shanekira

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shanekira

by toastedmorals

Summary

Shane sighed. “I usually don’t do that type of thing. I was just listening to music and, I don’t know, felt like it.”
“I’m glad you did,” Ilya purred, running with fingers through Shane’s hair.
“Mm?”
“It is the most sexy you have ever looked.”
“Shut the fuck up.”
“I do not lie! You are a good dancer, great even. For a Canadian, at least.”

Shane dances in his kitchen exactly one (1) time and it gets leaked to the media. Expected chaos ensues. Ilya intervenes in a very Ilya way.

Notes

hello! I have not written a fanfic since I was a teenager but the Canadian gay hockey industrial complex has taken control of my life. Therefore, this. I'm aware that this is probably way OOC for Shane but love the idea that he loosens up sometimes in his own way. Also, sexy dancer Shane was something I needed on the internet. Warning for shitty Russian (did my best), mild disordered eating mentions, and probably a slew of grammatical issues. Some of the humor and twitter-speech is also not historically accurate (it is killing me to call 2017 'historic'). Enjoy! xx

Inspired by some of the amazing fics by nineteenohtwo

Spoilers for HR, TLG, and Role Model!

Shane Hollander does not dance.

He wasn't lying on his wedding night; if Ilya hadn't taken the lead on the Rihanna song that he'd requested for their first dance, Shane probably would have stood on the dance floor like a sweaty idiot before finding some corner to hide in. It wasn't a secret that he wasn't a fan of clubs; the few times that he had been convinced to go out with his new team, he'd spent most of the time in a booth either laughing under Ilya's arm or watching his teammates break it down to EDM remixes of songs he largely didn't recognize.

(Harris, after an apparently horrifying discovery that Shane didn't know who Cardi B was, had made it his personal mission to curate Shane several Spotify playlists of contemporary hits).

(Which then led to the subsequent horror of finding out that Shane didn't know that you could make playlists on Spotify).

The Ottawa Centaurs had a varying range of dancing ability that was largely tempered by both their level of inebriation and how much they'd been winning games. Which, given the upward momentum that the team had enjoyed over the past year combined with Shane's transfer from Montreal, was becoming more and more frequent. Dykstra and Bood were usually the leaders of the charge, their height and overpowered frames jutting out from the club crowd with series of pumping fists, waving arms, and competitions to see who could drop it lower to the ground. Hayes was more reserved until someone (usually Ilya) had coaxed enough shots into him, after which he could break out a surprisingly impressive set of intricate footwork and body rolls. Even Haas, whose face glowed bright red after a single drink, would sometimes give into the other players' well-intentioned bullying and show off his mastery of the worm.

("I learned it in my hotel room like ten years ago," he admitted to Shane after one such occurrence, "I never should have told Bood about it." Shane quietly agreed).

And then there was Ilya. His husband possessed a dancing ability honed from years of haunting every significant night club in North America, fleshing out his party boy reputation and filling the spaces when he and Shane were apart. To say that Ilya was a good dancer would be an understatement. He could change the tone of the dance floor in an instant, making the rest of the club-goers seem stiff and lifeless as he gyrated his hips and waist perfectly in time with the pounding beat. Shane liked to watch other people, regardless of gender, fight to not stare at his husband as he danced. Ilya moved with a delicious, effortless grace, dipping and flowing like the music had been written for just him. A couple of years ago, Shane would have been jealous, just as he was that night when he'd spotted him in Montreal, grinding on a random woman and staring Shane down across the dance floor. But that was before they were *them*, before Ilya was *his*. Before Shane knew that as many heated looks that Ilya attracted while he danced, it was only Shane that would get to run his hands over the smooth skin of Ilya's hips and trace the geography of his muscled waist.

So, Shane was content to nurse his ginger ale and occasional beer at his booth, smiling to himself as he watched people try to win their partners' attention away from his gorgeous

man. After a while, Ilya's eyes would track down Shane, his white teeth flashing as he came to get him, the crowd parting for him like some kind of club god. Usually, he'd flop onto the seat next to Shane, trying to pull him onto his lap, laughing as Shane complained about his sweat getting on him. Sometimes he'd convince Shane to get up with him and return to the dancefloor, Ilya's long arms encircling his waist, pulling Shane's body flush against his chest. Shane couldn't lie, he loved being with Ilya like this, watching his husband in this environment, his hazel eyes bright and wild as he threw his head back. Dance floors infused Ilya with a specific intensity that otherwise was reserved for the heat of a face-off or when the two of them were alone. It felt almost religious to see him like this, so alive and confident, uncaring about who saw him or what they could say.

Shane wished that he felt the same, had tried to feel the same, but it never really clicked. Clubs were overwhelming for him, between the loud music and the constantly changing lights and the sea of people that he couldn't keep track of, couldn't predict. He figured that alcohol would help, but also knew that relying on liquid confidence was a dark and dangerous road to go down. These days, he was trying to be more forgiving with himself about how he was, more accepting that the things that other people liked didn't always do it for him. And that was okay. After this year and all that he and Ilya had gone through, Shane didn't have the energy or motivation to keep forcing himself to act like someone else anymore.

That said, it didn't mean that he never attempted to dance.

Shane kicked open the door of the cottage, arms weighed down by several huge paper bags of groceries. Anya came skipping up to meet him, delighted to see one of her parents after two days without him or Ilya. Shane smiled at her as he awkwardly shut the door with his hip, going to the kitchen to dump groceries on the island. It was a rare Saturday night without a weekend game and only optional practice in the morning. Ilya had opted to stay in Boston after last night's victory to catch up with friends before heading back to Ottawa tomorrow. Shane was happy for him, knowing that him having his own friends outside of the team was good for Ilya, good for the two of them. There was only an echo of the panic that used to be ever-present when Shane would say goodbye to him, leaving him and knowing that he wouldn't see him for several weeks. Now, he didn't have to worry about seeing him, not with them living together, as reflected by the too-big pile of their sneakers at the door and Ilya's concerning protein powder collection crowding the pantry.

("What the fuck kind of protein powder is 'Blasted Cupcake Unicorn Fantasy Fuel'?" Shane had chirped.

"One that does not taste like beige chalk," Ilya had replied, smirking).

Shane returned to the car to get his suitcase and gear bag before getting started putting away groceries. They usually used a delivery service for most of their food, but the nutritionist Shane had been seeing through the team had recommended that he try to do more of his own food shopping. It was one of the better changes that Shane hadn't expected when he'd joined the Centaurs; Montreal had their own health professionals, but Shane hadn't ever considered approaching them for anything that wasn't an injury or routine exam. He'd known, eventually, that his eating patterns were getting to be a problem. But with already coming out

to the team and the mental strain of keeping Ilya a secret… it had just seemed like too much. Transferring to Ottawa gave him the opportunity to shakily introduce himself to Danielle, a young woman with dark brown hair and warm eyes who served as the team's dietician.

He finished washing rice, turned the cooker on, and connected his phone to the speaker on the counter. He opened Spotify and scrolled through some of the playlists that Harris had sent to him. The social media manager had organized the playlists with hyperspecific titles that were uniquely Harris-esque, such as *Sad Songs for Hot People*, *Songs I'd Defend in Court*, and *Main Character But Like… Embarrassing*. He immediately skipped one called *Playlist That Adjusts the Dimmer*, slightly concerned that Harris had decided to send him and Troy's sex playlist. Ultimately he landed on one called *iPod Shuffle Core* after recognizing some songs that he remembered from driving with his mom to hockey practices as a teenager. He pressed play and got started chopping vegetables.

With the food in the oven, Shane quickly showered and changed into one of Ilya's black tank tops (because it was soft and definitely not because it smelled like his husband) and a pair of teal gym shorts. He returned to the kitchen and started adding spices to the pot of sauce on the stove. The song playing was faintly familiar, an indie rock ballad that he somewhat remembered from his early locker room days, when his teammates would fight over control of the MP3 speaker. Shane found himself swaying back and forth as he stirred, Anya scuttling under his feet, enticed by the smell of food. He smiled and leaned down to give her a slice of sausage right as the song changed.

"Oh." Shane said into the empty kitchen. He knew this song.

Here we go again

I kinda want to be more than friends

So take it easy on me

I'm afraid you're never satisfied

Shane tapped his foot as he fed Anya, her tail wagging in a near perfect tandem with the beat of the pop song. Figures, that Ilya's daughter would have an innate sense of rhythm. Shane grinned and rolled his shoulders as he continued to cook, swaying with the drums and mouthing the words to the song. He knew that the artist was Neon Trees and had fond memories of Hayden enthusiastically serenading Jackie (to her chagrin) with it at their anniversary party several years ago.

Oh, oh, I want some more.

Oh, oh, what are you waiting for?

Take a bite of my heart tonight.

Finished with the sauce, Shane set it to simmer and checked on the broccoli he was roasting in the oven. He sang the lyrics softly, hesitantly, as he did so. Which was silly, considering how remote the cabin was. He could hire an entire DJ to play a set in his living room (as Ilya

had repeatedly tried to convince him to do) without any of his distant neighbors knowing the wiser. Still, old anxieties run deep.

The song switched again and Shane found himself laughing as it did.

No more gas in the red (can't even get it started)

Nothing heard, nothing said (can't even speak about it)

All my life on my head (don't want to think about it)

Feels like I'm going insane, yeah

Shane put down his spoon and picked up Anya, carrying her to the middle of the kitchen floor as Rihanna's voice pulsed through the room. She licked his face happily, seeming not at all perplexed by Shane's uncharacteristic spontaneity. He bobbed with her to the words of the song, grinning stupidly as he remembered the Instagram video that Harris had posted of several of the Centaurs lip-syncing to it as a pre-game hype post. Bood, Dykstra and Ilya had dramatically pranced to the lyrics in their home locker room in varying states of undress, trying to outdo each other for the camera with increasingly raunchy choreography. It remained one of the team's top-performing posts. Shane had quietly saved it to a folder labeled "Raw Vegetable Recipes" that he prayed Ilya would never think to open.

Shane released Anya and, feeling bold, tested out some of the moves that he'd seen his friends and various club-goers use over the years while watching from the sidelines. He shook his head, lifting his arms and letting himself move with the beat, knowing that he likely looked ridiculous but suddenly not willing to care. He knew, of course, that he had a good body. Years of loving Ilya made it impossible to ignore it, as his husband was not shy about letting Shane know how beautiful he was, how perfect he found his freckles, his thighs, his abs, his ass. Shane would sometimes see it too, though with less frequency and passion, when looking in the mirror in the morning or at the gym. He hadn't been named the *NHL's Sexist Man Alive* for nothing, after all.

The songs kept coming and Shane was shocked to realize that he knew every single one. He ducked and bobbed against the countertop, letting his hands slide against the back of the chairs as he danced. He let his head fall as he swung to the rise of the singer's voice, cocking his hip to the sound of percussion. He conjured an image of Ilya, drenched in sweat and radiant under the neon club lights, and gyrated his hips in an imitation of his husband's signature move. His chest felt light. Without the crush of crowds and the weight of real and imagined eyes looking at him, he could understand why people found dancing fun. *Shane* felt fun, and unfamiliarly sexy in a way that he almost never did outside of Ilya's presence.

Oh-oh, whoa, oh-oh, whoa

I can't remember to forget you

Oh-oh, whoa, oh-oh, whoa

I keep forgetting I should let you go

But when you look at me

The only memory is us kissing in the moonlight-

BEEP. BEEP.

Shane flinched and nearly toppled over from where he was half-crouched on the kitchen floor, hands spread across his arched chest in a dramatic pose that was apparently interpretative of Shakira's romantic woes. The smoke detector beeped insistently above him as Anya barked. Shane ran to the oven, realizing that in his pop reverie he'd forgotten that he was making dinner. He opened the oven with mitts on and grabbed the very much smoking, very much neglected tray of broccoli, now charred to mounds of burnt dust on the tray. He looked down at it morosely, realizing that he'd worked up a sweat, the cotton fabric of Ilya's tank top now clinging to his back. The smoke detector, mercifully, stopped beeping. He looked down at Anya, who was silently looking up at him with what he swore was amusement in her eyes.

"Don't say anything to him, alright?"

Anya barked once in response.

Shane smiled and turned to try and salvage what was left of his dinner, turning off the speaker as he did.

Morning light filtered through Shane's eyelids, his brain stirring to life as he felt the bed shift beneath him.

He rolled under the covers, facing Ilya's side of the bed. His husband peered down at him, golden hair mused and cheeks rosy from the cold, a soft smile spreading across his lips.

"*Dobroye utro, moya lyubov*," Ilya said, reaching to stroke the backs of his knuckles against Shane's bed-warmed cheek. Shane smiled and closed his eyes, relishing the touch.

"*Dobroye utro*," he replied, voice husky from sleep. "You're back early."

Ilya shrugged, laying his head on the pillow beside Shane so that he was facing him. He was still wearing street clothes on top of the sheets, which Shane didn't have the energy to chide him about. He was enjoying Ilya's big fingers stroking his skin too much to complain right now.

"Yes. I took earlier flight from Boston. Did not stay out late last night. Too many annoying college students in Boston. Wanted to be home so that you can annoy me instead."

Shane scowled at him and turned away from him in feigned indignation.

"*Noo*, sleepy boy. I am sorry and very tired from flight. You must cuddle me or I will die."

"Dramatic."

“Mm, yes. It will be very dramatic when I die from lack of cuddle.”

Shane turned back over and glared into his husband’s playful gaze, trying not to melt into the way he was lovingly staring back at him. It was, as always, hard to be even fake angry with Ilya when this close to him, when he could feel the warmth radiating from his skin and smell the bergamot aroma of his cologne.

“I’ll cuddle you after you shower and change.”

“*Shaaaannnnneee-*”

“No. I just washed the sheets and you smell like beer and airport terminal.”

Ilya sighed and reached to press a kiss to Shane’s temple.

“Anything for you, *moy schastye*.”

The bed shifted again as Ilya got up, Shane immediately missing his fingers and warmth. Rushing water sounded from the bathroom as Ilya turned on the shower, the steady noise lulling Shane back into sleep.

Shane didn’t remember falling back asleep. He woke to quiet music playing from the other side of the bed. He checked the clock on his nightstand. *8:04am*. He rolled over and saw the prone profile of his husband curled around the soft light of his iPhone. Shane reached for Ilya's shoulder, realizing that it was undulating under his fingers as he did. Ilya was laughing, quietly but bodily, as he watched a video on his phone.

Curious, Shane came closer, resting his chin on the warm skin between Ilya’s neck and collarbone, looking to see what his husband was clearly laughing at. On the screen was what looked to be a security camera recording, set low to the ground, with a single figure on the screen. Shane squinted, wishing he had his glasses. Suddenly, and with a cold feeling in his stomach, he started to recognize the set of the figure’s shoulders, the color of his hair, the movement of his arms as he seemed to spin-

Oh, no. Oh fucking no, no, *no*.

“Ilya, what the FUCK?!”

Shane went to snatch the phone out of his husband’s grip, straddling him across the waist as he did so. Ilya jabbed his elbow protectively as Shane thrashed towards the phone, barring his arm across Shane’s chest as he desperately flung himself towards the other side of the bed. His side profile was calm apart from the shit-eating grin that had slowly spread across his face, his silent laugh turning audible as Shane assaulted him. Shane drew back and grabbed one of the (many) throw pillows lining the bottom of the bed, smashing it directly into Ilya’s face. The phone finally slipped out of Ilya’s grasp and clattered to the floor. Shane threw himself off the bed and snatched it up, holding it protectively to his chest with both hands.

He stood there in his boxer briefs, staring at Ilya with wide eyes.

“Ilya. What. The. FUCK.” he repeated.

Ilya had rolled on his back, hands covering his face, his chest still heaving with laughter as he sprawled on the bed. Shane picked up another pillow and whipped it at his husband’s head, which Ilya promptly batted away despite having his fingers over his eyes. Because of course he did.

“I am sorry,” Ilya said in Russian, his voice thick with mirth. He finally seemed to get a hold of himself and turned on his side to face Shane.

“I set up those dog cameras for Anya, yes? I told you about this last month.”

Shane felt the sinking feeling in his stomach drop another few levels, understanding starting to blossom in his head.

“So you, what? Were just watching me all night?” Shane demanded, crossing his arms over his chest.

“*Nyet*! Of course not,” Ilya said, switching back to English. His eyes, while still bright with amusement, took on an apologetic softness. “I check on her every couple of hours when we are not home. I had checked before your flight had landed and the tab was still open on my phone.”

“Did anyone else see?” Shane asked, suddenly horrified at the prospect of strangers at the club sneaking a glance of Ilya Rosanov spying on his half-dressed husband dancing to 2000s pop songs on a dog camera.

“No! No, I saw in Uber on way back to the hotel. I only saved one song.”

“You saved that shit?!”

“*...da*.”

“Delete. It. *Now*.”

“Noooo,” Ilya whined, stretching his long limbs as he came to stand in front of Shane, peering down at him warmly. Shane glared up at him.

“Why do you never dance for me?” Ilya said, reaching for Shane’s hips to pull him in. Shane, feeling petulant, put up a hand and batted him away. Ilya pouted.

“I wasn’t dancing.”

Ilya gave him his trademark we-both-know-you’re-being-a-dumbass look.

“Okay, maybe I was dancing a little, but I was just cooking and alone and I didn’t think that you were going to see me on a fucking *dog camera*-”

“*Ssshh*, I am sorry, sweetheart,” Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane’s shoulder and Shane reluctantly let himself be pulled into a hug. “I honestly did not mean to spy on you. I just

never get to see you dance or be so…" Ilya paused as he reached for the word. "Free."

Shane was quiet for several heartbeats, thinking about what Ilya had said. He considered being petty and not responding at all. But he understood that Ilya hadn't actually intended any harm by it. Also, the whole situation was pretty funny outside of the embarrassment that was still heating Shane's cheeks.

He sighed. "I usually don't do that type of thing. I was just listening to music and, I don't know, felt like it."

"I'm glad you did," Ilya purred, running with fingers through Shane's hair.

"Mm?"

"*Da*. It is the most sexy you have ever looked."

"Shut the fuck up."

"I do not lie! You are a good dancer, great even. For a Canadian, at least."

Shane headbutted his forehead against Ilya's chest. Ilya faked a gasp and heaved Shane into his arms, swinging him back onto the bed. He pinned Shane to the bed with his knees on the sides of Shane's thighs, putting his big hands on Shane's outstretched biceps to hold him in place. Heat pooled in Shane's stomach as his husband leaned over him, lusty promises reflecting in his eyes. He writhed half-heartedly against Ilya's significant weight, quietly enjoying being held down like this.

Ilya looked at him like he knew what he was thinking.

"I can play music for you while we fuck," Ilya breathed into Shane's mouth. "You can wear those little shorts and move your hips for me."

Shane fought the urge not to whimper in response.

"You can be a good boy and show me how you dance on my lap."

Fuck. Shane bit his lip. Ilya smiled and pulled Shane's lip out from his teeth, sucking on it slowly before pressing a kiss to Shane's open mouth. The whimper escaped, released from Shane's throat and floating into the space where their mouths were connected. Ilya moaned in response.

"This time I pick the music though," Ilya said. "I don't know if you are aware, but they did keep making music after 2008."

"Asshole," Shane hissed.

Ilya's laughter resonated through their bodies as Shane pulled him close.

One Month Later

CBS NEWS REPORTING $10.9M PawWatch Class Action Lawsuit

A proposed $10 million class action lawsuit has been filed against the makers of the popular "PawWatch" dog camera, alleging that a critical security flaw exposed private in-home video footage of customers without their knowledge or consent. According to the complaint, the internet-connected pet cameras - marketed as a safe way for owners to monitor their dogs - allegedly streamed and stored videos on unsecured servers, allowing unauthorized third parties to access live feeds from inside users' homes. Plaintiffs claim the breach compromised deeply personal moments, turning a device meant for peace of mind into what the lawsuit calls "a window into consumers' private lives." The lawsuit alleges violations of consumer protection and privacy laws, asserting that the company failed to implement basic cybersecurity safeguards while continuing to advertise the product as secure. Plaintiffs are seeking monetary damages, enhanced data-security measures, and accountability for what they describe as "a betrayal of consumer trust." If certified, the class could include tens of thousands of pet owners nationwide who purchased the affected devices over the past several years.

Hollywood Reporter Hot News: PAWS, CAMERAS… LAWSUIT?!

Hollywood is barking mad after a popular dog-cam brand allegedly let private home footage leak online - and yes, celebs were caught on camera. Sources claim that a supposed "secure" pet camera was accidentally streaming videos from inside luxury mansions, penthouses, and gated estates… and the internet noticed. The fallout? A $10 million class action lawsuit that's already pulling in A-list pet owners who say their off-camera lives were suddenly very much on camera. The lawsuit claims the dog cams weren't just watching pups: they were giving strangers a front-row seat to celebs pacing their kitchens, arguing on speakerphone, and living their most unfiltered lives. The company behind the cameras hasn't commented yet, but insiders say lawyers are scrambling and NDAs are flying. What was marketed as "peace of mind for pet parents" is now being called "the biggest doghouse disaster of the year." One thing's clear: someone's getting sued… and it's not the dog.

PUCK'D UP BREAKING NEWS: Straight-Laced NHL Star Shane Hollander Caught Dancing in His Kitchen Thanks to PawWatch Data Breach!

Ottawa, Canada - Well, well, well… looks like hockey's most straight-laced, no-nonsense star, Shane Hollander, has some unreleased moves we didn't see coming! Shane Hollander, who's known for being the quiet guy on the ice with low tolerance for drama, has just found himself caught up in his second major scandal of the year, following announcing his relationship with former-rival-turned-husband, Ilya Rozanov, this summer. Thanks to a huge data breach involving the popular PawWatch dog camera, Shane's private kitchen dance party is now a viral sensation. And trust us, it's definitely not the image you'd expect from this straight-laced NHL player. Caught on camera is Shane, filmed in nothing but a black tank top and gym shorts, swaying his hips and giving a rather sultry solo performance while preparing dinner. And we mean it by sultry - think slow rolls of the hips, unexpected twirls, and grinding that is decidedly NSFW. Who knew that this normally stoic athlete had those kinds of moves? We can't help but wonder… will this be his first and last viral moment? Or is Shane about to become the next big thing in dance videos? Stay tuned, because this drama's heating up, and it's not over yet.

@teawithtravis✅ Shane Hollander going full SLUT in his kitchen was not on my NHL bingo card. How many Centaurs tickets are required for a lap dance…asking for a friend!💦🔥
[GIF of Shane doing slowed down body roll]

> **@puckpanda17** everyday I pray someone takes this mans wifi away and everyday im disappointed
>
> **@msrozanov** expected behavior from a man whos whole career is doxxing private citizens
>
> **@hockeypecs** written before rosanov finds and murders you
>
> **@bananasocks** @hockeypecs no activity in the last hour… fly high travis 🕊️

@ottauwu_centaurs guys listen ik it's not ethical but shane's hip rolls are the only thing getting me through depression season

> **@boodramme** fr im showing this shit to my therapist
>
> **@hayesfordays** I'm stopping my prozac and replacing it with shane dropping it low
>
> **@montrealness** i would donate my firstborn to the mines to get the full video
>
> **@jessicacrafts** Yikes. Can we remember for a second that the video is a leak? Has this man not gone through enough public speculation this year?
>
> **@ottauwu_centaurs** yes, Susan from HR, we know. hot is still hot
>
> **@goaliegoat24** @jessicacrafts ethics are nice, serotonin is nicer.
>
> **@taurs4life** shane's thighs could solve world peace. leak or not, we need him.

@centaurs_official✅ In light of recent news, the Ottawa Centaurs would like to reaffirm our commitment to players' privacy and will continue to work to make our social media a safe and appropriate place for fans to interact. We ask fans to respect that players get to make choices about how they wish to share their personal lives and fully condemn any violation of that. Thank you and Go Cenz!

> **@msrozanov** lol shout out to the cenz social media manager. Two OG players coming out as gay, Hollanov almost triggering the apocalypse, and now Shanekira
>
> **@msrosanov** and all in one year. Ottawa better be paying you the good money babes
>
> **@scottcunter** @msrosanov lmao u forget that the social media manager is literally dating barrett
>
> **@msrosanov** @scottcunter FUCK i cant kept track. This team is so unserious and I love them.

@puckbunnyera you guys acting like Shanekira is the first time shane's been visibly hot. Like I'm sorry, Shane Hollander!??! Yall he's BEEN hot. Smfh.

@montrealness LOUDER FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE BACK

@boyaquariumfan omfg THANK YOU, I feel like I'm going crazy. been locked IN since rookie year photo shoot

@sticktapped finally someone says it. People acting like I didn't have this man's torso on my iPod touch for no damn good reason

@hockeyandhorses613 Shane has always been a cutie, the video on the other hand… jesus take the wheel

@montrealness @hockeyandhorses613 So true, I need to go to church after all this. But then I'd have to commit an hour to not watching Shane shake it. Life is so unfair.

@laterraiders ILYA ROSANOV CAN YOU FIGHT [GIF of Shane's back while dancing]

@sticktapped bruh

@hayesfordays bruh

@scottcunter bruh

@montrealness bruh

@puckbunnyera and award for stupidest tweet of 2017 goes to…

@cenzcity [GIF of Ilya punching Dallas Kent to the ground]

@ottauwu_centaurs dude u better stop before you fucking summon him

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Cenz Old Fucks Chat

Hayes: Ilya hows shane holding up?

Ilya: what the fuck is this chat name

Ilya: why am I in old people chat

Hayes: It's just everyone over 25. No rookies.

Hayes: and no shane I guess

Hayes: figured he'd probably want some peace right now

Ilya: he is fine

Ilya: no longer threatening to move to Mongolia

Ilya: now is saying uruguay

Ilya: Western hemisphere. Improvement.

Troy: Any word on the investigation?

Ilya: No

Ilya: It does not matter. Damage is already done

Ilya: Money won't help with this.

Hayes: I'm really sorry man

Hayes: This is so unfair to him

Dykstra: if it helps at all.. At least he can dance?

Hayes: dykstra i swear to fucking god

Troy: that's not helping man

Dykstra: WHAT

Dykstra: I'm just saying it could be worse if he had like no sense of rhythm

Ilya: Shane has never struggled with rhythm ;)

Hayes: jfc roz

Troy: how do I unread a message

Dykstra: yea thats my fault guys, walked into that

Bood: Hey guys just getting these now

Bood: Ilya what the fuck man

Ilya: Is so nice when my friends console me😘

Favorite Son Chat

Yuna: Hi honey, how's Shane?

Ilya: He is doing alright, just ate lunch

Ilya: He agreed to turn off his phone around noon

Yuna: That's good. How are you doing?

Ilya: I am fine

Ilya: Still guilty. I should have never gotten those cameras.

Yuna: It's not your fault honey.

Yuna: There's no way that you could have predicted there would have been a data breach.

Ilya: I know. Thank you. I still wish I could do something more.

Yuna: I've spoken to most of the sponsors already. Everyone knows that this is likely to blow over within the next news cycle.

Yuna: All we can do now is wait it out. I'm so happy he has you.

Ilya: And I am grateful that I have him. And you and David.

Yuna: <3 <3

Yuna: Don't worry too much.

Ilya: <3

Shane and Hayden Chat

Hayden: hey man just checking in, you alive?

Shane: I'm okay. Thank you.

Hayden: U sure?

Hayden: I dont want to push you bc I know everything is probably super overwhelming rn

Hayden: But if you need to talk just say the word.

Shane: Thanks. I appreciate it.

Shane: I think my brain is trying to deny that this is happening.

Shane: I don't know how I'm going to ever face the media again.

Hayden: Well it probably helps that this isn't ur first rodeo with being viral for a video online

Shane: At least this time it wasn't because of something you filmed.

Shane: Shit. Sorry I didn't mean it like that

Hayden: 😂😂😂

Hayden: ur good man lol

Hayden: Glad that you can joke about it

Hayden: And uh if u didnt catch it the first 9000 times… still really sorry about that

Shane: Don't worry about it. If anything that fiasco kinda pales in comparison to this.

Hayden: dude I'd say that you revealing your 10+ year relationship with your sworn rival kinda trumps shaking ass in your kitchen

Shane: …

Shane: Please never say "shaking ass" in reference to me again.

Hayden: fine fine!

Hayden: But I gotta say that I'm a bit mad that you were holding out on us while we were teammates

Hayden: jj obviously is pissed on ur behalf but also said he's challenging u to a dance battle next time we play ottawa

Shane: jfc

Shane: I am never going to a club again.

Hayden: And when the world needed him most… he disappeared

Shane: ???

Shane: Is that a reference to something?

Hayden: jesus christ dude PLEASE tell me you've at least heard of avatar

Shane: Oh!

Shane: The blue people?

Hayden: … I'm gonna pretend you didnt say that

Shane: Oh fuck off

Hayden: Love you too man

PUCK'D UP UPDATE: PawWatch Strikes Again — Ilya Rosanov's Sultry Kitchen Dance Raises the Temperature

Ottawa, Canada - Just when the internet was still catching its breath from Shane Hollander's unexpectedly sexy kitchen dance leak, the PawWatch leak delivered its next headline-worthy surprise. This time, the spotlight shifts to fellow Ottawa Centaurs center and husband, Ilya Rozanov. In a newly surfaced clip, Rozanov is seen dancing alone in his kitchen to "Earned It" by The Weeknd, and unlike his husband, this performance fully parallels Ilya's well-

earned reputation. Low lighting, slow movements, and confident, controlled steps - the video feels less like a candid mishap and more like a choreographed moment he just happened to be doing for himself. Now, long-time fans weren't completely shocked: if anyone in the NHL has a known dancer persona, it's Rozanov. Long before the marriage announcement and the PawWatch chaos, Ilya was already infamous among teammates and fans for his ability to turn any room into his own stage. Whether it's offseason parties, charity events, or locker-room celebrations, Rosannov dancing has practically become lore. Neither player has addressed the latest leak, but fans are already declaring the situation less of a scandal and more of an accidental confirmation of what they suspected all along: Hollander may have delivered some steamy moves, but Rozanov has always been the heat. If the PawWatch breach has revealed anything, it's that this NHL power couple contains two very different kinds of kitchen energy - and somehow, both have managed to break the internet. At this point, the only real question left is: whose dance clip drops next?

@boodramme guys I officially cant keep doing this. first shanekira and now roz. how am I supposed to function like a normal person with these fucking himbos blowing up my phone.

> **@sticktapped** never have I wanted to be a kitchen counter more 🤦‍♀️🤦‍♀️🤦‍♀️
>
> **@scottcunter** Hollander: *breaks the internet with his slutty little hips* Rozanov: hold my beer
>
> **@montrealness** no fr roz couldnt even let his husband be the sex symbol in the relationship for 48 hours before this dropped
>
> **@boodramme** I straight up wouldnt be surprised if roz leaked this himself lol
>
> **@hayesfordays** and of course it's earnd it. as if we needed MORE confirmation of freaky roz.
>
> **@cenzcity** @hayesfordays freaky roz can come over and confirm it for me anytime
>
> **@jessicacrafts** I am once again begging you people to touch grass

@ottauwu_centaurs hey… anyone think it's weird that the leaked rozanov video looks like it's filmed on an iphone? without the paw watch watermark? Also shot from a noticeably better angle than Hollander's? just me and the voices in my head again?

> **@cenzcity** OH SHIT
>
> **@hayesfordays** rosanov coming to his husband's rescue by releasing his own slut tape confirmed?????
>
> **@montrealness** dying over the fact that if this is true roz chose to one up his husband with better cinematography
>
> **@boyaquariumfan** peak hollanov, ilya can't even let shane win at having the better scandal smh

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Shane and Ilya Chat

Shane: You don’t have to say anything.

Shane: But thank you.

Ilya: I love you <3

Shane: Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu <3

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