

Impulse Control

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76723196) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76723196>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Rose Landry , Hayden Pike , cliff marleau , Brad Hammersmith , Wyatt Hayes
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Autistic Shane Hollander , Shotgun Wedding , chaotic evil bisexual ilya rozanov , Supportive David Hollander , Good Friend Hayden Pike , Rose Landry is the GOAT , Featuring , the autistic urge to DO IT NOW the literal second you decide you want something , no waiting , only do , Boston Raiders are all allys and i refuse to hear otherwise
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Completed: 2026-01-10 Words: 6,088 Chapters: 2/2

Impulse Control

by [alyseofwonderland \(Esyla\)](#).

Summary

On the drive away from Shane's parent's cottage he realizes he wants to marry Ilya and he doesn't want to wait another second. Not even to change shoes.

Notes

Inspired by my best friend who has the same kind of Autism as Shane Hollander and who has the strangest, most intense impulse trigger when she decides she wants to do something. And her habit of not telling us about major life changes. Basically Shane Hollander gets to have the exact autism expression as my best friend, as a treat.

a million thanks you my beta (and the person who would be making conspiracy theory hollanov ted talks if they were real people in our reality) [InsidiousIntent](#). I open a document and write about 45 tenses in a single paragraph and then give it to her to make comprehensible to humans.

Me half way through this fic - 🤪

Allison - its only one L in Ilya you've spelled it with two this whole fic

My dyslexic ass - [Jennifer Lawrence what do you mean meme]

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

Chapter 1: The Decision ~~fuck around~~

When Ilya woke up that morning he wasn't expecting to 1) Get outed to Shane's parents 2) attempt to explain their relationship to Shane's parents 3) Calm Shane down from a panic attack at the dinner table 4) Get strong armed into agreeing to 'let' Yuna Hollander get him some brand deals. He had mostly woken up that morning wondering if Shane would make enough hot dogs for an entire hockey team, and also if he could convince Shane to have sex on the dock.

So the whole day had been a bit of a swerve, although a decent one all things considered. Shane's parents were really cool about everything and Ilya was kind of in love with how nice they were. He could maybe get used to the idea of parents who were nice all the time.

"I have an idea," Shane said, next to Ilya in the car back from Shane's parents. He had the steering wheel in a death grip.

"Okay," Ilya hesitated because the last idea had been complete honesty the entire time at the cottage and that hadn't been terrible.

"We could get married," Shane's face had gone full 'kitten frowning' and Ilya was about to say something sappy when Shane kept going, "Today. We could get married today."

There was a very very good chance that Shane was having some kind of mental breakdown but honestly Ilya probably wasn't that far behind.

"Okay. Sure." Why the hell not, Ilya figured. If they measured their relationship from *the start* they were actually pretty overdue to get married. "Yes, let's get married."

~

Shane had a reputation (a well earned and accurate reputation) for overthinking but once he made up his mind he stuck to it. And well, Shane had been flipping around the 'marriage problem' as he was calling it in his head for the last three days. Ever since Ilya had brought up the option of marrying his friend Svetlana, Shane had been trying to puzzle out a solution. He still liked his charity idea. He still wanted Ilya in Ottawa. He still liked that timeline.

But.

He *also* didn't want Ilya to have a Russian passport any longer. That's another pressure on their relationship Shane wanted removed. And Ilya had mentioned a quick solution to the passport issue: marriage. .

So now Shane was standing in the courthouse of the small town that his cottage was technically a part of. The little old lady behind the desk had already handed him the paperwork by the time Shane realized that maybe they should have gone home to change. Oops. Too late now.

Ilya didn't say anything as Shane filled out as much of the paperwork as he could and after, Ilya took over and wrote in all the information Shane didn't know. They handed the paperwork back over to Gladys, according to the name plate in front of her, who even with thick glasses seemed to be struggling to read their information. Shane thought there was a very good chance that Gladys had no idea who either of them were. It was refreshing.

"Do you boys have witnesses?" She asked and Shane had perhaps his first moment of reality crashing against his plans.

"Oh um," Fuck. Shane should have called his parents.

"They are coming soon," Ilya answers Gladys with a smile.

"Okay well let me know when they get here and I can grab the judge. I think he is napping in his office." She reached out with a boney hand and patted the top of Shane's.

~

Ilya had texted David

Ilya
Bring nice clothes for Shane and Me to courthouse now.

David Hollander
Sure kid. On it.

Ilya was delighted to see that the earnestness was also genetic.

Things had moved fairly quickly from there. David had shown up with some long sleeve button down shirts for the boys but no pants. Yuna had pulled Shane out of the room to talk to him again and Ilya had a moment of worry that she was about to stop this but David had then pulled out a small jewelry box.

"Shane gets a lot of the free brand stuff sent to us cuz he doesn't really care about it much. I'm sure there's a ring in here that will fit." David starts handing Ilya Cartier and Dior rings to try on.

“You are not surprised?” Ilya couldn’t help but ask. Because it's one thing for him to be totally okay with this impulsive wedding, but normally parents try to stop that behavior.

“I was sorta expecting it to be honest,” David shrugged. “Shane went to one hockey lesson and on the drive home told us he was going to play for the NHL. He decided he loved it after one day, and he changed his whole life to fit his dream by the end of the week. Honestly, I’m shocked he didn’t drag you to the altar the second he realized he loved you.”

“Would’ve been hard in the middle of the night.” Ilya added with a smile.

“But not impossible,” David smiled, “Shane could have found a way.”

“Da,” Ilya agreed.

~

Shane didn’t care that he was in boat shoes and Ilya was wearing Nike’s. His mom fussed a little bit about it, *not good for pictures*, and then his dad had pointed out that they could always have a big wedding later if they wanted to and she had calmed down *a little*.

Shane hadn’t cared about any of the details. He was fine with whatever they were wearing. He was happy with the rings Ilya and his dad had found in the ‘swag bag’ jewelry box. He didn’t mind that the judge was like a hundred years old, with terrible eyesight and hearing aids, so he had to be told their names like four times each, and still somehow got Shane’s name wrong.

None of that mattered. The only thing that mattered was Ilya standing there with a wide smile on his face holding Shane’s hand as he repeated the vows after the judge. Shane never cared about how things looked; he was just vibrating out of his skin with how happy he was to be there, at that moment, taking Ilya as his husband. If he had to wait a year (or maybe even several) for this he would have died.

The judge pronounced them married and Shane completely forgot that his mom was *right there* because Ilya was **his**. Kissing his husband felt like flying. Neither of them seemed to care that when they pulled back they were both crying. Shane loved Ilya so fucking much.

~

The phone had been ringing for what felt like forever. It was making Shane self conscious even as Ilya was trying to suck his soul out of his dick. His cell had rung a few times and

beeped for an incoming voicemail but Ilya had insisted that they could wait, until he was finished taking Shane apart, to answer whoever that was.

Then the landline started to ring and Shane tensed. Very few people had the land line to the cottage and that meant this call was probably important (Or his mom calling again to ask Ilya about what brand of tooth paste he used or something.)

“If you do not relax I am going to lose my wedding ring,” Ilya had pulled off of Shane’s dick with an obscene noise and was now using the three fingers he had up Shane’s ass to poke at Shane’s prostate like a doorbell. Shane made a noise that some might have categorized as muppet-like. Then the phone stopped ringing and the voicemail tone sounded in the quiet of the bedroom.

“Shane, it’s Rose,” Rose’s voice came out of the base of the cordless phone on the night stand. Ilya’s face did that thing. Shane would call it ‘trouble incoming’. This was the face that had gotten them into that whole situation with Hayden’s phone call.

“Don’t,” Shane gasped right as Ilya lunged and grabbed the phone before Shane could reach it.

“Hello Rose Landry. Shane can not talk right now. We are busy having honeymoon sex. Bye bye.” Ilya smirked and hung up the call. Fuck.

~

Rose stared at her phone in shock. Was that? Did he just?

A PA knocked on her trailer door and Rose had a whole conversation about when they would be ready for her back on set without actually hearing a word she or the PA said. The door closed and then her phone, which she was still holding, rang with ✨SHANE HOLLANDER✨ on the screen. She hit accept.

“Rose oh my god-” Shane gasped clearly out of breath.

“ILYA ROZANOV?!” she screamed back. There was what can only be described as a deranged cackle on the other end of the line. Then a smack.

“*Fuck off*,” Shane whispered to someone. Someone who, Rose was now completely certain, was in fact Russian hockey legend Ilya Rozanov.

“YOU SLUT!” Rose gasped, trying to contain the pure shot of adrenaline that had hit her brain. What the actual fuck. Like she knew that Shane had that IT factor but pulling Ilya was- frankly not that surprising now that she thought about it. “Put me on speakerphone right the fuck now.”

Rose heard Shane groan and protest and then there was another *thunk* noise like a slap against muscle.

“Hello,” said a heavily accented voice that was absolutely Ilya Rozanov.

“Hi Ilya, nice to finally put a face and name to the Peg,” Rose teased. She could hear Shane say ‘Actually this is my nightmare.’

“Is nice to meet husband’s beard,” Ilya chirps back and for the second time this morning Rose had a ‘What the fuck’ moment.

“HUSBAND?!?!” Rose screamed so loud that Mile’s dog three trailers away started barking.

Shane Hollander was never one to do anything by half measures.

~

“Shit I gotta take this,” Shane told Hayden, “It’s the lawyer about the spousal citizenship paperwork.” Shane didn’t even realize what he said because he was already answering the call in a rush. They knew that getting Ilya his Canadian passport would take some paperwork and time but there had been some hang up, again, because most of Ilya’s documents were in Russian and they needed to be translated and notarized and apostilled like four times.

By the time Shane walked back into his living room he’d completely forgotten about what he’d said to Hayden, busy texting Ilya to let him know that they finally got the right version submitted.

“Dude, are you getting married?” Hayden asked, startling the shit out of Shane.

“Um, no,” Shane chuckled in what he hoped sounded casual but probably came out obviously panicked.

“Cuz if you got engaged without telling your best friend I would be *pretty* mad at you dude.” Hayden teased, punching Shane’s arm. And then he looked at Shane’s face and dawning horror crossed Hayden’s face. “No.”

“Sorry.” Shane winced.

“What the fuck dude! You got MARRIED?!” Hayden stood up and Shane had half a moment to be terrified before he was getting hugged.

“You’re not mad?” Shane gasped in terror, not yet leaning into the hug.

“A little, but from the sounds of that call you are just trying to get Boston Lily a Canadian citizenship ASAP. I know you will invite me to the real one.” Hayden pulls back from the hug with a gigantic smile on his face. “We can finally go on double dates.”

Shane has GOT to tell him. Right then.

“Yeah, it might be a minute before we can do double dates,” Shane started.

“Oh shit man, are they not letting her into Canada until the legal stuff is sorted out?” Hayden asked, concern clear on his face. Shane wasn’t gonna be able to do this half way, he’s gonna have to do it all at once like he did with his parents. So much for easing Hayden into this.

“Well no, he can come to Canada any time it's just, it’s gonna be a year before the trade goes through.” Shane offered. Hayden had gone still. His mouth opened and his eyes widened. Shane didn’t breathe. Hayden released Shane’s shoulders and sat like his legs had collapsed under him.

“You married another player so he could get a green card?” Hayden squeaked.

“I mean, I love him too,” Shane instantly defended and Hayden collapsed in a sigh of “Oh thank god.” Shane stared at his friend. “The fuck dude?”

“I’m sorry! You take a call from a lawyer about getting someone with Russian documents their citizenship after your marriage, you hedge around telling me and then say it’s a guy! I thought you had been coerced into some kind of loveless green card marriage with a player coming to play for the Metros! You are one of the only players on the team who doesn’t have a public WAG. I could see management asking you to do that and you love hockey so much you probably would marry some player to improve the team. You didn’t tell me your sexuality so how am I supposed to know you are into guys? Of course I support you in anything man, you’re my best friend but I think I’m not that off base to be worried that you have told me you are married to some Russian- *oh my fucking god its Rozanov.*” Hayden was standing up at some point in the middle of his unhinged rant and he now stood, frozen in front of Shane. And that was honestly hilarious.

“What?” Shane gasped, trying not to cackle.

“That’s who you are married to. Your Boston hookup is Ilya Rozanov?!?!” Hayden looked like he’s going to faint. Shane had been scared about how Hayden would react to the news. Truthfully he was scared how everyone would react. He should have had more faith in Hayden. His best friend who jumped to conclusions that were *almost* correct and would punch out a guy twice his size for Shane. . He’s like 99% sure Hayden didn’t care about him being gay and was way more worried about Shane being in a relationship with an asshole.

Because Shane was in fact married to Ilya Rozanov, he did the slightly asshole thing of pulling out his phone and calling Ilya. On speakerphone.

“Is Pike gone? Can you turn on facetime so I can see your glasses now?” Ilya answered.

“Hayden is still here,” Shane told his husband who sighed loudly over the phone. “Also you are on speaker phone.”

“What? Why?” Ilya asked, “Is this your way of saying you want threeway, because we can do better than Pike.”

“Hey!” Hayden shouted in outrage.

“Anyway, you owe me a thousand dollars,” Shane cut in before his husband and best friend started fighting. “Hayden figured it out without any additional information.”

“Boooo not possible. Pike is not that smart.” Ilya groaned on the other end.

“Fuck you Rozanov!” Hayden shouted down the phone, coming over to stand by Shane.

Shane really couldn't help the hysterical laugh that bubbled out of him. It was a giddy kind of joy to hear these two chirp at each other. The relief of a weight Shane hadn't realized he was carrying around being removed.

Chapter 2: The Fallout ~~everyone else finds out~~

Chapter Summary

Keeping a secret is something that Shane and Ilya are very practiced at. Too bad visa paperwork requires actually telling people. The rest of the world is about to find out exactly who Ilya Rozanov married.

Chapter Notes

special thanks to [Aceslow](#) for helping me write the awful hater tweets, and for being the direct inspiration to Shane being incapable of not clapping back when seeing such hateful misinformed tweets. Me smacking Shane Hollander on the head "this baby can hold so many autistic trait expressions of my close personal friends"

thanks to [InsidiousIntent](#) for correcting my grammar and tense jumping. You are the strongest solider.

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

One of the hardest things about working in human resources was being someone who was a natural and incurably nosey gossip. It's her job to protect the information about every member of the Boston Raiders and supervise the rest of the HR department. Sometimes it was agony to keep her mouth shut about things that came across her desk.

Ilya Rozanov had asked to speak to her to update some of his tax information. A completely normal thing for players to want to do, and then he had walked into her office with a kind of hesitance that was antithetical to everything that was Ilya Rozanov.

"Need to update these," Ilya handed Sarah a post-it note with a neatly printed list. The first one, a change to next of kin and beneficiary on his life insurance and death at work coverage were pretty standard updates. That wasn't a weird request at all. It was the next item on the list that threw Sarah for a loop.

Change of work visa to Canada.

What.

Sarah looked up at the boy in front of her with shock. (Because he was a boy. The team was filled with children as far as Sarah was concerned.) Ilya simply handed over some crumpled papers he retrieved from his pocket.

Photocopy of a marriage license. Canadian spousal citizenship authorization. A permanent address in Ottawa, Canada. A photocopy of Shane Hollander's medical card and passport.

"You are giving up your Russian citizenship?" Was thankfully the first thing Sarah asked him because her real first questions would have been deeply unprofessional.

"Da," Ilya answered with no further explanation. Sarah blinked at him a few times before shaking her head and getting to work.

"We are going to have to talk to the state department about this," Sarah admitted with a tired sigh. Ilya pulled a business card out of his pocket for someone in the Canadian equivalent of immigration and state department with a tight mouthed wince.

It took *hours*. It would take weeks to sort out and in the meantime it was going to be an absolute nightmare to get Ilya across any border (although the fact that they mainly traveled to Canada could make this easier). Sarah was positive she could feel the tension headache from tomorrow already building behind her eyes.

Sarah was a consummate professional the entire time. She helped Ilya get everything changed over that could be changed at that point and got in contact with everyone else who would need to be notified. Some portion of management needed to be aware in case the team got held up during travel. She shook Ilya's hand when he left her office to get to practice. Sarah actually managed 30 minutes before she opened her phone and pulled up her group chat.

Hot Goss 

humanUnresources 3:11pm

I have the most insane news right now and I'm not allowed to tell you *anything*
Just know i am screaming internally

CursedBestie 3:12pm

Thanks this is gonna haunt me for days 😡

Feralonmain 3:12pm

I miss when all you had were weird college kids stories

humanUnresources 3:12pm

Me too fam

One of the things that Cliff Marleau had always liked about the Boston Raiders was the official unofficial system of bigs and littles. He's not sure who started it, probably a previous

captain who had been in a frat but every new player got an assigned vet to help them transition. Cliff had one of the older guys take him around, make sure he didn't miss team meetings, and take him to Dunkin, when he had first joined.

Back when Cliff joined the team they were utter crap. Now they were one of the best teams in the league and on their way to another season in the playoffs. All of this was thanks to their helluva captain.

Ilya Rozanov might be the captain that led them to a cup win and more playoff runs than they've had in maybe a decade but once upon a time he was Cliff's little rookie. The old captain had told him the day after the draft that Roz would be his kid.

Cliff had taken his responsibility seriously. Everyone knew Rozy was coming to the team fresh out of juniors with only barely passable English and no other connections. Cliff had picked him up from the airport (a feat equivalent to expressing undying love for a Boston resident). They had gone together to Dunkin when Rozanov had been house hunting to show the listings to Cliff to rate. He'd been the one in charge of making sure Rozy made it to the plane the morning after the team went out partying.

The point was Cliff Marleau had spent years trying to do right by their Russian and right now he felt a little bit like a failure. He'd noticed that Rozy was having some odd meetings with the coaching staff before they flew to Toronto but figured it was just game prep or something. Honestly, none of the other guys probably would have been thinking anything about it but Cliff still considered their captain to be 'his rook'.

Cliff was behind Rozy going through the immigration line so he was probably the only one that saw that Rozy didn't pull out his Russian passport, get a quick stamp and move on with his day. Rozy pulled a folder out of his backpack and handed it over to the immigration officer with a small frown. And sure maybe they just were updating his work visa or something and Rozy needed different paperwork for a little while but Cliff knew what Canadian paperwork looked like cuz that fucking maple leaf was on everything.

Ilya Rozanov had just handed the immigration officer Canadian paperwork.

Cliff knew there was someone in Montreal but he had completely missed that it was *this serious*. The tight lipped bastard hadn't told any of his guys that he was in the process of getting new citizenship. Cliff might be stupid but he knew the fastest way to swap countries was to marry someone.

Fuck they needed to throw his boy some kind of party.

Ilya Rozanov

if i die blame cliff

11:15 pm

Why?

11:16 pm

he is throwing deer party for me

11:16 pm

Do you mean a Stag Party?

11:16 pm

да

11:20 pm

You told him?

11:20 pm

no

11:23 pm

Then how does he know we got married?

11:23 pm

doesn't know it you. just married. very proud

11:36 pm

So you told him you got married but not who to?

11:36 pm

no

11:54 pm

tell nothing.

11:54 pm

e saw pawps

11:54 pm

hol ps f tekila

11:54 pm

Ilya?

11:54pm

hi jane this Brad. we took Ilya phone cuz he needs

to finish his tequila shots before the next bar

12:08 am

How many shots has he done?

12:08 am

Like 8

12:14 am

That shouldn't be that bad

12:14 am

At this bar

12:14 am

Oh

12:14 am

Hammersmith if he gets alcohol poisoning

I'm gonna have my second ever fight on the ice you hear me

12:30 am

wait

12:31 am

Jane why are you in Ilya's phone as Husband 

12:31 am

I'm not

12:31 am

[Screen shot of the chat]

12:37 am

Inside joke

12:37 am

Dont scroll up!

12:41 am

Waaaay too late for that

12:41 am

Fuck

12:41 am

does this mean we can't check you anymore? Cuz

Rozy can be real intense about like shit

1:03 am

That's your concern here?

1:03 am

Yeah man

Love is love

1:03 am

Thanks.

1:03 am

Also don't tell anyone

1:24 am

Um

Don't be mad

1:24 am

Unknown Number

Don't name your first born after Scott Hunter!

1:48 am

I'm the real reason you got together!

1:48 am

Who is this?

1:148 am

Cliff

1:48 am

Also do you know how to get him to stop crying about your freckles?

2:56 am

No idea

2:56 am

Incoming FaceTime from Ilya Rozanov

2:58 am

~

HockeyGossip  *@pucktea* 13h

Insider sources say Boston Raiders throwing a Bachelor party for Ilya Rozanov

rossi  *@all4rossi* 16h

Am i crazy or is that a Canadian spouse visa?



@pinkstape 15h

Girl why are you taking pictures at customs?

tumbr.com/PuckRaiders

Ilya Rozanov got married over the summer: Evidence

This one is a long one so I am going to put everything under the Read More line to keep the dash from getting bogged down. Also I know some people feel icky about speculation on this but the evidence is all public record or published on public social media pages.

Read More...

Mika (ノ●▽●)ノ*:・°✧ *@1D4Life* 4h

Is this what i think it is?????!!!!

[Image Description: screen shot from a canadian government website (url partially obscured) of a scanned marriage certificate. Ilya Rozanov's name and birthdate are clearly legible. The other name is harder to discern.]

TMZ  *@tmz* 2h

Breaking! Ilya Rozanov's secret Canadian wedding but who is the bride?

Pop Base  *@popbase* 1h

Which Canadian Pop Princess is married to Russian hockey player Ilya Rozanov

Scottydoesntknow @congee4lunch 1h
@popbase ariana what are you doing here?

belle 🌸 @defendhollander 1h
Whoever she is that's the worst handwriting ive ever seen

ilya bizanov @ROZANOV 1h
I'm telling you that's peak boy writing

Ana 🐦 @shanesfreckles 1h
Am i crazy is the first letter and S or a J? I dont think this is cursive but cursive's cursed step sibling.

Aceslow @aceslow_tweets 1h
If this turns out to be Sh*ne H*llander all you bitches owe me MONEY!

About 48 hours after Shane had married Ilya in the courthouse in his boat shoes he'd had the realization that no one in that room had signed an NDA. He'd had a brief moment of terror before realizing it was actually really hard to search up marriage certificates and he was like 90% the judge and clerk had no idea who Shane or Ilya were and weren't likely to leak it to the press.

A week later Shane had allowed his mom and agent Farah to make him and Ilya approve multiple types of statements for future release should their marriage get out. There was a statement for them coming out on their own, as well as about nine other possibilities they needed to 'be prepared for'. They had drawn up emails to all of Shane's brands and two blank statements for Ilya to use with any brands he might add. (Shane had gotten the feeling Ilya would be allowed a grace period of his last year in Boston and then Yuna Hollander would make Ilya maximize his brand deals so they had enough money for a joint memorial rink or something.)

There had been a statement written up in case someone came forward in the press to claim they were having Ilya's baby. Nearly every possible scenario had been planned for, except the one they were actually facing.

“I’m honestly shocked I didn’t think of this,” his mom had complained on their daily morning call. “I had no idea your handwriting was that bad.”

“Mom, please,” Shane sighed.

The whole world knew.

The whole world knew half of it. And were speculating on the other half.

They were getting it wrong. So very very wrong.

Hours later Shane was sitting in his apartment staring at his phone like it was a grenade. Everyone had told him to stay off social media. He knew it was the right thing to do.

One look wouldn't hurt. Right?

Shane snatched his phone off the counter fast enough to rival a goalie catching a puck. He would be fast. Just one look. He opened twitter because that seemed to be where people *talked* about things. Shane was pretty sure Instagram was just for posting pictures.

The first few tweets are just people crying about never getting the chance to taste *Ilya Rozanov's sweat*. (EW. But also like yeah, it sucks for them. Ilya tastes great.) Or Boston fans crying about what this means for the team. Okay this isn't that bad.

Kim @scooterbraunf4n

I don't know people are even talking about it being anyone else other than Shay Mitchell. Multiple insider sources have come forward to say that's who it is. All the time lines match up! Ilya is even wearing the same ring she wore in her Vanity Fair article. Some people on the internet are just not ready to accept the truth.

ez (he/him) @paruallegations

@scooterbraunf4n blind items dont count as proof and that was the ring Cartier gave to basically everyone last year. Pretty sure Shane Hollander has one. Spreading lies like this probably hurts whoever Ilya is actually married to

Kim @scooterbraunf4n

@paruallegations STOP BEING WILFULLY BLIND. stop with this “whoever Ilya is actually married to” say wife! hockey rpf people always want your faves to be gay. Grow up! just cuz scott hunter came out as gay on national tv doesnt mean every hockey player is gay. especially dont slander ilya rozanov with your sick ideas he's fucking russian

Aceslow @aceslow_tweets

@scooterbraunf4n wow its like you think queer people only exist in north america big yikes really giving homophobic

Kim @scooterbraunf4n

@aceslow_tweets i'm not homophobic i just dont agree with people being gay, its my choice, it doesnt make me a hater. I'm trying to protect Ilya from allegations that could get him MURDERED like please just be happy for him and his wife

Shane doesn't exactly remember opening the reply box and typing out his response. One second he is reading this @scooterbraunf4n make up absolutely bullshit about Ilya and the next he's hit post.

He has one second to be like "oh fuck" before the person replies to him.

Kim @scooterbraunf4n

@ShaneHollander24_ you Rozander people need to come back to reality. Ilya Rozanov is never going to fuck u or ur boring self insert player

Shane shouldn't reply. The smart thing to do would be to drop it. He already fucked up by replying to this Kim person.

ShaneHollander @ShaneHollander24_

@scooterbraunf4n Address me by name Rookie of the year winner, silver olympic medalist, highest scorer in the MHL and Ilya Rozanov's fucking husband Shane Hollander

Image description: Shane Hollander holding the now famous marriage certificate with Ilya Rozanov's name clearly in frame along with the name no one could read also visible in his mouth. His left hand is visible with only his ring finger up where the Cartier ring can also be seen.

To say that the world is shocked by the method and photo that Shane Hollander chooses to come out would be an understatement. Ilya was perhaps the only person alive, including Shane's parents, who weren't at all shocked.

Ilya isn't shocked at all. He's incredibly proud (and so hard he feels dizzy). He takes a screenshot of the tweet and marches down to the walgreens around the corner to get it printed the size of a poster. Ilya is going to wake up every single day looking at the picture of his husband going absolutely feral on the internet about him.

mads 🇳🇪 @hackingbutlegal

I did not have Shane Hollander comes out via twitter on my 2018 bingo card 🤩

normal guy saying normal things @ya0izzz

Who knew shane hollander was a secret freak?

ILYA ✅ @ill_yeah

@ya0izzz I did

hockey butt researcher @rznvlore

Can we talk about how he is gripping that paper in his fucking teeth? Ilya you better know how to fight

ILYA ✅ @ill_yeah

@rznvlore i will see you behind the dunkin at 2 am
[espn.com/videos/ilya_rozanov_fight_compilation](https://www.espn.com/videos/ilya_rozanov_fight_compilation)

ESPN ✅ @espn_news

BREAKING! Shane Hollander's tweet to a fan seemingly confirms marriage to long time rival Ilya Rozanov

TMZ ✅ @tmz

Shane Hollander's public coming out

ILYA ✅ @ill_yeah

Die mad about it

Kim @scooterbraunf4n

@ ShaneHollander24_ you Rozander people need to come back to reality. Ilya Rozanov is never going to fuck u or ur boring self insert player

BuzzFeed  @buzzfeed

Which of Ilya Rozanov's tweets are you? Quiz

Husband   

What are you doing?

defending my man

Stop fighting people on twitter

is not my fault people are stupid and u are very pretty

Ilya

are u hard right now?

be honest

Incoming FaceTime from Husband   

CLIFFMARLAEU  @marlylovesme 3h

Remember to name your first born after me cap

ILYA  @ill_yeah 3h

@marlylovesme i never agree to this

BRADHAMMERSMITH  @itshammersmithtime 3h

@ill_yeah i think Brad Hollander has a nice ring to it

SC @insidiousintent 3h

@itshammersmithtime you think their kids will have Hollanders name??? Please be so serious

CLIFFMARLAEU ✓ @marlylovesme 3h

@insidiousintent i know a whipped man when i see it

ShaneHollander24_ ✓ @ShaneHollander24_ 1h

@itshammersmithtime no thank you

GRITTY ✓ @grittymhl 1h

Hollanov will have beautiful babies together

Lily @rozanov81 1h

@grittymhl two men can't have a biological baby. Do you know that? It's important to me that you know that

BRADHAMMERSMITH ✓ @itshammersmithtime 1h

@grittymhl when hollander puts a baby in cap we have first dibs on drafting

Rose Landry ✓ @rosesarered 2h

I think Ilya Hollander has a really nice ring to it

ILYA ✓ @ill_yeah 1h

@rosesarered i will take back curse i put on your bloodline

ShaneHollander24_ ✓ @ShaneHollander24_ 1h

@rosesarered @ill_yeah he's joking

ILYA ✓ @ill_yeah 1h
@rosesarered @ ShaneHollander24_ i never joke about curse

Hazy ✓ @wyatthayes 1h
Wikipedia what's happening?

Screenshot of wikipedia pages for Ilya Hollander and Shane Rozanov

BRADHAMMERSMITH ✓ @itshammersmithtime 1h
@wyatthayes shhhhhh don't narc me man

Scott Hunter doesn't hate anyone on principle. Except racists and homophobes and antivaxxers. Sadly Ilya Rozanov is none of those things, he's just an old fashioned asshole who takes what appears to be pure delight in chirping Scott.

Scott had gotten through the entire awards gala without Rozanov materializing next to him suddenly filled with devious glee and a thesaurus worthy of ways to call Scott old. He should have realized his luck could only hold out so long because Scott didn't even get the chance to order a drink at the bar before the Russian was standing next to him with glittering eyes.

Here we go.

"Does award help?" Rozanov asks Scott with a smirk.

"Help what?" Scott knew he shouldn't but he walked into every time.

"Soothe the pain of disappointing your boyfriend," Rozanov clicked his tongue. "You are too old for marriage it seems."

"Kip isn't disappointed in our relationship," If anything Kip had been rather pleased they weren't going to be *the first* gay hockey wedding. Granted they probably still would be since apparently Rozanov and Hollander had just run to a courthouse in the middle of nowhere with only Hollander's parents and the judge present. Scott was getting the impression that when he got married about half of the gay community of Brooklyn and NYC was expecting an invite.

"Ah so he enjoys being with slowest man in league to propose," Rozanov sniffs like he doesn't believe it. "You are waiting for retirement to get married, yes? Will be easier to beat Admirals next season now that you retire."

“I’m not retiring,” Scott tried to remember that Ilya had recently been outed against his will (well kind of) and that the guy was probably dealing with a lot of feelings about that. “And we aren’t getting married just yet. That would be rather fast.” Rozanov made a grimace face at Scott’s second comment like he had smelled something bad.

“Is something wrong with your dick?” Rozanov asked with visible pity in his voice.

“No! What the fuck,” Scott snapped. What was it about this kid?

“Then why you make very hot man wait *more than one year* to get married? Is very stupid,” Rozanov tsked at Scott. He needed to leave before he punched one of the only other out players in the league.

Suddenly Shane Hollander barreled into Rozanov with a look on his face that was pure chastising.

“I’m sorry Mr. Hunter, he has a condition, he can’t help it,” Hollander apologized for his husband with the same wide honest eyes Scott remembered from the first time he’d met Hollander as a rookie.

“Da, is called being best hockey player and very funny,” Rozanov added with a smirk. Scott really couldn’t hold back the eye roll this time.

“You should take it as a compliment,” Hollander told him as he pulled his husband out of the chair next to Scott and started to push the other man away.

“I don’t know about that,” Scott didn’t think there was a way to take being called old and impotent as a compliment. Rozanov winked at him.

“Ilya’s only like this because he thinks your hot and talented,” Shane Hollander said like that wasn’t a fucking bomb to drop. Rozanov opened his mouth, clearly outraged and ready to argue, but Hollander had him in a grip and was frog marching them both away from Scott. Loud rapid Russian trailing behind them as Rozanov switched to his native tongue to argue with his husband. Hollander just kept walking and nodding at random points.

“What the actual fuck?” Scott asks no one in particular.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for reading!

if you came here from tiktok you know that i got hit with the ao3 curse last weekend. Legit woke up on saturday to the news that the US had bombed Caracas (where i lived as a child) and that my grandma died. In a matter of hours. Then my partner got a staph infection in his leg. But anyway! I'm good and honestly have like three more ideas

locked and loaded (one is already 1/3 of the way written) but i might make sure i have them Finished before i post anything just to make sure i dont anger the gods again.

please come talk to me on any of my platforms

[tumblr](#)

[twitter](#)

[tiktok](#)

End Notes

Hayden figuring out what the fuck is happening is one hundred percent inspired and dedicated to [allyarra](#) my best friend of 14 years who has done basically the same thing to me approximately 47 times. This fic is basically a direct call out.

Find me on:

[tumblr](#)

[twitter](#)

next chapter- the find out phase of fuck around

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!