Stuck In Uncharted Waters

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Stuck In Uncharted Waters

by aslanjinx

Summary

Shane Hollander is an anxious overthinker but never a jealous person.

Not until he met the team captain of Boston Bears, Ilya Rozanov- the source of his nightmares and the man of his dreams.

or

The 5 times Shane Hollander was jealous + 1 time Ilya Rozanov experienced jealousy.

Notes

Hello! This is my first time writing a hollanov fic and also writing a fic in a long time (please be nice i will cry actually). i tried to write this as a crack fic but it ended up being semi-angst like?? i'll try the humor fic next time T.T.

anyway, I have not read the books (yet) but I watched the series and have an idea of some plots in the book, so WARNING it is not book/series specific. there are some headcanons and a little additional scenes here and there.

let me know if i should correct some parts or add any additional tags.

(ps. this was already edited so the date posted might change)

so yeah happy reading!

See the end of the work for more notes

1.

The Montreal locker room is filled with noise— people celebrating, the boys chattering, and the faint sound of showers going off in the background. It was the Metro's last game before playoffs and this determined if they will be fighting for the cup this season. Shane, still wearing his hockey uniform would've been overwhelmed with all the noise after their win but it was all drowned by his fixation on his phone, just tapping away texting god knows who.

Hayden glances at the team captain, observing how Shane's brow was furrowed and his shoulders slumped like they just lost their game prior.

"What are you lookin' at cap? Texting *Lily* again?" Hayden asked, slightly tilting his head to catch a glimpse of Shane's phone. Not that he is trying to be a gossiping friend.. Well maybe just a little.

Shane was never the type to share his thoughts or feelings unless asked and Hayden understood that very well.

Suddenly being aware of Hayden's presence, Shane placed his phone face down to hide the fact that he was texting Ilya nonstop without getting any replies, and Hayden could've caught him. He looked up at Hayden standing beside him.

"Ah it's just my mom congratulating me is all", Shane nervously laughed.

Hayden, seeming accepting of his answer, nodded slowly and went back to removing his gear, leaving Shane in his own bubble. "I see. Did they watch the game?"

"Yup." Shane answered while removing his gear.

He looked down at his phone beside him, expecting to hear a sound or even a vibration to occur, but nothing came. Ilya isn't answering.

"Hey did you guys saw this?" JJ asked, holding his phone while slowly walking over to Shane and Hayden. He turned his phone and watched their reaction as they read the article.

SPILLED: Famous Hockey Star Ilya Rozanov Seen Once Again With Svetlana Vetrova, the Daughter of a Russian Minister. Is This The New Russian It Couple?

Shane could feel his heart beating faster as Hayden read the article title word per word.

JJ then scrolls down to see the picture of the said "*IT Russian Couple*" and he sees a paparazzi picture of Ilya and Svetlana holding hands while entering a club. Ilya was wearing a half-way buttoned leopard longsleeve and he looked good as ever.

JJ pulled back his phone and scoffed as he looked at the screen again. “That son of a bitch is so lucky, a *minister’s daughter*? Damn, he’s got game.”

Shane felt like his heart just fell to his stomach, like he just watched his favorite pet get shot in front of his two eyes. He suddenly feels uneasy; mixed emotions bubbling up his chest.

Ilya dating a girl? Of course he was. That’s Ilya fucking Rozanov. Shane thought to himself. *That’s why he was not replying for months now.. And probably won’t be replying anymore.*

“Well he can get laid all he wants but they’re *not* winning that cup this season, am I right cap?” Hayden confidently smirks and lightly nods to Shane.

Shane on the other hand was stoic, his expression was unreadable.

Will I be seeing him in the playoffs? Will he reply to me when he gets to Montreal?

JJ and Hayden noticed Shane’s expression and their smiles slowly dropped. “Shane you okay?” Hayden followed up with a question.

The slight worry in Hayden’s tone brought Shane back to reality. He cannot let his teammates know about his secret with Ilya, especially not because he can’t keep his expression *straight*.

Shane smiled softly, “Nah i’m good. Just thinking about how we can beat that asshole.” Emphasizing the word asshole because he really *really* means it.

Ilya is and will always be an asshole.

Not because Boston won the stanley cup last season, but because their team captain is too busy to reply to Shane after *everything*..

“That’s what i’m talking about! Good one, Shane.” JJ proudly high-fived Shane and threw his phone back to his bag. JJ bid his goodbyes to head to the showers and Hayden soon followed him.

Tongue to his cheek, Shane stood up and started getting undressed. He made a mental note that Ilya Rozanov will *never* appear in his mind again and they will definitely beat Boston this season.

2.

Well, the Boston Bears won the stanley cup this season and both captains were invited to Vegas to present an award. Their first talk after 6 months of ghosting happens in a random bathroom in the venue and Ilya messages Shane his room number during the afterparty.

Shane can smell the mix of mint and strawberry from Ilya’s cigarette. They just finished having sex and as usual—*well more than usual*— the two did not cuddle. Shane and Ilya are

sitting on the bed with only the blanket as their cover. The two are inches away from each other but Shane swore that *Ilya was closer to him when he was in Russia than he is now.*

The silence engulfs the two of them. Shane can never predict Ilya's thoughts, especially right now. Everything was different— the vibe, the sex, the conversations— *hell they didn't even kiss*, and Shane is still *much happier here* than he was months ago.

What the fuck is wrong with me. Shane tightly closed his eyes and inhales the smoke surrounding him. Both of his arms are covering his abdomen and he could feel his shoulders tensed as the minutes pass by.

Suddenly, Ilya's phone rings. Ilya sat up carefully and gently twisted his torso to reach for the bedside table. First, he puts off his cigarette by squeezing the butt of the cigarette on his ash tray, then he reached for his phone and looked at the contact name of the person calling. It was Svetlana, probably wanted to congratulate him.

Ilya glanced at Shane for a while, "Is Svetlana, I have to answer."

Shane slowly nodded and said "Okay."

"You can shower first if you want. The bathroom is right there." Ilya nodded to the direction of the bathroom door before he stood up and went to the balcony to answer the call. Shane can still hear Ilya answer the call from the other room, "*Da*, Svetlana, is me."

Shane tightly closed his eyes, not wanting to listen to the conversation but also not wanting to shower yet. He can hear Ilya switch from English to Russian, trying to piece the conversation together.

She's probably congratulating him on winning.

Fuck am still I doing here?

A few minutes later, Shane heard Ilya end the call and silent footsteps approaching the room. Ilya knew Shane hasn't showered yet because he didn't hear the shower go off. Ilya stood by the wall and his eyes met Shane's gaze.

"She.. doing okay?" Shane quietly asks.

Ilya tilts his head in confusion, "Who?"

"*Svetlana*? The one who called you?" Ilya made a quiet "ah" sound before he started walking slowly towards his side of the bed. He sat next to Shane and placed his phone down where it was earlier.

"*Da*, she is good. She says congratulations to me."

Shane nodded, wanting to ask more questions but stopped himself. He knows that Ilya doesn't want to be asked personal questions sometimes—especially not this time where they are mountains away.

“Well.. I need to sleep. Early flight tomorrow, yes?” Ilya said almost as a suggestion.

Shane understood Ilya’s words immediately,“Right. Me too.” He muttered an under his breath.

Shane didn’t bother showering, he just wanted to get out of that room immediately. This new found silence and distance between him and Ilya is suffocating him. After getting dressed, he quietly bid his goodbye to Ilya and head straight to the elevator.

Ilya did not bother waiting for Shane to get on the elevator, he stayed in his room drowning in his own thoughts.

Shane slightly looked behind him to glance at the empty penthouse that belongs to his..

His?

Ilya.

Shane was brought to reality when he heard the elevator open. He immediately got in and pressed the button of the floor he was staying in. He found himself about to message Ilya, about seeing him next season or some shit like that, but he never end up sending it.

His fingers seemed to have its own mind as he types

We didn’t even kiss..

And again, he never sends it.

Shane leans on the elevator wall and looks down. His thoughts wander to different places.

Will Ilya still message him or leave him waiting again? How many months will he wait for another reply? If he calls, will Ilya answer it immediately like he did with Svetlana?

Shane knows the answer to his question. He is no Svetlana. Ilya will never answer his call that fast.. And this is probably the last time he messages too.

Shane had to sleep that night questioning his words and actions to why they ended the night; questioning his feelings towards the man he left at the penthouse.

3.

After winning the game against Boston, Shane found himself dressed in a simple white shirt and jeans. He received a text from his girlfriend, Rose, inviting Shane to dance at their usual club in Montreal. Shane wanted to lay low for the day as he just wanted to rest and relax post-game, but knowing Rose and her busy schedule, Shane wanted to make the most of their time and make his girlfriend happy.

Shane goes home for a while to get dressed, layering a sweater and a business coat above his white shirt and blue jeans before heading to the club. He immediately walks to Rose's table and sees her happily chatting with them.

Rose is good for me. Shane thinks. *I don't have to hide our relationship to the media or anything.*

She is probably one of the nicest people Shane ever met but there is something missing in their relationship. It's like a *feeling* but Shane couldn't point out what it was.

"Hey, babe." Rose greets Shane with a soft smile on her face.

"Hey." Shane shortly answered as he sat next to her. Rose gently pulled Shane beside her and wrapped her arms around his, before telling him all about her shoot earlier. Shane per usual, listens and gave his input to whatever their conversation is about, because for Shane

This is easier than always hiding and being left behind.

Shane found himself on the dance floor, slow dancing with Rose to a current pop song he doesn't know the name of. He was never the best dancer nor is he fond of dancing itself, but he could not say no to his loving girlfriend and he likes to spend time with her anyway.

Rose lightly sways her hips side-to-side; following the beat while her hands wander Shane's body. Touching his hair, his nape, dragging her hands across his chest and down to his abs, then slowly dragging her hands up, lightly lifting his white shirt (he removed his layers earlier when he started feeling warm from the liquor). Shane does not mind this but he also couldn't help being awkward. Soon, Miles joined them, crowding Shane between him and Rose.

Shane felt a little overwhelmed and suffocated, maybe by the dancing or the number of people added to the dancefloor. He needed space.

"I'll just go to the bathroom." He says near Rose's ear. Rose looked like she wanted to protest but nodded as a response and focused on dancing with Miles.

There was no line in the bathroom so Shane was able to get in and out there quickly. He checked his reflection in the mirror before leaving, a light pink flush on his cheeks can be seen because of the alcohol. Shane easily gets red from drinking but he is still pretty sober.

Not caring about his plans for tomorrow, he orders another drink from the bar before going back to the dance floor. While waiting for his drink, Shane heard a familiar voice ordering a beer beside him. He turns his head to the person and sees one of Ilya's teammates.

Shane could hear his heartbeat drumming, like it will jump out of his chest anytime. He *knows*. Shane *always knows*.

Ilya is here.

Shane looks away from the man and quickly grabs his drink to go back to Rose. He gulped down half his drink while trying to nonchalantly scan the room. No Ilya could be found.

When he reached Rose and Miles at the dancefloor, Miles grabbed the drink in Shane's hand and drank it for himself. Shane was not bothered as his attention was on Rose who's grinding on him the second they touched. Miles then excused himself to the bar to get himself his own drink after dancing with them.

Time passed, people are starting to leave the dance floor but Rose, already tipsy, wanted to dance with Shane more. Not wanting to leave her alone as Miles didn't return from the bar, Shane stayed with her.

Suddenly, Shane could feel eyes on him. He scans the room again, trying to find the person possibly staring him down. There, across the dance floor he sees Ilya dancing with a girl. This is not Svetlana as he knows what she looks like, it was just a random girl dancing against Ilya's body.

Shane didn't know what to do so he kept on dancing while his eyes are glued to Ilya's. Ilya then turned the girl to face him, he grabbed her jaw gently between his hand, then he leaned in to make out with her. The girl seemed pleased with the action as her hands reached Ilya's curls to deepen their kiss.

Ilya's actions were far from innocent, touching the girl in places that seemed to pleasure her based on her expression, and Shane could do nothing but stare at the both of them. He felt warm, confused if he was turned on by the scene or it was his anger building up.

Probably both. He thought.

Ilya did all that to piss Shane off, the Montreal captain was so sure of that. The way Ilya's body responds to the girl but his eyes never leave Shane's. He knows that Shane is watching, and he *likes* it.

Shane held Rose closer, trying to shrug off the uneasy feeling from Ilya's stare and the fact that he's dancing with a girl, almost taking her right there on the dance floor.

I don't care. I don't fucking care. Shane repeats over and over again in his mind.

What a fucking asshole you are, Rozanov.

4.

A few years after being together and almost a year after being outed to the world, Ilya had a small gathering for his birthday in a restobar in Ottawa. The Centaurs, the Hollanders, and his dear friend Svetlana were present. There were lots of food and drinks enough for two hockey teams, and Ilya did not give a single care of how much money he spends because his family is here to celebrate him and his day.

Shane knew how Ilya felt about his new team. Yes, it was hard to adjust into a new team and routine but he could not be more proud to see his boyfriend gain more friends that support

him. He is also so glad that his parents have been so supportive since the day David walked in on them at the cottage, and Shane could never be happier from the turn of events.

Yuna and David pulled Shane to the side for a while to give Svetlana and Ilya space. Yuna gave Shane a few reminders regarding his upcoming solo advertisements and the one with Ilya. Shane nodded and promised to remind his boyfriend the day after. He then glanced back to Ilya's booth.

"I'm proud of you, son." David said to Shane, lightly tapping his shoulder twice, which him look back to his dad.

Shane shyly smiled, "That's so random, dad. What for?" He tilted his head to the side in confusion.

"Well, you picked a good one. Ilya is a good man." David answered.

"Smart and handsome too. He plays hockey amazingly, I won't lie." Yuna added.

"Hey there, I play hockey *too*." Shane protested jokingly. "Don't tell me he's your favorite son now."

"You never know. He calls me a lot more than you." Yuna shrugs and laughed at Shane's reaction.

David smiles at them lovingly while listening to the two of them banter, like they always do. He clears his throat and check his wristwatch for the time. He turns to Yuna and said, "It's getting late, we have to go home early, we're not getting younger you know."

"Don't say that, dad, she might hear you." Shane laughed in revenge to Yuna. Yuna in return, scoffed and jokingly slapped her husband's arm. "You're the only one aging here so."

Yuna and David bid their goodbyes to the Centaurs and of course Ilya and Svetlana before leaving the restobar.

"Happy birthday, Ilya. You're *my favorite son*, always remember that." Yuna whispers to before kissing the top of his head, which made Ilya giggle. Shane raised both of his arms in confusion, "What the hell I heard that!" Ilya grinned harder.

David took his turn, leaning down the booth to give a big kiss on Ilya's cheek. "Happy Birthday, *son*. Thank you for inviting us. Enjoy the rest of your night." David says. Ilya looked up at David, touched by his words. He was almost tearing up.

"Thank you guys. Love you! Thank you for coming." Ilya said.

Shane escorted them to their car and waved his hand as he watched the parents drive away.

As soon as he enters the bar, Luca pulled Shane with the players so that he can join the drinking game. Shane was unable to realize that a new person walked in the bar and sat beside Ilya and Svetlana.

Svetlana, Ilya's childhood friend since forever. Shane knew how important she was to Ilya and he made sure to forget any jealousy he had in the past. Svetlana is a friend and most importantly, she is Ilya's family. Sasha on the other hand was someone that Shane only knew for his name as they never met before.

The Centaurs dared Shane to down vodka for 10 seconds after the latter already lost 3 games, making him drink 3 additional vodka shots. One, Shane drinks but never vodka; two, Shane is a light drinker at best; and three, his parents left an hour ago so he could drink more than he wants to.

With that said, when Shane finished gulping down his 4th bottle of beer, he glanced at the booth where Svetlana and Ilya were sitting. The music was loud and they could barely hear each other. Svetlana was sitting so close to Ilya, her lips were touching his ear, while Ilya was slouching happily so that she could reach him easily. On the other side of Ilya was a man, a beautiful gorgeous man that looked like he could be a son of Apollo or *Apollo himself.*

10 more vodka shots and swears the room is spinning. He was getting the Centaurs names wrong and they were all too drunk to notice his mistake or the fact that Shane was slipping away from their little group.

Shane was enraged by the scene he saw. Svetlana is family that is understandable but a man who he did not know clinging onto his boyfriend like that. Shane might burn this bar to the ground. Forgetting that Ilya rented the whole place and no stranger will possibly enter and cling to his boyfriend like that, the brunette captain wobbly marched towards the booth and sloppily sat down in front of them like he had no bones supporting his body.

This sudden action from Shane surprised Svetlana and Sasha, Ilya could only look at his boyfriend fondly knowing the man in front of him was drunk out of his mind. Svetlana sat properly so that she could face Shane, still sitting very close to Ilya, while Sasha didn't move an inch.

"Shane, hi." Ilya softly said, trying not to make it obvious that he is so whipped for his boyfriend. He eyed Shane from his messy hot hair, down to his half-open eyelids, to his flushed cheeks, then to his plump lips. Ilya tried to get ahold of himself knowing that there are many people around, it's not the time to ger aroused.

"Shh, 'm not talking to you." Shane said almost unintelligibly, lightly closing his eyes and pressing the side of his index finger against his pouting lips. He then placed his right arm against the table and leaned his cheek on his hand as he felt his head getting heavy; he then stared at Svetlana.

"Hi there." He greets them with a smug look on his face. Svetlana smiled, watching a drunk Shane trying to converse with her. "Hey, pretty boy."

"*Pretty boy*." Shane repeated in a low mutter. "See, Ilya, Svetlana said i'm a pretty boy. Did you hear?"

"I did, *Hollander*." Ilya answered, biting his lower lip to prevent himself from smiling so widely his cheeks might tear.

“Good- *good*.” Shane whispered. Shane closes his eyes while still smiling, not a care in the world.

“What brings you here, *moya lyubov*?” Hearing the familiar Russian words, Shane opened his eyes and softly looked at Ilya. Hearing Ilya’s nickname for him made his heart swell.

“Well, so, you know how I was right there.” Shane pointed at the bar where the Centaurs are still taking shots of vodka. “And I saw you guys sitting here.. Looking so happy without me —*so*..”

“Oh.” Svetlana said smiling at Ilya. “Of course, understandable. What else, pretty boy?” Svetlana deepens the conversation, trying to make Shane speak more of his drunk thoughts.

“It made me sad that Ilya is here and I was there.. But Svetlana is also here and this guy is also right here..” Shane looked down pouting like he was a toddler with no candy.

“You get me?” Both Sasha and Svetlana hummed in response to Shane’s question, entertained by the beautiful Shane Hollander in front of them.

“I think he’s jealous.” Svetlana whispered to Sasha and Ilya and they all giggled in return, making Shane look at them with furrowed brow.

“*That. Right. There.* I don’t like that.”

“Don’t like what, Hollander?” Sasha asked, leaning more on Ilya’s shoulder to tease Shane. His arms tightly hugging Ilya’s.

“Him and her whispering to your ear and you smiling so wide. Do you know i’m your boyfriend, Rozanov? Why are you letting this beautiful man hold on you like his life depends on it!” Shane bit his lower lip, trying to stop himself from crying. It’s not that he’s hurt or anything but he’s just so damn drunk he doesn’t even know why he wants to cry.

What a beautiful jerk. Shane mutters to himself as he remembers how gorgeous Sasha is.

Ilya watched as Shane’s eyes became glassy because of the tears. It slowly breaks his heart to see Shane like that but also he is too cute— Ilya wants to bite him.

Sasha smirked, a little idea popped into his pretty head. “I don’t know, Shane, I was here first y’know? You just met him second.”

This made Ilya immediately look at Sasha, shocked from his little mischief. And Shane— let’s just say he looked like he saw a ghost. His mouth lightly gaped open and his cheeks more red than ever. And his eyes, oh god, Ilya swore to never hurt Shane in any way shape or form because looking at his beloved now broke his heart into even more tiny pieces.

Shane pursed his lips with his brow scrunched together— he was about to cry, tears threatening to fall. He was so devastated.

“Are you going to take *my Ilya* away? Please say no.” And there it was, a sobbing Shane. He immediately wiped his tears with the back of his hand but tears just keep coming.

“Oh, *my love*.” Ilya immediately stood up and sat beside Shane, slowly rubbing his back up and down to console him. Ilya shoot a dagger look to his friend who looks so guilty but enjoying this at the same time.

“Take it back— what you said, not Ilya. He’s my future husband. I can’t marry him if you take him from me.”

Ilya’s friends can’t help but feel fond of the large cuddly man crying in front of them. They know Shane Hollander, a huge name in the hockey business. But now, it feels like they know him more than his career— why Ilya fell in love with him. Hollander is a doll, a sunshine, someone that makes you want to protect him at all cost, even if he’s a foot taller than you.

The group became silent, only Shane’s sniffles can be heard and Ilya’s whispers of comfort in his ear. Sasha smirked, wanting to tease the cute boy in front of him one last time before Ilya probably beats him up.

“Oh.. I don’t know, Hollander. Might think about making him my husband first.” Sasha said with a serious face and Shane cried even harder he started to hiccup.

“S*top it!*” Ilya concerningly shouted at his laughing friends as he pulled Shane closer to his chest, hugging him tightly as the latter sobs in Ilya’s neck. “Shh *my love*, I only choose you. Nobody can take me away from you.”

Hearing what Ilya said, Shane looks up and asks, “Really?”

Ilya felt like he could see the universe on Shane’s glassy eyes as it reflects the lights above them. He automatically wipe Shane’s tear-stained cheeks with his thumbs and held his face like it was the most fragile thing in the world.

“Yes, *my Shane*, yes.”

5.

The Russians never celebrated Christmas, at least that’s what Ilya said to Shane, however, a very important friend of Ilya’s will be visiting and she was invited to stay at the cottage. Shane never really met any of Ilya’s family and his only friends were the Centaurs or back in Russia, so this is a big deal for the both of them.

The couple finished all the chores the day before Svetlana’s arrival— cleaned the cottage, stocked up some groceries, and gathered wood for the bonfire. Now they’re just chilling on their couch, playing footsies under the blanket. Shane is wearing his glasses while reading his book and Ilya is on his phone, tapping away, probably checking his emails or rage-baiting his PR team.

Shane interrupted the silence, “What time will Svetlana be arriving?” He asked without looking at Ilya.

“Her ETA is 5:00 pm, she might arrive anytime soon.” Ilya answered, still tapping away on his phone.

“Shane” Ilya called to him and Shane hummed in response.

“Do you remember—” Shane did not let Ilya finish his question as he knows what it will be. Ilya’s birthday where he sobbed so hard because of jealousy. Ilya loved to remind him about that all the time.

“No.” Shane said with a warning tone. He hated remembering that night he felt like such a child. Shane is not the jealous type but with Ilya… god it’s like he will burn down the cottage if need be.

“But *moya lyubov*, you don’t know what i’m about to ask yet. Let me finish, yes?” Ilya asks, he puts his phone face down on the couch, his attention now full on Shane.

“No. I know what you will remind me of and I don’t like it.” Shane rolled his eyes when he looked up at Ilya grinning at him.

“Oh but *I. Want. To.*” Ilya emphasized. Shane stared at his crazy beautiful husband with an unimpressed look.

Suddenly they heard a car honking which made them both look at the windows. They saw a black Mercedes car parking by the front door.

“Ah Sveta is here.” Ilya excitedly got up and fixed his hair. Ilya wore his home slippers, trying not to freeze both his feet with the cold floor.

Before he heads to the door to welcome his friend, he leans down to Shane and kisses his temple, “Don’t worry, *mayo solnyshkuh (my darling)*, I am Mr. Rozanov-Hollander now, she cannot take me even if she wants to.” Ilya winks at Shane and jogs to the door.

Shane bites his lips, trying to hide a smile. He sighs and mentally prepares himself for the night they have ahead. He removes his glasses and places them down on the table along with his book.

Ilya showed Svetlana around the cottage and then gave her ample time to settle down in the guest room. Shane on the other hand started cooking their dinner, a simple but nutritious dinner— good for the two hockey players and their model friend. Once dinner was served, they all sat around the dining table, chatting about whatever comes to their mind.

“And so I told the Centaurs I will give them one thousand dollars every time they hit a Montreal asshole in the face with a puck.” Ilya stabbed a piece of his steak with a fork and took a bite before speaking again. A proud smile appearing on his lips.

“They followed what I said, I don’t know why.” He shrugged.

Svetlana jokingly hit Ilya’s shoulder as she laughed. “What the fuck is wrong with you, Ilyushka? Then what happened?” She asked for a follow up.

Shane continued the story, “The game ended up with 3 vs 3 because almost all players were in the penalty box.” Shane scoffed at the mischief caused by Centaurs that is led by his dear husband. He could remember it clearly, the noise of the fans who almost beat each other up, the hockey players who were actually beating each other up.

“*Da*, and only Shane, Luca, and *fucking Pike* was left on the ice. It was war inside penalty box because we are all in there.” Ilya reminisced. He never regret a single thing he did or the money he lost. *As the husband of Shane Hollander, this was just the beginning.*

Ilya was never the type to revenge on someone as he doesn’t like to be violent—it reminds him of his father and brother— however, the way the Metros made Shane suffer after they were outed was not something he could easily forgive, even after years.

“They all had a warning, god, i don’t know why they did such game play.” Shane focused on his meal, trying to forget how his members ended the game with a bruised face or a broken teeth.

After dinner, they all settled for having wine near the fireplace. Shane sat on the solo sofa while Ilya and Svetlana sat closely together on the long sofa. Shane was calmly listening to the two. He knows how much the two miss each other as Svetlana rarely visits because of her busy schedule and same goes for Ilya.

“I remember when we were little, Ilyushka always cried because of his father and I had to grab his hands and take him with me. His father did not have any say, I take him wherever I go.” Svetlana smiled at the memory. Her English was better than Ilya’s but there is still a difference in her intonation and pronunciation, but Shane could easily understand her.

“I remember that! And we were always together in high school when we almost got married.” Ilya added. Shane’s smile faded slowly, but the two did not notice. This was not something he was aware of. Sure they grew up together and became fuck buddies, but arrange marriage?

“You two were set up by your parents?”

Ilya answered, “Da, my mama is also friends with her mama and they.. How do you say in English…решенный..”

“Agreed.” Svetlana said.

“Yes agreed, that we will marry when we reach old age.” Ilya grinned.

“Would you have married him, Svetlana?”

Svetlana took a sip, thinking about her answer to Shane’s question. She hummed before speaking, “Yes, I would’ve.” She looked at Ilya lovingly.

“He is good man. Very respectful to his lovers and thoughtful too.” She answered genuinely. Ilya blushed a little, not used to hearing compliments from his childhood friend. He proceed to cover his reaction by being his usual cocky self and agreeing to his Sveta.

Shane on the other hand only heard Svetlana marrying Ilya and that remained echoing in his mind. Ilya marrying a girl. It only fits the societal expectations that a man is supposed to be married to a woman. A crazy thought that started bothering Shane.

The two were chatting in English but they sometimes forget the specific English word so they change from English to Russian.

At one point, Shane was unable to catch up to the conversation as Ilya and Svetlana unknowingly continued the conversation in Russian. Shane quietly got up and headed to the kitchen, chugging down a cold glass of water. He knows Svetlana is family, but sometimes his mind thinks too hard that he cannot help it.

What if we never talked again? Svetlana was one of his lovers. Would Ilya have married Svetlana? Would they be married now and have kids? Maybe four?

Shane leaned over the counter as he tried swallowing the tension rising in his throat.

Would Ilya have had a normal career in hockey if they weren't together? That he didn't have to move from Boston to Ottawa just to be with Shane?

Thoughts are starting to flood Shane's mind and all he wanted to do now is to run a bath and go to sleep. He glanced at Svetlana and Ilya, the two are still chatting and laughing in their own little world.

Shane deeply sighed and dragged his feet back to his husband and their friend. "Ah, Shane, there you are! I was just telling Sveta about the time we babysit Pike children." Ilya happily told Shane. Shane forced himself to smile and nodded.

"I—I'm very sleepy. Please continue your conversation but I really need to go upstairs now. Ilya don't keep her up too long. Goodnight, Svetlana." Shane said. He gave his husband a kiss on the cheek and lightly hugged Svetlana before going upstairs.

Shane almost did not want to shower nor do his skincare routine but he needed some peace of mind so heads to the bathroom right away.

After an hour or two, Shane plopped into their bed like a whale. He stared at the ceiling, trying to process his thoughts and emotions.

Stop it Shane. Svetlana is family. Get it together.

He sighs again. He doesn't even want to read his book anymore. Shane turns off the lamp from his side and leaves Ilya's lampshade on to allow a little light when Ilya comes in.

Shane didn't know what time it was when he felt the other side of the bed moving as Ilya lay down with him. He could smell the minty shampoo from Ilya's hair and musky scent of his body wash. Shane's body relaxes even more knowing that Ilya is around.

"Are you awake?" Ilya whispered, his lips almost touching Shane's ear which made the latter groan.

“Sorry we took so long to chat. It’s been a while.” his husband explained.

Shane stayed on his side, his back facing Ilya. He knows that sometimes Ilya talks like this to him when he’s barely awake or sometimes even asleep. Ilya has never been the type to always open up but he tries, he really does— and Shane appreciates that.

A moment of silence follows before Ilya scoop Shane in his arms and hug him tightly with him as if his husband will escape in his sleep. “You are *my only one*, you know that right? *I love you, Shane Hollander.*”

Shane almost teared up, thank god he was almost out of consciousness and barely stepping into dreamland. His sleep was even more induced when Ilya started playing with his hair and humming the familiar russian song his mama always sang to him. Something Ilya does when they cuddle or when Shane was extra anxious for the day.

Before Shane could completely fall asleep, he hears Ilya say, “I will *always* choose you, my Shane. *Always in my heart*.”

+1

The current score was 1-1 and everyone and their fathers are holding tightly to their seats, waiting on who will be this year’s stanley cup holder. Ilya is now holding the puck that was passed to him by Troy. Ilya skated as fast as he could without getting caught by the Metros but he knows that he is being targeted as he cannot see any opening for him. He almost trips as one of the Metros tries to hit his ankle but thankfully he was fast enough to prevent getting hit.

Then there was an opening and at the end of that opening is his husband staring at him for a pass. Ilya and everyone in that rink knows how much he trusts Shane, even with his life. Thus, he passes by the Metros and passed the puck to Shane.

Shane carefully hits the puck and it hits the net right before their eyes. A goal was made by Hollander which was assisted by Rozanov. Then there was the buzz. Centaurs finally won their first stanley cup just a few years after Rozanov and Hollander transferred to Ottawa. Fans were shouting and crying.

Ilya ran to Shane and hugged him so tightly he couldn’t breathe. Then the Centaurs followed and tackled them to the ground.

After the cheering and celebration, the team were interviewed by different reporters in the rink. Fans already left the arena and the families and reporters were left. Each were asked about their thoughts in the game and how they felt during the most crucial moments in winning the cup. Everyone was smiling so brightly and even Haas cried in his interview and was comforted by Barrett when he saw his teammate sobbing in front of the camera. Some members waiting for their turn are skating around the ice, trying to relive the moment of their win.

Then it was Shane's turn to be interviewed, the assistant captain. He was the last one to be interviewed as he needed to be checked by the medics first after a few blows from the Metros.

Shane removed his helmet and wiped his sweat with his hand.

"Are you ready, Shane?" The male reporter asked. Shane nodded as an answer and the interview starts.

"Here we have the assistant captain of the Centaurs, Shane Hollander. How are you feeling Shane?"

"Good, good. Uh it was a really fun game and I am happy that we finally brought home the stanley cup in my hometown." Shane confidently answers, his past media training being activated as he answers the questions professionally.

"What can you say about the teamwork the Centaurs had tonight." The interviewer asked as he intently looked at Shane, waiting for an answer.

"Ah well I have never been more proud of our teamwork tonight. All the practice and hard work of each Centaur has been shown in front of everyone tonight and yeah we were working as one tonight—one brain and body and I am really proud to call them my team." Shane nodded again, satisfied with his answer.

The interview quickly finished and Shane thanked the reporter and vice versa.

"Hollander, thank you for answering my questions. It was really nice seeing you back on the ice."

"Me too. I think i'm lucky to have found a good team here."

The reporter caught Shane off guard when he suddenly touched Shane's arm to pull him a bit closer to him, whispering something in his ear.

Ilya, watching Shane from afar since the first reporter, saw the scene. His grip from his hockey stick tightened, almost turning his knuckles white. Ilya skated slowly to where Shane was, not minding the obstacles in his way like the Let It Go-singing Troy or the sniffing Luca (he will be back for him later).

His pale blue eyes observed how the reporter continues to whisper nothing in Shane's ear and how Shane is becoming more uncomfortable under his touch and the lack of space between them.

"I know it is usually routine to drink with your teammates after the game but would you want to grab a drink with me later?" The reporter asked Shane.

Shane politely turned him down, not wanting to assume that he's getting asked out especially that he and Ilya are married, "Sorry but yeah it's the team's night and I can't be absent." He nervously laughed.

The reporter pushed further, “Oh but you’re always with them, why not spend *one night* with me, c’mon Hollander.” Shane’s brows furrowed at what the reporter is trying to pursue him.

One night with him? Is this dude serious i’m a married man.

He tried to move backwards to create a space between the two of them but the reporter kept on coming closer to him. “I’m married, that is not even an option, also could you step back please—“

The reporter was about to whisper to Shane’s ear again when he was suddenly hit by a puck in the head. The reporter winced as he felt a sharp pain at the back part of his head where it was hit. He immediately turned around and saw Ilya Rozanov staring at him with a dark look in his eyes; his gloved hands tightly holding his hockey stick, angled properly as if he was aiming to really hit the reporter.

Well.. he really was.

Shane was about to ask if the reporter was okay but Ilya already went between the two of them, lightly pushing the reporter backwards with both his hands, pretending to check on the reporter. Ilya removed his hands on the reporter when he was done “checking” if he was okay.

“Ah so sorry, stupid puck getting in the way. The interview is done now, yes? *My husband* and I need to be with our team soon.” Ilya asked with no remorse in his voice like he didn’t just intentionally hit someone.

It’s just a puck anyway, probably didn’t hurt. Ilya thought to himself.

“You should be careful, *Rozanov*, you never know who you’ll hit next time.” The reporter grimaced at the sight of Ilya getting between him and Shane— and also the pulsating pain on his head.

“Ah but I do.. I *always* do. I am Ilya Rozanov-*Hollander*, yes?” Ilya smirked, not satisfied with how he is handling this without violence but this will do. All he wants is to be with his husband now and drink their heads off.

“Is your interview done, *my dear husband*?” Ilya turned to Shane; his arms snaking around Shane’s waist.

Shane suddenly relaxes under Ilya’s touch and the fact that no reporter is invading his bubble anymore. “Yes, yes it’s done.” A shade of pink suddenly appeared on Shane’s cheeks as soon as he realized that people were watching them since the puck incident.

“Good. He can go now, yes?” Ilya tilted his head to the side as he confirmed to the reporter if they can leave now. Not that a permission was needed really but it was more to be polite, even if the person in front of him was a bitch. Yuna taught him that.

“Yeah whatever..” The reporter stuttered. Ilya nodded, satisfied with the other person’s response. He then signaled Troy to call over Shane to get him out of there and Troy caught up

immediately, pretending to call on Shane to comfort the baby of the team (Haas).

Shane skated towards Troy as soon as he was called. He anxiously glances back to Ilya and the reporter and saw Ilya smiling, but his eyes are terrifying

The reporter's eyes followed Shane until he reached the team. When he looked back at Ilya, Ilya was already looking at him with anger in his eyes but his lips still curved in a smile. The reporter was taken back by this sudden change in Ilya's aura.

A look that could kill.

"You should never do that to any person here, Mr. Reporter, you make people uncomfortable. *Not my team and my husband*. Do you get that?"

"And what if I don't? Are you threatening me, Rozanov?" The reporter cockily smiled.

Ilya laughed out loud as if the reporter told him a really funny joke. They both looked around at who is currently watching the two of them but everyone around them is busy in their own world..

More like trying to be busy to not make Rozanov even more pissed. Hitting on Hollander? That's a death wish right there. The people thought.

Ilya moved closer and closer towards the reporter until there's only an inch between them. Ilya smiled even harder but it never reached his eyes. He whispered to the reporter's ear,

"*Da*, I am. Is a threat to *you*." The reporter only scoffed at Ilya but Ilya continued. "You see, I know many people in and out of this industry— *you are just dust, nothing to me*. I can ask people to follow you and ruin everything you know and worked hard for, but truth is your career is nothing compared to *mine*. "

Ilya's voice drops an octave as he further threatens the man who made his husband uncomfortable.

"So if you love your *boring, unsuccessful, unimportant,* so-called '*career*'— listen to me when I tell you to *stay. away. from. my. husband.* Do you get it, *Mr. Reporter*?"

The reporter swallowed in fear hearing Ilya's threats. He quickly nodded, "Y-yes. I get it Mr. Rozanov. I apologize."

"Good. Now get out of here before I call the security." Ilya heavily tapped the shoulder of the reporter twice. From an outsider's pov, it looks like they are having a fun casual talk, but to the reporter, he was being hit strongly by Ilya Rozanov.

The reporter quickly ran away to the exit and never looked back. Ilya can only hope that the asshole learned his lesson and never actually comes back because his patience can only last for so long.

When Shane saw the reporter scatter away, he skates back to Ilya to check on him.

“Are you okay? I’m so sorry I should’ve pushed him away—” Shane anxiously said.

“No. Never say sorry for things like that. The guy is *asshole* and… what you say in America — *motherfucker*.”

Shane looked around at the sudden curse word, afraid that the children of other players skating around might have hear. “Ilya! There’s kids here.”

Ilya shrugged, “I don’t care. I pay them not to say it.” His response made Shane laugh and Ilya relaxed at the sight of his husband being okay.

“If that happens again, please *moya lyubov*, call to *me* and I will be there. *Please*.” Ilya pleads. He removed his glove and held Shane’s cold cheek gently.

Shane closed his eyes and leaned into Ilya’s touch.

“Of course, thank you, Mr. *Rozanov-Hollander*.” Shane said, looking into his husband’s eyes longingly.

“I love you.” Shane whispers. Ilya closed his eyes and leaned, feeling Shane’s soft lips touch his, and they kissed to their hearts content.

"I love you more." Ilya answers back before kissing him again.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! hopefully it was somewhat bearable lol. kudos and any comments are highly appreciated.

let's be mutuals on twt @chasenwaves

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