

ilya rozanov is exactly where he wants to be

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by [ilargilore](#)

Summary

ilya rozanov loves to ragebait and there no one he likes to piss off more than his husband... for reasons

Notes

like many of you I have been possessed by the yaoi hockey mind virus and needed to write about it. I really like the concept that's bopping around on twitter rn about how Ilya loves when Shane tugs his leash and couldn't get it out of my head. specifically inspired by this tweet <https://x.com/ummrys/status/2005406765194887173?s=2>

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

It's the second season of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov playing on the same team together. The first season since Ottawa brought home their very first Stanley Cup and this year's rookies are feeling both the pressure and excitement of joining a franchise on the rise, not to mention one with such an iconic recent history.

Called the gayest team in the MLH by some, both affectionately and less so the proud home of professional hockey's first married couple. This would be groundbreaking under any circumstance. The fact that the couple is Rozanov and Hollander is a different beast. They're both beasts. The sort of nightmares that haunt opposing team's nightmares, for different reasons, of course.

Rozanov like an unstoppable tide of aggression and power, with the agility and skill to match (unfortunately for many) and Hollander, a bullet — precise and deadly.

And they're married... to each other. The greatest hockey players of their generation.

Cyril Kováčik is one of two rookies joining the Centaurs this year and he couldn't be more stoked, though as a second-generation immigrant with both parents from former Czechoslovakia, he's not the most expressive. Beside him, a Minnesota join puppy-dog in the form of a 6.4 defenseman is bouncing on the balls of his feet. Liam Wallace.

"I can't believe it, can you? We get to play with both of them. I keep feeling like it's all a dream..." he keeps going and Cyril nods along vaguely as they walk into the practice facility together, lugging equipment for an informal practice they were invited to.

They're greeted by a smiling Troy Barret who lets them in and walks them through the basics. Liam is walking around with wide-eyes, spinning around at every chance to take it all in. It's all very normal, if maybe shockingly casual and easy-going for a first meeting. Already Cyril feels the camaraderie, which is why it's strange when after showing them the locker room and letting them drop everything off, Barret more forcefully says,

"Just one last thing," and directs them to a small side room.

It's basically a glorified storage closet that has been cleaned out to make room for a table and a cork-board with various papers pinned to it and photos — mostly of Hollander and Rozanov.

Huh.

It takes a few seconds but the door clicks open again and the goalie Wyatt Hayes slips in with Zane Boodram following closely behind.

"Sit down," says Hayes in a quiet voice that's not aggressive but also allows for no room for protest. "We need to explain some things to you about this team."

Oh, makes sensei, thinks Cyril. Probably want to make sure there's not like bigotry or anything going on. No issues here. He glances at Liam who looks more serious than before and is already nodding.

“I love gay people sir! I have two moms” he adds.

Hayes bites back a smile.

“Good to know but we actually weren’t that worried about that sort of thing. If you said anything it would’ve only happened once.”

“What would happen after that?” Cyril finally speaks.

“Rozy would lay you out flat first and if you didn’t change, you’d be looking at a trade. We don’t fuck around here.”

He nods. Makes sense.

“This is still about our first husbands, but it’s a little more specific, inside baseball if you will.” He nods to Barret who begins speaking.

“I assume you both, as young hockey players know a lot about these two, probably had their posters in your teenage bedrooms...” Liam flushes and Cyril prays he doesn’t have to tell them he actually had a Nickelback one. “You know they’re competitive and Rozy is famously, well, unhinged.” Barret says this with affection and the two rookies nod.

“Here’s what you probably don’t know and need to know,” interrupts Bood. “If you ever see Hollander yelling at his husband, pinning him against a wall, not like that, or scolding him publicly, do not intervene and do not worry about Rozy.”

“Everything is going according to his plans,” adds Troy helpfully.

This didn’t totally make sense to Cyril but he nods and so does Liam. The three veteran players then walk them through various other hockey husbands need-to-knows, hammering home that while they may act that they want to kill each other on ice they are disgustingly in love and will lead the Centaurs to another Stanley Cup.

It’s a few days later when Cyril finally understands. Their captain had been in rare form tonight at the first official practice, starting with a boisterous speech and colorful commentary on all the players and teams they would have to crush this coming season. Inspirational definitely. A little pointed towards Montreal? Also definitely.

He’s flitting around the ice like some sort of butterfly-Belgian malinois mix and by the end of practice Coach Weibbe has given up containing him and the new social media manager looks to be half-way to tears as he keeps interrupting all the shots.

Throughout it all, his husband is watching, carefully and coolly but observing everything. The other shoe drops after everyone steps off the ice and right before his eyes Rozanov is yanked by the back of his shirt, like he’s being scruffed and into the hallway just before the locker room. Now... Cyril knows what he was told but he can’t help but shoot a concerned glance down the hallway to where the couple is arguing, or rather Hollander is ranting in a hushed but harsh tone.

Rozanov was just having fun, he thinks, he made practice fly by and everyone felt welcomed and a part of the antics. He wants to say this, to ease up whatever is happening only a few feet away when Rozy catches his eye.

He winks quickly before turning his expression to a softer one, with a smile playing at the corner of his lips.

Then Hollander surged forward and kissed his husband with a passion most thought the man only had for hockey and Cyril understood.

Ilya Rozanov was exactly where he wanted to be.

End Notes

hope y'all liked it. I would love to do more along these lines, especially people seeing the quirks (the epic highs and lows) of hollanov

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