

Algorithm

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Algorithm

by [diggingupthegrave](#)

Summary

Fans discover an Ilya Rozanov fancam in Shane Hollander's Instagram reposts.

Notes

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

Yuna Hollander [Mother, Emergency Contact]: Honey, I'm so sorry

Yuna Hollander [Mother, Emergency Contact]: I did something bad on instagram

Yuna Hollander [Mother, Emergency Contact]: Trying to undo it now. Call when you get this.

Seven hours of sleep a night. Just one piece of many in the jigsaw puzzle that is Shane's in-season training regimen. Diet, exercise, practice, water intake, yoga, meditation, *sleep*.

To think Shane actually thought he was doing a *good thing* when he gave his mother his Instagram log-in and went to bed early last night.

After a long string of away games, the last thing he wanted to hear about was the intricacies of yet another brand deal. Shane pretty much tuned out the second Yuna said the word "co-post." She generally handles this type of thing anyway, so Shane didn't think it would be a big deal to just hand her the reins. He sent her the verification code for the two-factor authentication and went straight to sleep.

Judging by the amount of texts and notifications he's just woken up to, that was a mistake.

Shane tries to put a lid on his growing panic as he starts flipping through his phone to see what went wrong. So maybe his mom accidentally liked a picture or something. How bad could it be?

Another text notification banner flashes over Shane's screen.

Lily: Thinking with your dick last night I see

Apparently, *really bad*.

Panic has officially boiled over.

Shane starts reading his other notifications more carefully. Something about a repost? What the hell is a repost?

He goes straight to the source and opens the Instagram app. There's a whole new tab on his profile. When he clicks in, there's only one video.

And the thumbnail is a picture of Ilya Rozanov.

"No, no, no, no, no," Shane mutters. This cannot be fucking happening.

He clicks into the video. He immediately wishes he hadn't.

Any fleeting hope of it just being an innocent video about the Boston Raiders is instantly stomped out. This isn't just a video about Ilya, either. It's a fucking Ilya Rozanov *thirst trap*.

Music bounces as images and videos of Ilya flash over the screen. He's smirking on the ice, he's slipping a puck into the goal, he's shaking out his sweaty hair as he gives an interview shirtless. They zoom in on his face. They slow motion his movements. They make it look like he is some *god of hockey*, and this little video is their humble offering to him.

An offering that Shane has apparently just broadcast to *all of his followers*.

Lily: If you miss my face, just tell me next time. Less trouble.

Shane feels like he's going to die, or at least throw up. Maybe both. Throw up, then die.

Why is this happening? Why did it have to be *that* video? He clicks into the contact info from the text chain and presses call. They don't talk on the phone often, or really *at all*, but Shane figures this is a special circumstance.

"Ah, biggest fan is calling!" Ilya greets, frustratingly unserious. "Who gave you this number?"

Shane ignores him. "I am *so sorry*."

With them trying to be as secretive about the nature of their relationship as possible, the last thing they needed was for someone to link their names together with a scandal like this.

"What do I care. You look like big idiot, I come off smelling like roses."

Shane is pretty sure that, in his own strange way, Ilya is trying to be reassuring. It's not really working. There's no sense in pretending this doesn't impact both of them.

"It was my mom," Shane explains frantically. "She was logged into my account to post some kind of brand thing, she must've watched the video and clicked something on accident."

"Ah, so your *mother* is Ilya Rozanov fan. Should I send autograph?"

"No, no, *definitely* not. She pretty much hates your guts. Actually that's probably *why* she was watching the video. She was, you know, hate watching it."

"*Hate watching*? Your mother is *hate watching* video of me looking sexy and playing hockey?"

He *did* look kind of sexy in that video.

“Well I wouldn’t say she was *enjoying* it!”

Shane feels like he’s losing his mind. The edit is still playing on a loop on his phone, and notifications are pouring in one after another. It’s all too much.

“*Hollander.*” Ilya’s voice brings him back. “Are you forgetting something?”

“What?”

“I am still looking at profile. *Sexy Captain Ilya* Video is still there.”

“*Shit.*”

Shane fumbles to take it down. He presses the repost button twice in his haste. Shit, did he just post it again? Do people have any way of knowing that?

“Am I very distracting?” Ilya teases.

Yes. “Shut up.”

Shane has been so caught up in their banter that he genuinely forgot he was in crisis management mode. Ilya has that effect on him.

“Try now,” Shane tells him, finally getting enough of a handle on how this new feature works to wipe the edit from his page.

“Gone,” Ilya confirms.

Shane breathes a sigh of relief. “I’m sorry again. It was an accident.”

“Funny accident,” Ilya huffs. Shane can’t tell if he means funny in a *haha* way or in a sarcastic *not so haha* way. “Let me know what they say to you on the ice tomorrow.”

Shane lets out a groan just thinking about it.

“Next time you are in Boston for game, I have them play it on big screen, just for you.”

God, they probably *will* do something like that.

“I’m hanging up now,” Shane informs him.

It’s exactly as Shane suspected. He calls his mom back, and she tells him about how she mindlessly started scrolling instagram after posting, thinking it was her feed instead of his. She only clicked into the video of Ilya because she couldn’t believe people made videos like that and wanted to see the comments section. Apparently the comment button and the repost button are super close together.

Like Shane, she didn’t even know there *was* a repost option. It took hours for her to realize what she’d done, and by then, Twitter was already littered with screenshots and commentary. It was too late to do anything.

She feels terrible. Shane can't even be upset with her, because he knows she didn't mean any harm.

Shane walks into practice later that day with the gait of a dog that's just had all their fur shaved off. He purposefully lowers his eyes, avoiding looking directly at any of his teammates for too long.

He's sure that it's only a matter of time before they're lining up to tease him, except everyone is acting strangely... normal? Eventually Shane perks up, trying to make the best of their practice time. They all follow his lead. A perfectly ordinary practice session, unmarred by distraction.

Shane was never getting out of this unscathed, though. Hayden tracks him down on their way out. Honestly, Shane is shocked it took him this long.

"Wait, so who was managing your accounts last night?"

"My mom," Shane groans. "I'm so embarrassed."

"Jackie's been dying to know. She was ready to hack your account herself and take it down this morning."

"Wait, so you guys just assumed it wasn't me?" As soon as Shane asks, he starts second guessing himself. He should've worded that better. He should've made it sound like there was absolutely no way on this *planet* it could've been him. Of *course* they would assume it wasn't him.

"I mean it obviously wasn't. It happened like, right after some brand deal got posted. You're a professional athlete. I don't think anyone is assuming you run your own account."

He does run his own account, though. Well, sort of. Usually the team or his mom just send him something to post, and he posts it. He's not above having his parents ghostwrite his captions, and he's certainly not above letting his mother deal with the branded content.

This is good news, though. Maybe this is how he explains this whole thing. All he needs to do is plays it off like he doesn't even have the log in to his own account. No one will have to think he was involved.

"Sucks that it had to be *Rozanov*, though," Hayden adds. "Guess it makes sense he'd be all over your feed, with the way they always pit you two against each other."

Wait. *Yes*. That *does* make sense. People compare Shane and Ilya all the time. Their names are always being brought up together. Of course Ilya was on Shane's feed for someone to accidentally interact with. They're probably followed by a lot of the same people, and those people are invested in their rivalry. It would've been weirder if this had been a player that *wasn't* Ilya.

Shane breathes easy for the first time all day. Everyone might truly believe this was just an honest mistake. He has no reason to worry.

Ilya calls later that night.

“I think I’m getting dropped because of you,” Shane tells him.

While no one had assumed that Shane and Ilya were secretly gay lovers because Shane reposted that video, they still were pretty amused that Shane had something about his biggest rival on his page. It had overshadowed the branded content by a lot.

“Poor you.” Ilya’s low, velvety voice rasps through the phone. “How will you, rich athlete, ever recover from this great financial loss?”

“It’s less about the money and more about the free stuff.”

He’s joking, but he’s not. More than half his wardrobe really does come from brand deals. Shane wouldn’t even know how to go shopping for clothes at this point, nor would he want to.

“You are ridiculous. You just want to see your face on top of fucking *Times Square* billboard,” Ilya spits. Had he really seen Shane’s face on a billboard somewhere? Shane smiles at the idea of it. That must have driven him crazy. “Never mind. Not why I call. I call because I learn new word.”

“Oh, yeah?” Shane asks, still caught up on the mental image of Ilya staring at a several-stories-high version of his face. “And what’s that?”

“*Algorithm*.”

Shane’s blood runs cold. The way he just said that- pronouncing the word with *such care*- could not mean good news.

“Seems to me Instagram is trained like house pet,” Ilya explains. “Tries to please you, like lover.”

“Which one is it, then?” Shane flounders. He does not like where this is going.

“Explain to me, Hollander. Your mother has account for maybe five minutes, and first thing she sees is Ilya Rozanov?”

“Well,” Shane stammers, “Yeah, why wouldn’t she?” It’s like Hayden was saying earlier. Of course Ilya would be on Shane’s feed. “You’re a hockey player, I’m a hockey player. My feed is mostly hockey players.”

“Oh, so you watch lots of hockey players close up set to music? Or just me.”

“*No one*,” Shane insists, burning with shame.

Though, if instagram had shown him that video while he was online, he probably would've watched it. He probably would've watched it at least a couple of times, the way he did this morning.

"Maybe it is you I should send autograph. Seems you are big fan."

"I'm telling you, I don't watch those kinds of videos. I'm barely even *on* the app. I watch, like, stats videos, *sometimes*."

"Oh, I should have known. *Stats*. This is what gets you hot and bothered?"

"I am not getting *hot and bothered* watching *Instagram*."

"I should score more goals, get you *really* worked up. Video after video of me so you have something to do with sad, boring life when not playing hockey."

"Oh, come on. Like you *never* scroll instagram," Shane retorts.

There's a beat of silence on the other end. Shane starts considering this. If it makes sense for Ilya to be on Shane's feed, doesn't it make sense that Shane would be on *Ilya's feed*?

"Oh my god." Shane can't keep the revelation to himself. "You're probably watching edits of *me*."

Ilya scoffs. "They only make videos like that for people who are fun and cool."

"Game videos, then. Interviews. Oh my god, I bet I am *all over* your feed."

"No. Of course not." His tone is missing some of its usual swagger, though. The tiniest hint of uncertainty to it tells Shane that he's just hit the bullseye.

"That's not even considering all the ads I'm in!" he piles on. "Seriously, how many times a day do you scroll through instagram in a day and think, *oh fuck, it's fucking Shane Hollander again*."

"Never."

"Liar."

"I never think *fucking Shane Hollander*, I think *of fucking Shane Hollander*."

Oh.

Shane is suddenly enormously grateful that this isn't a video call, because he can't help the smile that spreads across his face. Not a smug, sly smirk like one of Ilya's, either. Just a big, dopey, wide open grin.

"Sorry," Ilya breathes. He doesn't sound particularly apologetic, though. "Are you alone? Perhaps I should have checked."

“I am alone,” Shane says slowly, savoring each moment of this conversation. “So. Did you really see a billboard of me?”

Ilya lets out a moan. “Right outside hotel room window. Like fucking movie. Ridiculous.”

“And what did you do?” Shane dares to ask.

“I place mental curse on concierge. Terrible, ugly curse. Generations long. Their children’s children will—”

“No, about the *billboard*.” Poor concierge, though. “Did you close curtains, or...”

They both know what Shane is getting at here.

Did you keep them open? Did you keep them open all night? Did I loom over you while you slept? While you did more than sleep?

A pause. “I did not close curtains.”

Shane honest to god pumps his fist in the air, like his team just scored a goal or he won on a fucking lottery ticket.

“I *knew it*,” Shane says. “Wait, which ad was it?”

“Fancy whiskey company. Very disturbing for me, I fucking hate whiskey.”

Shane bursts out laughing.

“Tell me, what is so funny?”

“Are you kidding? That’s *way worse* than my instagram video. At least that was an accident! You were getting off to a billboard *on purpose*.”

“Oh you like that, do you?” Ilya purrs. Heat instantly burrows into Shane’s gut. “Bet you wish you were there to watch, Hollander.”

Just when Shane thinks he’s got the upper-hand for a change, Ilya has seized it back in record time, turning all this right back on Shane. It’s a good thing they’ve got the stamina of professional athletes, because anyone else would find this exhausting.

“Next time,” Shane promises. “I’ll call the concierge myself and make a request. Assuming the curse hasn’t gotten her yet, of course.”

“Not that kind of curse,” Ilya insists. “Long curse. Never ending.”

“Never ending,” Shane repeats.

He’s still smiling like an idiot in spite of it all. As embarrassing as today was, now it almost seems worth it. If not for that accidental repost, would Ilya have ever told him any of this? Shane is going to be enjoying the image of him in that hotel room for god knows how long.

The rest of his life, probably. It makes all of his mother's brand deals worth it. The endless schedule of photoshoots and events and appearances, all cumulating in this one cosmically perfect circumstance.

There's a beat of comfortable silence. Shane wonders why they don't talk on the phone more often. It was sort of nice, having an excuse to call.

"Change your instagram password," Ilya commands. His voice is so authoritative that Shane finds himself sitting up a little straighter.

"Will do."

"Or else I send something your mother will *really* be shocked by. Understand?"

"Trust me, after today I don't think she'll ever touch the app again. She's mortified." In all honesty, Shane would like to log out of the account for a while himself. "Sorry again for all the trouble."

Ilya pauses for a moment.

"Don't be," he says, a softness to his voice. "Good night, Hollander."

End Notes

This fic is dedicated to my mom, who will never see this, but has unwittingly reposted over 50 instagram reels. I haven't had the heart to tell her.

@diggingupgrave on most platforms, but im usually screaming about animated men, so don't bother unless you're into that 🤪

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