

Ottawa Centaurs - The Mockumentary

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Ottawa Centaurs - The Mockumentary

by [LunarMoonstone](#)

Summary

'This is what happens when the social media manager for the Ottawa Centaurs just finished rewatching the entirety of The Office for the 3rd time'

"What a fucking nerd," Ilya laughed, his eyes following Shane across the ice. The camera swung between them before eventually landing back on Ilya.

"I want to eat him,"

Luca blinked at him, horror slowly etching onto his face.

"Like...sexually or...literally?"

Behind the camera, Harris cleared his throat to remind them of his presence. Ilya's eyes never left Shane, who was still berating Troy by citing some charts from his clipboard.

"Yes,"

Haas looked into the camera in utter fear.

Alternatively, The Office Fic

Notes

This story is inspired by the many wonderful Hollanov stories ever since Heated Rivalry has taken over my brain. Especially "The Ottawa Centaurs' Relationship Chart" by leialoo7, which hilarious story abt the centaurs staging an intervetion bc of Hollanov's bickering, not realizing they are flirting. I have directly taken some of the elements into this story and exaggerated others, if the author of that story ever reads this i hope they enjoy it!

also i should mention i have never seen a single ep of the office but almost every other mockumentary show there is so, enjoy

- Inspired by [The Ottawa Centaurs' Relationship Chart](#) by [leialoo7](#)

Chapter 1: The Mockumentary

Chapter Notes

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

The video starts with the familiar keyboard sounds of the beloved melody from The Office intro, showcasing obviously handheld footage taken by a camera. The shots showcase a snowy road, the outside of the arena of the Ottawa Centaurs, and the locker room, where a mess of strewn-around clothes and water bottles sit.

A white font appears, reading;

This is what happens when the social media manager for the Ottawa Centaurs just finished rewatching The Office for the 3rd time in 4 months.

As the music picks up, each member of the said hockey team is shown for one second, along with a “starring” and their name, starting with a ‘**starring Ilya Rozanov**’ accompanied by a shot of him running drills, followed by a shot of Shane shooting a goal and smiling afterwards, and the rest of their team members on and off the ice in various situations.

(Confessional shot of Troy Barrett, sitting in what appears to be a typical small coach office adjoined to the locker room, behind him a whiteboard.)

“So, the fans have been wondering what it has been like to be working with ‘The First Husbands of Hockey,’ referring to our Captain and newest addition to the team, Shane Hollander, of course. Can you tell us about that?”

Barrett shifts slightly, looking off to the side of the camera.

“Well...”

(Cut to confessional shot of Boodram, sitting in the empty seats off the ice, still in uniform, frowning up towards the ceiling.)

“It’s kind of...”

(Cut to Wyatt Hayes and Luca Haas, sitting by a coffee table in a make-shift break room, behind them a vending machine and two steaming plastic cups in front of them.)

The two exchanged a nervous glance before Haas lifted his hand, waving it around as if to hope to make the words appear in the air.

“It took some...adjusting,” he stated carefully.

“What he means is-” Hayes quickly rushes to say,

“-that in the beginning, we didn’t quite *get* their ‘dynamic’. They were just kind of...” Hayes lets the sentence die off, cocking his head, unsure of how to formulate it.

(Cut to Boodram, leaning forward, his face slightly out of frame)

“Can I curse or...?” he asks, the mic picking up the sound muffled by his shifting.

“*Yeah, sure, I’ll edit it in post, no worries,*” the voice of Harris, the social media manager, answers off-screen.

Boodram nods, leaning back before facing the camera head-on.

“We thought they would fucking kill each other,” he says, the expletives muted and the captioning saying ‘f*****’.

*(Confessional shot of Harris in the same office space as Troy Barrett’s interview, a text on the screen stating: *Harris. Social Media Manager.)*

“So, to start at the beginning,” he states, smiling into the camera while fiddling with his striped sweater, carefully arranging his necklace twice.

“When Ilya joined the team, I was pretty new as well. I think we all were a bit confused about what he was doing here in Ottawa, but...” Harris cocked his head to the side, chuckling to himself.

“Well, I think it’s pretty obvious now, isn’t it?” he said with a heartwarming smile.

(Cut to a slowly zoomed in shot, taken from somewhere off the ice in the stands, of Shane casually skating on the ice during practice, wearing a Centaurs branded training set, smiling brightly as he turns around, his smile mirrored by Rozanov, wearing the same tracksuit in a different color as he skates after Shane before cutting back to Harris confessional.)

“So, when *that* video hit the internet, everyone on this team assured Rozanov that there were no problems, seeing as we have other LGBTQ members on the team as well. I’m really grateful to be working in such an inclusive environment. Of course, the rest of the NHL was a bit...confused,”

(Cut to Wyatt Hayes standing by the vending machine, taking out a can of Coke)

“I mean, it was really crazy, right? They had been painted as rivals their entire career, and suddenly you want to tell me Rozanov, the Playboy, uprooted his entire life to be with *Shane Hollander* of all people? It seemed crazy. But, well, then shit hit the fan, and we met the guy before he signed. He and Rozanov seemed kinda awkward to suddenly be in everyone’s interest, but it also didn’t seem *so* crazy anymore after a while. I mean, they called each other by their first names and lived together and stuff, so sure, they were probably couply behind closed doors or whatever. And anyway, we were excited, you know, two of Hockey’s superstars on the same team. I mean, what could go wrong?”

Hayes said, talking as the camera followed him throughout the room.

(Cut to Coach Wieber, sitting behind the dark wooden desk in his office)

He looked into the camera for a brief second before bringing his hand up to take off his glasses and then pinching the bridge of his nose, his eyes closing shut and sighing in deep exasperation.

(Cut to Boodram)

“So Hollander signs with us, and we start holding practice, and it’s...I mean, it’s amazing, right? You got two of the best Hockey players, who, as individuals, are also incredible to watch, but then you got them together, and they play together like they can read each other's *minds*. That All-Star Game they had together a few seasons ago was simply a preview of how well they go along together; it’s a spectacle.” Boodram retells, his hands gesticulating in explanation. Then he holds in for a moment, taking in a deep breath while closing his eyes briefly. As he opens them, he looks directly into the camera, a tired expression on his face.

“But then they opened their mouths,” he said.

(Wide shot of Luca Haas skating up towards the goal, quickly hitting the puck and scoring sharply into the net. He cheers when he perfectly hits it. The next shot is of him drinking from a water bottle, leaning over the rink, still on the ice, the camera filming from somewhere behind the barrier.)

“You said yourself in various interviews that you grew up both idolizing Rozanov and Hollander as players, saying they’re the reason you got into Hockey. Were there any surprises when you finally met your heroes?” Harris’ voice off camera asks.

Haas laughs, looking down abashedly before smiling up to the camera.

“Well, they are as great as they say and have definitely taken me under their wing. I'm so grateful to be able to learn from the best, especially since I'm still so early in my career. When it comes to expectations...Well, I think we all agree here that it was quite a surprise to know Rozanov isn't the womanizing bad boy everyone made him out to be. Or well, I think he was, but not anymore. He seems quite-...”

Haas sneaks a look off the side, leaning back slightly while holding onto the railing as if to check he's not being overheard before looking back to the camera, leaning forward again as if sharing a secret.

“-...*devoted*, actually. I mean, still crazy he moved here from playing for *Boston*,” Haas states. Then he laughs out loud, his eye crinkling as he shakes his head.

“And for Hollan-...*Shane*, he told me I can call him Shane, still getting used to that, ha... Well, as for him, obviously, he's the best, so I guess I sorta had high expectations of him. Everyone does, I assume, that's probably why he and Roz had to-...anyways, I'm rambling. He's great, they're both great and fully reach up to this high image everyone has of them, on and off the ice,” he grins before scrunching up his face in thought.

“If I had to say one thing that was a surprise, though...Well, S-Shane kind of...Well, he sorta...”

The camera begins to slowly zoom in as Haas starts fidgeting with his gear, his eyes once again checking to see behind him.

“He kinda has like...a potty mouth, which I...it’s not really a bad thing! It’s not nearly as bad as anything I hear daily from usual Hockey guys or fans, it’s just that... Well, it kinda surprised me, you know? I don’t think *Shane Hollander* has ever used a cursed word publicly, but in private, he... well...”

(Cut to Shane coming out of showers, his muscled torso still wet, a towel slung around his waist, while he dries his hair with another towel. The camera moves in on him.

“Hey, Shane, could you just-” the voice of Harris starts up to say.

“JESUS FUCKING CHRIST,”

Shane startles, his hand coming up to swat the camera away before it stabilizes, now closer to him and capturing his frowning face.

“Sorry, sorry. Just wanted to get your statement on-”

“You can get my fucking statement on your fucking mom, Harris. Jesus fucking christ, I’m half-naked, think this shit, whatever it is, can wait two fucking minutes?” he states, glaring into the camera, which is moving up and down as if Harris is holding it and nodding with his whole body.

“Right, right, sorry! I just...” Harris trails off in thought, his voice sounding kinda breathy, the camera suddenly moving down a bit slowly to reveal the wet, glistening torso of Hollander. Right as the shot is about to go down to the low slung towel around Hollander’s pelvis, it is abruptly moved up again, showcasing a smirking Rozanov standing next to the still glaring Hollander, his arm outstretched beyond the frame, making it clear he had lifted the camera up.

“Hm, do not worry, Harris. If he’s yelling at you, that is just him showing affection, I should know,” Rozanov muses, his eyes never leaving the side of Hollander’s face, looking it up and down, his smirk spreading into a low grin. His arms move from holding the camera up to falling back down to his side. Shane turns his head to glare at him even harder than he did at the camera.

“Shut up, not everyone wants to be a pompous asshole doing their interviews shirtless,” he bites, his arms now coming up to cross over his chest.

Rozanov grins broadly as he steps closer to Shane, mere inches separating them.

“I bet you watched all my interviews like that, didn’t you, Hollander? That’s what made you want to put a ring on it?” he stated, his voice sultry and taunting while holding his hand up, wiggling his fingers.

“You’re *such* a fucking asshole,” Hollander groans out, yet he doesn’t move as Rozanov sneaks his arms around him, pulling him closer, a barely detectable twitch of the corners of

his mouth visible.

Rozanov turns to the camera again, smiling happily.

“See, like I said, if he is cursing at you, that just means he likes you. And if he calls you ‘a fucking asshole’, that means you won the jackpot,” he says, turning his head again to look at Hollander, smiling sweetly. Hollander rolls his eyes, yet his annoyance is undermined by his slowly spreading smile. Rozanov's eyes continue to look his face up and down, looking at him as if he's a prize to be won.

“Will you keep filming my naked husband, Harris?” he suddenly asks, though his face never leaves Shane, whose smile turns even sweeter at the word ‘husband’. He looks down, shooting a breath through his nose as a laugh.

“Oh, shit, sorry, I-”

“No, no, no. Is all good. He works so hard for this body, everybody should see,” Rozanov says, his voice sounding like a taunt as he makes Shane blush impossibly quickly.

“Oh fuck o-” but before Shane can finish his sentence, Rozanov moves his arm around Shane's neck, abruptly pulling him closer before facing the camera dead on.

“But is all mine,” he just says with a smirk as he turns his head again to dart his tongue out and lick a stripe up Hollander's cheek. Shane's eyes widen, and he pushes Rozanov off him before swatting the camera again in one fell swoop.

“OH YOU MOTHER-” are the next words that can be heard from Hollander, followed by a bunch of bleeped out sounds as the camera shakingly turns around, finally finding focus on the opposite side of the room, where Boodram sits, also just out of the showers. His eyes hold the camera for a second before he braces his elbow on his knees and places his head in his hands.

(Cut back to Wyatt Hayes and Luca Haas in their previous confessional)

“So, during practice, we notice them play well together, but we also notice them, well, *fighting* a lot,” Haas says carefully.

(Cut to Barret sitting in his previous interview spot, sighing deeply, throwing his head back against the wall)

“They made *everything* a competition,” he sighs.

(Cut to Coach Wiebe in his office)

“A lot of people think the rivalry was fake, made up by the NHL for views and whatnot. I think I can confidently tell you not all of that was bullcrap.”

(Cut to the team sitting on the sidelines, all dressed in Hockey gear and looking exasperatedly off to the ice. The camera pans to zoom in on Hollander and Rozanov on the

ice, sounding by training equipment.)

“Think you can beat me, Hollander?” Rozanov shouts as he just finished the training course, his arms outstretched menacingly.

“How about I take this stick and shove it up your-” Hollander starts, but the camera quickly pans back to the team sitting on the sidelines, a nervous Haas glancing around before leaning towards Boodram, who is sitting a row in front of him.

“Think we should do something?”

(Cut to Harris)

“And that’s how we started the chart,” he nods seriously, turning around to turn over the whiteboard behind him, showing a statistical table tracking what the camera zooms in to say “Mom + Dad Fight chart.”

Harris turns back around.

“We felt it was necessary. I mean, their only nicknames for each other were their last names or ‘asshole’, that’s just weird, right? So we had a categorisation system,” he said, showing the different colored table behind him.

“If it got from orange into red territory, we would stage an intervention. I mean, some of us were starting to get seriously concerned for their marriage, okay?”

(Cut back to Hayes and Haas)

Hayes eyed Luca warily before turning to look back into the camera.

“Poor Haas thought they were going to get divorced,” he said sympathetically while clapping his back.

Haas ducks his head in embarrassment before sighing.

(The shot cuts again, though the two are in the same position, but clearly at a slightly later point in time, still discussing the topic)

“I just think I would have gone with Shane in the divorce. I just think he’d need me more, you know?” Luca tells Wyatt.

Wyatt looks from him to the camera, holding eye contact for a brief second before looking back at Haas, frowning at him.

“You know they’re not actually your parents, right? It’s important to me that you know that,” he says, serious concern evident in his voice.

(Cut back to Boodram)

“So we kept that ridiculous chart, and then we played against Montreal. Obviously, there is some bad blood there, which I legally probably can’t get into too much detail. Anyways, one of Shane’s old teammates says some shit, and then Rozanov just goes full-on attack dog. You’ve seen the clips,”

Boodram shudders.

“I’ve played Hockey for a long time, but that was the first time I have actually *heard* someone’s bones breaking. Anyways, the fight after *that* in the locker room certainly wasn’t pretty. You can imagine that Hollander didn’t want Rozanov to fight anyone *for* him, certainly not his old teammates. He’s like, extremely concerned about favoritism, since Roz is the Captain and all,”

Boodram throws his head back, laughing once before looking back at the camera with a smile on his face.

“As if we all don’t know who his favorite is,”

(Cut to Rozanov and Hollander, wearing casual clothing and sitting side by side in a different office space, behind them a plain wall with a window with the shutters in front, seeing out to the parking lot, the camera still trying to focus on them)

Shane was still settling in his seat while Rozanov was adjusting the mic on his shirt. His necklace, holding a crucifix and a ring, was exposed by his low V-neck shirt. Shane turns to his side, gently whispering a small “*here, let me,*” before adjusting the mic for Rozanov, who smiles at him. He steals Shane’s hand away as it leaves the microphone to quickly intertwine their hands and bring them up to his mouth before kissing the back of Shane’s hand. Shane smiles at him, ducking his head down in a blush before placing their conjoined hands in his lap, his other hand coming up to rest over Ilya’s. The camera briefly adjusts so the couple is only visible from their shoulders up. They both smile at the camera.

“*So, what were your feelings when you discovered the fighting chart?*”

Ilya snorts, and Shane's face cringes hard.

“He is still upset over that. ‘*I’m not someones fucking mother, what the fuck,*’” Ilya mimics Shane, pointing with his free hand at him as the other huffs.

“Well, I’m *not*,” he says petulantly.

(Cut to Shane standing by the ring, fussing over Haas’ gear; who stands on the ice, looking like a puppy getting scolded. The camera is slowly approaching them as the audio picks up on what they are saying.)

“You need to clasp your helmet *properly*. I don’t care if it’s just practice, it’s a safety measure,” Shane scolded softly as he clasped Luca’s helmet for him.

“But Ilya said-” Luca begins, quickly interrupted by Shane.

“Don’t listen to him,”

“Ah, but I am Captain,” Rozanov's voice says as he skates up, coming up to Luca and breaking his speed by clapping a hand on the other's back, giving him a full body jostle.

“Yes, and I'm surprised no one has died yet,” Shane mutters under his breath, moving on to adjust Luca's shoulder pad.

“Can I just say that I think-” Luca began.

“No,” both star players said at the same time.

(Cut back to their confessional)

Shane clears his throat, sitting upright as he fumbles with his clothes, while Ilya stays leaning back, the left side of his mouth quirking up at Shane's movement

“Well, the fighting chart thing was... unfortunate. You see, I was really in my head about showing too much affection to Ilya, who is my husband, but also my new Captain, especially since this is supposed to be a workplace. So I...” he began, scrunching up his nose in embarrassment.

Ilya groaned, possibly at Shane taking too long to answer, but there was no malice behind it.

“It was a simple matter, really. He had ‘no touch’ rule. Very strict, very boring, *very* Hollander,” he said.

Shane huffed, finally leaning back again, now shoulder to shoulder with Ilya.

“I tried to establish a professional work environment, okay? Only apparently it got construed as....kind of *hostile* instead,” he said. Ilya snorted.

(Cut to Boodram)

“The way they found out was that we staged an intervention. All Harris' idea, really. God, I wish I could turn back time,” he groaned.

(Cut to Hayes and Luca on the ice, shooting a puck between them)

“You see, we confront them in the locker room. Tell them about how we are concerned about the chirping, the constant measuring up, competing, that they're never affectionate, all that jazz. We tell them we are concerned that they can't lay down the years of rivalry once they are on the ice and that it might affect their relationship if they continue to play together. I mean, Haas's quite literally has tears in his eyes.” Hayes supplies. Luca cringes at the memory and almost misses his shot.

“But that's when Ilya starts laughing, telling Shane he was right about his ‘no being gross at work rule’ and whatnot,” he continues. He receives the puck from Luca and then leans on his stick, talking to the camera directly.

“So, okay, we figure that rule like that made sense. Explained why we hadn't seen them be couply and shit. But then we mention all the other stuff, like them being too set in their rival

ways or whatnot, and Hollander just starts going red like a tomato and-...Ugh, Roz does that smirking thing he does,” he continues, shuddering.

(Cut back to Ilya and Shane)

“I told them, no worries. We knew how to be lovers on the side while playing hard against each other. Shane being the second-best player and me being better than him has never interfered with our love,” Ilya says, his tone dripping with suggestion, waving his hand dismissively.

“Ugh, I told you that word is gross. Also, *you’re* second best,” Shane groans.

“I tell them, they should be glad. The more we fight against each other on the ice, the better we get. Both on and off it,” he said, raising his eyebrows suggestively as Shane places his face into his hand, his head shaking.

(Cut to Boodram)

“And that’s when I realised...they got off on it,” he sighed, leaning back and running his hands over his eyes.

“I mean, all these *years*, their whole ‘rivalry’ was just some kind of weird mating ritual. If you look back, and trust us, we’ve *all* looked back, you can see. I mean, there’s like, actual front row footage of Roz slamming Hollander against the glass and them just *smiling* like giddy schoolgirls with a crush on each other. While playing for the fucking Stanley Cup,”

(Cut back to Ilya and Shane, both staring straight into the camera)

“No comment,” Shane deadpans. Ilya starts cackling.

(Cut back to Hayes and Haas sitting by the vending machine, still in their gear)

“They promised us they’d try to find a balance that would be less disturbing to us, but it took some adjusting for them. Shane still called Roz an asshole for three weeks after that, though he tried to catch himself every time. And Roz is physically incapable of not goading other players, *especially* his husband,” Hayes snorted.

“But between you and me, Boodram promised that he’d handle it if they ever got too much again,” Hayes said conspicuously to the camera, laughing afterwards.

Haas frowned, looking at Hayes.

“How?” he wondered. Hayes chuckled, turning to place his hand on Luca’s shoulder.

“He’d just tell them to bone it out before practice,” he laughed.

“Ew, Hayes, gross, those are our dads!” Haas cried out before his eyes widened, his quickly reddening face turning between the camera and Hayes, making the latter burst out in laughter.

“I mean, Captains! Our Captain dads! I mean, Cap-” Luca tried to stumble.

“I’m so glad you got that on camera,” Hayes hollered, wiping a tear from his eyes while holding his stomach.

(Back to Harris's confessional)

“So after *that* failed intervention, they promised us they’d be more, well, normal. And they slowly started to open up more, which is great! Only now, well...*some* members of the team find them to be a bit-”

(Cut to Barrett)

“Sickening,” he deadpanned into the camera.

(Cut to Shane, his hair distinctly longer, in a tracksuit, standing on the ice and leaning against the glass next to the player area, no skates, glasses on his face, and writing down on a clipboard with a stopwatch in the other hand)

Rozanov skates up to him, leaning his stick against the barrier before reaching down to take a water bottle, his chest heaving slightly. His eyes never leave Hollander as he drinks, raking his gaze over his body and fixating on the glasses, Hollander not looking up once.

“You were 0.55 seconds faster than last week. That’s a good improvement,” he states casually. Rozanov stops drinking, grinning shark-like before taking another long sip.

“Ah, new assistant coach now, yes?” he asks. Shane smiles, but still doesn’t look up.

“Hm, someone told me this team needs all the help it can get if it finally wants to win a cup,” he states, voice still just as calm. Rozanov laughs, throwing the water bottle back behind the barrier as he skates closer to Hollander, resting both his hands against the railing, his eyes trained on the other, who has yet to look away once.

“Is so? Hm, well, makes sense they hired you. Those who can’t do, coach, or so I heard,” he taunts. Shane huffs.

“Then I expect to see you being head coach in no time, Mr. Rozanov,” he replies, the corners of his mouth twitching.

Ilya smirks up at him, eyes sparkling while looking at Hollander. His hand reaches out to tug at the string of Shane’s sweater, causing the other man to finally look at him, an equally mischievous smile on his face

“Hm, if I’m gonna be the future coach and you are the new coach, we should have dinner sometime, yes? Get to know each other better,” he says, still tugging on Shane’s sweater, so the other steps closer. He laughs before lifting up his clipboard, showing it to Ilya.

“Well, I’d love to, but I’m afraid the Captain of this team has left me with a lot to fix. Got no time, I fear,” he pouts.

“That is too bad. Maybe he can just show me around the arena then, hm? I hear there’s a storage area a little off the locker rooms that’s perfect for-”

“Mr. Rozanov, I’m just the new assistant coach. I can’t believe you’d proposition me at work!” Shane exclaimed in fake outrage while laughing, making Ilya grin widely.

“Who says I’m proposing anything? I just want to get *familiar* with the staff,” he smiled, his hand moving from the string of Shane’s sweater to drag a suggestive finger down his chest, both boys lost in the action, with bright grins on their faces.

Loud groans off the side interrupt the scene, and the camera hastily swings to Troy and Luca, sitting only a few seats away in the players' box.

“You two are quite literally married and fucking *annoying*, ” Troy groans.

“Hm. I’m also your fucking Captain. 10 drills for that,” Ilya muses as the camera zooms out to capture both the couple and him. Ilya’s body was turned towards Troy, but his hand was now resting in the pocket of Shane’s sweater as if it were a normal place to be.

Troy stood up in shock.

“Oh come on, I just finished my drills!” he lamented.

Shane clicked his tongue, lifting up his clipboard again and shuffling some papers.

“Well, actually, you were 0.23 seconds slower today than your average. It seems to me like following your Captain's orders might be a good idea,” he said matter-of-factly.

Troy sputtered for a second before eventually getting up, sliding out to the ice while the camera followed him, and a distinct “*Monsters*” could be heard.

“And while I’m on it, your goal accuracy was down 0.76%!” Shane called as he began walking after him.

The camera panned back to Ilya’s face, which was staring at Shane with an expression entirely unfit for a public setting.

“What a fucking nerd,” he laughed, his eyes following Shane, the camera swinging between them before eventually landing back on Ilya.

“I want to eat him,” he said, voice low and reverent.

Luca blinked at him, horror slowly etching onto his face.

“Like...*sexually* or...*literally*?” he asked.

Behind the camera, Harris cleared his throat to remind them of the camera’s presence. Ilya’s eyes had never left Shane, from where he was still berating Troy, citing some charts from his clipboard.

“Yes,” he just said, purred.

Haas looked into the camera in utter fear and shock. The shot froze briefly, moving off to the side as the infamous shot of the scared hamster appeared next to it with a small text appearing underneath, reading;

This picture has become a frequent meme in the Ottawa Centaurs group chat.

(Confessional shot of Boodram in the locker rooms from a different day in the process of putting on his gear)

“I mean, Roz’ got it bad, you know?” he laughs.

“I was the first to notice the ring, the one in a chain around his neck, and that’s pretty much when it clicked for me that he had moved here for someone special. I mean, we all heard the stories, so I was really surprised, but it wasn’t so unbelievable. I know my wife certainly tamed me,” he said, laughing again while shaking his head and putting on an elbow patch.

“After learning that it was Hollander, some other things started making sense, like why we hadn’t met his partner yet and whatnot. But I think what none of us expected was the way Roz’ would just be so-”

He made a sharp and loud whip sound with his mouth, his hand following the motion.

(Cut to a shot of the team walking back into the lockerroom after a gruelling practice, everyone heaving and panting while slowly shedding their gear)

“I fucking hate morning practice, I never have time to eat before. Hey Cap, can we all just go somewhere? Hopefully, your treat, Mr. NHL top player?” Hayes pleaded, nodding towards Roz, who was sitting on the bench next to Hollander, passing him a waterbottle. Shane quietly thanked him before drinking from it.

“Sure, whatever. You all did really well today. Let’s go to the Mexican across the street,” he said between heavy breaths, a smile on his face.

True to their exhaustion, there was only a mild chorus of ‘yays’ before Hollander finished drinking from the bottle, releasing it with a suction sound.

“Not Mexican. Choose somewhere else,” he breathed before using the rest of the waterbottle to drizzle some water onto his head and then his husband’s, next to him, who simply shook his head as Hollader carded through his hair once to distribute the water.

“Alright, sweetheart. What about Greek?” the Captain instantly replied as he began unlacing his boots.

The camera panned over to Boodroom who stared directly into it, mouthing the words “*See? Whipped,*” before doing the motion again. The camera panned back to the Hockey couple.

Shane leaned back against the locker, smiling down at Rozanov, who was still untying his boots. His hand was still cradling the other’s wet hair.

“I think that would also be too heavy, we have dinner with my parents tonight, remember? How about some poke bowls-”

The team quietly groaned at the suggestion of Shane’s healthy food choices, but was quickly shut up by their Captain’s head snapping up, glaring into the room. He then turned his head to look at Hollander.

“If you want rabbit food, sweetheart, we’ll get you your rabbit food,” he said with a shrug and playful smile.

(Cut to Barrett, sitting next to Harris on the sofa by the vending machines)

Barrett snorts, rolling his eyes.

“Yeah, don’t quote me on this, but Hollander walks Roz’ like a dog,”

“That kitty’s claws have been pulled,” Harris said in a sing-song, not looking up from where he was typing something into a laptop on his lap, his feet in Troy’s lap.

(Cut to zoomed in footage, possibly from a window, of Shane talking to his mother, Yuna Hollander, who is showing him something on an ipad, both of them with serious expressions while they keep a brisk, businesslike pace, followed by Ilya, strolling behind them while looking down at his phone, his fingers twisted into the back of Shane’s sweatshirt as if not to lose him.)

(Cut to a taping of the first Montreal vs. Centaurs game after Hollander’s switch, moments after the infamous fight Rozanov got into. In the shot, Shane is standing slightly off the side, a bit away from where the Refs are currently dragging away the player to the Montreal bench. Another Ref pushes Ilya away towards Shane. As Ilya turns around, you can see Shane saying something to him, his hand pointing at him, before he abruptly turns around and skates away. Rozanov sighs, throwing his head into his neck before dutifully skating after Hollander.)

“Oh, oh, trouble in paradise already?” the voice of the announcer prompts over the shot.

(Cut to Shane and Ilya’s confessional)

“You know, some of the other players have hinted that you guys are easy to give in to each other. Married people stuff, of course. However, some critics like to think that may have applied to each other on the ice from when you were playing against each other?” Harris’ voice carefully asks.

Shane’s eyes narrow while Ilya just rolls his, blowing out a loud breath through his mouth. Shane suddenly crosses his arms in front of his chest, leaning back into his chair while looking off to the side in annoyance.

“I think that was the worst part about being outed, despite the invasion of privacy and everyone putting their noses into our personal business, of course. But being asked if we ever let each other *win*? That made my blood boil. *Still* does,” he states seriously.

"Truly ridiculous. He'd never forgive me if I let him win. And *him*, letting anybody win? Clearly, you have never had to play Monopoly with a Hollander. It's a nightmare," Rozanov lamented.

"I mean, they think that, what, there were games where I would throw the towel just to make my stupid fucking boyfriend happy?" Shane marched on, his brows furrowing even further.

Rozanov's head turns to him, eyebrows raised.

"Oh, I am your stupid fucking boyfriend, am I?" he asks.

Hollander blinks before turning his head, an apology on his lips. However, despite Rozanov's warning eyes, a smile was playing on his lips.

"Well," Hollander states, his voice now lengths warmer than before.

"Now you're just my stupid, fucking amazing husband," he snorts, his hand reaching out to grab Ilya's before bringing it to his lips, like Ilya had done to theirs at the beginning of the interview. Ilya just hummed, rolling his eyes good-naturedly, avoiding Shane's adoring look.

"Sure, love you too," he said sarcastically, turning his head away from him.

Shane smiled wider, kissing the back of Rozanov's hand one more time before tugging on it.

"Hey, come on," he said, still smiling.

Rozanov finally turned to him, still carrying an unimpressed look. Shane brought his hand up to his face, using thumb and index finger to squish Ilya's cheeks and turning further his head towards him.

"Shut up, you know I love you," he said, squishing Ilya's cheeks. The latter hummed again, this time more happily, his eyes going soft as he looked at Shane, the two sharing intimate eye contact.

Shane cocked his head slightly, his fingers still squishing Ilya's cheeks as he looked at him almost apologetically.

"But I'd still rather chomp my arm off than let you win at Monopoly, let alone Hockey," he said before pressing a quick peck to his lips, causing Ilya to snort.

(Slowly, the same distinctive piano music from the beginning music fades in again)

(Cut to a black screen, adjusting as a camera is being turned on, and the visor is taken off. You can only see the feet of someone on a concrete floor as the lens adjusts.)

"Hey, that's Harris' camera," Barrett's voice says off camera, playing over the outro music.

"What does he want to film again?" the voice of Ilya Rozanov says before the camera turned around to show Rozanov in his gear, behind him empty seats of the stadium, presumably in the players' box.

"Some sort of documentary footage?" Barrett, next to him, says.

"Ah, documentary. Well, then," Rozanov laughs before the camera is turned around to show Hollander on the ice, idly skating as he practices switching the puck with his stick.

"Here we have an example of a very boring Canadian in his natural habitat, doing what feels natural to him. Being boring," Rozanov mimics, as he follows Hollander with the camera around.

As if he senses being in the gaze of his husband, Hollander comes to a slow skate, letting his stick rest as he straightens up and looks over to the players' box. Upon seeing Rozanov, a slow smile appeared on his face, which turned into a bright grin, eyes soft and posture relaxed in a way that a very limited number of people have ever seen the star Hockey player on the ice.

"He is, also, the love of my life." Ilya's voice says quietly as he slowly zooms in on Shane's face, whose smile never leaves him as he looks down on the ground, a small blush underneath his beautiful freckles. Almost as if he heard him all across the ice.

@Hollanovwarrior#1: amazing, give me 14 of those

@thenhlcansckmyd1ck: FOUGHT ALL THE ODDS AND NOW THEY CAN JUST BE GAY HOCKEY DADS BEING CUTE AND ANNOYING THEIR TEAMMATES YES

@Namjooncansuckmyt2s: I never gave a shit abt Hockey but suddenly im crying over two hockey dudes and their found family, fUCK

@thosetwofirefighterstruther: shane hollander coming out of that shower dripping wet looking like a glazed donut and then ilya rozanov licking his fucking face and calling him mine like some bad madia wattpad story? idc this shit has awakend smth in me

@ROZ81: if you told me 8 years ago Roz would be called whipped for shane hollander and that he walks him around like a dog...i would have asked you for the ff link

@Shaniatwink: it physically makes me ache that he cannot get that man pregnant just LOOK at them, they already have a son-...and then he said he wants to EAT him oh my god im so not normal abt them

@hockeymeup: That (probably) overcaffinated queer social media manager had 10 dollars, a team full of millenials a dream. And still made history.

@puckbunny4: There's a positive work environment, a hostile work environment, and then whatever gay shit this is

@Bostonbeartrap: everyone talking abt how down bad rozanov is but hollander literally can't look at that dude without his eyes turning into literal boba hearts its insane

@quadrableaxel: oh i just know they would absolutely eat up a game of charades against the others

@pugmeup: calling your husband asshole as a term of endearment, shane hollander bossy bottom tsundere i see you

Chapter End Notes

why is writing the comments lowkey the most fun part of a social media au

Chapter 2: The Mockumentary - PART 2

Chapter Notes

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

The video starts with a black screen, the classical piece known as [Also Sprach Zarathustra](#) by Strauss slowly picking up its momentum as a single word appears in Comic Sans.

so...

As the music continues to crescendo, more text appears on the otherwise black screen.

the last vid kinda blew up...

and in this social media manager's face...

A brief montage of overlapping scenes from the previous popular mockumentary video appears as a flashback, with static sound overplaying it. The many soundbites from the previous video are eventually drowned out by the classical music that is starting to pick up.

The screen goes back to black, the music now beginning to reach its climax.

Nonetheless, with a lot of bribing here we go again...*

**and the promise to run everything by the players this time*

As the music reaches its ultimate iconic peak, an animation of white text swirling onto the screen appears, overlapping the previous text as it fades into the background.

THE OTTAWA CENTAURS —THE MOCKUMENTARY

PART 2

The beloved Office intro song starts, and the first opening shots are the same as in the previous video, such as the parking lot, a snowy street, and the arena. However, as it switches to the “starring,” showcasing its cast, their intro shots are now beloved scenes from the previous mockumentary. It starts with the famously clipped and slightly slowed-down shot of Shane and Ilya in the locker room, where Ilya licks his husband's cheek, with both ‘starring’ and their names on each side. It moves to introduce the other players, this time including Harris as well in the clip where he and Troy sat on the sofa, his feet in the latter's lap.

The video then cuts to showcase a small but bright room with large windows. The key feature of the room is the large white desk on which a huge desktop screen sits. The rest of the room only includes some shelves and hockey memorabilia decor, like a framed Centaurs jersey, as well as some camera equipment around. In the bottom left corner, it reads, ‘**Home Office of Harris, the Social Media Manager.**’

“This is where the magic happens,” Harris’ voice states behind the camera.

He walks towards his computer, where the YouTube page is pulled up, the previous video on pause. It zooms in on the view count, which as of the date of his filming, stands on “14 Mio views”, the exact number consistently going up.

“It took me a lot of convincing to let me do this again, but with these numbers, they couldn’t say no,” he states. Then he turns the camera around, positioning it somewhere on his elevated setup by his desktop before leaning back into his chair.

"So, to begin," he says before placing his elbows on the desk, cradling his forehead in his palms, and inhaling deeply as if bracing himself.

“Obviously, the response from the internet had been great as soon as it came out, right?” he says, his head snapping up as if he were talking to a friend and looking for confirmation rather than talking to an intimate camera. He let his arms rest on the desk, holding contact with the camera.

“I mean, everyone loves authenticity, which I *told* them,” he goes on to say.

“And so, no one was initially worried, and *I* thought we really had a win. That is...until, well, they - the players- all watched it...and...well.” Harris sighs again, grimacing as he looks away from the camera, memories passing over his features before he turns back to face the audience again.

“Maybe I should have given them more...warning,” he states, his face still cringing.

(Cut to Troy Barrett, sitting on a sofa in the living room, his arms crossed as he stares into the camera with the most unamused expression possible.)

(Cut to confessional shots of Boodram, Wyatt, and Hayes, all at different locations, like the gym, the coach’s office, or the locker room, staring into the camera with the same ‘if looks could kill’ expressions.)

(Cut back to Troy Barret.)

“Can you...uhm...”

There’s an awkward cough that interrupts the voice of Harris speaking from behind the camera, the audio picking up some shuffling sounds as he most likely sits in an armchair opposite of Barrett in the living room.

“Tell us about the response to the previous video?” he finally finishes.

Troy glares at Harris behind the camera, squinting his eyes and flaring his nostrils as he works through the various emotions that cross his face. Eventually, he settles on resignation, yet his glaring eyes never falter.

He chews out, "Sure," peering at Harris behind the camera once more before sighing and

turning to face the camera. He barely maintains eye contact for a brief moment before turning his head to the right and biting the inside of his cheek in frustration.

“*Well*, we all watched the video together as a team on the projection screen the coach has in his office to watch replays. We all had a good fucking laugh. I mean, it really was funny,” he recounts, an edge to his voice before he turns his head again to finally face the camera, no amusement evident in his expression.

“But then ‘*mom and dad*’ got home from their trip to Vegas for the hockey awards, and it all turned to shit,” he said spitefully, back to glaring at Harris behind the camera, who coughed again.

(Cut to Luca Haas sitting on the floor of a gym in workout gear, a yoga mat underneath him and various gym equipment, like handlebars and a balance ball, strewn around him.)

Luca stretches his side from where he's sitting cross-legged, his face scrunched up in thought.

“I think that maybe...when we answered your interview questions about Shane and Ilya, *some* of us forgot that they would also...see that. I don't think I-, or well, *we*, said anything *too* bad but-”

A groan could be heard off to the side before the camera swung around to show Boodram as he just set down a large handlebar that he had been lifting. With his arms resting on his knees, he remained hunched over the handlebars, panting heavily, until his eyes shifted to the camera and he straightened up.

“*Captain* didn't really appreciate us calling him a whipped dog too bad,” he said before he threw his head back into his neck and groaned out loud again, unknown if because of exhaustion from the workout or a memory passing over him.

(Cut to Hayes on the ice, doing the frog stretch in his uniform as he looks up to the camera. Various muffled voices and the sound of skates on ice can be heard in the background.)

“The thing about Roz is that he doesn't really get angry or anything like that. He's not mean either. I think we established he's more of a softie with those he's close with, anyway. What he does get...”

Hayes momentarily ducks his head down to do a long, final stretch before looking back up again, now simply resting on all fours on the ice as the camera slowly zooms in on his twisted face.

“...is very, very petty.” he finishes, the corners of his mouth turning downward.

(Cut to a shot of an ongoing practice filmed from the player's box on the opposing team's side of the stadium.)

"More! More!"

Ilya is sitting idly in the other player's box with his feet propped up on the railing, a stopwatch hanging from his hand while he spins his finger, and a megaphone raised to his

lips with his other arm.

“*Yes, Captain!*” the team grunts out in chorus.

As they skate by the player’s box where the camera is filming from, they all individually take a turn to glare into it. Once they are past, the camera zooms into Rozanov on the opposing side.

“*Excellent. Now who is running like a dog?*” He yells through the megaphone. “*Bark for me,*” he commands, turning to make eye contact with the camera, a bright grin on his face.

“Oh fuck off Rozano-” Boodram yells out, his words practically impossible to understand if not for the subtitles, as he is not mic’d up. He stops down on the ice, casting an annoyed glare at the captain. The other players come to a standstill around him as well, some resting their hands on their knees and taking in gulps of oxygen after the strenuous drill.

“*Ah, I cannot hear you. Dog only knows dog language, you see,*” he singsongs through the megaphone, though the others are not that far from the player’s box to understand him.

The camera zooms in on Luca and Wyatt exchanging painful looks, the camera picking up their hushed conversation.

“When will Hollander get back from that business trip with Rolex again? He’s always such a fucking pill when he misses-”

“*HAYES! I said only barking allowed, so I can understand. Go on, say woof woof,*” Ilya’s obnoxiously loud, echoing voice interrupts Wyatt’s quiet complaining.

“I am *not* gonna-”

Ilya just growled into the megaphone in imitation of a dog, a devilish grin on his face.

“OH MY GOD, FINE. WOOF, ARE YOU HAPPY? YOU FUCKING SADIS-”

(Cut back to Coach Wieb on his office, rubbing the bridge of his nose in familiar action.)

“Yeah, Rozanov had a bone to pick after that.”

He sighs, resting his hand on his desk before looking directly into the camera.

“We had to have a meeting about using the rink for unsanctioned practices. And also about playing mind games...*off* the ice,” he sighed.

(Cut to a slightly shaky horizontal video, obviously taken from an iPhone, showcasing the familiar living room Troy Barrett previously sat in. The text on the bottom left corner reads ‘3 weeks after video release.’)

“Are you filming?” Harris asks as the camera settles on him. He’s standing in the middle of the living room behind the sofa, frowning down at his phone before looking up at the camera again.

“Yeah, did Rozanov text anything else?” Troy Barrett’s voice asks off-camera.

Harris frowns down at his phone again, shaking his head whilst typing something.

“No, after I told him we just got home, he just texted to ‘start filming’ - oh, he just wrote, ‘*I have surprise for you*,’” Harris said. Behind the camera, Troy groaned, though it sounded more fond than anything else.

“Your Russian accent is terrible. And we can’t send him this if you imitate him. He’s sensitive enough at the moment as is,” Troy chuckled.

“We also can’t send this to him with you calling him sensi - what?”

Harris brought his phone up closer to his face before casting a confused glance at Troy.

“What is it?” the other asked.

“He just texted ‘*go to bedroom.*’ Smiley face.” Harris explained, his utter confusion evident in his voice as he started making his way through the living room. The camera followed him down a hallway, where he kept sending nervous glances to Troy over his shoulder as well as asking, “*What could it be?*”

“It wouldn’t be anything like roses on the bed, right? Did I miss an anniversary? How the hell would Rozanov remember my anniversary and not me?” Troy’s, now slightly panicked, voice asked as he followed Harris to the end of the hallway to a closed bedroom door. Harris laughed, loosening up a little as he shot an amused glance back at Troy while opening the door to a standard-looking bedroom.

“I don’t think it’s anything like that. Though how did he even get in here to leave—”

“Holy shit, is there something under the covers? Oh my god, *please* don’t let it be a sex doll,” Troy’s voice cut him off as the camera showed a lump on the left side of the bed under blue sheets.

Hesitantly, Harris lifted his arm to grasp the corner of the sheet, shooting Troy a nervous glance before dramatically uncovering the surprise, sending the blanket far back.

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Troy exclaimed as the footage began shaking, and the shrill yelling of Harris’s “OH MY GOD!” caused a delayed reveal. Finally, it settled on Harris, who stared down at the bed in disbelief.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” he asked desperately as the camera ever so slowly panned from his horror-struck expression to the bed in which the ripped-off head of a stuffed animal, in particular a horsie, lay.

“I have no fucking clue...” Troy said, equally as disturbed, while the camera slowly zoomed in on the animal’s eyes, the innocent expression was dismantled by the white stuffing spilling out of its cut-off neck.

A small silence lay over the room until a sharp ‘ding’ notification interrupted it, the camera panning back to Harris as he lifted up his phone again from where he had just received a new message. He read through it, his face going through a series of emotions, before Troy got his attention back by asking for what it said.

“ ‘Seems like this kitty’s claws work just fine, yes?’ ...” he said, still in imitation of Ilya’s Russian accent, before looking into the camera again, a clear desperation on his face.

“...devil smile emoji,” he finished, almost in a fearful whisper.

(Cut to Ilya Rozanova, sitting in the same confessional shot as in the last video, an office room with a shuttered window behind him. He’s leaning back in his chair, relaxed and sporting a fashionable black crewneck polo from Ralph Lauren. His face is plastered with an absolute shit-eating grin.

There’s a silence as Rozanov just gleefully smirks at the person behind the camera, the expression familiar from his many years as a menace to his opponents on the ice.

The unamused silence continues before Rozanov breaks out in an even wider grin.

“Like my gift, da?” he finally asks, expression extremely innocent, though his smile betrays him.

“Of fu-”

The video briefly cuts to black as a bunch of ‘bleep’ sounds are played. It cuts back to Rozanov in the same position, his head thrown back in laughter.

(Cut to confessional shot of Zane Boodram, lying on the couch in the break room next to the vending machines, his arm slung over his face to shield his eyes, the camera filming from above him.)

He sighs deeply before removing his arm from his face and focusing on the camera.

“Yes. We all got one,” he says, tiredly.

“I really am very sor-” Harris begins to say, stopping as Boodram just lifts his hand in a stopping motion.

“My plush horsie was fully intact, but it had a whip attached to it. From, like, an actual sex store,” he groans. Suddenly, his outstretched position on the sofa was more reminiscent of a patient during a therapy session than that of an exhausted hockey player, Boodram’s eyes staring up at the ceiling.

“My wife found it first. She thought I bought it for her as a hint for our intimate life without discussing it first. She avoided me for two days straight. She said she was too afraid that I wanted her to use it on me and that was my way of asking for it,” he retold, utter defeat evident in his voice. With a haunted expression, his gaze returned to the camera.

“She was terrified of what the horse was for,” he rasped, his hands coming up to rub over his face.

“I will never, ever make fun of a Russian again. I don’t care how whipped he is - if he’s cutting the crust off his partner’s sandwich *‘because that type of sourdough is too rough on his gums’*, which I have seen Rozanov do for Hollander, by the way- my eyes are fucking closed. I see them being grossly in love? I’m minding my own damn business so my wife will talk to me again,” he finally exclaims with one last, long, heaving sigh as he slowly shuts his eyes, his arm coming up to cover his face again.

(Cut back to Ilya’s confessional)

The Russian player just shrugs, his earlier smirk replaced by an amused grin.

“The video was good, fun, yes. But I had to remind team who is Captain and why is not good to say mushy stuff about Captain on record that is not true,” he said with a simple smile.

“There’s literal evidence in the video of you adoring—”

Ilya groaned, throwing his head back dramatically, lightly disturbing the shutters on the window behind him before looking back into the camera with an annoyed expression.

“Yes, I love my husband very much, so what, who cares? Stupid Americans always have to be so weird about everything. Always like *‘Eh, I hate my wife, oh, she is so stupid. I call her my ball and chain even though I chose her and begged her to marry me, but now I am 300 pounds overweight, and she won’t suck my dick because I am abusive asshole, and my dreams died when I was young’*. Lame fuckers. They can’t handle me and Shane being a perfect couple, that’s why they so... what you always say? Ah, triggered. Yes, triggered over stupid video simply showing affection,” Ilya ranted, rolling his eyes throughout his impression while dismissively waving his hand.

“Right...” Harris stated off-camera.

(Cut to Shane’s confessional, sitting against the mirror wall of the gym in a white compression shirt and black gym shorts. The camera is filming him from the side.)

“So...the video seems to have struck... a nerve,” Harris says off camera. Shane snorts, ducking his head before turning slightly towards the camera, resting his head against the mirror while smiling into the camera.

“With Ilya in particular.”

“He doesn’t actually mind the video itself. After hiding for so many years, I think he was pretty giddy to act a bit more like, well, an actual couple in front of a camera. Even though we’re married and have been together for a long time, we had to hide what we felt for each other for the majority of our relationship, so showing off or anything doesn’t come easily to us. He’s not mad at you or the team or anything. The stuffies were just gentle hazing so they don’t get the idea to call him any of those things they said in the video to his face,” Shane said, his shy smile slowly spreading out into a bright grin throughout his explanation.

“So you liked the video?”

Shane couldn't help but laugh, his smile so bright it made his eyes crinkle into moon shapes.

“Are you kidding? That video might have been the best thing to ever happen to me, after meeting Ilya and winning the Stanley Cups, of course. I feel like it got our dynamic totally twisted, but it provided me with the best teasing material for the next 20 years. My mom and I use that gif that people clipped, of Ilya following us around, where his hand is kind of in my sweatshirt, so much it's become a staple in the Hollander-Rozanov family group chat.”

Harris laughed alongside Shane, though his laugh faded kind of quickly, the camera picking up the sound of him shuffling a bit before he cleared his throat, preparing for his next question.

“So the response from you and the fans has been great, and as you said, Ilya didn't really mind the team teasing too much. Well, after officially traumatizing everyone on it, he didn't anymore. However, the video has also gotten attention from some other...members...of the NHL...” Harris worded carefully.

Shane's easy smile dropped, pain flashing across his eyes.

“Ah, right...yeah,” he began, clearing his throat as well before wincing slightly at the memory.

(Cut to Zane Boodram, Luca Haas and Wyatt Hayes all sitting together at the round lunch table in the break room, various take out containers placed on the table in front of them, into which they dug around with their forks.)

Luca flinched from where he was looking, guilt-stricken into the camera, Hayes's and Boodram's expressions not much better.

“Yeah, we really should've figured that other players might start chirping some shit after what we said,” Hayes said regretfully.

“It's just that *no one* ever really watches another team's *social* content, you know? Like, statistics and analytics and stuff like that, or you hear when someone gets married on ESPN, maybe even follow each other on, like, Instagram if you're not on extreme rival teams but...well...”

“It's basically pretty boy Shane's fault for going viral all the time,” Boodram sighed.

Luca throws him a confused look, to which Zane just shrugs.

“That's what my wife said. Doesn't he?”

“I wouldn't-” Luca began.

“Oh please, I bet you watched his underwear ad as much as you kissed Ilya's poster in your bedroom goodnight every ni-” Hayes giggled.

“I DID NOT.”

Harris loudly cleared his throat off camera, catching their attention again, Boodram wincing before coming up to scratch at his temple.

“Yeah, so long story short, after the video blew up, it didn’t take long, maybe the second game after it hit 6 million views or something, for players to start chirping shit. You know, obvious stuff like ‘*Hollander walking you on the ice too, Rozanov?*’ along with some stuff you don’t wanna repeat,” he said regretfully. Wyatt and Luca hung their heads low, grimacing at the stuff they heard on the ice.

(Cut back to Shane.)

“What was your reaction when opposing players started referencing the video, and thereby your relationship dynamics, more on the ice?” he asked.

Shane seemed to mull this over for a second, his eyebrows pinching.

“Well, at first I was obviously very uncomfortable. I mean, I had been about that kind of stuff before, and it had *just* started to die down as people got used to us as a couple, but that seemed to bring it all up again. It would have been almost funny that people assumed Ilya was this like-...”

Shane flushed slightly before continuing.

“-obedient husband or whatever, if they hadn’t used it as an excuse to basically be outwardly homophobic without using any slurs. I don’t...want to repeat what some of them said, or give them any more attention, but I think you can guess.” He finished sadly. The camera lowered slightly, focusing on Shane’s legs to grant them a brief private moment.

“Shane, I once again want to say I am so sorry for not showing it to you beforehand. You said you trusted me but I should have double che-” Harris began, but Shane quickly shushed him, and the camera lifted again to capture him reaching out to presumably grasp Harris’ arm out of frame.

“Hey, come on, Harris, I told you it’s fine. And you asked me right after filming each clip if it was okay to use it. If I hadn’t wanted that video of Ilya licking my fucking face on the internet, I would have prevented it, but...well...” He shrugged slightly, his blush blossoming under his freckles even more.

“As I said, Ilya and I had never had the chance to be so free with each other before you came up with that idea, so I wanted to be...brave,” he said, turning to look into the camera even if it seemed to be a bit hard for him, his eyes wavering to stay focused instead of shying away.

“Not just for myself but also for any of the fans out there watching us, admiring us...so that they can see that it’s...okay. To *feel* like they do...even about someone they think they shouldn’t...*if* they do...” he said, his voice wavering slightly before he groaned, placing his face into his hands.

“Ugh, that sucked.”

“No, it was really good! Very sincere.”

“Scott Hunter set the bar too high for being an inspirational queer athlete,” Shane laughed self-deprecatingly.

“You’re doing amazing, sweetie!” a voice suddenly called, the camera panning to reveal Luca, who had entered the gym and was picking up one of the dumbbells. The camera swung back on Shane.

“Did you just call me sweetie?” he asked with a frown.

“What? No, oh my god. It’s a-” Luca’s panicking was interrupted by a yelp as he let go of the dumbbell, the loud sound echoing through the gym, followed by a bunch of bleeped out cursing. The camera began shaking as Harris got up from his spot on the floor next to Shane, and their voices of concern began overlapping.

(Cut back to Ilya who was twisting with his thumbs, his hands closed together in his lap as he stared at the camera in exasperation.)

“So what was your reaction when other players started chirping at you after the video?”

Ilya just raised a single eyebrow, his face otherwise remaining impassive.

(Cut to a montage of game footage from the recent playoff series. In the first shot, Rozanov ducks and slams his shoulders forward so the other player, who had been skating towards him, literally somersaults over him, landing harshly on the ice whilst Rozanov skates on like nothing happened. In the next shot, from a different game, he brutally rams a player into the boards. More shots follow, including him checking multiple players, dropping his gloves and getting into fights and subsequently cutting to him spitting out blood on the ice.)

(Cut back to Ilya’s confessional.)

Eyebrow still raised, Ilya simply lifts his left hand, forming it into a claw once it’s up.

“Miau,” he mimics. Harris behind the camera snorts, causing Ilya to smirk slightly.

“And what about the reaction from the general public? Many find your actions very romantic. Your general behavior and your decision to relocate from Boston to Ottawa in order to be with Shane were both highlighted in the video. Many people, even outside of hockey fans, still find it hard to believe and have been discussing it online.”

Ilya’s smile slowly spread, his expression turning from passive to cocky.

“Hm, yes. I got much response from that, even if it is old news. Maybe because they finally saw us together? Who knows. I get good and bad reactions. Like you say, many find it romantic, call me best husband in the world, which I am. Others, like old Boston fans, are not so happy. Some think Shane pressured or tricked me,” he said with a laugh.

“Really?” Harris asked.

“Yes, yes. Think he used his Captain Canada golden boy status to get me secret best deal in NHL so I would move here and be his,” Ilya sighed playfully.

“It was public information, though, that you took a slight pay cut since Ottawa’s cap didn’t reach as high as your previous one.”

Ilya shrugged, a lazy smile overtaking his face before he sat up straighter in his chair, leaning forward slightly. The camera, which had always loved him, began to zoom in.

“Yes, so let me tell you officially. I was never tricked. I am *exactly* where I want to be,” he said gleefully, putting emphasis on the ‘exactly’ with a raise of his eyebrows.

(The scene cuts as suddenly a strong beat starts playing; the intro of the song “[Pose](#)” by Yo Gotti begins as the video cuts to a montage of Shane being photographed from various angles. The text on the bottom left corner reads ‘April. Numéro Netherlands Digital Photoshoot.’)

(The first clip shows him on an old set of stairs from a previous gym in the arena, his longer hair from the previous season cut and carefully styled back and parted in the middle. Around him is a small team of lighting assistants, photographers, designers, and stylists. He is wearing loose, dark-washed jeans, a big, brown fell coat, and nothing underneath, his muscled chest shiny under the lights as he confidently leans back on the stairs, his muscles tightening with the action. Around his neck is a small gold chain carrying his wedding ring. The clip lasts around 7 seconds, the song imitating the sounds of a camera flashing and fittingly stating ‘photoshoot, yeah’.)

(As the iconic opening line commences, “You are, looking at a legend in the flesh,” the video cuts to Shane in an entirely black, leather outfit, manning a Zamboni as the cameras keep flashing around him, the footage showing him from various angles as it cuts along the beat of the song.)

(More footage of him being photographed follows, halting when the lyrics say, “Hold up, pose,” showcasing the multiple pictures that came out of the digital cover along with the beat on the screen. The montage ends with the first verse slowly fading out.)

(The perspective shifts to the stands, zooming out from where Shane is currently being photographed in front of a goal. He is once again shirtless, wearing loose-fitting jeans held up by a broad black belt and covered by a large bomber jacket-like coat, the hood pulled up over his head for some close-ups. The photographer is motioning for him to take the hood off, which Shane follows, fumbling a bit awkwardly with the unfamiliar clothing as the photographer gives him a thumbs up and moves backwards, still gesturing widely to tell Shane his next position. Pushing the jacket a bit behind his waist, revealing his abs, he places his hands on his hips before crouching forward a bit, the photographer immediately starting to take multiple shots and giving shouts of encouragement.

The audio picks up a tiny, punched-out “fuck,” almost like a moan, as the camera fully pans out and rotates. In the stands sits Ilya Rozanov, wearing a low-cut silky shirt, showing off his

similar gold chain with a ring and cross around it, his arms stretched out widely across the backs of the seats next to him. The person filming is presumably standing a couple rows below him, most likely in the player's box. The camera zooms in on Ilya's expression, which is definitely not family-friendly. His eyes are laser-focused on his husband, his mouth slightly opened and lips pursed as the thoughts running through his head are being displayed rather forthrightly.

"You could at least *try* to look like you're not about to walk across that ice and... I don't know, *lick* him, or whatever outrageous thing you want to say next," a louder voice picks up, the camera panning a few seats to Ilya's left, revealing another person holding a baby in a carrier in his arms and glaring at the star hockey player. The text on the bottom left reads:

***Hayden Pike, Shane's best friend & Montreal Voyageurs player.**

Ilya gives Hayden no reply, not even acknowledging his existence, his eyes staying on his husband as he is getting a few more shots taken.

"Are you hearing me? Oy!" Pike called out in a voice tempered in volume by the need to not wake his child, yet urgent nonetheless.

Ilya groaned, still not offering Pike any visual acknowledgement other than the dismissive hand waved at him.

"Fuck off, Pike. If I want to go out there and lick every inch of-

"This is *exactly* why Shane asked me to run interference!" Pike hissed, glaring at Rozanov before sending a painfully awkward smile to the camera, meant to be placating.

"Ugh, Shane didn't ask you shit, Hayden. You just come along because my husband is gorgeous, and you are curious. Cannot blame you, he is. But you are dumb and missed chance and now he is mine forever and you-"

"What the fu-..*frick* are you even talking ab-"

"Jackie is very nice for letting you live out fantasy. Me? I'm not so nice. He is only for me."

"Oh, you are *so* full of shit, Rozano-"

"Hey guys!"

At Shane's chipper voice, the camera turned back around to see him approaching the player's box with a bright smile on his face, his arms crossed in front of his chest to keep the coat tugged securely around himself.

"They're taking 10," he explained, shooting a quick glance behind him to the photography team. Though he's addressing them all, his eyes are directed upwards where Ilya is sitting in the stands, a warmth radiating off his gaze at the attention he must feel from him. The camera turns around once Shane reaches the box, following his gaze to where Ilya had been sitting, only to film him already stepping over the other seats remarkably gracefully. The camera

only catches his legs in the smooth motion before panning over to Pike, who rolls his eyes at him.

By the time it pans back to Shane, standing on the ice, leaning his hands against the wall of the player's box, Ilya has already jumped inside it, causing the other to chuckle.

"Hey," Shane breathes out as Ilya finally climbs over the player's bench, the last hurdle for them to be face-to-face with each other. The camera moves a bit back, filming them from the side, still focused on Shane's content expression.

Ilya says something low to him in Russian, the camera not really picking it up and no subtitles offering an explanation, but the tone felt breathless and flirtatious all together. The words caused Shane to bite down a smile, looking off to the side. Ilya made a noise of discontent, saying "*ah, ah*" as he used his thumb and index finger to grab Shane's chin and twist his face back toward him.

The two held eye contact for a moment, neither saying anything with their words while their eyes spoke a language on their own. Suddenly Shane huffed out a quieter laugh, placing both his hands flat on Ilya's chest before slowly running them up and coming to rest on his shoulders, his thumbs running circles over his clavicles. Ilya's hands immediately come up to tenderly circle around Shane's wrists.

"This coat might look pretty big, but it doesn't keep you warm at all with nothing under. I'm cold as shit," he chuckled while shivering slightly.

"Hmm," Ilya hummed, letting his gaze drift down towards Shane's exposed chest. His left hand moved from the other's wrist to lightly graze his knuckles through the hard lines of Shane's abdomen, both their heads turning down to follow the motion with matching smirks on their faces.

"Is terrible problem. My pretty husband can't freeze to death. I help, yes?" Ilya drawled, a faux pitiful expression on his face. His hand slowly moved from grazing Shane's muscles to wrapping around his waist as their heads lifted to pick up eye contact again. As Ilya's arm disappeared into the coat, Shane's face took on a smug expression, his eyes moving across Ilya's face to drink him in before moving down to Ilya's lips. Having reached around him, Ilya suddenly pulled him closer, causing Shane to elicit a small yelp as Ilya pressed their chests together, the railing between them the only thing separating them.

"Babe," Shane said in warning, though his expression of want wasn't that much different from Ilya's, his eyes consistently dropping to the other's mouth as he finally wrapped his arms around his neck, intertwining his fingers on Ilya's nape.

"You guys do remember the camera pointed at you, do you?" Hayden's voice called out. Shane blinked before his smile dropped slightly, his eyes darting towards the camera quickly before he flushed slightly. He tried to push back from Ilya a little, who protested again and pulled him flush against him with both arms.

"Why did you invite stupid Pike? He's no fun at all," he lamented, his tone whiny as he pouted at his husband.

“You *insisted* on coming to this photoshoot, and so did Harris. I thought it’d be good if there was *someone* here to interrupt you before you said things like you want to...*eat* me again. Or mildly threaten any photographers, *again*, because you think they are flirting,” he huffed, his blush deepening.

Ilya simply grumbled before lowering his head and pressing it into Shane's neck. He rubbed his face lightly against Shane's chest and muttered words that the camera only partially captured, like “*stupid Canadians*” and “...*totally was flirting with you*,” along with tiny, sucking noises. It was unclear from the angle whether Ilya was kissing Shane's chest or not.

Shane could be heard chuckling, though his expression was slightly obscured by Ilya's curls, with only his faint blush visible as he scratched at the other's scalp once.

“I told you you would be bored,” Shane responded gently as he rested his chin atop Ilya's head, his fond smile evident in his face even if it wasn't visible. Ilya just sighed deeply, tugging his husband even closer before lifting his head so they'd face each other again, their noses mere inches apart.

“I am not *bored*, Hollander. You're *killing* me,” he said seriously, following his lament with a string of whispered praise in Russian as one of his hands reached from under the coat to gently cradle Shane's cheek, whose eyes fluttered slightly as he leaned into the touch.

The camera began swaying slightly, as if undecided if it should stay focused on such an intimate moment.

“Hm, my husband, so pretty. Gimme kiss,” Ilya whispered, his thumb gently caressing Shane's freckles as he jutted his chin out demandingly. Shane rolled his eyes once before complying, giving Ilya's lips a brief peck, which quickly turned to two, then three, then more as their lips kept reconnecting. The camera quickly turned around to zoom in on Pike in the stands, who muttered out an “*Ah, jeez*,” as he rubbed a hand over his forehead.

“UNCLE ILYA!”

A small but loud voice suddenly interrupted, the camera quickly panning back and lowering slightly to showcase two small girls, one with brown hair and the other with blond hair, who seemingly appeared out of nowhere and were clinging to each side of Ilya's legs.

The camera zoomed out a bit to show the full picture, with Shane and Ilya still holding onto each other but looking down at the two intruders with surprise before they both started laughing.

“Daddy said if we see you kissing Uncle Shane and there's a camera, we should interrupt,” the blonde-haired girl on Ilya's right leg elaborated cheerfully.

Shane's face cringed, his nose crunching up as he let out an embarrassed chuckle. Ilya's smile quickly turned fond, and he used the hand that had been holding Shane's cheek to place it on top of the girl's head.

“Oy, where have you two been? Were you crawling under the fucking stadium seats again? You know you are not supposed to-” Hayden’s voice called out from outside the frame, yet the volume caused his baby to start crying, the sound echoing through the arena along with a string of *“Ah shit, shit, shit”* from Hayden and some shushing.

Shane sighed, detaching himself from Ilya as he placed his hands on the railing again, smiling down at the two girls that hung onto the pant legs of his husband.

“You two are stressing your dad out again,” he reprimanded, though he did not sound too stern, and the girls simply giggled, continuing to hang from Ilya’s clothes.

“Uncle Shane and I are allowed to kiss whenever we want now. Because you married us, remember? Don’t listen to your papa. Only to Mama, because she is always right, yes?” Ilya said softly as he used his hand on top of the blonde girl’s head to slightly mess up her hair, causing her to laugh and swat him away before attaching herself onto his leg again. Shane simply snorted at his words, and an affronted but quiet *“Rozanov!”* could be heard off-screen from Pike.

“Uncle Shane, why aren’t you wearing a shirt? Aren’t you cold?” The brown-haired girl to Ilya’s left then asked, removing herself from Ilya to lean against the rink wall, curiously blinking up at Shane.

He snorted, gazing down at her before briefly returning his gaze to Ilya, this time with a teasing smile before focusing on the girl again.

“It’s for the photoshoot, but don’t worry,” he explained gently, reaching out to pat her head as well.

“I got Uncle Ilya to keep me warm,” he finally said, looking up at the other from under his lashes before sending him a quick wink. Ilya made an embarrassing sound at the back of his throat.

“SHANE! WE’RE JUST FIXING THE LIGHTING OVER THERE, AND THEN WE ARE BACK ON IN FIVE!” the voice of the photographer called out throughout the rink.

Shane looked around, sending them a thumbs-up before turning again to look at the two girls spinning around Ilya, sharing a brief smile with his husband.

(Cut to a zoomed-in shot of the two girls walking down the hallway of the players’ box to the locker room, capturing them singing a song and dancing. The camera zooms out and shows Ilya following them from behind until he suddenly screams out something and sprints up to the girls, grabbing each of them under his arms, prompting them to shriek with laughter.)

(Cut back to Shane standing on the ice, getting his hair retouched by a female assistant with a comb before she finishes up and leaves, Shane thanking her.)

“Here,” Ilya’s voice says from the side, the camera panning to him as he walks up with a raised eyebrow to hand Shane a pair of hockey gloves.

“Thank you. They wanted to use them as props.” Shane said, a slightly embarrassed smile on his face.

“Uh huh. Yours were in the locker room as well. Why did you tell me to fetch mine?” Ilya asked as he stepped closer to Shane, who looked down at his shoes, shrugging as he put on the gloves.

“Tell me,” Ilya demanded, his tone gentle but firm.

Suddenly Shane smirked, tilting his head towards Ilya with a lopsided smile.

“I guess I just wanted to wear yours,” he said. Ilya’s happiness immediately began to spread across his face.

(Cut to Shane being photographed in front of the rink wall, now entirely shirtless, with the coat zipped around his legs and only his left hand holding it up slightly. The camera is behind the photographer, who is sitting in a crouched position next to a giant white light.)

“Yes, brilliant, Shane! Now give us sexy hockey player!” the photographer called out.

A snort could be heard at the silly instruction, and the camera panned to the left, where Ilya stood, his arms crossed in front of his chest. Despite his dismissive snort, his eyes were drinking in the sight in front of them. The camera quickly panned back to Shane, who glanced towards Ilya, and by default the camera, before he turned his head to the side and lifted his right hand ever so slowly before teasingly biting into the glove.

“PERFECT!” the enthusiastic photographer called out as Shane posed with the glove in his mouth.

The camera panned back to Ilya, whose mouth had fallen open at the display, his eyes liquid, a low humming sound coming from him.

“I can’t decide if this is, like, the best or the worst day of your life,” Harris says off camera.

Ilya just made a sound of acknowledgment in the back of his throat, neither confirming nor denying the statement.

The camera quickly pans back to Shane, who is still biting into the glove, his head turning just in time to look in their direction again as he raises a single eyebrow at Ilya. The camera follows his line of sight back to Ilya.

“He is doing this on purpose to torture me,” he eventually whispers before heaving a large sigh, a giant grin overtaking his face.

(Cut to confessional shot of Shane and Ilya in the office space. Other than in the interview together from the previous video, they seem far more relaxed, with Ilya’s arm outstretched on the back of Shane’s seat, where he’s leaning against it, half resting against Ilya’s chest.)

“Do you two always accompany each other to your respective photoshoots?”

Shane and Ilya both snort before shaking their heads no.

“We try not to,” Shane simply says.

“Are not *supposed* to, at least,” Ilya offers with a grin.

“*Who said that?*” Harris asks in confusion.

Ilya shrugs, pointing his finger at Shane before supplying, “His mom.”

Shane rolls his eyes, huffing out in exasperation.

“She usually accompanies me to these things since she’s the one who books them. We quickly found out it doesn’t quite... *work out* well when the other one tags along. So she *suggested* we do it individually, unless it’s a photoshoot for both of us, of course.”

“*Why doesn’t it work?*”

“Oh...you know...*reasons*.” Shane says vaguely, his eyebrows furrowing slightly.

“Unprofessional reasons,” Ilya adds gleefully with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Shut up,” Shane just laughs fondly, slapping Ilya’s thigh.

“*Ilya, just last year you got to do a Calvin Klein campaign, right? That must have been a huge milestone.*”

Upon the mention of the Calvin Klein ad, Shane immediately seems to shut down, his expression falling flat as he crosses his arms in front of his chest, Ilya watching the shift in his husband’s demeanor from the corner of his eye with a knowing smile.

“Hm, yes. Was very nice. Good money. *Many* people liked it,” he said teasingly, his gaze entirely focused on Shane, who flared his nostrils.

“Yes, *awesome*,” Hollander commented sarcastically.

“*Did you not...like it, Shane?*” Harris asks carefully.

“Oh, he *loved* it. Unfortunately, so did many, many other people,” Ilya contributed before Shane even had a chance to reply to the question, laughing afterwards.

Shane simply kept staring ahead at the camera as if it had personally offended him, trying to ignore Ilya yet obviously huffing at his remark.

“I don’t even use social media all that much, but I had so many people tweeting shit at me like, ‘*Can he fight?*’ or whatever,” he grumbled.

“*Oh, yeah! I think ‘Can Shane Hollander fight’ was even trending on Twit-*”

At the deathly glare Shane threw at Harris, the other quickly shut up. Ilya was paying the camera no mind; his gaze was instead cheerfully focused on his husband's expression. Shane leaned forward slightly, still glaring into the camera as he spoke up.

"Maybe I should use this as an opportunity to go on record and state that *yes*. I *can* fight, and I truly wish I *could have* fought every person who thought it was funny to come up to me to tell me how much they want to bang my husband after that campaign."

Next to him, Ilya's smile turns from teasing to something more sweet as he makes a small noise of content, sticking his chin out to rest it on Shane's shoulder, quickly pressing his mouth down on the spot to place a quick kiss there before looking up at the other through his lashes.

"Is very sweet of you to say, but you cannot fight for shit, sweetheart. Should not lie on the internet," he remarks.

Shane sharply turned his head to him, glaring down at Ilya instead.

"What do you know? I'm a hockey player, of course, I can fight. I have before," he sputtered in indignation. Ilya just hummed.

"Yes, like maybe two times in your career. You looked like angry kitten and did not land single punch," he stated, pressing another kiss to Shane's shoulder.

"Fuck off," the other huffed, leaning back into his chair while rolling his eyes, yet the corners of his mouth started twitching upwards slightly as Ilya continued to press kisses into his shoulder.

"Is okay, you don't have to fight for me," he eventually stated, his chin still resting on Shane's shoulder. He casts a brief glance towards the camera, a playful glint in his eyes, before looking back up at Shane, who had given up the pretense of glaring at him.

"I am right where I want to be."

(As the credits begin to roll, the office's outro music gradually begins to play while the shot lingers on Shane and Ilya smiling at one another, followed by a series of still pictures of various locations within the arena.)

@Hollanovwarrior#1: amazing. thanks for hearing my prayers. now do it again.

@IR8124SH: ilya rozanov be like: hey do you maybe casually wanna fuse our bones together?

@genuineflostate: shane saying the internet "got their dynamic totally wrong" bby we know u bottom it's ok

@puckforplug: ilya rozanov i apologise for making fun of you for being embarrassingly down bad for that man if someone who looked like that even glanced at my direction i would start barking on command as well

@nihaofineshyte: “you are looking at a legend in the flesh” shane hollander the it boy of hockey i know that’s right #stopasianhate

@shanehollanderglazeddonut: oh rozanov knows he bagged a baddie that’s why he keeps the leash so tight (and w leash i mean the metaphorical one he willingly put on himself)

@wasiansunite: they’re so real for putting a ring on that. if my spouse looked like either of them he’d be getting a ring, a mortgage, tattoos of each others names, joint subscriptions to every streaming service out there, a shared gym membership and most bindingly, a shared grocery store rewards card

@hayesfordays: do we think ilya actually watched the godfather or he just knew the reference of wanting to send a message

@hockeyhusbands4eva: omg dude GET UP (applies to both of them)

@blueberrysmoothierealness: rozanov being a bisexual menace torturing those closest to him and getting away with it by being so sexy (and secretly a sweetheart)...finally some true bi representation

@urhockeymom: are they looking for a third?

@bilbobagtheshoez: how is no one talking abt rozanov telling his team to bark for him??
¿¿why are we skipping over that like that’s just casual tuesday

@flowershopau: not shane absolutely seething about that Calvin Klein ad and deciding to torture his husband w increasingly sexy photoshoots ever since, get someone who will match ur freak

@freak4freakhollanov: can we talk abt the comedic genius that is dedicating the entire first half of the video to rozanaov absolutely refusing to let anyone, especially his team, call him a “whipped dog” for hollander only to literally show him 5 minutes later literally saying he went to “fetch” the glove for his owne- i mean husband. ilya rozanov you are never escaping the down bad w 0 chill for shane hollander allegations i fear

@stickupuraz: those are my emotional support gay uncles y’all

@hollarforhollander: no you don’t understand they’re the most private people ever and they faced so much backlash from just being with each other and were already so hurt, then the last video came out where they just wanted to be silly and fun and in love and their peers starting being homophobic assholes to them AGAIN after they had just reestablished themselves as an out couple and DESPITE all that they STILL agreed to do another one where they are even MORE affectionate with each other bc they want to show ppl who are currently struggling that’s there’s light at the end of the tunnel if you can just find the ppl who will support you i- don’t talk to me

I have several things to say about this chapter so here we go

1. listen ik its cringe to have songs in ff. idk why my mind randomly made up a whole ass fan edit in my head about hudsons cunty photoshoot and why i had to vividly write it out here but well. what is done is done. i couldnt stop myself.

2. i feel like the quality of this chapter isnt as good as the first one and i maybe should have just left it as is but everyone comments asking for more rlly encouraged me so i hope this brought joy to at least some ppl. also i have a rlly avoidant personality and this was my way of avoiding my real life issues lmao

3. my fav part abt writing this chapter was poor shane still not realizing that he does in fact walk ilya like a dog. like that man has no clue. everyone in the world knows but him lmao

4. ik i said writing the comments is my fav part of a sm au and its true but boy does it become hard to come up with usernames after a while lmao, thank god i spent my life on stan twt

5. Harris is painfully genz in my head so the comic sans is entirely ironic ok

Chapter 3: BONUS SCENE

Chapter Notes

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

(As the credits begin to roll, the office's outro music gradually begins to play while the shot lingers on Shane and Ilya smiling at one another, followed by a series of still pictures of various locations within the arena.)

Suddenly, however, a static sound is overlaying it, the image on the screen zapping slightly before a black screen appears, with text once again in Comic Sans font appearing, which reads

BONUS

THE ANNIVERSARY ABNORMALITY

(Cut to a wide shot of the break room, with various players buzzing around it. Luca and Wyatt are sitting by the table, playing cards, while Zane is next to them scrolling on his phone. Troy is by the vending machines, waiting for a snack, and the sofa next to it is occupied by Shane and Ilya. The former is sitting cross-legged on the sofa, a bunch of documents on his lap, while Ilya is sitting next to him, his legs widely spread and scrolling on his phone, his other arm reaching over the back of the sofa near Shane.)

“Hey guys,” Harris’s chipper voice pipes up behind the camera. Some people in the room turn to look at him, all of them collectively groaning when they spot the camera in his hands.

“What is this, again?” Boodram groans.

“I am glad you are the one asking, Zane. Seeing as we just celebrated you and your wife’s 15-year anniversary, it got me thinking,” Harris complied, pausing as he clearly waited for someone to ask him about what he had thought about. Some of the players briefly held eye contact with him before all glancing down at their representative activities, ignoring the social media manager.

A small noise of indignation could be heard behind the camera as it pointedly zoomed in on Troy, who held eye contact with it before gulping and turning to face the vending machine.

A sigh could be heard before the camera panned over to Shane, who kept a civil mask, though a pinch in his eyebrows revealed that he didn’t really want to be asking.

“What were you thinking about, Harris?” he asked politely. Next to him, Ilya snorted at his

tone, not looking up from his phone even as Shane swatted at him.

“Thank you for asking, Shane. Well, like I said, Boodram’s anniversary inspired me. I thought about the previous mockumentary I made as well as what I have been filming for this one and what you and Ilya had to say about having to hide your relationship for so long. I figured we could celebrate your and Ilya’s anniversary and show a video of moments between you two, professional and filmed by all of us! I thought this could be the beginning of it or something!” Harris explained enthusiastically.

The camera zoomed out again to take in the rest of the room, some of them nodding in thought at the proposal while Shane and Ilya exchanged a glance on the sofa.

“That’s kinda sweet, actually.” Boodram agreed, shrugging easily, earning nods from Wyatt and Luca as well.

“Yeah, that is very kind of you, Harris. I’m just not too sure me and Ilya are the showing-public-affection type of peo-”

Shane’s dismissal was interrupted by Troy snorting loudly next to him, as well as the table breaking out in giggles.

“Everyone shut your stupid mouths,” Ilya threatened before barking once, effectively shutting the room up again, his eyes never leaving his phone.

“Oh, well, we don’t have to have a watch party or anything. I can just cut something together for the two of you. I’d love to! It’s just that, well, I don’t know your actual anniversary, I think,” Harris eventually chirped.

“You were at the wedding, though? We all were.” Luca asked in confusion.

“Yeah, but Boodram and his wife celebrated their 15-year relationship anniversary, not their wedding anniversary. I thought you guys might want to do something similar.”

The camera zoomed in on the couple on the sofa again. Shane was sitting up straighter, fussing a bit with his fleece Team Canada Olympics jacket. Next to him, Ilya chuckled to himself, earning a half-assed glare from Shane.

“That is...alright, Harris. Wedding anniversary is fine. But you really don’t need to do anything,” he said awkwardly, clearing his throat afterwards.

“Well, how long *have* you guys been together? Did you ever say?” Troy asked casually, the camera following him as he made his way from the wedding machine to the table, sitting down next to Boodram.

The camera swung back around to the sofa, where Shane looked like he’d rather be anywhere else.

“That’s...complicated,” he eventually landed on, causing Ilya to snort.

“Complicated how?” Wyatt asked.

Shane sighed, turning slightly towards Ilya as if to ask for help. Ilya eventually looked up from his phone, raising an eyebrow at Shane's expression before groaning.

"He is touchy about this, okay? No more questions." Ilya said dismissively, the arms that had been draped over the back of the sofa reaching out to dig his fingers into the hairs at the back of Shane's head.

The camera panned around to showcase the four members of the team exchanging confused glances at each other.

(Cut to a scene of the same four players huddled around the ice in their gear, discussing something widely in hushed voices. The camera moved closer to them, the audio picking up snippets of what they were saying.)

"It couldn't have been then before 2017, right? I mean Ilya was photographed with a different woman almost every month and they both mentioned Scott Hunter playing a part in their-"

"Yes and also Rose Landry!"

"But they always say how *long* they've been together and-"

"What are you guys doing?"

They all flinched as Harris's voice interrupted them, clearly not having noticed them in their heated discussion. They exchanged glances before Troy looked into the camera.

"Well, you got us...curious. We're trying to figure out when they got together," he said, his tone low as he leaned forward.

"I say we send Luca," Wyatt eventually says, the camera panning to him before swinging towards Luca, who looks at him with big eyes.

"Why me!?" He whisper-shouts, turning his head around once to look out at the ice as if afraid of being spotted.

"You look the most innocent out of all of us! Come on, just take one for the team," Hayes hisses at him, his voice equally in a whisper as he glances nervously off to the rink.

"Wow, you guys are way too invested in this all of a sudden."

Suddenly all four men turn towards the camera, each with a raised eyebrow at Harris behind the camera.

(Cut to a solo shot of Luca, still in his gear on the ice, as Harris, from beyond the frame, reaches out to attach something to his uniform.)

"Okay so I'm just going to mic you up and you get Rozanov talking..."

Luca looks like a swallowed something bad, shuffling on his skates as he send Harris a pitiful look.

“I really don’t think I sho-”

(Cut to a zoomed-in shot of Luca skating up to Ilya on the ice, the Captain currently resting against the plexiglas and drinking from a water bottle.)

“Heyyyyyy, so...I was thinking...” Luca stated, his voice easily picked up by the microphone even if the subtitles provide further clarifications.

Ilya turns to look at him, raising an eyebrow as if to tell him to go on.

“You know how you and Shane...” He coughs “...you know...the other day...”

“Know what? Spill it out, Haas,” Ilya demands impatiently, causing Haas to flinch slightly.

“Well, I was just wondering, when *did* you get together? I mean, it’s no big deal, right? Everyone already knows you are, you know, together *now* and have been for a while and...yeah I mean, just..wondering...when *did* it start? Cause, you know, I, ha, was-...I mean I am such a fan...so it’s crazy to think that my two idols...well, you know...like were you...two...when I was watching...or....you know?”

“*Oh my, it’s a suicide mission,*” Harrison whispers from behind the camera.

Throughout Luca’s nervous rant, Ilya’s face had gone through an increment of confusion until he finally eyed the other for one very long, drawn-out moment, as if still processing some of the other’s nervous rambling and translating it in his head before he finally laughed out loud, startling the rookie.

“Ah, what, team made bet or something? Who figures out Shane and I’s secret gets prize.” Rozanov asks, the amusement evident in his voice. Luca replies with a forced-out chuckle, not confirming the statement but letting the assumption stand.

“Is too bad. If Shane does not want me to tell you all, then I won’t.” Ilya simply shrugged, skating forward a bit to be closer to Haas before clasping his shoulder in a strong hold, giving the other a full-body jostle before leaning in inconspicuously.

“If you are smart, you will ask Shane directly. He is very bad liar. Cannot control face,” the Russian stated before skating off.

(Cut to solo shot of Luca in his previous position by the rink, now looking far more stressed out than before)

“That was a disaster! I can’t do it aga-”

(Cut to a slightly shaky shot of Shane alone in the locker room, clearly filmed from behind a partially opened door which covered parts of the screen, the camera zooming in on him as he is putting on his socks.)

“Heeeeeyyyy...” Luca opens awkwardly as he walks into the room on his skates, making his way towards the other.

Shane's head snaps up, and he looks at the other in perplexity, answering with a confused "Hey?" presumably since they have just gotten off the ice together.

"So," Luca begins again. A small groan sounds from behind the camera.

(Cut to Shane in the same spot as before, staring uneasily at Luca, who was now seated on a bench next Shane.)

"Okay, so I understand now you guys weren't exclusive for the longest time but had been casually seeing each other before you went official in 2017 *after* you dated Rose Landry and she helped you figure things out, right?" Luca summarized. Shane simply nodded, shuffling a bit on his seat as the conversation made him uneasy

"Okay, so. You guys have been a thing, non-officially, *since*..."

Luca let the end of his sentence die out, staring at Shane in expectation. When it was clear the other didn't pick up the hint, Luca cleared his throat once before offering.

"For a few years before you went official, right? So *since*...what...2015? 2014?"

The camera slowly zoomed in on Shane's face, which seemed to get a bit whiter as his eyes widened slightly, yet he didn't offer a confirming nod.

"2...2013?" Luca asked tentatively, disbelief clear in his voice.

The camera kept zooming slowly onto Shane's face, which was staring into Luca's like a deer caught in headlights, almost begging him not to keep asking for the answer to the question, as it would surely disturb him.

"2011?" Luca asked, his voice now with a slightly shrill quality to it.

Shane kept staring at Luca with the same expression of pure panic, the camera capturing it as Luca went on to keep asking, "2010? Two thousand and..." before the video eventually cut to black.

[The particular clipped sequence between Shane and Luca would, after the release of the video, become one of the most used memes of 2025.]

Chapter End Notes

i was thinking of a very specific meme when writing this lmao

Chapter 4: The Mockumentary - Family Style

Chapter Notes

Listen i know NOTHING about hockey (and the show certainly didnt teach me) and is painfully evident in this chapter lmafo

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

The video starts with the familiar keyboard sounds of the beloved melody from The Office intro, showcasing obviously handheld footage taken by a camera. The shots showcase a snowy road, the outside of the arena of the Ottawa Centaurs, and the locker room, where a mess of strewn-around clothes and water bottles sits.

A white front appears, reading;

The Ottawa Centaurs - The Mockumentary

However, as the text lingers on the screen, the music slowly begins to fade out before being harshly interrupted by a static sound. Suddenly, the text swirls itself off-screen in an old transition style before being replaced by new white text in an older, bolder font, reading:

Due to the tragic loss of this social media manager's camera, the following was entirely filmed on his mom's old camcorder found in the attic!*

***thanks mom**

The texts fade out again, before the familiar beats of an old sitcom theme starts playing, new text appearing.

So...to keep in style...

The theme continues, revealing the ‘ahhhh’ sounds, which make it recognizable as the theme song to [Full House](#) while the same shots play as before - a snowy road, the outside of the arena of the Ottawa Centaurs, and the locker room. This time, however, with a more vintage vibe. The last shot lingers on the locker room as the same text as earlier in the all-too-familiar old font appears.

The Ottawa Centaurs - The Mockumentary

Part Three

Family Style

As the theme song commences, each member of the said hockey team is shown along with a *starring* and their name in the old large font, obnoxiously in the middle of the shot.

What ever happened to predictability?

The milk man, the paper boy, the evening TV?

(Cut to Zane Boodram, pulling himself up on the pull-up bar. His eyes spot the camera and he winks at it, feigning nonchalance whilst the veins in his reddened neck are clearly protruding. He tries to lift his left thumb while smiling into the camera, yet the action causes him to slip and his eyes widen before he is rushing down, the scene cutting just before he hits his chin on the bar.)

How did I get delivered here? Somebody tell me please

(Cut to Troy Barett alone in the break room by the vending machine, holding onto it with both arms as he shakes it in frustration. The camera moves closer to him just in time for him to kick the machine, his foot getting stuck in the opening latch, his head swirling around to look at the camera in disbelief.)

This old world's confusing me

(Cut to Luca and Wyatt exchanging pucks on the ice, laughing and talking animatedly with each other. Suddenly, however, Luca hits the puck hard enough to send it flying towards Wyatt, which hits him in the helmet and sends him flying back. Luca's grin falls off his face as his arms reach out towards him.)

Clouds as mean as you've ever seen

Ain't a bird who knows your tune

Then a little voice inside you whispers

"Kid, don't sell your dreams so soon!"

(Cut to multiple shots featuring Shane and Ilya.)

(In the first shot, they are standing next to each other as Ilya calls for something out of sight, Shane wearing an amused smile at Ilya's excited antics. Suddenly Chiron, the team's now overgrown dog, pounces into view. Yet instead of charging at Ilya, he charges at Shane, sending the hockey player flying backwards and to the ground, causing Ilya to turn to him in stupor.)

(The next shot features a zoomed-in shot of them listening to Coach Wieb, whose back is facing the camera, explaining something as they all sit by the table in the break room. Shane is listening intently while Ilya is seemingly dozing off. He's stopped Shane by whacking him over the head. The next couple of shots feature Shane whacking Ilya's head in various instances as the verse continues, such as during a team meeting or during practice on the ice.)

(Lastly, the verse ends; it shows Ilya pulling Shane in by his uniform and planting a powerful kiss on his cheek during a game, Shane smiling abashedly down at his skates.)

Finally, the theme song's iconic chorus commences.

Everywhere you go

There's a heart

(There's a heart)

A hand to hold onto.

(Cut to a shot of the entire team outside the stadium, playing in the snow like children. Alongside them are Chiron and another white dog, running around them as the team members throw snowballs at each other.)

Everywhere you look,

Everywhere you go

There's a place,

Of Somebody who needs you

Everywhere you look.

(As the song continues, the shot zooms in just as Ilya manages to grab hold of Troy's collar, tugging on it and shoving snow down his jacket; Troy shouting out in dismay. Just as Ilya is laughing wholeheartedly, Shane manages to come up behind Ilya and do the same to him, causing him to replicate Troy's scream of anguish. He quickly grabs hold of Shane's wrist, holding onto it as he turns around and throws himself at his husband, both of them landing unceremoniously in the snow as the white dog piles on top of them, barking at them, all the while Shane is laughing wholeheartedly.)

When you're lost out there and you're all alone,

A light is waiting to carry you home

(The video cuts to a montage of the team members in various spots, such as the locker and break rooms, talking and laughing with each other.)

(At last, it cuts to a shot of them on the ice in their gear, surrounding the Stanley Cup held up by the two team captains. The shot zooms in just as Ilya and Shane smile brightly at each other before kissing the cup simultaneously, the music slowly fading out as their team around them celebrates.)

*(The scene cuts to a parking lot at night, the white font at the bottom left corner reading ***Stadium Parking Lot. 5am. One week after Stanley Cup Win.** The camera pans around to*

showcase a large team bus with the Centaurs logo on it and various teammates packing their belongings into the luggage compartment.)

(Cut to Luca, standing in front of the bus with his hands clasped in front of his mouth, blowing hot air on them as he shifts his weight from side to side.)

“So, champion, can you tell us where we are going?” Troy Barrett’s voice asks off-camera.

Luca smiles brightly, opening his mouth to reply before he takes in what is behind the camera, his eyes squinting in suspicion while his mouth stops mid-open. He then closes his mouth in what comes close to a pout, a resigned look on his face.

“I’m not gonna say what you want me to say,”

“Come on, it’s just for the video,” Troy prompts, followed by a snort.

Luca’s eyes shift from Troy to somewhere else behind the camera, his resignation becoming clear before he sighs, letting his hands fall to his side. He looks off in the other direction, shutting his eyes and scrunching his face up in distaste before speaking up again.

“Mom and Dad are taking us on a trip,” he mutters in defeat, his head hung low.

Troy starts laughing behind the camera.

“Stop torturing the rookie and come help with the luggage!” Harris’ voice calls out as the camera pans over to him by a car, unloading his suitcase from the trunk.

“I’m getting **your** footage, babe.” Troy shoots back.

“You tell yourself that, Barrett.” Boodram laughs as he comes over to help Harris unload another suitcase, the former giving him a grateful smile.

“Speaking of Mom and Dad,” Troy states as the camera pans over and zooms in to show Shane and Ilya standing by their SUV, Ilya unloading their suitcases from the trunk while Shane frowns down at some documents in his hand. Unlike their other team members, who are dressed in either athletic wear or giant puffer jackets, the couple is dressed stylishly in loose-fitting pants and long fashionable coats. Shane is wearing a black turtleneck, while Ilya is sporting sunglasses, with both their now significantly longer hair styled effortlessly.

“Of course they look like supermodels at 5 fucking am on a Friday morning,” Troy mumbles behind the camera.

“It’s **so** fucking early, man...” a voice off to the side whines, the camera panning to show Wyatt in a ruffled state, his bangs flattened on his forehead by his beanie, dark circles under his eyes, and clutching a coffee-to-go mug.

“Jesus Christ,”

“Good morning, fellas! Is beautiful to see stars together, eh?” Ilya’s voice booms through the parking lot.

The camera pans back over to where Ilya and Shane are finally approaching, Ilya rolling both their suitcases behind them while Shane has a large to-go bag slung around his shoulder, both of them wearing matching, content smiles.

“Are those the legendary 5-time Stanley Cup winners and first husbands of hockey, Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander?” Boodram, ever the hypeman, shouts as he approaches with Harris, followed by an accompanying chant where he cups his hand around his mouth.

The team all laughs and joins Boodram’s chant, except for Hayes, who groans a “wayyyy too loud, dude,” which the camera barely picks up beyond all the noise.

“Alright, alright, enough,” Shane laughs as he and Ilya finally join the group, settling their suitcases down as Boodram and Harris do the same.

“We’re so excited, Holzy. It’s really generous of you guys to make this trip happen for all of us,” Harris exclaims happily.

“We’re happy to, Harris. The win is on all of us. Ilya and I just wanted to say thank you,” Shane replied before turning his head to smile at his husband, who blows him a quick kiss accompanied by a wink.

“Can we get on the bus now? I’m freezing my ass off,” Luca interjects, the camera panning over to him slightly outside their circle in front of the bus door, still shifting his weight from side to side.

“I’m with Haas on this one. I wanna sleep,” Wyatt groans, the camera panning back to him.

“Yeah, sure. Did you put your luggage in already?” Shane asks, gesticulating towards the bus. Wyatt just turned slightly, showcasing his large backpack.

“This is my luggage, I’m good.” He shrugs. Shane frowns at him.

“That’s all? Did you get everything?” he asks.

Wyatt simply shrugs before yawning again, the camera continuously panning back and forth between him and Shane.

“You said they provide the skis, so I’m good,”

The camera pans back to Shane and zooms in on him as his frown gets more pronounced. He blinks once, twice, before setting his mouth in a thin line.

“Did you pack your passport?” he asks, confusion evident in his voice. The camera zooms out again so Shane and Wyatt are both visible.

“Why would I need my passport, dude? We’re not leaving Canada,” Wyatt frowns.

“It is recommended to have your passport on you when you travel,” Shane states matter-of-factly.

Wyatt just squints his eyes at him as if he's not seeing clearly, now turning to be the confused one.

"Yeah, when you travel *outside* the country. But we're...*not* leaving the country?" he reiterates.

"You are supposed to have a form of identification on you. Like your passport,"

A snort interrupts their interaction, and the camera swings slightly back to the left to include Ilya back in the frame, showing him shake his head fondly down at the ground while biting down on his lips to suppress a grin. Shane, seemingly unperturbed by Ilya, just continues frowning heavily at Wyatt.

"I have ID on me, just...not my passport?"

The camera pans over to Wyatt again just in time for him to make confused eye contact with it.

"I'm lost," he mouths at it. Behind the camera, Troy chuckles, the shot slightly shaking with it.

The camera pans back towards Shane, who is staring down at his to-go bag before turning to face Ilya.

"You packed your passport, right?" he asks, likely for confirmation as well as reassurance.

Ilya, who had been suppressing his amusement, sighs fondly before zipping open the to-go bag on top of his carry-on, protruding his passport from it before turning to face Shane.

"What, you think I am rookie like Haas?" he grins.

"*Hey!*" Luca shouts off-camera.

Shane looks at the passport in Ilya's hand, nodding once before lifting up his folder again, glancing at it before looking back at Ilya.

"Good. And also your-"

"Charger? Yes, here." Ilya says easily, already holding up the charger he grabbed whilst Shane was checking his list, his grin widening by the second at his husband's antics.

"And-"

"Second charger in case first one breaks? *Yes*, do not worry, my love," Ilya interrupts Shane gently, an extremely fond, exasperated sigh escaping him.

Shane looks from the two chargers in his husband's hand to his blinding, slightly teasing smile, and the camera begins to zoom in just as his expression begins to shift ever so slightly from concern to something more intimate.

“Hm,” he just hums in approval, barely audible to the camera as it continuously zooms in, observing how Shane’s expression takes on something more private, his eyes lingering on his husband’s lips.

Ilya, who must have followed the micro-shifts in Shane’s expression, sets the items down in his bag before leaning onto the handle of his suitcase, his fond grin turning smug. The movement brings his upper body closer to Hollander, who remains in his spot, yet his hungry eyes never leave his husband’s face, which is now barely inches away, hovering slightly beneath Shane’s.

“I know how to be your husband, da?” Rozanov teasingly mutters under his breath, looking up at Shane through his lashes. The camera just so manages to pick up the amused huff Shane lets out as Ilya leans forward to press a gentle kiss to his lips. Shane shuts his eyes and returns the kiss with a delicate press of his lips on his own, the sound of which seems to resonate around the parking lot.

They separate, yet Ilya remains only a few inches apart from Shane’s face, both of them wearing matching smiles directed at each other.

“*Yeah*, Rozanov is definitely getting lucky tonight. I’m not IT for the room next to theirs!”

The sweet moment is interrupted by Boodram’s exasperated exclamation, the camera panning toward him to see him holding his pointer finger to his nose.

“*That’s no-*” Shane’s voice can be heard saying, yet he is interrupted by Troy off camera, loudly following Boodram’s call of “*NOT IT!*”

“Not it, either!” Harris, next to Zane, exclaims, finger also to his nose.

The camera pans towards Wyatt, who also has his finger at his nose, another yawn escaping him as he simply shakes his head at the camera.

“Nope,”

The camera zooms in behind him, taking a moment to showcase Luca looking into it in realization.

“Ah *fuck*,” he groans.

“Oh, *fuck off*, we are *not* that bad.” Shane groans, the camera panning back to him.

It zooms out again to reveal the entire group, all of whom turn to give him and Ilya an incredulous look, causing the latter to laugh delightedly and Shane to clench his jaw.

“*If you guys hadn’t won us the Stanley Cup, I was going to hand in a complaint with HR. Or my transfer papers, depending on if I had to listen to you one more time again, really.*” Troy states off camera, earning him a withering glare from Shane.

“Shut up. This is going on the *internet*,” the hockey player hisses in warning, looking pointedly towards the camera.

"Good, they should know winning the Stanley Cup comes with a price," Boodram says heavily as he rubs a hand over his forehead.

Shane opens his mouth to say something, yet he seems not to be able to find the words, so he just increasingly blinks at the camera.

Ilya, who had been following the interaction with an amused grin, relents at seeing his husband's disturbed face, laughing once before lifting a placating hand towards them.

"Alright, enough now. This is why we started booking different floor than team, yes? Matter has already been settled. We gotta get going now if we want to get to relaxing, expensive Wakefield resort in time. Where Shane and I have *private* room, okay?"

"Wait, Wakefield? As in the Belle De Nuit Wakefield Inn up North?" Boodram asks with a frown.

"Yeah, we booked the whole place," Shane confirms, nodding.

"That's, like, an hour's drive from here, tops. Why the fuck did we need to meet at ass o'clock?" the linemate asks, his irritation clear.

The camera zooms in to pan once between Boodram's confused expression and Shane's stare.

"It says check-in at 6 am," Hollander eventually says.

You could suddenly hear a pin drop as the camera zooms out again to showcase the disbelieving faces of the group.

"Isn't it usually...check-in *from* 6 am *on*?" Harris asks carefully.

"It *said* on the website-..."

(The scene cuts just as the collective groans of everyone echo throughout the parking lot.)

(Cut to a wide shot of the team on the bus, taken from the front. Some members are sleeping, others are on their phones, or quietly chatting with each other. The camera zooms in slightly at Shane, who is sitting next to Ilya by the front, frowning down at his lap.)

"*Everything alright, Shane?*" Harris's voice behind the camera asks, the camera moving with him to sit down in the row in front of the hockey couple.

Shane doesn't lift his head, frowning down at his lap, where he is presumably running through his to-go bag.

"Yeah, I just can't find my book," he mumbles. He ends up sighing, lifting his head only to clunk it against the seat, casting a displeased look at Ilya.

"I packed it in the suitcase cause I didn't think I'd want to read on the ride, but now I kinda do," he said, his rather monotone voice as close to a whine as it could get.

“Hm, I know, sweetheart,” Ilya replies softly, matching Shane’s tone with a faux pitiful expression as he reaches his hand out to let his knuckle gently graze over the other’s freckles once.

After giving himself enough time to appreciate him, he finally triumphantly declares, "That's why I grabbed it out of your suitcase before I put our luggage away," with a smirk.

His hand leaves Hollander's face to reach inside his coat and produce the book before waving it in front of his face.

Shane lights up with a fond smile, his eyes sparkling with affection as he just looks at Ilya fondly, the moment stretching on between them.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” he eventually whispers, too busy gazing at Ilya to take the book from his hand. Ilya smiles at him, repeating the phrase in a softly whispered prayer.

The two continue to gaze at each other for a moment before Ilya unceremoniously states, “Now put on your glasses, please,” before softly tapping against Shane’s temple with the edge of the book, making the other laugh.

Under Ilya's unwavering gaze, Shane fishes out a pair of black-rimmed glasses, putting them on while sighing in exasperation, yet his grin betrays his frustration. Once the glasses are settled on his face, he turns towards his husband, raising a single eyebrow at him.

“Better?” he muses.

“*Very*,” Ilya purrs, slowly leaning forward to steal a kiss.

However, before he reaches him, Wyatt suddenly emerges from the row behind them, resting his arm over the back of their seats to pull himself up with a groan, startling Ilya, who pulls back with a “*Jesus*.” under his breath. The book falls from his hands and into Shane’s lap, who laughs, also startled by the other’s sudden appearance.

“*Can't sleep, Hayes?*” Harris laughs off camera.

Wyatt turns, resting his chin on top of his arm, still resting on the hockey couple’s seats, blinking his eyes open while giving a noncommittal hum in reply.

“Say, Rozanaov, which job do you enjoy more - being the obnoxiously best hockey player that makes everyone feel inferior or being the obnoxiously best husband that does the same thing?” he asks, his question interrupted by a yawn in between.

Shane huffs a laugh at the question, shaking his head to himself while Rozanov just grins at Hayes.

“Which I like better? Is too easy,” he states as he looks between Wyatt and Shane with a smug grin. Shane raises his eyebrow at him, jutting his chin forward to tell him to go on.

“Beingt best hockey player is until I retire and Haas breaks all my records. Being best husband is forever,” he finishes with a wink directed at Shane, who snorts.

“Obnoxious is definitely the right word, Hayes. Also, if anyone breaks *your* records, it’s me. Haas can break mine when he starts skating without training wheels, and I’ve long been retired for all I care, but your achievements are *mine*, Rozanov,” Hollander declares smugly.

Ilya raises his eyebrows at him while letting out a surprised laugh.

“Oh, is that so?” he baits.

“Hm, just wait for the next All-Stars, asshole,” Hollander hums, reaching out to tug at Rozanov’s collar to pull him closer. Ilya goes willingly, wiggling happily until he is leaning against Shane’s chest and he can rest his head against the other’s shoulder and smile up at him. Hollander responds to his antics by kissing his forehead.

Whilst the couple gazes at each other, Wyatt holds direct eye contact with the camera, simply shaking his head, his eyes closing, before he lets himself fall back into his seat again.

(Music slowly starts fading in before the iconic opening line, “We are young, we run green” from [Alright](#) by Supergrass begins to play, a montage featuring various clips from the weekend getaway running.)

(The shots feature the group arriving at the resort, exiting the bus one by one and being astonished by the large resort all reserved for them.)

(What follows are shots of them on the ski lane, skating by and taking turns, impressing each other by showcasing snowboard tricks or giving thumbs up to the camera as they skate by.)

(It cuts to them at the evening, inside the resort’s main hall, placed on various sofas surrounding a fireplace and animatedly talking to each other.)

(Cut to them in the same spot at later times, playing games. The shots feature them with paper sticking to their foreheads, gesturing widely during a game of charades, and yelling at each other over card games. One shot zooms in on Hollander throwing his Uno card down and standing up from where he was sitting between his husband's legs on the floor, pointing at the table in outrage while yelling at them, Ilya on the floor, throwing his head back in laughter at the scene.)

(Another cut shows them at an indoor pool area with a large swimming pool and surrounding hot tubs, steam surrounding them. The team is distributed between the different spots, the members in the hottub laughing as Ilya, Drystka, and Troy have a competition of doing somersaults into the pool.)

(As the song's last notes ring out, various Polaroid shots appear on top of a black background of the entire team throughout their trip. In ski gear, on the track, inside the resort hall and at breakfast, finishing with a collective group shot on the track, every member smiles brightly.)

(The video cuts to a shot filmed from inside the luxurious main hall of the resort that slowly starts to come into focus. The camera begins to zoom in on the glass doors looking out to the terrace, where Rozanov is standing, looking out at the sunset, his back to the camera. The

shot isn't underlined by music, just the quiet chatter of the members and the cackling of the fireplace. The shot isn't very defined, the camera continues to go in and out of focus as it shows the team Captain being approached by Hollander. He holds out a cup to him, a private smile on his face as the lowering sun illuminates his side profile. Rozanov slightly turns to him, taking the cup from him. Hollander looks down as their hands touch, shaking his head once at Rozanov before telling him something. Without debate, Rozanov uses his other hand to take the cup, the camera just so managing to show his amused smile. Shane then takes the hand in his own, raising it to his lips and brushing his fingers over the knuckles in the process. He blows hot air on it before stepping closer to place Ilya's hand inside his jacket pocket before turning around so he's looking out at the same scene his husband is, their shoulders brushing as they take in the scene.)

The video cuts to a still shot of the arena, recognizable from the intro of the video, with white text over it reading:

6 Months later

Suddenly, the shot flickers, with static sound playing over it like an old monitor switching on. Accordingly, the outer frame of the video turns into that of an old TV.

(Inside the frame is a taping of a recognizable sports talk show, with two hosts sitting on opposing sofas in a professional studio. Due to the TV effect, the segment appears much older than it actually is. Between the two hosts, a flat screen showcases an outdated picture of Shane and Rose Landry holding hands while exiting a restaurant from 2017.)

“It appears there's unfortunate news about what was once Canada's favorite couple, Rose Landry and Shane Hollander. The former lovebirds, now friends, seem to have gotten into a bit of a *fender bender* two nights ago. They were reported to have been chased by paparazzi after attending a theater show in Montreal together,” the female hostess on the left states, wincing afterwards in an exaggerated manner.

“Indeed. Miss Landry has apparently had to deal with quite an onslaught of paparazzi ever since her win at the Golden Globes. Combined with Hollander's level of attraction ever since his public coming out and acclaimed *fourth* Stanley Cup win with his new team *and* husband, the media seems to have found a goldmine in the two attractive stars.” The male host on the right continues, exchanging a pitiful glance with the hostess, who sighs.

“Unfortunately for the young talents, high-speed car chases and snowy Canadian roads in the dark simply do not mix well,” she states with a shake of her head.

“It is reported that due to a suave maneuver by Hollander, who was driving, Miss Landry got away with a sprained wrist and some minor contusions.”

The male host continues as a shot of a totaled car off the side of a snowy road is blended in, police tape drawn around it, taken hours after the accident by daylight.

“Hollander, however, was not so lucky, as this move caused him to clash with a tree, reportedly crushing his driver's side and breaking his leg as well as giving him multiple minor contusions.”

The flatscreen showcases a more recent picture of Shane, a solo shot of him holding his most recent Stanley Cup with a grin taken off his social media, underneath a headline reporting “SHANE HOLLANDER INJURED IN CAR ACCIDENT - OUT FOR THE SEASON.”

“Hollander is speculated to be out for the entire season; that *cannot* be good for the Centaurs, who were *just* starting to establish their place at the top of the hockey game, with many attributing their win *to* Hollander joining.” The male host continues empathetically, shaking his head at the situation.

“And let’s not forget Captain Ilya Rozanov, who has to deal with not only his star player being injured but also the emotional toll it had to have taken to get that news about his own husband. Insider reports state that his and Hollander’s agency are pursuing strong legal actions against the aforementioned paparazzi in a *lethal* legal battle. A photographer of the New Yorker apparently has already been reported to have handed in his resignation, as surely many will follow.”

“We wish Hollander a speedy recovery and good luck to the Centaurs. God knows, they’ll need it for the upcoming season,” the host cheekily states, winking into the camera as the female hostess laughs.

*(Cut to an off-ice shot during a Centaurs practice. The text at the bottom left corner reads, *Two weeks before playoffs.)*

(Cut to a confessional shot of Troy Barrett sitting in the stands, gear still on but his helmet off and placed in his lap, frowning into the camera.)

“Why are you still using that old thing? I thought you liked the new one I got for you,” he asks.

“*Continuity*,” Harris growls behind the camera, causing Troy to snort.

“*Just answer how it’s been recently*,” Harris sighs in defeat.

“Well, Hollander being out obviously sucks. Maybe he’ll come back by the end of the season if physical therapy goes well but it’s kinda unlikely. He’s taken it...”

(Cut to a shot of Shane laying on the sofa in the breakroom, his leg in a cast and lifted up by cushions as he groans into a pillow he’s holding over his head.)

(Cut back to Troy, wincing)

“*Not so great*. And now Rozanov went away. Some foundation round trip they had scheduled together before the playoffs and Shane *insisted* Ilya go on alone.” He sighs heavily, his gloved hand coming up to scratch at his temple.

(Cut to Wyatt and Zane in the locker room, sitting down as they take off their gear. Zane glances around the corner once before facing the camera.)

“Despite being out, Hollander decided to keep coming to practice. Something about being interim Captain in Ilya’s absence and helping through observing and whatnot. It’s probably just so he doesn’t go mental at home alone or with his parents smothering him,” Boomdram states, voice a bit low, before he continues taking off his gear.

Wyatt manages to take off his skate, settling it down on the ground before also looking into the camera.

“Rozanaov told us to take care of him while he’s gone,”

He pauses for a moment.

(The camera cuts to Shane sitting on the sofa in the break room, clad in an oversized hoodie with some nonsensical Slavic signing on it, chewing on the strings. His cast leg is lifted up on cushions, and a clipboard is placed on his lap, where he’s highlighting some stats. On the ground next to the sofa, chiron and a white dog are cuddled up together. The person filming is most likely sitting on the opposing desk, since the shot is at eye level with Hollander who looks up as another player approaches him, holding onto a coffee, his head out of frame, however.)

“Dude, you’re hogging the couch.” Troy states.

Hollander looks from his casted leg to Troy, unimpressed.

“Sorry, I’ll just cut it off,” he deadpans.

Behind the camera, a couple of snorts can be heard; meanwhile, Troy just sighs and mutters a defeated “Sorry.”

“It’s fine, I’ll make room,” Shane mutters under his breath, lifting himself on his elbows to scoot further back into the couch, leaving some space to sit by his leg. The camera pans up to finally show Troy’s face, who frowns at Shane.

Hollander expectantly looks from the small sliver of space he created to Troy and back again, urging him to sit. Troy follows, albeit a bit awkwardly, sitting on the edge of the seat while glancing warily at Hollander, who sends him a confused frown.

“This is like...dangerously close to cuddling,” Troy eventually mutters, an unhappy expression on his face as his eyes shift slightly towards the camera, or most likely the person behind the camera. Harris just snorts at the statement.

“We’re not even touching,” Hollander deadpans.

“Yeah, and I’m not gonna touch you. I don’t want your Russian attack dog after me.” Troy shruders, taking a sip of his coffee afterwards.

Shane frowns at him again before looking down at the white dog asleep next to the sofa.

“Anyia is a rescue, not an attack dog,” he says, sounding mildly bewildered at Troy’s assumption.

Troy looks up from where he is drinking from his mug to stare into the camera, a meaningful glance exchanged.

(Cut back to Wyatt and Zane in the locker room.

“It’s been going semi-well.” Wyatt shrugs.

Boodram next to him sighs before shaking his head down at the ground.

“That is, until the kid got involved,” he mutters under his breath as he leans down to untie his other skate.

(Cut to a shot of Luca inside the player’s box during practice in full gear, holding onto his stick with both hands.)

“Okay, in my defense, I just said what *I* do when I’m down!” he quickly rushes out.

“*Which is?*” Harris asks behind the camera.

“Well, my sisters always said it’s healthy to wallow a bit in self-pity. Feel your feelings, stuff like that.” Luca mumbles, looking down at his skates whilst fiddling a bit with the tape around his stick.

“I think...maybe Shane is not really...*used* to that,” he continues, carefully, scrunching his nose up.

“And with Cap’ having some delay in his return because of some weather warning...well...”

(Cut to a shot of Barrett, Hayes, and Luca standing in front of the door leading to the break room, looking into it through the glass inside the door, wearing matching expressions of uncertainty. A loud Russian greeting booms through the hallway from far away, and the camera pans around, showing a blurry shot of Ilya strutting down the hallway, which slowly comes into focus. The Captain of the team has a to-go bag slung over his shoulder, sunglasses on his face and a million-dollar smile as he stretches out his arms in greeting.)

(Cut to Rozanova just finishing hugging Hayes, who claps him on the back once with a smile.)

“Glad to have you back,” he says.

Rozanova nods, smiling at him, confirming the statement with a “Yes.”

A small silence settles over the group as Rozanova huffs a laugh, raising his eyebrows at them.

“So?” he asks. The camera pans over to Luca and Troy exchanging nervous glances as they conveniently block the view into the break room.

“So what?” Luca chuckles awkwardly. The camera pans over to Ilya, who frowns.

“So...will you tell me where Shane is, or do I have to search whole place? I have not texted him that I got earlier flight, is surprise. I want to see his face. And then make lo-”

“Okay, that’s enough,” Troy quickly interrupts him, holding up a hand, which makes Ilya chuckle as the camera pans between them in the narrow hallway.

“Maybe you should greet Boodram first! He missed you too!” Hayes suddenly suggests overenthusiastically. Ilya grimaces at the idea.

“Yes, I’m sure Boodram missed me more than my own husband. He will have to wait, though. Come on, I want to see Shane. Is he in there?”

At his questions, the three Centaurs exchange a nervous glance, which seems to alarm Ilya.

“What’s wrong, why are you blocking door like creepy children in The Shining?” he pesters. Luca laughs loudly, going for nonchalance but failing miserably, causing Ilya to raise an eyebrow at the rookie. Whatever the rookie finds in his Captains glance makes him swallow before silently stepping off to the side.

Troy glares at him in betrayal before sighing.

“Look, Roz’, he’s *fine*. He’s just, kinda going through it without you, man.” Troy explains poorly. Ilya just points his finger at him before flicking it to the side, ordering Troy to step aside which he complies with.

The camera zooms in through the window, showing Shane lying on the floor in the breakroom, the table pushed aside as he’s resting on top of a nest of pillows and blankets from the sofa. On top of him is a large white dog, whose snout is resting on his chest.

Rozanov steps into view, his head of curls blocking the shot as he goes to open the door, loud, melancholic music filtering in.

I bet on losing dogs

I know they're losing, and I'll pay for my place by the ring

Where I'll be looking in their eyes when they're down

I'll be there on their side

I'm losing by their side

Rozanov stays in place, the door only slightly opened as he takes in the scene before him, quickly closes it again, before turning around with a disbelieving expression.

“What the fuck have you done?!” he asks harshly.

“We didn’t do anything! He was just sad and lonely, and we didn’t...in hindsight...make it much better, I suppose.” Wyatt stumbles, his hands gesticulating along with his words as if trying to pull an explanation out of thin air.

“Oh, you suppose, do you, shithead?” Ilya spits, his head turning between his three teammates and looking at Shane through the door visor.

“What the fuck is he listening to? Shane never listens to stuff like this,” he demands.

Wyatt and Barrett turn to Haas, whose eyes widen under the attention.

“Okay, in my defense, I recommended her because she’s a Japanese-American artist, and he said he was interested in connecting more with his own culture on the ski trip! My sister loves her, okay?” he sticks by.

Ilya turns around, looking at Shane through the glass again, muttering something under his breath in Russian while running a hand through his hair.

“Look, Roz, he’ll be fine. Just go in there and do your magic husband thing and-” Troy starts, but is interrupted by Ilya spinning around to glare at them.

“He is not goldy fish!” he whisper-shouts at the playes, pointing aggressively towards the door with both hands.

The camera zooms in on Troy and Luca exchanging a confused glance before zooming out again.

“What?” Hayes asks.

The camera pans towards Ilya, who clenches his jaw, his fierce eyes continuing to glare at them, nostrils flaring.

“I said he is not goldy fish, what is not clear about that?” the Russian grits out.

The camera pans to Troy and Hayes exchanging confused looks again, with Luca looking entirely lost next to them, before landing back on Ilya, who groans with his head thrown back into his neck whilst dramatically rolling his eyes.

“You know, stupid fish friend asks you to watch but then you kill so you flush down toilet and get new one! Everyone knows this, is common thing!!”

A small chorus of “ohhhhhhh” erupts from the group.

“*My. Husband. Is. Not. A. Gold. Fish.*” Ilya finally grits out between his clenched teeth, the wrath in his eyes undercut by the panic in them.

“No, he is...*not.*” Hayes answers carefully, glancing between Ilya and Troy.

“Yes. You cannot replace him with same-looking fish. Is not replaceable,” the Captain reiterates.

There’s a pregnant pause in which the players seem to be unable to come up with anything to say to that before Ilya speaks up again.

“So why I come back and you break my husband!?”

“Okay, I think that is an exaggera-”

Just then, a loud groan from where Shane was still sprawled out in the break room could be heard, interrupting their hushed bickering.

They all stilled in the hallway before Ilya sighed heavily, his hand coming up to scratch at his eyebrow.

“*You all had one fucking job,*” he mutters under his breath before exhaling loudly.

“We will talk about this *later,*” he promises, the camera quickly zooming in on the horrified expressions of the players before panning back over to Ilya, who had already turned around again.

He braced himself, taking a deep breath before carefully opening the door again. He barely took a step in before he froze in his tracks again, remaining in his spot while turning his upper body around to look at his teammates in pure mortification, his hand still on the doorhandle.

“Did I just see...a McDonald’s bag next to him?” he asks incredulously. The camera pans back over to the trio, where Troy winces as Wyatt speaks up.

“Yeah, he, uh, wasn’t eating much, so we grabbed him a fish burger for lunch a few days ago and he has...gotten them ever since,” he explains carefully.

The camera pans back over to Ilya, whose expression is somber.

“You should have called his mother,” he just says.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. At last, he steps into the room, the camera following him but remaining by the doorframe as Ilya carefully takes a few more steps into the room before reaching his arms out.

“Anyushka, Papa is here!” he calls out over the music.

The dog resting on top of Shane lifts its snout at the intrusion but barely gives Ilya acknowledgment before settling down on top of Shane’s chest again with a heavy huff, causing the Russian’s shoulders to slump as his arms fall to his side.

“Ilya? Are you back already?” Shane’s timid voice asks, craning his neck from where he’s lying on the ground.

“Shane, sweetheart, what have you done to our dog?” Ilya asks as he walks around the room. As he approaches and finally looks down at them, he softly murmurs, “*Oh, my babies,*” barely audible to the camera.

“Asshole. You’ve been gone for two weeks, and that’s the first thing you say to me?” Shane grumbles, his hand already greedily reaching out for his husband's, who accepts it with a heavy sigh before dropping to his knees alongside Shane and reverently kissing his palm. Once he’s on the ground, he leans forward to press a kiss to Shane’s forehead, his other hand coming up to cradle his face in it while holding onto his hand, pressing a kiss into the palm once more.

“Is happiest dog on earth and she did not even get up to greet me,” he explains. Shane huffs and calls him an asshole again, gently tugging Ilya’s hand forward. Ilya leans down, and the couple exchange soft kisses, both sighing in relief at the action. The camera purposefully unfocuses as they continue to kiss and exchange soft words, giving their reunion some privacy. Eventually, the camera comes back into focus, just as Ilya runs his hand up and down Shane’s arm, where he is still holding onto his hand. He gazes down at his husband with worry.

“I hear you had McDonald's. I am very concerned, Shane. Is this about your leg still?” Ilya asks.

“I’m fine,” Shane just sighs.

“Maybe we stop listening to the sad woman and get home, yes?” Ilya suggests pressing another kiss into Shane’s palm.

“So I can be useless there?” Shane groans.

Ilya sighs, momentarily letting go of Shane’s arm to unzip his jacket, muttering an “*Okay*,” under his breath.

(Cut to Shane’s confessional, sitting in the coach office in front of the shuttered window. His expression just barely shows hints of exhaustion, remaining stoic.)

“It is...perhaps...*hard* for me. Not to feel like I am letting people down when I cannot perform like I am expected to. Not to feel like I am letting *myself* down,” he declares.

“*Expected to by who?*” Harris asks off-camera. Shane looks off to the side, his jaw clenching before he stubbornly faces the camera again.

“You know, when we won the cup, it was predictable that the headlines would say that it is the first time “*a gay couple*” won a cup together. On an “*openly queer-friendly team*”, with other queer members on it, things like that,” he began.

“All that is amazing, of course. I am glad people can see themselves in us and hope for the better. That we might inspire change.”

He nodded seriously before taking in a shaking exhale once.

“However, it also confirmed something that I had been running from for years. That there is yet another thing people can define me by. I have always been the *Asian-Canadian* hockey player. Every achievement I made, whether it was recognizable or not, was the first time an

Asian-American player had achieved it in hockey. And with Ilya and me being outed, I wasn't just the Asian player anymore. I was the *gay* Asian-Canadian hockey player. And suddenly, even more people counted on me to positively reflect them." He takes a brief pause before speaking up again.

"And even more people had reason to hate me. For simply existing, I guess. And to undermine my achievements and everything I built. From strangers to... certain individuals, the league to... former friends,"

Shane looks ahead into the camera, his face remaining impassive, his lips in a thin line. His eyes, however, were beginning to shine with unshed tears building in them, revealing an emotional world behind them that his stoic expression would never give away.

"All that can be--"

He pauses, his expression remaining unchanged, yet his chest rises with another deep inhale he takes.

"- *exhausting*. To have your existence be political. Or controversial. Up for debate."

He looks off to the side again.

"There are some days when I would just like to breathe. As I am." he continues, refusing to face the camera.

"Even when I do get these days, all it takes is one look at my phone, the news, or an encounter with someone for me to be reminded that I am not, and never will be, just *Shane*."

(Cut to Ilya's confessional in the same spot as Shane's.)

"Shane and I... for all the talent we have, we have always been kind of bad at the talking stuff," Ilya states, fiddling with his shirt once before shifting his weight on his seat, avoiding direct eye contact with the camera.

"I did not open up about my depression for a long time to him, even though he is the person closest to me in the world. Even now, although it is public information because I wished to help people who are like me, it is hard for me to talk about. Or being asked about. So I understand why Shane never likes to bring up his burden." Ilya said softly, nodding once to himself.

"You see, I love Shane. I can admit now that I probably have always loved Shane, even when my head or my life or 'society' would not let me. When I look at Shane, I see beautiful freckles and the love of my life. I do not see what other people see. '*Labels*'. *Gay, Asian, masculine, feminine*... All that has never mattered to me." he shrugs before facing the camera directly again, a small private smile on his face.

"I wanted just Shane," he says softly.

"How did you two opening up about your respective struggles affect you?"

“I think it made me see the past, *our* past, with much kinder eyes. I was often...angry at Shane. Or maybe jealous. When we were meeting in secret. I thought he was like the sun. I knew he also had stuff to lose, but I thought he just had *so* much more than I did. Friends, family, admiration, a country that's *proud* of him.”

He swallowed bitterly, looking off to the side while his hand came up to touch the crucifix around his neck once before looking back into the camera.

“I did not realize all he had to carry on his shoulders. What it means to be...*representative* of people. I thought I did. But that was being representative of my country, of outdated ideals and family expectations. Until our relationship was revealed, I did not realize what a big weight it is to actually *mean* something to people who do not see themselves in places like this. And to have to live by certain standards to not feel like you are disappointing them,” he concludes.

He then pauses, lost in thought, before smiling sadly at the camera.

“I think my love must have been terribly lonely all these year, too.”

(Cut back to Shane.)

“I want to reiterate that I know it is a privilege to do this. When I was young, I *wanted* to see someone who looked like me doing this, being *allowed* to do this. So I do not take it for granted and never will.” he affirms.

However, the shine in his eyes hasn't left him, and he clenches his jaw once more before speaking up again.

“However, at times, it can also be...”

He breathes in deeply, closing his eyes.

“Crushing,”

Just then, rustling can be heard from the background before Ilya steps into the frame, only his back visible. He steps up to Shane and gently cups his cheek in his palm, causing the other to look up at him with glistening eyes and a gentle smile on his face.

Ilya's thumb reaches out to brush over Shane's freckles, causing his smile to turn even softer.

“You make it easier, though,” Shane whispers, clearly not meant for the camera but for Ilya, at whom he looks up as if he had hung the moon for him.

(Cut back to the other half of the Team entering the break room, still partially in their gear from practice, their chatter carrying in from the hallway and quickly quieting down as they spot the scene in front of them where Shane, Ilya and Anya are sprawled out on the floor, Ilya's face tucked into his Shane's neck, who has one hand still resting on top of their dog and the other in Ilya's curls.)

(Slowly, the outro music of The Office begins playing as it cuts to Shane and Ilya being asleep on the team bus, Shane resting his head on Ilya's shoulder as his head rests on top of Shane's. Another cut shows them in reversed positions asleep on a plane, followed by them in similar positions in various places, such as the break room or at a team party. At last, it lingers on a shot of Ilya engulfing Shane in his large Team Canada jacket, the former's lips resting against his sleeping husband's neck before it finally cuts to black.)

@Hollanovwarrior#1: WHO ELSE IS CUTTING ONIONS?

@ICEOUT: [screencap of Shane looking up at Ilya with glistening unshed tears in his eyes, Ilya's hand gently on his cheek, grazing his freckles] yeah what the actual fuck shane hollander

@frohsquad: yeah rozanov is not winning any arguments in that marriage ever

@lucahaasgetbehindme: Shane Hollander your beautiful brown doe eyes and autistic demeanour have bewitched me body and soul

@Xsquadtriple: ROSE LANDRY GET THAT MAN TO HOLLYWOOD IMMEDIATELY

@twobaddiesoneporsche: that his babygirl right there

@bostonraidersteaparty: also him in those glasses like holy fuck

@mymoommymna: rozanov's greed sickens me i cant believe he gets all that to himself

@stanleytriple cups: is it just me or was ilya giving MAJOR edward cullen vibes in those sunglasses strutting in that parking lot with his sexy husband and smirk ugh

@barkingforrozanov: that dog is living my dream for real (getting to sleep in Roz' and Hollander's bed every night)

@roselaundry: shane hollander is so 90s boyfriend coded in this it's not even funny anymore

@vancouvercansuckmytoes: yo i did not expect this to go from fun little field trip to a soul crushing commentary on identity

@swisscheesecauseigotholes: But imagine being a rookie and getting traded to a kinda shit team and then suddenly your two icons join and not only do they have that kinda romance against all odds story that genuinely makes you believe in love again but they are also talented and kind af and you win the stanley cup with them in only your second year and they decide to adopt you and basically declare you the future of hockey...oh, Luca Haas, to have your manifestation powers

@scotthunterisadilf:

Rozanov: being the absolute loverboy of the century.

Hollander: I will beat every record you have ever made till they eradicate your name from history. And then maybe kiss you on the mouth. IF you used the one non-flavored toothpaste I approve of.

@toenails4sale: do you think they'd adopt me if i barked for them?

@bringbacktrampstamps: why do i as a second gen immigrant eldest daughter relate to shane hollander so much he made me cry

@menstearsaremydinner: hollander getting so visibly turned on by his husband being properly prepared for their trip is the Type A representation we desperately needed

@hockeyupdatedt2day: if any of them gets traded im just gonna fling myself off a bridge

@tumblrhoe993: shane hollander going through the universal female experience of having to stop listening to Mitski for the sake of your own mental health

@Sarahfromhr: are we gonna skip over the fact that they had to start booking rooms on separate floors bc their teammates could hear them banging...imagine explaining that to the nhl headquarters

@f0kthenhl: the most repeated scene being of them kissing...i see you yaoi freaks

Chapter End Notes

edit: I loved the car accident plot in this chapter (even if it may have been a shock to everyone who was afraid i would quote on quote 'princess di shane' lmao) and said if anyone wants to write a good hurt/comfort story based on it they have my blessing and guess what? SOMEONE DID! Check out "Good Press" by TaliaQuinn it's so good and focuses more on Shane's inner struggle!

in general anyone has my blessing to take elements from this story and write their own version since this is how this story started out as well and i would LOVE to read it!

Chapter 5: BONUS SCENE

Chapter Notes

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

(At last, the shot lingers on a shot of Ilya engulfing Shane in his large Team Canada jacket, the former's lips resting against his sleeping husband's neck before it finally cuts to black.)

*(Suddenly, it cuts to shaky footage taken from the stands during an ongoing. Multiple sounds overlap: the roaring fans in the stadium, the sounds of the skates on the ice, and the buzzing sound of the scoreboard. In the bottom left corner, it reads ***San Francisco vs. Ottawa Stanley Cup Final.**)*

(Cut to a shot filmed just in the corner by the players' box, showing the Ottawa Centaurs on the bench, zooming in on the benched players carefully following the game before panning over and up to the scoreboard, showing the agonizing 3:3 score.)

(Just as the camera moves back to the players' box, Shane Hollander enters it after having just accomplished a hat trick and the tying goal. He sits down next to his husband, his chest heaving slightly as he unhooks his mouth guard.)

"Nice shot," Rozanov comments, patting him on the back once.

Hollander looks out at the ice grimly.

"A tie is not a win," he replies darkly, his frustration coming off him in waves.

Ilya shrugs casually, craning his head around once to look at Coach Wiebe out of frame behind them, giving him a small nod after some time.

"Looks like I am up next. Do not worry, I will win this for you so you can stop looking like angry kitten," he tells Hollander with a pat to his thigh, briefly smiling at him before focusing back on the game.

"Oh, *you're* going to win this *for* me?" Shane asks, turning towards his husband, his voice a mixture of amusement and annoyance to those familiar with his cadence.

"Da," Ilya just shrugs casually, still remaining focused on the game.

"You know what you can do for me?" Shane huffs a laugh, also turning his head back towards the game while restrapping his glove.

"That's too easy," Rozanov laughs.

"Fuck off." Hollander quickly shoots back before moving on to his other glove.

"I was going to say what you *can* do for me is fix our fucking sink," he continues.

Ilya throws his head back, groaning in annoyance.

“Ugh, this again. I said I would!” the Russian exclaims.

“Yes, and it’s been leaking for two fucking months. All I can hear when I go to bed is “tick, tick, tick.” Hollander continues to grumble.

“Sorry, I was busy getting to fucking final!” the captain of the team replies sarcastically.

“Well, if you’d just let me hire a-”

“No need to hire. I am your husband; is our house. If you want something fixed, I should fix it.”

Shane snorts, glancing at Rozanov out of the corner of his eye. He desperately tries to suppress his amusement, but it definitely makes its way across his face.

“I’d like to see you try,”

“You’ll see. I will go out there now and score winning fucking goal and then, after we go get home and- “

The next part of his sentence was muted.

“-in every room of the house, I will fix stupid fucking sink, okay? You’ll see.” he answers dismissively, waving a hand at Hollander.

“Fine,” the star center finally relents.

“But if I score the winning goal, I get to hire someone,” he then states with a smug look on his face, making Rozanov grumble.

“*Rozanov*, you’re in!” Coach Wiebe calls out off camera.

“Let me go win you Cup now, okay? We’ll argue about this later,” he says with another pat to Shane’s thigh before getting up, Hollander tapping him on the arm as he leaves.

“I love youuuu,” Rozanov calls out as he skates away, making Shane laugh sweetly under his breath while shaking his head.

Suddenly, Zane Boodram leans forward from a couple seats next to Shane, looking directly at the camera in disbelief while shaking his head.

Chapter End Notes

i have this whole headcanon abt shane not wanting to be perceived like a nagging housewife but ilya actually LOVING it when shane nags at him bc it makes him feel

like he cares (taken from their no smoking fights lmao). like we all know shane strict
strict but ilya loves it

Chapter 6: The Mockumentary - The Outtakes

Chapter Notes

last part was the final chapter but here i am...call me a woman in mens field cause im sry for lying

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

The video starts with the familiar keyboard sounds of the beloved melody from The Office intro, showcasing obviously handheld footage taken by a camera. The shots showcase a snowy road, the outside of the arena of the Ottawa Centaurs, and the locker room, where a mess of strewn-around clothes and water bottles sits.

A white font appears, reading;

The Ottawa Centaurs - The Mockumentary

As the intro music picks up, each member of the said hockey team is shown for one second, along with a “starring” and their name. However, most shots tend to have something going wrong with them, like Hayes smiling into the camera before sneezing loudly, Barett mid-sentence as he slips on the ice, Boodram interrupting his sentence to answer his phone, or Luca in the breakroom, bopping his head to his headphones before almost running into the camera, looking up in surprise at being filmed whilst the music plays over the scenes.

At last, there is a slightly shaky shot, taken while the person holding the camera is walking down a hallway. Appearing over it, a white font reads:

You guys have asked...

Underneath the text, a collection of screenshotted comments appear;

@stanleytriple cups: I would give everything to see the behind the scenes footage of this

@barkingforrozanov: so the social media guy is just constantly filming to get his quote on quote ‘authentic’ footage? there must be so much unused content...pls short king ill give u my firstborn to see it

@roselaundry: MORE MORE MORE PLS

@vancouvercansuckmytoes: ik he’s been answering comments on the social media pages but those 30 seconds videos arent enough, we need more pls

@swisscheesecauseigotholes: with these crackheads he must be sitting on GOLD

Underneath these comments, new texts appears reading

And I shall deliver...

While filming, the person holding the camera had been steadily walking down the hallway, now apparently having reached their destination. As the final notes of the intro play, a hand reaches out from beyond the frame to knock against a nondescript door once. After waiting for only a short moment, the hand reaches for the knob to open, revealing Hollander and Rozanov, still in their team jerseys in a small, dark janitor's closet, springing apart from each other. The shot begins swaying slightly as Rozanov quickly turns toward the camera, murder in his eyes as he unceremoniously throws the door shut again.

The shot lingers on the closed door, now a large font appearing over it, reading;

The Ottawa Centaurs - The Mockumentary

THE OUTTAKES

(Cut to the subsequent scenes of the players in their confessional shots.)

A comment appears over a shot of Boodram, sitting in the stands in his uniform, looking at the camera expectantly.

@blueberrysmoothierealness:

boy they sure did get comfortable after that first video...does their team rilly have no problems playing with a married couple? I'd feel so single for one lmao

As the comment fades, Boodram blinks into the camera, in thought, before he simply shrugs with a laugh.

"Trust us, we're just glad they're not out to kill each other anymore," he laughs easily.

(Cut to a shot of Troy in the locker room, in the process of putting on his shoulder pads.)

He chuckles, glancing over at the camera.

"I am in no position to judge," he just says. Harris snorts behind the camera.

(Cut to Luca and Wyatt on the sofa in the break room, Luca holding an ice pack to his shoulder while Wyatt has a tupperware container with a fork sticking out of it balanced on his knee.)

Wyatt looks over to Haas while grinning.

"We were really relieved when they opened up more."

(Cut back to Troy in the locker, now sitting down and tying up his skates.)

"I mean, yeah, they can be sickeningly sweet sometimes."

He pauses briefly, a memory seeming to flash over him and causing him to shudder, before he shakes himself out of it and continues to tie up his skates.

"But if you think about how long they had to hide away and everything they had to overcome to get here..." he continues, finishing tying his last skate before sitting upright again, facing the camera head-on with a softened expression.

"If you believe in love and all that...you can't help but just be happy for them from the bottom of your heart," he states earnestly, trying to downplay his sincerity with a shrug.

(Cut to a shot of the player's box filmed from the corner perspective inside it, multiple members entering it and sitting down to rest or drink water.)

(Cut to a zoomed-in shot of Wiebe clapping Shane on the back, handing him a clipboard before turning around and walking down the player's tunnel, phone to his ear. From the length of Shane's hair, this was quite a while ago, when he was still relatively new to the team.)

(Cut to a shot of Shane standing in front of the players' box, still on the ice, looking down the clipboard whilst the team's attention is on him.)

"Okay, Coach just asked me to go over the hotel arrangements for the next away game real quick," he says, not looking up from the board.

The camera zooms in slightly on Troy, who is sitting next to Ilya. When Shane speaks, Troy turns to his captain with a slight frown before nodding at Hollander. Ilya just raises one eyebrow challengingly before he shrugs and mouths, 'Is boring,' which Troy rolls his eyes at before refocusing on Shane.

(The scene cuts. The camera shakingly zooms out from Shane, still looking down at the list on the ice, to a wide shot to include all the players inside the box.)

"-with Boyle. Holmberg, you're with Haas." Shane reads, flipping the page over before continuing.

"Drystka, Wyatt and Chouinard together one floor above. Baby, you're with me in the room next to them. A couple doors down is Lapointe and then-"

Shane was interrupted by not one, but two members of the team spitting out their water, while Boodram seemingly choked on air.

Shane looked up from his clipboard, blinking at them in confusion, the camera frantically zooming between him and the players.

"What?" he asks, his eyes flickering over to where Barrett was clapping Boodram's back as he gasped for air.

The camera zooms in again on Shane's confounded expression before following the direction of his gaze over to Ilya, who had a similar look as he shrugged at Shane. He turned around to look at his flustered teammates, his face taking on a slightly disgusted expression as he witnessed Wyatt on his left rub water and what appeared to be snot from his chin.

"What is wrong with you all? Is not first time Shane and I shared room after he lifted stupid rule. Are you now uncomfortable?" he asked, seemingly genuinely concerned and mildly defensive.

The team turned to look at each other, some of them opening their mouths for an explanation but quickly shutting them. The camera briefly zoomed in on Luca, who was bright red, before focusing back on the Russian hockey player. Ever so impatient, Ilya huffed out, "So?" which sounded more threatening than anything else.

With his defensiveness evident in his tone, the players sat up straighter, yet still no one offered an explanation. The shot zoomed out again, capturing Shane, who was still frowning and uneasily chewing on his bottom lip.

Behind the camera, Harris coughed loudly, turning the attention of the hockey couple towards him.

"*I think...*" he started, the camera focusing on the players' flustered faces before zooming in on Shane and Ilya, who were still wearing matching expressions of confusion.

"*You, um, said 'Baby'.*" he explains, a silence befalling the arena afterwards.

Shane's mouth falls open ever so slightly, but his expression remains otherwise unchanged. Meanwhile, Ilya just continues to frown into the camera.

"So?" he simply asks.

No one answers him, causing his frown to deepen as he looks between Shane, who has not moved or even breathed yet, other than his eyes darting nervously towards his team.

"What is big deal? You are giving Shane an aneurysm," he continues to dig, his previous confusion now replaced with clear annoyance and a hint of panic in his voice. He looks back at his husband, worry in his eyes as he reaches out to grasp at his arm.

"*Malysh,*" he gently calls him, tugging at his jersey once more.

Shane's mouth closes, but he remains silent, looking down at his skates while shifting his weight uncomfortably.

"I'm sorry if-" he begins, voice small, not looking at his team. The worry in Ilya's eyes increases, and he opens his mouth to interrupt him, but before he can, someone else chimes in, the camera zooming out again to showcase all the players.

"Relax, Hollander, we're not uncomfortable. That one just came out of nowhere, Jesus," Boodram, who seems to have finally found air again, offers in explanation, coughing afterwards. Shane snaps up at his words, blinking at him once more whilst the players across

the bench mutter their agreement with Boodram's statement, humming or chuckling awkwardly at his words.

"What do you mean?" Ilya asks, turning his head to frown at his player, all while using the grip he has on Shane's jersey to pull him closer to the bench, his gloved hand running up and down his bicep.

"The pet name thing is just new, Rozanaov." Boodram reiterated before accepting a water bottle from Drystka on the other side of him, who claps him on the shoulder after handing it to him.

Ilya's scowl deepens.

"What the fuck are you talking about? I called him sweetheart just an hour ago in the locker room," he says, frowning between his team and Shane, who continues to rigidly stand on the ice as if he's mentally preparing himself to be told to leave any second now.

"Well, yeah, you do. But you also flirt with everything that moves. Or wants to punch you." Barrett offers, snorting at the glare he gets from Ilya in response. Troy's statement seems to lighten the mood, however, with other members across the bench laughing. Even Shane huffs an involuntary laugh, his posture slowly relaxing. Ilya notices the change immediately, his gaze quickly flicking towards Shane and smiling at him sweetly while tilting his head ever so slightly. Taking a deep breath, Shane nods briefly at whatever question there had been in Ilya's eyes, returning his smile with a small one of his own, though it still seems unsure around the edges.

"We're just used to Hollander calling you an asshole, I think." Wyatt, next to Ilya and still patting himself dry with a towel, chimes in, followed by another round of laughter.

"-or a major dick," Drystka supplies.

"-or a prick," someone else throws in, earning murmured agreement.

"Jesus...now I sound like an asshole." Shane finally speaks up, torn between laughing and cringing at himself. Ilya assesses his expression for a minute before his smile turns warmer and he leans forward, using the hand he had on Hollander's arm to tug him even closer, Shane's hip bumping into the railing.

"Hm, yes, the truth finally comes out," Ilya quips while keeping his gaze fixed on his husband, who laughs and responds with "Oh, fuck off."

"See, it is that kind of language that makes the team so surprised when you're nice to me." Ilya keeps on teasing, continuing to rub Shane's arm. He then turns to look at Wyatt, peering down at the other's soaked shirt.

"But even if Shane is too boring for public display of affection, still kind of an overreaction, no?" he asks, his eyes judgmentally running up and down Wyatt's soaked uniform.

“Sorry! I just had this moment of, like, wow, you’re like, actually a couple, I think.” Wyatt explains, blushing afterward.

“You were at our fucking wedding.” Ilya just deadpans.

“Yeah, but-” Wyatt begins, voice breaking, but he doesn’t get to finish before Rozanov interrupts him.

“But what? You thought it was just garden party?”

On the ice, Shane sighs heavily at the interaction, the adrenaline from the past 2 minutes seeming to crash down on him as he sags against the railing.

“Come on, Roz, that was, like, a different setting,” Wyatt supplies, pointing out at the arena once to make his point. For a moment, Ilya stares straight into the camera without amusement, then turns back to Hayes.

“Yes, yes, nice party setting. Old man making us say vows was just, you know, party feature, like magician.” He says. Across the bench, multiple players groan, while others wince in sympathy for Wyatt.

"The white big cake was just to feed guests," Ilya continues.

“And me and Shane making out was good for foundation PR and-”

Shane, looking completely worn out, sighs and raises a hand, rubbing at his temple with two fingers while closing his eyes.

"I think they get it, babe," he says.

“Jesus,” Boodram mutters in response to the new nickname.

(Cut back to Troy’s confessional in the locker room just as he pulls the team jersey over himself.)

“And it’s not like they’re all over each other all the time. Roz just likes doing it in front of the camera-”

He pauses for a moment before visibly cringing as he looks at Harris behind the camera apologetically.

“Sorry. That sounded dirty.”

“*But is probably true,*” Harris snorts off camera. Troy laughs, shaking his head at him affectionately.

“Good one. Anyways, what I mean to say is that they finally found a good balance, and it all works out well with the team,” he shrugs.

(Cut to Wyatt and Luca’s confessional in the break room.)

“I mean, they are married; they are going to do married people shit, but on the ice they are what everyone knows them to be and what they have been this last decade,” he brushes off, looking over at Luca, who nods in confirmation.

(Cut to Boodram’s confessional in the stands.)

“And they still fight. Just now it’s less of ‘I will compete with you over everything’ and more like, you know, marital spats,” he says casually, looking down at his uniform and fixing his shirt.

“*And is that...better?*” Harris asks off-camera.

His head snaps up again and his brows furrow as he thinks of the question before heaving a large sigh.

“You know what? Not really,” he concludes heavily.

(Cut back to Troy as he steps out on the ice.)

“Nah,” he just laughs before skating off.

(Cut back to Wyatt and Luca.)

Luca just winces while Wyatt rubs a hand over his forehead.

(Cut to a shot clearly taken from the previous video, recognizable due to the change in camera quality as it was filmed on Harris's old camcorder. The shot is from inside the luxurious ski resort in the cozy main hall, where various sofas and ottomans are strewn around a big fireplace, with the players lazing around it. On the table there are various finished card games as well as bottles and snacks, the scene being clearly well into the evening.)

The camera is recording from one of the sofas, Harris's feet visible as they lie sprawled over Troy's lap, and capturing him as he says, "Truth or-"

(The scene cuts, focusing on a door while the members laugh in the background. Suddenly the door opens and Drystka steps in, shirtless and heaving, his torso bright red and wet from where he is covered in snow that drips off him onto the carpet.)

“NOT TAKING ANOTHER FUCKING DARE!” he calls out, the laughter of the team bursting off-screen.

(Cut to the members again, sans Drystka, zooming in on Wyatt, who holds his hands up in surrender. Around him, various members are booing him.)

“It’s the truth!” Wyatt calls out from where he is sitting on the ground, back resting against one of the sofas currently occupied by Shane and Ilya, the latter lying comfortably on his husband’s chest with his back, Hollander’s arms casually slung over him, and a big bowl of popcorn on his lap.

“Lie!” Ilya calls out with a laugh, throwing popcorn at him.

“I swear! I have never lied about my body count to any of my girlfriends! And you can quote me on that,” Wyatt defends himself, turning towards the camera at the last part of his sentence and proudly pointing towards it, wiggling his eyebrows. He’s clearly tipsy.

“Just because you and Holzy didn’t have that talk doesn’t mean other people aren’t open about it,” he retorts back at Ilya, turning around to slap the captain’s thigh once.

“Eh, what makes you think we didn’t?” Rozanov replies, throwing more popcorn at him, which Wyatt skillfully swats away.

“Cause if y’all had, you would still be going through the list, Rozy!” he cracks up, the rest of the group joining in. The camera zooms in on the couple who look anything but amused.

“Hilarious,” Shane deadpans while Rozanov uses his foot to lightly shove Wyatt’s head.

“You have a death wish, да?” the Russian threatens.

“So you actually did?”

The camera moves to Luca, who is seated in an armchair adjacent to the sofa and just posed the question. He is practically slouched into it, his cheeks flushed, his hair looser, obviously more at ease and relaxed, and perhaps a little inebriated as well.

“Obviously, what couple doesn’t?” Shane huffs, his hand coming up to scratch Ilya’s curls, who leans back into the contact with a pleased smile.

“Also, Ilya doesn’t have any exes,” he says into the round, sounding very sure of himself.

Multiple people snort at the statement, including Ilya, who gets a tug at his curls for that. The Russian opens his eyes and further sinks into Hollander’s embrace so he can crane his neck back and blink up at him.

“*Angel*,” he whispers in a tone you might use to explain to a child Santa isn’t real. Shane just huffs, though the corners of his lip tug up into a smile.

“Exes are people you dated. You have had a lot of people you were *involved* with, but you never dated anyone. Not exclusively,” he explains, sounding mildly proud of the fact. Ilya chuckles at that before reaching his arm over himself to feed Shane some popcorn.

Suddenly, Boodram steps into the shot, carrying a large bowl of steaming popcorn himself, putting some into the dwindling bowl on the captain’s lap, obscuring the couple from the camera for a moment. He says something to Rozanaov that the subtitles provide as “Be careful, Roz, that’s how my wife got me.”

Finally, he steps back, the camera following him as he moves to another armchair next to Haas, in which he settles down.

“What you mean?” Ilya asks as he stuffs a handful of popcorn into his mouth, his voice muffled. He feeds the leftovers to Shane, who takes them with a smile before lightly planting a quick kiss on Ilya’s palm.

“We had that talk and she only asked me about my exes. I thought she meant girlfriends, and so she was happy when I said I only had 2. Then during my buddy's best man speech, he mentions some...wild oats I sowed, and she was not happy. Turns out she wanted to know everyone I had been, to use Hollander’s words, involved with. Terminology counts, brother,” he sighs regretfully. On top of Shane, Ilya just groans dramatically, letting his head flop onto his husband’s chest

“Dated, slept with, kissed...is foolish and all in the past. What matters is now. Trust me, I worked very hard for the now.” Ilya replies dismissively, waving his hand at Boodram while turning his head to press a kiss to Shane’s bicep resting over his shoulder.

Shane swats at him, laughing while saying, “You did nothing.”

Ilya craned his neck again to look up at him, aghast. “I moved to fucking Ottawa!” he exclaims.

“You like the weather there.” Shane merely shrugs.

He maintained Ilya's startled gaze for a minute before laughing happily, kissing his forehead, and murmuring, "Just joking." Ilya practically melts at the action, sighing as he affectionately wiggles further into Shane’s embrace.

"So what about you, Hollander? You sure you mentioned everyone?" Wyatt challenges, laughing afterwards. The camera zooms in to where Boodram and Haas are sitting, their eyes almost popping out of their heads at the question. Boodram uses his foot to try and reach Wyatt's shoulder while Luca just slowly shakes his head in fear.

The camera pans over to the couple on the sofa, where Wyatt is still peering up at them from the ground, his back turned towards his teammates' warning gazes. Hollander frowns while Ilya barks a laugh.

“Mr. Canada over here? I don’t think so.” Ilya laughs.

The camera zooms in on Shane's face, which has taken on a complicated expression as if he were solving an intricate mathematical equation in his mind, before slightly zooming back out to include Ilya in the frame. At his husband's silence, the Russian frowns, tapping his foot impatiently on the sofa armrest as his fingers tighten their hold on the popcorn bowl.

“Well, Ilya knows of all my...exes," he says carefully.

“And who you fucked." Ilya immediately insists, the expletive bleeped.

“Ilya!” Shane calls out scandalized, throwing a look at the camera before swatting at his chest.

"*Right?*" his husband insists. Shane sighs, thumping his head back so it rests over the other armrest of the sofa.

"Right," he confirms placatingly, now gently tapping the place on Ilya's chest he had just swatted.

The camera zooms out again to include Boodram and Haas again, both of them wearing relieved expressions that the interaction was over with.

On the ground, Wyatt had other ideas as he spoke up again with a meaningfully uttered "Well."

Ilya groans on the sofa, his arm that had been holding onto Shane's resting over his shoulder, dramatically flopping to his side

"Well, *what?*" Ilya hisses.

In his seat, Boodram immediately tenses up again whilst Haas curls in on himself, trying to make the seat swallow him whole.

"What's your definition of sex, Shane? Cause that can differ for some people, I found." Wyatt states casually, reaching up to grab some popcorn from the bowl on Ilya's lap and plopping a handful in his mouth, unaffected by the couple staring at him as if he had grown a second head.

"I-" Shane begins, his face doing the math equation thing again.

"Like, did you only talk about people you were doing penetrative stuff with, because that's what most people think sex really means, or like, oral stuff and-"

"For the love of god, Hayes, shut up," Boodram calls out from his seat as he throws a pillow at the player.

"What?" the other asks innocently after successfully deflecting the pillow.

"Is no matter, Shane told me everyt-"

"Well, then, I *guess* there were-"

Shane and Ilya speak up at the time, both abruptly stopping in surprise. Ilya instantly sits up, turning his upper body around to stare at his husband.

"You 'guess', *what?*" the Russian asks, sounding scandalized.

The camera pans around to Troy on the sofa while Harris speaks out behind it, saying, "*Oh boy,*" while showing Troy wiping a hand under his jaw, mumbling, "Here we go."

The camera pans back over to Shane and Ilya, who were frowning at each other on the sofa. Ilya was still sitting between Shane's legs, one of which propped up, Ilya's hand reaching out to possessively grab at his thigh.

“You want to tell me you were making out with random people at parties now?” he mocks.

“No.” Shane immediately says, defiantly crossing his arms in front of his chest. He looks off to the side, furrowing his brows once before cocking his head and looking back at his husband.

“Not really. But-”

“*But?*” Ilya immediately repeats, his voice lethal. The camera pans down to Wyatt, who follows the interaction with glee in his eyes, eating popcorn from his hands as if he were watching the most entertaining program of his life. The camera then pans over to Luca, who had his knees tucked to his chest and arms around them as he looked at the couple on the sofa with wide eyes.

“*Maybe we should end the evenin-*” Harris calls out behind the camera. Ilya’s head snaps to him, and he glares into the camera once before turning around to Shane again.

“No, no, go on. I will be really calm about this,” he said, feigning nonchalance by shrugging, taking a handful of popcorn, and aggressively shoving it into his mouth.

Next to him, Shane sighs heavily, muttering a “*Babe*” under his breath.

“Maybe I should stop filming tho-”

“No. Is good to show future grandkids. They can see how healthy their grandparents’ relationship was.” Ilya says, looking directly into the camera, a fake smile etched across his face.

He then whips his head back around to his husband, giving Shane’s thigh he had been holding onto a loud pat, the sound echoing.

“So, tell me about all these people that almost got to fuck you,” he says.

“Jesus Christ,” Troy can be heard muttering out of frame.

Shane groans, letting himself fall back down, his neck resting over the armrest so his head was looking up at the ceiling, dramatically slinging an arm over his eyes. With the shift in position, Ilya’s hand on his thigh reached up even higher, the Russian turning his body around even further so he was almost looming over the other.

“Answer,” he demanded, squeezing at Shane’s thigh, making him squirm lightly in response.

“If we are talking about people you didn’t date and didn’t have ‘full on’ sex,” the hockey player began, using air quotes,

“But did some stuff, like kissing or more, then-...*well...*” Shane continued, sounding as if the confession was being forced out of him, his speech stuttering slightly and being the only indicator he too might be a little looser from the alcohol than it first appeared.

“You are not joking,” Ilya responds, halfway between a question and a statement he is horrifyingly realizing the truth of.

"So what!? Look, the guys were always on me to find someone and kept linking me up with people or dragging me out. And after I came out to her, Rose introduced me to a bunch of queer people. I'm sorry, I wasn't living like a priest!" Shane defends himself; the arm covering his eyes comes off to run through his upstyled hair, messing it up.

“We know Ilya certainly wasn't,” Wyatt chimes in, earning a withering glare from both players.

“You really wish to die tonight, Hayes?” Ilya says, sounding utterly serious.

Suddenly, Boodram steps into the shot that had been focusing on the couple on the sofa again, only visible up until his chin until he lowers himself down to grab Wyatt by the shoulder, muttering an “Alright, that's enough out of you,” as he all but drags the player out of frame, who looks confused, his hand reaching out towards the popcorn bowl as if he was getting ripped away from his love.

(Cut to a zoomed-in shot of Shane and Ilya on the sofa, Ilya now sitting facing the camera, his arms crossed over his chest and a thunderous expression on his face. Shane was also sitting up next to him, legs in a crisscross, his chin resting on the other's shoulder and looking up at him through his lashes.)

“-it was never as good as it was with you. You know I could never stop thinking about you.” he whispers to Ilya with glassy eyes.

The Russian's shoulders sag a bit, and he turns to look at his husband, melting at the other's eyes. The fight leaves him, and he exhales loudly, thumping his forehead against Hollander's once before pressing a kiss to it, Shane leaning into the contact with shut eyes and a pleased hum.

“Guess I should feel bad for all those people who wanted to get into Shane Hollander's but couldn't,” he jokes, making Shane laugh sweetly. He looks up at him again, his hand reaching up to his neck, thumbing the ring on the chain underneath Ilya's shirt.

“You're okay?” he whispers. Ilya sighs, smiling down at him and nodding happily.

“Yeah, all good,” he sighs, pressing another kiss to Shane's forehead.

(Cut to confessional shot of Ilya, glaring into the camera.)

“Worst day of my life.”

(Cut to a shot from a dark stadium's tunnel. From the bright end of the passageway, the roaring sounds of the stadium can be heard, along with the muffled voice of the announcer. Suddenly, Shane walks into the shot on his crutches accompanied by a woman next to him, the camera filming them from behind.)

At the left upper corner, a comment appears, reading

@ilyarozanovdefender:

everyone is so shocked abt roz being an absolute lover boy ignoring the subtle but quiet way shane loves him and the team

(Cut to a taping taken from the sports channel, still showcasing the players warming up along the ice, doing their pre-game workouts as the crowd of the stadium slowly starts filling out.)

"Lots of eyes on this season's kickoff game. And I think we can all guess why. This season is starting off strong, with the Ottawa Centaurs facing their now well-known rivals, the Montreal Voyageurs," the voice of the sports commentator elaborates over the shot.

"Of course, everyone knows this rivalry didn't just come from nothing. Just last season, the Centaurs unexpectedly won the Cup for the first time in the team's history, no doubt due to the power play between captains and husbands Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander, who used to be the captain of the Montreal Voyageurs. His old team will surely be out for blood tonight, as they have been trying to establish themselves without Hollander without much success so far. Let's hope for them that this season will be better."

The broadcast shows the players' bench of the Voyageurs, their coaches talking down to them with folders in front of their faces while gesticulating widely. The players on the bench are glaring out at the ice, whilst JJ Boiziau and Hayden Pike are notably absent, doing their stretches on the ice.

"Unfortunately, as everyone will have heard, Shane Hollander will not be playing tonight to defend his team's title due to a recent unfortunate leg injury acquired off ice, with speculation that he'll be out for the entire season. With a quick recovery in mind, the star athlete is sure to be watching at home and cheering on his team from af-"

The commentator was interrupted as the broadcast filtered in the growing cheers of the stadium, which were picking up by the second. The players on the ice doing their stretches slowly stopped, looking around in confusion.

"Seems like there's something that caught the audience's attention," the commentator laughs. The broadcast camera waved slightly before swinging up towards the boxes, following the audience's heads.

"Is that..."

Just then, the broadcast switched to what the jumbotron on the arena was showing, which was the Hollander family sitting in the VIP box, decked out in matching Centaurs jerseys. As soon as the jumbotron cut to Shane in particular, the audience exploded in cheers, those who had not yet caught on joining in the applauding and cheering for the injured player. Shane smiled sweetly at the attention, lowering his head and causing his face to be obscured by the baseball cap he was wearing. The hand of the woman next to him, Yuna Hollander, reached out to pat him on the shoulder.

"Now that is a surprise! Most people would have thought Hollander would especially choose to sit out this game, not just because of his recent injury but also because it cannot be easy to

watch his former team of ten years go head-to-head with his current team without being able to participate.”

The broadcast switched to showcase the players at the Centaurs bench, who were smiling at seeing their co-captain. Just then, Boodram stood up and started clapping and hollering along with the audience. Soon, the rest of the Centaurs' bench followed, almost the entire stadium now standing and clapping, showcasing their respect for Hollander in the face of his injury.

The jumbotron cut back to Shane, who lifted his head and seemed overwhelmed at the attention. He waved once at the audience before lifting his baseball cap, the long strands of his hair falling from it. He quickly shakes his head before using his hand to slick the hair back before putting the baseball cap on again, backwards this time, facing the camera with that dazzling one-million-dollar smile almost every Canadian has seen in one ad or another from the star player, this time, however, seeming a hundred times more genuine.

“A great show of support from the audience and his team! What must Captain Ilya Rozanov be feeling at his husband's attendance- oh, there he is!”

The jumbotron cuts to the Centaurs' bench again just as Ilya had skated up to them. There was a blinding smile on his face as he lifted his helmet and shook his curls out before he looked back up at the VIP box. The smug expression on his face clearly indicated that he believed Shane was there for him and no one else.

The jumbotron jumped back to Shane, who was smiling brightly. He turned to the side, speaking to Yuna next to him before shuffling. Suddenly, the jumbotron split in two, showcasing Rozanov on the right, who was getting ribbed on by his teammates that were reaching out over the barrier to lightly pinch and tease him, while Hollander on the left had help from his mother getting up. When he stood to his full height, Rozanov pushed the other players' hands away, his eyes never leaving Shane. Next to Shane's mother, who remained seated, Shane's father got up to provide a steadying arm for his son, and as he held onto it, he slowly started turning around as best as he could with the cast on his leg.

On the right side of the Jumbotron, Rozanov's expression turned from glee to something slightly confused and worried, his brows furrowing as he licked his lips nervously in anticipation.

Finally, Hollander managed to turn around, and the entire arena seemed to need a moment to process what was happening until there was a collective roaring as everyone finally spotted the huge lettering on Hollander's jersey, spelling nothing other than **HOLLANDER-ROZANOV 81**. Next to him, Shane's father was retreating a bit to allow his son the spotlight, laughing and sharing a look with his wife. Hollander balanced himself as best as he could before raising his arms, flexing his biceps in the process, before lifting the shirt once and looking over his shoulder, his intent now clear to everyone who could have possibly missed it.

On the right side of the screen, Rozanov's face was that of complete shock, the Russian's jaw practically falling slack as his eyes widened. Such an uncomposed look was completely unknown from Rozanov for those in the world of hockey, the player being known for his deliberate dominance on the ice. However, as Shane looked at the jumbotron from his

vantage point, he appeared to smugly accept Rozanov's utter loss of words, as he suddenly winked at the camera.

“Now that’s something you don’t see every day! That had to have been custom-made, as there was no statement from either Rozanov or Hollander confirming a name change after their wedding!” the commentator elaborates.

The Jumbotron briefly cuts to fans in the audience. One woman points at Shane in the player’s box in shock, talking to her husband, before it cuts to a shot of two women waving small Pride flags. Seeing themselves on the big screen, they shriek before turning around, one of them wearing a Hollander jersey while the other one has a Rozanov jersey.

The jumbotron cuts back to Shane, who laughs freely. Seemingly satisfied with the arena’s reaction, Shane began turning around again, his father reaching out to help him.

“The fans are loving it! My, this is truly something you don’t see every day. Of course, wives and girlfriends, or even family members, often come to show support for the players on the ice. Even teammates out for injury might turn up at a game with their jersey, but this would have to be the first time in hockey history a team member has come to a game not wearing his own - but his husband’s- number on the same team,” the commentator laughed.

Finally having sat down again, the shot on Shane zooms out slightly to showcase his parents next to him, proudly smiling at their son before sending flying kisses toward the Centaur’s bench.

“A clear statement from the entire Hollander family! It seems that Montreal has officially fallen out of their graces.”

On the screen, Rozanov displayed an emotion even more unknown to him than shock. The player seemed to downright blush as he looked at the box. He quickly brought his gloved hand up to his face, hiding his smile in it as he looked down for a moment.

The jumbotron turned to a single screen again and focused on Rozanaov’s face just as the commentator was making a joke about his flustered state. Quickly getting rid of his glove, Rozanov searched for the camera filming him until he finally found it, his eyes darting between it and the Jumbotron to make sure he was looking directly into it.

As the broadcast camera returned, it showed Hollander settling into his seat, just as Rozanov's smiling face was projected on the Jumbotron. The captain moved his ungloved hand to his neck before lifting his chain from underneath, making a show of putting the ring he was carrying to his lips and winking at the camera. The broadcast camera switched from the large screen to Hollander in the VIP box, zooming in on the player, who was delightfully rolling his eyes at the action and grinning with glee.

(Suddenly, the video cuts to the inside of the locker room, where Shane is sitting on one of the benches, his cast leg stretched out while the other bounces nervously. He was chewing on his own gold chain, looking worriedly at the door. The loud buzz signaling halftime sounds, and Shane straightens up, his eyes flicking to the camera before darting back to the door.)

“So did you come down here for halftime to give advice?” Harris's voice asks.

Shane now fully turns to him, releasing the gold chain from his mouth with an embarrassed smile.

“I...yeah. Sort of. They’re doing great, and I think Coach will do most of the talking. I just wanted to...I don’t know...give them encouragement, I guess,” the player explains, his gaze avoiding the camera as a barely detectable blush, courtesy of the room's low lighting, makes its way across his face and neck.

Harris makes a noncommittal sound of acknowledgment behind the camera, causing Shane to look up at him and cringe slightly.

“You just want to see if Ilya enjoyed your little show, don’t you?” the social media manager teases. Shane looks impossibly more embarrassed, but the smile tugging at the corners of his lips gives him away.

He is saved from giving a reply as the camera pans back over to the door, where the muffled voices of the players are seeping through and getting picked up by the audio. The camera then pans back to Shane brushing his hands over his jeans and reaching out for Harris to help him up, the camera focusing on the ground during the action. The subtitles show Harris saying, “He's actually going to eat you alive, just so you know.”

Shane just replies with a huffed “Shut up”, their voices off-camera while the shot continues to focus shakily on the ground.

Having found their balance, the camera swings from the ground to the door again, just as Coach Wiebe steps in, letting out a surprised “Oh” at seeing Shane and Harris standing there.

Before he can say anything else, Rozanov steps through the door still held open by his coach, somewhat out of breath, as if he had sprinted here. His eyes immediately settle on Shane and drink him in from top to bottom, his mouth open as he lets out ragged breaths.

The camera pans back over to Shane, whose posture relaxes at seeing his husband, a knowing smirk overtaking his face.

“Mom said you’re on fire tonight. Got someone to impress, Rozanov?” he calls out.

The camera pans back to the other side of the room. Blurred slightly in the background behind Ilya, Coach Wiebe lets out a muttered “Christ,” pinching the bridge of his nose with his fingers. However, the focus remains on Ilya, looking at his husband as though he is about to pounce, a grin splitting his face. Finally, he stalks towards him on his skates, saying something in Russian that the subtitles do not offer to translate.

The camera follows Ilya as he makes his way towards Shane, dropping his gloves in the process as if he’s squaring up for a fight. It pans over to Shane, his anticipation clear on his face.

“Were you surprise-”

Ilya had reached Shane before he could finish his sentence; however, two strong hands took hold of his face and angling it up before pulling him into a crushing kiss, the camera immediately panning away from the couple as well as stepping back slightly, the shot becoming frantically unfocused.

Finally finding stability again, the shot turns back on the open doorway, through which Boodram and Troy enter, both halting in their steps at seeing the couple on the other side of the room.

“Ah jeez,” Boodram sighs, immediately turning around.

Troy just sighs, holding eye contact with the camera and shaking his head as Wyatt and Haas enter behind him.

“HOLLANDER! ROZANOV! REALLY NOT THE TIME!” Coach Wiebe calls out of frame, the camera zooming in on the other players' wincing faces.

(Cut confessional of Troy in the arena parking lot, holding onto a go bag over his shoulder while smiling shyly at the ground. His cheek has something smeared onto it, a hand coming out from behind the camera to gently wipe it away. Troy looks up at the action, fondly gazing at the person to who the hand belongs.)

As Troy gazes lovingly into the camera, multiple comments appear around him;

@teamstefan:

MORE FIELD TRIP CONTENT PLS PLS I BEG OF YOU

@holzyrozy_2017:

oh the hollanov parent agenda is everything i needed in life and more

@fiftyfiveburgerfiftyfivecokes:

this team is so wholesome i wonder what they get up to in their off time?

“So where are we going, birthday boy?” Harris's voice finally asks as the comments fade out. Troy snorts, rolling his eyes fondly. He twists his face, though his shy smile stays as he scratches at his head with his free hand.

“Well, Ilya-” he begins, but the camera starts shaking from left to right, causing him to exhale in exasperation.

“Mom and Dad rented a waterpark,” he relents, laughing affectionately.

“For your birthday,” Harris supplies.

Troy's smile slowly widens as he nods in confirmation, though he still awkwardly scratches at his temple.

“Yeah, I told Ilya some time ago that my happiest memories from childhood were from visiting this waterpark near our school. Next thing I know, he's decided the entire team has to

celebrate there; no other option,” he laughs. Then he sighs, his smile now fully stretched across his face, something that hasn’t been seen in public in a long time.

“I never thought I would get to be part of a team that is so-”

Just then, the voice of Ilya Rozanov booms across the parking lot.

“BARETT, LET US GO, EVERYONE IS VERY EAGER! COME NOW OR YOU WILL GET ANOTHER CUPCAKE IN YOUR FACE!”

Both Barrett and Harris laugh before Troy starts moving.

(Cut to a wide shot of the team bus as it is driving, the players chatting animatedly with each other, with their two co-captains sitting together, the same row on the other aisle occupied by Luca Haas, looking down at his phone with over-ear headphones on, and Wyatt Hayes a row behind. The others are placed throughout the bus.)

(Cut to focus shot on Shane and Ilya, filmed from the row in front of them.)

Shane smiles happily at Ilya, their arms out of frame but pressed so close against each other that it is obvious that they are holding hands.

“Troy was the first true friend I made in Ottawa, I think. First one I came out to, as well,” Ilya tells the camera with a smile.

“He deserves nothing less than his biggest wish. And if his biggest wish is to play around waterpark like child, so be it,” he concludes with a shrug.

Shane gives him an unimpressed look.

“Like you haven’t been excited for this for weeks,” he states. Ilya turns to look at him with another shrug.

“Yes, because I like giving surprises,” he simply says.

Shane continues to stare at him, Ilya’s resolve slowly breaking.

“And waterpark... is fun, no? Something people do with their children, make nice memories or whatever,” he asks, still trying to appear nonchalant, though his eyes are sparkling at the prospect. Shane’s smile quickly turns extremely soft, something unsaid passing between them. He just nods, Ilya mirroring the action with a growing smile on his own, tugging at Shane’s arm to press him impossibly closer.

“*Did your parents ever take you, Shane?*” Harris asks. Shane blinks in surprise, as if he momentarily forgot Harris was there. With the way him and Ilya were gazing at each other, it might have been true. He turns to the camera whilst Ilya’s knowing eyes stay on him. Shane looks up to think back, unperturbed by the way Ilya leans forward to nuzzle his nose against his cheek.

“I’m sure they did when I was younger, but I was never too fond of overcrowded places, even as a child, and those parks tend to be a bit...loud,” he explains before looking at the camera. Ilya chooses that moment to give his cheek a smooch, Hollander scrunching his face a bit at the action while he playfully shoves his husband away.

“He is also not much of a swimmer,” Ilya offers with an accomplished smile.

Shane frowns at that, turning to look back at him and opening his mouth to protest. Rozanov, seemingly having anticipated it, just turns to him with a raised eyebrow.

“What? Is true,” he says before Shane can get a word in.

Shane’s mouth shuts close as he glares at Ilya, who seems amused by whatever he finds in his husband’s eyes.

“I can swim.” Hollander finally states firmly, causing Rozanov to snort.

“Yes, you just don’t enjoy it very much,” he says fondly, lifting up their hands, which were indeed linked the entire time, to press a kiss to the back of Shane’s hand.

“Is okay. When Pikes were over at cottage in summer, Jackie and I said that I will play Shark Attack with our future kids while you make us all healthy, boring snacks inside,” he laughed.

“Are you planning on having kids?”

Shane turns to look back at the camera, his brows furrowing slightly.

“I don’t think that is something that concerns the internet, Harris,” he replies, not unkind but somewhat uncomfortable. His eyes then immediately dart over to Ilya to scout his reaction, whispering a reassurance in Russian as his eyes become slightly glassy. Ilya smiles, though a bit subdued, before turning back at the camera.

“Right, sorry, too personal, I-”

“Not too personal between friends.” Ilya quickly reassures him.

“Just...” he says, nodding meaningfully at the camera.

“We don’t need more people accusing us of ‘pushing our agenda down their throat,’” he explains grimly. Next to him, Shane shifts uncomfortably, looking down at his lap instead of at the camera.

“You can’t be out feeding bottles unless we win at least another Stanley Cup anyways, right, Cap?”

The camera pans over to Wyatt, who is sitting a row behind Luca, leaning over the rookie’s seat with an easy smile on his face, dissolving the tension immediately as he claps Luca on the shoulder over his seat, startling the younger player. The camera zooms out and shifts so the side profile of Ilya is visible as he smiles at Wyatt.

“Do not worry, winning cups together is still a priority,” the Russian laughs, reaching his hand out to high-five Wyatt once.

“Having kids is a future project, not now,” he answers, already turning back around to send a wink to Shane, the camera following the motion to capture both of them in frame again.

Shane's entire posture, just moments ago, wound up tight, physically relaxes at Ilya's blinding affection turned towards him, and he smiles fondly.

“Well,” he states underneath his breath, his eyes shining once again as he leans into Ilya's side.

“Might be sooner than you think,” Shane tells him with a wink and a knowing smile, which Ilya delightedly returns with a smirk.

The camera pans from the couple to the row next to them again. Luca had one hand on his headphones, seemingly in the middle of taking them off. He whips his head around to them in shock, blinking rapidly at what he just overheard.

“*Holy shit*,” he breathes, looking towards them with wide eyes.

“Are you pregnant?!” he whisper-shouts at Shane, sounding utterly genuine.

Unfortunately, the bus had gotten quiet enough for his scandalized voice to echo through it. A small silence ensues in which the genuineness of Haas's concern seems to settle over the group before Ilya snorts loudly, the camera quickly panning over him, causing the rest of the bus to break out in hollering laughter. The camera briefly pans back towards Haas, who just blinks at the commotion, before panning back to Shane leaning forward, concern etched across his face directed at where Luca is sitting. A blush creeps up his neck as the laughter of his teammates starts to get louder. Ilya rocks forward before sharply leaning back again, his other arm slung over his middle.

“Trust me, I'm trying for that,” he declares loudly, causing the rest of the bus' laughter to increase and Shane to groan, falling forward to hide his face in his lap.

(Cut to Shane's confessional in the office at the arena, sitting in front of the shuttered window.)

“If I didn't know how...well, Ilya and the guys always call him and the other rookies ‘still green’...anyways, if I didn't know them, I would be starting to think this whole ‘mom’ thing was, like, racially motivated,” he frowns into the camera.

Off-camera, a muffled “*Oh my god*” can be heard, followed by a small thud. Shane frowns at the sound, and the camera shuffles a bit as it's getting picked up before panning over to the closed door from where the sound had come.

“*Are you eavesdropping?*” Harris calls out off-screen, the camera staying on the door.

“No,” Luca's voice comes from behind the closed door.

The camera pans back over to Shane, who exchanges a look with Harris behind the camera.

“Then how did you hear it?” Harris calls out, a slight chuckle following after. Shane just keeps frowning into the camera.

There’s a pregnant pause until the door opens slowly, the camera panning over to show Luca sticking his head through the sliver with a sheepish expression. Shane tells him to come in, with which the younger player complies but stays close to the door, one hand still on the handle. The camera pans out to encapsulate both players in the shot in the small office.

“Why were you listening, Luca?” Shane asks him patiently.

Luca shuffles on his feet, looking between Shane and the camera before back at his feet.

“I heard Harris ask you back here to talk about that...*bus comment* and I just wanted to...I’m really sorry for that whole pregnancy thing, Shane,” he rushes out.

Shane opens his mouth to reply, a hand coming up to placate him, but the rookie just keeps barging on.

“-And I promise I don’t see you as the wife in your relationship or something! You’re very manly! With all your-“

Luca waved a hand broadly over his stomach and shoulders before waving at Shane, who snorted.

“Thank-“

“And I didn’t start this whole ‘*you’re the mom*’ thing!” the rookie continued, his eyes widening as his speech got quicker.

Shane sighed, shuffling uncomfortably on his seat at the other’s excessive energy.

“I know, Luca. It’s really-“

“I do not subscribe to gay stereotypes! Or stereotypes about like...Asian masculinity?”

There was a brief pause as Shane blinked at the other, a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth while his eyes exhibited a tired fondness.

“Luca...it’s really all good,” he said softly. Luca blinked at him, his hand finally leaving the door handle and falling uselessly to his side.

“Oh, okay. Good,” he said, nodding once. He lifted his hands to his side, trying to rest them against his hips before fiddling with the position, crossing his arms in front of his chest and uncrossing them before letting them fall to his side again.

“I will...continue the interview, then?” Shane finally asks, pointing at the camera.

“Yes, yes, of course!” Luca quickly rushes out, turning around to shuffle out of the room. He opens the door, but before stepping out, he pauses and sharply turns around again.

“I mean, I don’t want to diminish your role in my life, either! Obviously you’re like, one of my idols-“ he began.

“That’s sweet,” Shane sighs, sending a suffering glance at the camera before forcing himself to smile at Luca.

“-and obviously you and Ilya are like parents, sometimes-” he continued, causing Shane to wince.

“We are only 10 years older than yo-“

“And I guess Ilya is like, the fun one and you’re more strict, but in, like, a *super* caring way, which is nice, even if it can be inconvenient, but I know you just want us all to be better players and who better to listen to than you-“

“Hey, I can be fu-“

(Cut back to the bus, a few minutes later, Hayes now sitting next to Luca.)

“Oh man,” he sighs, rubbing a tear from the corner of his eye. Luca had his chin to his chest; his ears, which were still visible from his hat, were bright red.

The camera panned over to the hockey couple in the next booth, showing Shane whispering into Ilya’s ear, who just grins, his shoulders still shaking with suppressed laughter. Shane smacks his chest, glaring at Ilya before sending another worried glance at Luca.

“Shut up, I’m genuinely concerned,” the camera picks Shane up saying.

Ilya just laughs again while shaking his head, reaching out to pat Shane’s thigh once before grabbing onto it.

The camera pans back to Luca and Wyatt, the former now sunk even more into his seat.

Wyatt looks from Haas over to where the hockey couple are still whispering before glancing back at Luca, his gaze landing on the younger boy’s bright red ears.

He heaves a sigh, though his shit-eating grin doesn’t leave him as he reaches out to tug at the other’s ear once.

“Let me save you, Rook’,” he tells him before leaning forward, resting his arm against the backseat of the row in front of him.

“Oy, Mommy and Daddy,” he calls out, earning snickers throughout the bus. Luca sinks even further into his seat.

“I think Rook over here knows basic biology, Holzy. It probably just momentarily escaped him,” he explains with a snort.

“So you can stop whispering now,” he concludes.

Ilya turns to smile at Shane, using his pointer finger to bop his nose once.

“See, I told you,”

He then turned around.

“Shane was having a panic attack. He does not want to have talk about birds and trees.”

“*Bees*” Shane corrected, his fingers coming up to rub over his temple.

“Is what I said?” Rozanov replies confidently. Shane snorts, letting his hand fall before resting his head against Ilya’s shoulder, shimmying down until he’s comfortable against his husband's side, whose teasing grin turns fond at the action.

“We need to outsource that for our kids. I’m too uptight according to, well, everyone, and you would just buy them a pack of condoms and tell them to have fun,” he sighs, snuggling into Ilya’s side.

“If boy, yes. If girl, she will not be allowed to talk to boys. Until she’s 30, at least,” the Russian says before pressing a kiss to the top of Shane’s head.

“That’s a sexist double standard,” Shane replies. Ilya groans, rolling his eyes.

“Fine, if girl, Sveta will talk to her. After *I* tell Sveta what not to say,”

Shane snorts, closing his eyes in content.

“And if it’s a boy?” he asks softly.

“We’ll just show him whatever boring book you looked at,” Ilya laughs, his voice a bit quieter as he looks down at Shane.

“Who says I looked at a book?” Hollander replies, blinking his eyes open again to look up at Ilya in confusion.

“So what, you watch porn? My sweet teenage Shane Hollander, Canada’s upcoming pride and joy, was watching porn in the locker room?”

Shane rolls his eyes, his hand finally leaving Ilya’s to cross his arms in front of his chest.

“Fuck off, I didn’t watch porn,” he huffs.

“Yes, because you are boring,” Ilya responds, using his now free arm to place it over Shane’s shoulders, pressing another kiss to the player's temple in the process.

Shane smiles happily at being enveloped by his husband, once again cuddling into his side with a content smile, his eyes closing in the process. His soft smile is mirrored on Ilya, who

keeps watching Shane's facial expression with his eyes, adjusting himself so he provides more comfort for him.

"Because my mom said they objectify women and create wrong expectations," Hollander eventually sighs against him. Next to him, Ilya snorts.

"Yes, God forbid gay-as-shit Shane Hollander disappoints women's expectations in the bedroom," he laughs.

"Fuck off."

Shane uses his elbow to hit Ilya in the chest, his eyes remaining closed and a fond smile on his face. Ilya just chuckles at Shane's attempt at violence, tugging at him teasingly with the arm around his shoulders.

"Is that how you talk to father of your children? Is not good, they need happy home, darling," he drawls into the other's ear.

"Hm, you need to knock me up first." Shane murmurs happily, finally leaning into his side again.

Ilya chuckles, his eyes brimming with affection as he kisses the top of Shane's head.

The camera panned back over to Wyatt and Luca, who were watching the couple. Luca's face was still bright red, and his eyes widened at their banter, whilst Wyatt looked over at the couple in contemplation.

"That's hot," he eventually concluded with a shrug. Luca's head whipped around at him, eyes wide in mortification.

(Cut to the inside of the waterpark just as Troy does a flip into the largest pool, the team applauding him.)

(Cut to a shot of Shane filmed from above, showing him resting on the elevated section of the largest pool, only partially submerged in the water, his arms over the pool's edge. The shot briefly lingers on his abs visible throughout the thin layer of water covering him before the camera pans over to showcase other members of the team, including Ilya, inside the deeper area of the pool, splashing water against each other before panning back over at Shane, who huffs a laugh.)

Suddenly, Shane lets his head fall into his neck to look up at Harris, an easy smile on his face.

"You sure it's safe to film in here?" he asks. The camera pans down, showing the legs of Harris as he steps onto the elevated surface. Shane is resting on his legs, which come down in a crisscross before panning back up at the hockey player.

"Waterproof lens," he simply explains.

"Ah, management sprang for that?" Shane inquires.

“Nah. Loaded boyfriend.” Harris supplies the camera, panning back over to the team members until it finds Troy. The shot lingers on him and zooms in slightly just as Troy sneaks up behind Drystka before dunking him in the water, earning roaring laughter from the rest.

The camera pans back to Shane, who chuckles at the other’s action.

“Hollander!”

The camera turns to show some of the rookies, Holmberg, Young, Haas and LaPointe standing by the pool's edge, each of them carrying an inflatable swimming ring under their arms, their eyes wide with excitement as they look down at the star hockey player.

“You said we can also use the slides, right?” Holmberg inquires, his excitement evident in his voice.

The camera pans back over to Shane, who laughs awkwardly.

“Yeah, I think so. Ilya said they were included, so they should be functional,” he says, sharing a brief glance with Harris behind the camera, who chuckles, the shot slightly shaking with the motion.

The camera pans back over to the rookies, who exchange excited glances, basically vibrating from where they were standing.

“So we’re allowed to go down?” Holmberg asks again eagerly, balancing back on his heels once as he clutches the inflatable closer to himself. The camera pans back over to Shane, who blinks at them in confusion.

“I mean, yeah? You don’t need to...ask me?” the hockey player answers with a furrow of his brows.

The camera turns to the rookies again, who begin to fist bump each other before taking off, Holmberg throwing a “Oh, okay, awesome. We were just checking!” over his shoulder as they start running off.

The camera pans back to Shane, who sighs deeply, rubbing a hand over his forehead as he lets himself sink deeper into the water, muttering an exhausted “Is this what Jackie feels like?” under his breath.

Behind the camera, Harris laughs, causing Shane to glare at him. He quickly blinks as something else behind Harris catches his attention, though, and he raises himself up slightly, cupping a hand around his mouth before shouting,

“HEY, IT SAYS NO RUNNING IN HERE!”

He relaxes slightly, lowering himself down again before seemingly remembering something, lifting himself up again to shout, “AND ALSO MAKE SURE THERE’S A LIFEGUARD PRESENT!”

Behind the camera, Harris's laugh gets louder, and Shane turns to glare at him again. He opens his mouth in a retort before he is interrupted by another shout from the pool.

“HOLLANDER! ARE YOU BEING BORING AGAIN? BOO!” Ilya yells, the camera panning over to him before turning back to Shane, who rolls his eyes and lifts his arm, the motion he does with his hand censored.

(Cut to Shane still in the same position, looking out at the water with a smirk.)

The reason for that becomes evident quickly as the shot zooms out slightly, revealing Ilya strutting towards him in the water. Only visible from his shoulders, yet he still looks like a runway model as he sweeps his hands through his hair, slicking it back, all while keeping his eyes on Shane and sporting a knowing smirk.

Once he reaches the platform on which Shane is fully resting, he pulls himself up enough to press a kiss to Shane's knee above the water. Grinning, he then leans forward and places his hands on either side of Shane's hips. The couple exchanges smiles as Ilya raises his eyebrows suggestively. Otherwise, they remain silent, letting their eyes do the talking. Finally, using his strength, Ilya slowly glides over Shane's body and presses a kiss onto his chest.

Hollander seemed content to let his husband crawl over him, not moving from his position until Ilya was face-to-face with him. He had spread his legs to accommodate the Russian, who was using only one arm to lift himself up, the other grazing Shane's leg under the water.

“Come swim with me, yes?” the Russian asks, leaning down to press another kiss to Hollander's chest before looking back up at him again. Shane sighs, smoothing his left hand over his husband's arm and shoulder before resting it on his neck, the fingers toying with the ends of Ilya's damp hair.

He responds earnestly, "I'm not supposed to strain my leg too much, yet. And also I don't know if I want to get my hair wet," which causes Ilya to groan dramatically and say, "Oh my god, you are so boring, Hollander," as he lets his head drop onto Shane's chest. He laughs and winces a little, leaning his head back and saying, "Hey," as Ilya's wet hair gets in his face.

Ilya lifts his head up again, a pleading expression on his face close to a pout.

“Swim with me, yeah?” he requests again, voice a bit softer this time. Shane sighs fondly, a smile forming on his lips as he nods.

At the confirmation, Ilya's face splits into a grin, and he leans forward to press a kiss to Hollander's lips, who smiles into it, their lips reconnecting once again before Ilya moves the hand that had been resting against Hollander's thigh, urging the other to lean forward. Shane huffs a laugh, letting his arms come around Ilya's shoulders as the latter puts both arms under his thighs, leaning back from the platform while simultaneously dragging Shane along with him. At last, Shane sits at the end of the platform whilst Ilya stands in the pool, Shane's arms and legs around him.

He whispers a term of endearment in Russian to the player before lifting him up and walking back into the pool, Hollander clinging to him while laughing.

“I better not see this in the next video, Harris,” he calls over his shoulder as Ilya continues to carry him further into the pool, the camera zooming in on them to keep them in focus.

“Ay, let him keep filming! He can use it for the anniversary video he pretends he isn’t still doing!” Ilya calls out over Shane’s shoulder, causing Harris to laugh behind the camera.

The shot zooms in on the Russian hockey player’s face, still grinning into the camera over his husband's shoulder, before he finally comes to a stop in the middle of the pool. He leans back slightly, pressing another kiss to Shane’s left cheek, then his right cheek, his forehead, his chin and practically anywhere he can reach.

Off-camera, someone from the team screams something about “*keeping it PG*”, which makes Shane lightly hit Ilya’s shoulder. The Russian player stops kissing him only to look for the camera over his shoulder again, grinning devilishly when he finds it. He leans back again and says something to Shane that the audio doesn't pick up before pressing him closer by his thighs, causing Shane to let out a quick yelp. Suddenly, Ilya leans forward, dipping Shane backwards in the process and completely submerging him in the water with a laugh. As soon as he hits the water, Shane starts struggling against him, Ilya quickly lifting him back up again while laughing wholeheartedly. As Shane continues to thrash around, Ilya lets go of him completely and takes a few steps back. Shane finally comes up for air, pushing his now drenched hair out of his face before angrily letting his arms fall back into the water, causing it to splash around him as he turns to look for Ilya.

“YOU-”

His next words are censored, the loud bleep overtaking the shot as the scene cuts.

(The outro music starts playing as it cuts to a shot of Shane sitting on one of the pool loungers distributed throughout the indoor waterpark, his arms crossed in front of his chest as he glares into the distance off camera. The shot moves behind him to showcase Ilya in front of him on his knees, Shane’s foot resting on one of Ilya’s shoulders, while the Hockey player rubs his husband’s leg dry with a towel.)

Ilya looks up at Shane’s grumpy expression, then back into the camera before laughing at himself, shaking his head in amusement as he continues to rub Shane’s leg.

“Stop laughing, asshole,” Shane grumbles, refusing to acknowledge either of them. Ilya looks back up into the camera, seeming blissfully happy at his husband’s death glare.

“I will send you picture of angry kitten that you can edit next to his face, so he will see how cute he looks when he is upset,” the Russian laughs, giving Hollander’s leg a final pat before lifting the towel over his head and aggressively rubbing it until Shane uses the foot he had on Ilya’s shoulder to kick him away.

He then sighs heavily, turning around to look directly into the camera, the towel falling from his head and landing over his shoulders. His hair sticks up in all directions, and his eyes are pleading with the camera, a [picture](#) of a kitten in a similar state appears next to it.

The outro music plays its last notes just as Ilya approaches to press a long kiss onto Shane's jaw, prompting Shane to scrunch up his cheek yet failing not to smile, the shot freezing before the music fades out and the screen goes dark.

@hurts2benothingw_u: poor baby gay shane imprinting on ilya and then never finding anyone else interesting enough...would be cute if you didnt know they lived apart and weren't exclusive for YEARS oh my boy must have been dying

@whorelander: shane is stronger than me cause if my husband had a reputation for screwing the whole West Coast but was jealous of anyone i barely even looked at we'd be having a WORD

@hotmaxxing_hockey: honestly...looking at photos from roz back then (or even now), can you rllly blame him i would also not get over that man

@lucahaas3applestall: lol nah u cant tell me hollander doesnt like getting him all hot and bothered with the whole jealousy thing, my man knew what he was doing just look at his micro facial expressions

@sellingtoenailsdmsopen: oh my god they are gonna be actual parents someday I'm crying
it's so cute they wanna be a family your honor

@imnotcuteanymore: the centaurs are basically their trial-run kids

@houseofdragons3: you know what they say about the first pancake lol

@thosetwofirefightertruther: no one is talking about ilya carrying shane (and shane LETTING HIM) in that water like its second nature...i have thoughts and they are all nsfw

@yaoigang:

Shane: doing absolutely nothing

Ilya: 🍷👉🤔😭😓😏❤️💖🦋

@buckybarnesmissingarm: oh he WIFED that man up (in a non-derogatory way)

@weiwuxiansflute: lol i know poor haas was SWEATING thinking he accidentally racially stereotyped his childhood idol

@anythedog8124 : anybody can be a husband but it takes a true man to be a malewife
or however that tweet goes

@asdfghjkl 09: am i....are we...were those hockey players making mpreg jokes or...?

@knockshanehollanderup2026: for someone who doesnt want to get chirped at, Shane going on public record saying roz needs to ‘knock him up’ sure as hell is a choice

@donatetoirinafoundation reply to **@knockshanehollanderup2026**: oh pls we all know he his own person protection squad on the team, anyone chirp at him and 5

minutes later they get laid out flat by his feral bisexual russian guard dog

@lebsians4hollanov: first in my bloodline to cry over imagining a hockey player pregnant i hope my parents are proud of me

@futuregrammawinner: rose landry is better than me if was dating the hottest guy i ever laid my fucking eyes on and he told me he was gay i would not continue to pass him around every gay guy i know but instead wallow in my own self pity....a truer ally there has never been

@cinemagoerfirsthumansecond: Haas and the rookies at Shane: *If not mom then why mom shaped?*

@deanwinchesterisgay: their whole relationship is just that scene from modern family where phil sits next to claire, his wife, and reads from his book of wisdom, saying “marry someone who looks hot...when disappointed”. I think we all know who is who lol.

@boykisser_enjoyer: imagine having a situationship with shane hollander that led to nothing in the 2010s and a decade later you have to start sleeping with one eye open bc a 6 foot russian hockey player entirely built of muscle has your name on a list now

@everythingabthockey: i love gay ppl theyre so messy

@exmetrosfan_24: Hollanders dry sense of humor in these videos is not talked abt enough no wonder everyone who rlly knows him says hes the funniest person they know

@kylorencangetit: mind you those were the scenes he could still show

@hollanovwarrior#1: “If you believe in love you can’t help but just be happy for them with all your heart” - Troy Barett. If only everyone saw how simple it is. Love is love.

Chapter End Notes

i was so confused why it took me so long to write this chapter but its practically the triple the size of the first chapter hahah i just had fun writing it

also ive seen ppl start putting disclaimers in the TAGS that they did not use AI which is fucking crazy to me cause who substitutes their creative outlet w ai...anyways i guess this is my offical disclaimer that this story was written without ai even tho i think u get that just by reading this. like u truly need at least 100+ hours of sitcom consumption and just a love for the game to come up w something this derranged lmao i dont think ai is just quite there yet fellas

Chapter 7: BONUS SCENE

Chapter Notes

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

The outro music plays its last notes just as Ilya approaches to press a long kiss onto Shane's jaw, prompting Shane to scrunch up his cheek yet failing not to smile, the shot freezing before the music fades out and the screen goes dark.

Suddenly, another comment pops up over on the screen:

@quadrableaxel: oh i just know they would absolutely eat up a game of charades against the others

(Cut to a zoomed-in shot of Shane's face, staring intently into the camera. The shot slowly zooms out, showing Ilya in the breakroom next to him, munching on fries while looking down at his phone. They're sitting at the lunch table, Boodram and Hayes on either side of them, eating their own snacks.)

"It will be the ultimate chance to prove yourself," Harris says encouragingly behind the camera.

Shane crosses his arms in front of his chest, sighing.

"I don't need my failures recorded, I got more than enough of that when I played against this asshole," he says, turning his head towards Ilya who looks up from his phone, frowning at Shane and lifting his hands. Next to him, the well-known [meme](#) of a monkey in the same position was briefly blended in while Boodram and Hayes laugh at the quip.

"What did I do?" he says. Shane pouts at him.

"I don't want to play,"

Ilya rolls his eyes, finishing up his last fry before rubbing his hands together.

"Have a little faith in us, Hollander," he laughs as he gets up to dispose of the now empty takeout container.

The camera zooms in on Shane, who sighs heavily.

(Cut to confessional of Shane and Ilya in the office front of the shuttered window.)

"Look," Shane says, holding up a hand as he adjusts himself in his seat. Ilya snorts at the action.

"Ilya and I work amazingly together. On and off the ice," Shane states. Ilya nods.

“We kill it at karaoke night,” he adds seriously. Without either looking away from the camera, they high-five before Shane keeps talking, wincing slightly before his next words.

“It’s just...with the language barrier...and I guess I don’t know much pop culture because I’m not on social media and stuff...” he trails off. Ilya sighs, the camera zooming in on him once.

“We suck at charades,” he simply states.

The camera pans over to Shane, who grumbles.

“He kept dancing like he was in a boy band. The word was *misdirection*,” the star center mumbles under his breath.

The camera pans over to Ilya, who sniffs his nose once.

“English is stupid,” he just says.

(Cut back to the breakroom.)

“*Maybe this game will be more fun!*” Harris tries again, enthusiasm not wavering as he reaches his phone out towards Shane, who looks miserable at the prospect.

“I can’t wait to see this,” Barrett taunts, the camera panning over to him on the sofa in the breakroom next to Luca, who laughs.

The camera pans back over to Shane, who rolls his eyes at them just as Ilya sits down, finally taking the outstretched phone from him.

(Cut to Ilya lifting the phone to his forehead, the angle slightly behind him so the screen isn’t visible, and Shane’s seat turned so he’s facing him directly. Boodram and Hayes sit next to each other now, looking at the hockey couple in anticipation.)

“Okay, are you ready?” Shane asks, way too intensely for someone who did not want to play just moments ago.

“Wait,” Ilya says, causing Shane to frown and open his mouth in protest. Before he can contest, however, Ilya lowers the phone and unceremoniously pulls Shane closer by grabbing onto his collar, whispering in a low voice, “Просто притворитесь, что мы в спальне,” the subtitles showing the Russian words but no translation.

Then, in sharp contrast, he proceeds to give Shane a tender kiss on the tip of his nose. Before Shane can respond or even react beyond simply staring at him with wide eyes, Ilya lets him go and taps the phone once before raising it to his head, casually leaning back into his seat.

“Fuck you,” Shane responds, alert at the countdown and immediately sitting up straight.

“Later, моя любовь,” Ilya promises in a sultry voice. Shane huffs a laugh, though his posture remains as though he’s about to be asked to score a hat trick any minute. The camera briefly zooms in on Boodram’s face, cringing, before zooming out again.

The last seconds of the countdown sound and Shane sits up straight as the first word appears, his eyes widening.

“Your least favorite season!” he says instantly.

"Fall," Ilya replies right away.

“Yes!” Shane beams, and Ilya flips the phone down, a happy buzzing sound coming in confirmation.

“Stupid!”

“Americans”

“The country.”

“Oh, America.”

“Yes! Okay, oh, Anya chases these!”

"Squirrels"

“Yes! Alright, I tell you not to kiss me in the morning befor-”

“Brushing teeth,”

“Yes! Oh, I am..”

“Hot,”

“No. Nationality,”

“Oh, boring Canadian,”

“Yes! Ah, what you call Scott Hunter!”

“Old,”

“Yes!”

As the couple reaches a fluid level, the camera zooms in on Boodram and Hayes, who exchange confused glances, before zooming out again.

(The scene cuts, now Shane sitting in Ilya’s position, holding up the phone to his forehead.)

“Is in your dad’s study,”

“Oh, cognac!”

“Yes, next. Ah, we broke this once while making out,”

“Vase? Chair? No, lamp!”

“Yes. Ah, movie you pretend you didn’t cry a-”

“When Harry met Sally!”

“Yes, sweetheart. Ah, this one is easy. Giraffe,”

“Oh, Staten Island!”

The camera pans over to Troy on the sofa, who just grimaces in confusion.

(The scene cuts again, Harris outstretched arm taking the phone back from the Shane.)

“*See, that went better than you thought!*” he says. The couple ignores him in favor of staring at each other. Harris moves slightly, now capturing Shane’s entire face as he looks at Ilya with a monotone expression, the Russian smirking while lifting a single eyebrow.

“I’m so hot for you right now,” Shane rasps.

“I know,” Ilya replies cockily, reaching his hand out to intertwine their fingers.

The camera pans over to Boodram, who utters a “*Jesus*” before putting his face in his hands.

Chapter End Notes

feel free to leave a comment if you enjoyed this story i love reading them <3

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