away and tell him to 'fuck off'.

The next half an hour did nothing to lessen his view that they do not seem very compatible. They barely touch. Every time Rozanov moved to touch his husband, Hollander moved away, looking awkward. Instead, they bickered and threw chirps at one another like they were still bitter rivals on the ice.

Then, slowly but surely, Shane Hollander got drunk.

The second the third vodka passed Shane's lips, Wyatt Hayes had let out a long-suffering sigh and said, "Here they go."

Scott frowned, not understanding. "What do you mean?"

Boodram chuckled. "Oh, you'll see."

Scott and Carter exchanged a glance as if to say 'what the fuck?'.

(scott doesn't understand how hollander and rozanov work. one night in his bar is enough for him to realise that he's an idiot)

## Notes

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授翻】像他](#) by [Krisha0101](#)

Naturally, being part of the hockey world, or indeed someone with access to the internet, Scott Hunter had seen *The Video*.

Which was unfortunate, because he really, *really* had not wanted to see Rozanov and Hollander sucking face.

However, there was no possible way he could have avoided it with the way it had been plastered wall-to-wall by news outlets, gossip rags, and online blogs.

Not to mention the sheer amount of online speculation, commentary, and reposts.

Scott himself had been a specific target online, being tagged in numerous videos and twitter threads, likely due to his own very public coming out.

Just him being a gay hockey player seemed to have convinced the world that he must have known about this, and that meant he would have the details they were all so desperate for.

Which, was partially true. He'd guessed that maybe Shane Hollander was like him. He'd given Scott certain vibes that Kip would probably say was because of his 'gaydar'.

This had especially been the case after Hollander had emailed him after Scott had come out. It had been perfectly innocent, a carefully drafted and extremely media appropriate paragraph on how Scott had been brave and that Shane respected him. Nothing overt, naturally. But Scott could read between the lines.

But *Rozanov*?

Scott had not seen Ilya Rozanov coming.

Rozanov had always had a casual arrogance that Scott viewed as something only straight men could have - something that said '*I have nothing to hide*', unlike Scott and Shane who were always overcorrecting and playing the perfect, golden, sportsmanlike angle for the media.

Not to mention the countless tabloid spreads spanning years of Rozanov leaving clubs with beautiful women on his arm.

It was for these reasons that, in spite of their charity and apparent 'friendship', Scott had been absolutely blindsided by *The Video*.

Then, the joint statement had been posted. Kip had called him an idiot for it ("Why else would Rozanov have moved to Ottawa?"), but Scott was dumbfounded to learn that this hadn't been a one off kiss or a dumb mistake. No, Hollander and Rozanov were in an actual *relationship*, and had been for *years*.

It just made no sense to him. He was clearly missing something, but he couldn't figure out how on earth their relationship worked.

Rozanov was a fucking asshole who loved fast cars, chirping, and fancy vodka. Hollander was, in the nicest way possible, focused, hard working, and boring. How did this relationship work? Other than hockey, liking guys, and Hollander's one weak ass attempt at a chirp, he just couldn't imagine what they had in common.

So, when he got a chance to witness them together as a couple, he took it.

He hadn't planned on going out after the game that day. Partially because he was exhausted from the game with Ottawa this morning, but also because they had another game in two days with Montreal which he wanted to be on top form for.

However, as soon as Kip had texted from the Kingfisher to let him know that Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were there, in his bar, wearing matching fucking *rings*, Scott headed to the bar like a fucking shot.

When he arrived, it was even busier than usual. And he actually recognised a lot of the guys present, surprisingly.

It was a rare occurrence to see hockey players outside of a few guys from his team here, at a gay bar in New York. However, today, it was rammed wall to wall with Admirals, Voyagers, and Centaurs.

And no one was fighting.

A bar full of hockey players from opposing teams and no one was fighting.

It was almost a miracle, though it was likely due to the fact that the only three Voyagers present were Pike, Boiziau, and Hollander, and the fact that - aside from Rozanov - the Centaurs were all nice guys.

About twenty seconds after walking through the door, Scott noticed that Carter was already drunk, clapping Boiziau on the back as they laughed uproariously together.

Scott would have to keep an eye on him tonight; they had an early skate tomorrow and if Carter took it too far tonight, Scott wasn't above making a hungover Carter do bag skates until he puked.

Carter spotted Scott almost immediately. "Hunter's out the night before practice, holy shit! This is a goddamn miracle!"

Scott rolled his eyes but laughed at the group cheered. He nodded at a few of the guys he recognised before quickly making his way over to the bar to give Kip a quick kiss hello. "Hey, babe."

Kip smiled at him and passed him a water over the bar. Scott headed back over to the group, where Carter slung an arm around him, pulling him into the mass of people.

"Everyone coming together, eh, fucking beautiful! All thanks to these two, huh?" He nodded towards Hollander and Rozanov, who were sat together in the booth.

Shane blushed but smiled at Scott. "Hey, Scott, nice to see you!"

Rozanov just nodded his head, sipping his vodka.

Next to them on both sides were guys from the Centaurs team. He recognised most, but not all. Hayes, the goalie. Boodram. Dykestra. Troy and Harris.

"Hey." Scott tipped his head to the Centaur guys. "Nice to have you guys here."

Hayes grinned. "Nice to be here."

Rozanov gestured towards the one guy Scott didn't recognise. "This is our new rookie, Luka Haas."

A young, good looking kid with nervous, star-struck energy looked at him. "Uh, hi, Mr Hunter--"

The group laughed.

"*Mr Hunter!*" Bood crowed. "Haas, come *on!*"

Haas blushed.

Scott shook his head, smiling. "Nothing wrong with a rook who knows how to respect his elders. Rozanov could have learned a few things from you back in the day."

Rozanov smirked. "I respect elders when they are better, yes?"

"Your better half had no problem with respect." Scott looked at Shane and grinned. "I had to beg him to stop calling me Mr Hunter. Made me feel ancient."

Hollander blushed. "Well--"

Immediately Rozanov jumped in. "Made you feel ancient? You did not feel that everyday anyway from your bones creaking?"

Scott rolled his eyes. "Get fucked, Roz."

"Maybe later." Rozanov smirked, then waggled his eyebrows at Hollander, leaning into Hollander's personal space. "Such a polite Canadian boy, hmm?"

Hollander glared and shoved Rozanov away. "Fuck off."

Scott almost choked on his water.

What the hell? They were still acting like the rookies that despised each other!

He'd still not seen them kiss or touch in any way that signified love or affection, despite their now very public relationship and the elephant-in-the-room matching gold rings.

No, instead, he'd seen Hollander push Rozanov away and tell him to 'fuck off'.

The next half an hour did nothing to lessen his view that they do not seem very compatible.

They barely touched.

Every time Rozanov moved to touch his husband, Hollander moved away, looking awkward.

Instead, they bickered and threw chirps at one another like they were still bitter rivals on the ice.

Then, slowly but surely, Shane Hollander got drunk.

The second the third vodka passed Shane's lips, Wyatt Hayes had let out a long-suffering sigh and said, "Here they go."

Scott frowned, not understanding. "What do you mean?"

He glanced around the group that were still sat with him in the booth. Troy and Harris had migrated to the bar to chat to Kyle and Kip, and Pike and J.J were on the dancefloor looking wasted.

Hayes, Boodram, Dykestra all look at him knowingly, while Haas, the rook, blushed bright red.

Boodram chuckled. "Oh, you'll see."

Well that was ominous.

Scott and Carter exchanged a glance as if to say '*what the fuck?*'.

Unfortunately, because the universe apparently hated him, it took no time at all for him to understand their meaning.

Shane was definitely drunk by this point, and draped entirely over his husband as Rozanov spoke to some Russian guy he'd met at the bar.

It was bad enough that Scott's position at the table meant he had a full view of Rozanov grabbing Shane's ass every five seconds, but then Hollander spoke up and made things ten times worse.

"You're so sexy when you speak Russian." Shane slurred extremely loudly, fully uncaring that he was interrupting Rozanov's conversation.

Rozanov grinned back at him, wicked and smug. He responded something in Russian that made Shane flush bright red and the Russian guy choke on his vodka.

Scott was, for the first time in his life, extremely happy that he could only speak one language.

Scott glanced around the table to check if anyone else had heard what he'd heard. No one else looked remotely shocked, though he got a glance from Carter as if to say '*holy shit*' and a look

from Hayes as if to say '*I fucking told you*'.

It also became apparent that though Rozanov was an absolutely brutal player and an loudmouthed asshole on the ice, he was actually kind of sweet in his relationship.

Scott watched as Shane dumped his phone and his drink in Rozanov's hands to go and do shots with Boiziau and Pike, and when they returned, Shane replaced his things with his body, settling himself onto Rozanov's lap, completely ignoring the extra chairs that Kip and Kyle had brought over.

Rozanov smiled down at Shane, laughing but also looking a little worried. "Please drink some water next, sweetheart."

Sweetheart? *Sweetheart*?

Surely Scott was hallucinating.

Where was the Ilya Rozanov who body checked him so hard he'd had bruised ribs for a week?

Or the Rozanov who'd knocked out Carter's teeth and laughed at his toothless mouth?

Or the Rozanov who had chirped at him mercilessly whenever he said something sweet to Kip in Rozanov's presence?

Shane blew a raspberry in response. "And you say I'm the boring one."

Rozanov looked unbearably fond. "You are going to regret this very much tomorrow, sweetheart."

"No."

Then Shane leaned up to kiss Rozanov, open mouthed and sloppy.

Scott could hardly believe what he was witnessing.

Boiziau fake gagged. "Please, my eyes!"

"Give it a rest for *one* night guys, *please*!" Pike groaned.

"You're traumatising the rook!" Bood yelled pointing at Haas. "*Again!*"

Rozanov pulled away and smirked. "He loved the show, don't lie."

Haas was now almost purple from blushing.

Kip laughed. "Okay, I've got to hear this story."

Pike shuddered. "I don't think there's only one story to tell. We've all been traumatised at one point or another. Let's just say they need to start locking doors."

Rozanov rolled his eyes. "You are all very dramatic."

Hayes laughed. "Come on, you guys know when there's a door closed around Hollzy and Rozy, you do not enter."

Scott raised an eyebrow. Jesus, were they really that bad?

Kip laughed. "Wait, how many of you have walked in on the two of them?"

Everybody at the table but Kip, Carter and himself raised their hands.

Jesus Christ.

"You should all be grateful, actually. We are hot, young, athletes." Rozanov winked. "Could be worse. You could see out of shape, old men instead, like Hunter."

"Oh, fuck you!"

"I think my man is in better shape than you, Rozanov." Kip chimed in.

Scott grinned at his husband, pulling him closer.

Shane sat up suddenly, looking defensive. "Well, he definitely doesn't have a bigger c-"

"Okay!" Rozanov said loudly, slamming a hand over Shane's mouth. "I think it's time I take you back to the hotel."

Jesus fucking *Christ*.

Who was this man and what had he done with Shane Hollander, Canada's perfect golden boy?

Scott suddenly thought to himself that maybe Kip had been right to call him an idiot.

It was suddenly crystal clear to him that the rivalry was a part of their relationship, that they enjoyed teasing each other and competing and beating each other. Maybe it was because, to Scott, that sounded like a recipe for disaster in a relationship. He'd hate to compete against Kip. But it clearly worked for the two of them.

And they were clearly extremely into each other - to put it mildly...

Shane grinned and made extremely obvious eyes at Rozanov. "Yeah?"

Rozanov pressed his lips together, clearly holding back a laugh. He lowered his voice so only Shane could hear. And Scott, who was unfortunate enough to be sat next to them. "Yes and you are drinking lots of water and going straight to bed."

Shane pouted. "*No*."

Rozanov looked fondly at him. "Okay, sweetheart. I make you deal. If you drink all of this water-" He stole Scott's glass. "And you can stay awake for five minutes after we get home, I

will do whatever you want.”

Shane grinned sloppily and chugged the water. “Deal.” He immediately spring up off Rozanov's lap, tripping slightly. "Okay, bye everyone!"

Scott watched as the couple said their goodbyes, Rozanov slipping his hand into Shane's, pulling him close to kiss him gently on the forehead.

He turned to Kip and kissed him. Tonight he'd realised a lot of things, but the most important one was that his husband was always right.

## End Notes

i really need to edit this idk why my writing is coming out SO CLUNKY AND HORRIBLE recently ARGH i hate when this happens like can you just flow please LIKE WHY IS THIS HAPPENING. anyways i'm hoping that writing this gets me out my funk and i hope you all still enjoyed!

PS. i accidentally turned off getting comments in my inbox so if i have ignored a comment of yours i am sorry!! they are now back on so i should not miss anymore!

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