

No More 'House Tour'

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No More 'House Tour'

by [wildechild3](#)

Summary

Clips of Ilya Rozanov and his shenanigans have always been popular amongst online hockey fans. Over time though, the most popular ones include Shane Hollander and their antics on the ice. The two just have a natural chemistry that was endearing to watch - and the videos only grow more popular after the two come out. This leads Shane to ask two simple questions: why the hell is 'House Tour' always blasting from Ilya's phone and why does every video feature his fucking back arch?

I keep getting funny hockey clips popping up in my feed. So naturally my next thought was: what if this was Hollanov?

Notes

AI can pry em dashes and semicolons from my cold dead hands. All of the videos referenced are based off of real hockey clips. I can post links if anyone is interested. I wrote this with the shaky energy of a chihuahua - my brain can't seem to focus on anything else. Enjoy :)

Edit: Ask and ye shall receive. Here are all the videos I referenced in this fic!

#1: <https://youtu.be/7RTvSnq2SEY?si=VgqrL2Tj8XMgKTpe&t=66> (start video at 1:06 for the scene)

#2: <https://youtu.be/NyOhJKug7S8?si=hZZ8Vq6PMxHmUqE3>

#3: [https://www.instagram.com/reel/DP37u6SEcG9/?](https://www.instagram.com/reel/DP37u6SEcG9/?utm_source=ig_web_button_share_sheet)

[utm_source=ig_web_button_share_sheet](https://www.instagram.com/reel/DP37u6SEcG9/?utm_source=ig_web_button_share_sheet) (unfortunately I can't seem to find a youtube video of this. I embellished it a bit to exaggerate the humor but the core of it is the same lol)

Hockey was Shane Hollander's passion first. Then it became his profession. When you turn a passion into a profession, there's always a moment when you cross the line that lies between wanting to play to have a good time; and, wanting to play because it's literally paying the bills. Like a nine-to-five, there were moments in this job that Shane Hollander dreaded. There were days when he didn't want to go to *work*. Most of the time, these days were when they played some of the lower ranked teams. The ones that could barely put up a fight against an absolute tank like Shane Hollander. These games were boring and teetering on cruel. They were the Shane's equivalent of scrolling through excel sheets for eight hours.

Of course, there were certain games that were the highlight of his year. The games Shane anticipated with the same bubbly excitement as a child counting down the days until Christmas. For the first decade of Shane's career - the Boston versus Montreal game was on par, if not better than, Christmas. The source of all the excitement, the magic this game possessed, lay within the presence of Ilya Rozanov.

Yes. They were fucking like rabbits after the game (and sometimes before if they were lucky). However, Shane would be lying if he said the sex was the only reason he enjoyed this game more than any other. The simple fact was: he loved playing hockey with Ilya. Not only was Ilya one of the few players in the league who could match Shane's skills, he was *fun*. He challenged Shane in ways no one else could. He used every schoolyard trick that was juuust legal enough to not get a penalty. And sometimes Ilya used a schoolyard trick AND took the penalty, but only when the game was won and they were just trying to run down the clock. The crowd loved it and many players got a good chuckle out of it. Sure, not everyone had the same experience. The frequent chirping and his smartass mouth made more enemies than friends on rival teams. Even Shane had wanted to strangle him a time or two.

Ilya always managed to find himself doing something funny on the ice. There were many YouTube compilations of Ilya and his antics. The first one to go viral was from his second year. A player from the opposing team was sitting on the wall of the rink, stick in hand, waiting for his teammate to get off the ice so he could swap in. With the brief distraction, Ilya casually skated by and swiped the stick from the player's hand. It took a solid thirty seconds before the player noticed. He'd even hopped onto the ice, arms still in position.

The most popular clip - much to Shane's embarrassment - was of the two of them. The last game Ilya played for Boston against Montreal. Another Boston player had used his stick to trip Pike as he was skating after the puck. The referee was *right there* and didn't call the penalty. Shane had watched the whole thing - and oh no, that simply would NOT do. Gloves came off and Shane took a swing at the Raider's player. Following their fearless leader, a swarm of Voyageurs hopped into the fight. Followed quickly by a swarm of Raiders. Sharp whistles blew through the air as refs tried to untangle the mass of giant hockey men all trying to get in a swing.

Shane hadn't noticed the tug on his collar until he was calmly pulled from the fight. His fists swung through empty air a few times before he realized he was gently gliding backwards. Assuming it was a referee, Shane spat at the rink and continued to thrash his arms.

"Dirty fucking cheat! Why the hell didn't you call that?"

“Not my job, Hollander. Nice swing though.”

Shane’s eyes went wide as he realized who had pulled him out. He turned his head and sure enough, Ilya had him by the scruff of his collar like a goddamn *cat*. A referee skated by and gave the two of them a very stern look, but Ilya just smiled and shook his head.

“All good. No fight here,” he said happily as Shane’s face morphed from anger to pure mortification.

That night, Shane was lying next to Ilya - almost asleep - when he heard his boyfriend snickering. He opened one eye and let out a soft grunt.

“What ‘s funny?” he mumbled. Ilya turned his phone so Shane could see the video. He recognized it immediately.

Sure enough, the stadium cameras had *zoomed in* on Ilya plucking Shane out of the fight and calmly skating the two of them back as he swung his arms and shouted.

“You look like angry kitten,” Ilya laughed, throwing his head back and clutching his side.

Shane responded by grabbing a pillow and trying to smother his boyfriend with it.

These days, *every* game is fun. There was a part of Shane that worried about playing with Ilya rather than against him. The fun was all in trying to keep up and outsmart Ilya on the rink. However, when Shane joined the Centaurs he quickly found that playing with Ilya was just as fun. He’s still trying to keep up with Ilya, but now he’s *assisting* in the Russian’s shenanigans. With plenty of eyerolls and ‘Ilya take this seriously’ added in, just in case Ilya dared to think his now-husband’s competitiveness had dampened.

Another unexpected side effect of the switch was the fan reaction. Now, the ‘Top 10 Funniest Ilya Rozanov Moments’ videos were slowly being replaced with ‘Top 10 Hollanov Moments’. Shane tried to ignore the internet, he was his own worst critic afterall, but Ilya *loved* the videos. It gave him the opportunity to watch Shane’s reactions to moments on the ice Ilya might not have been able to see. They were endlessly entertaining. Occasionally, Shane’s eyes would drift over to Ilya’s phone and he would watch a few clips.

Most of them were just the two of them looking at each other. Smiling. Hugging (though the whole group was in on it because it was a huddle - but alright). There were many pink heart emojis and Sabrina Carpenter songs blasting in the background of most of them. ‘House Tour’ was permanently burned into his head along with a humiliating zoom in on his back arch as he did his pre-game stretches on the ice. How people could get so much content out of so little, he truly had no idea. He and Ilya had made an agreement - no PDA on the ice. They did not need to give anyone a reason to doubt their abilities as professional athletes. In a better world, Shane would throw his arms around Ilya and kiss him stupid after every win. He almost did it the first time they won the Stanley Cup together. Almost... A part of him regrets not going for it. But this isn’t a better world, and so Shane saves it for their home.

There was one video that stood out the most to Shane, ‘Hollanov’s CUTEST Moment of 2023’. The title wasn’t the most creative but it was accurate, in Shane’s opinion at least. He remembers the game with a soft smile on his face.

Ilya had the puck and was racing full speed for the net, the rest of the Centaurs trailing up behind him. He’d managed to swipe it without anyone noticing and had a clear line towards the goal. An opposing player was right at his heels though, and was getting closer and closer to closing the gap. Thinking fast, Ilya shot the puck towards the goal. It zoomed past the goalie’s head flawlessly. However, Ilya was a large hockey player. Stopping, on ice, quickly proved to be a challenge and he accidentally crashed into the goalie and the net.

In the heat of the moment, it would be easy to mistake this unfortunate lesson in physics for Ilya deliberately crushing their goalie after scoring. At least, the opposing team saw it that way. The chaser grabbed Ilya and tackled him to the ground. Within seconds a fight broke out, Ilya at the center of it.

“Rozanov!” Shane called out as he tossed his stick and threw off his gloves. For once, Ilya had *not* instigated this fight. It was an accident and now these assholes were ganging up on his husband. Not on Shane Hollander’s watch - fuck that. The next thirty seconds were a complete blur as Shane swung blindly at any player not wearing black and red.

The refs began pulling the pile of players apart, and suddenly Shane was staring at empty ice where Ilya should *definitely* be laying. He blinked a few times and looked around. Where the hell was his husband? He heard a rumble of laughter from the crowd and turned his head. Sure enough, there was Ilya Rozanov skating around with a large grin. He had his hands up above his head like a ballerina and was skating fucking figure-8s while everyone else had been fighting. Taking a glance at the jumbo-tron, Shane watched as the cameras replayed the scene.

Mere moments after the pile up started, Ilya had somehow wormed his way out and was goofing off as the refs cleaned up the fight. They’d all been fighting over Ilya, and the asshole was barely a participant. Shane’s gaze turned from the screen back to his husband. Ilya caught his glance and beamed. The cherry on top of all of it - his front tooth was missing. That did it for Shane, the usually reserved and strictly-professional hockey player, finally cracked.

The laughter started as a small giggle and quickly boiled into a full belly laugh. Tears pricked his eyes as he tried to gather himself, but every glance caused the laughter to double. He clutched his stomach and tried to stay on his feet. Ilya skated over and put a hand on his back.

“What is so funny? My tooth?” Ilya grinned.

“You. You are funny,” Shane wheezed between laughter.

“He finally admits it!” Ilya shuffles his shoulders in a little happy dance, “We can go home. My husband thinks I am funny. I win.”

No PDA on the ice. That was the agreement. But something about Ilya proudly, loudly, calling Shane his husband on the ice in the middle of a bunch of other players seemed like the next best thing (for now). Shane elbowed his side, his smile never shrinking. Ilya put his arm around Shane's shoulders and guided him towards the penalty box.

"Unfortunately for you Hollander, ref says three minutes in the box for defending my honor."

"Worth it, even though you weren't there," Shane scoffed but opened the door to the penalty box and stepped in.

"Yes. My hero," Ilya teased. Without thinking, he leaned up and quickly pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek. It was a blink-and-miss-it action. Barely a quarter of a second. No one noticed with all the shuffling of players around the rink as penalty boxes filled up with fighters and new players hit the ice. Shane felt his face get hot, but his smile never wavered. Ilya took off to join their team, glancing back to shoot him a playful wink.

"Hollander, quit it with the puppy eyes and sit down," Barrett chirped from the bench. Shane jumped a little, but the smile remained as he closed the door and sat next to the other Centaur.

The cameras, though not focused on them, had managed to catch most of the interaction. From Shane's persona breaking from his laughter, to Ilya's happy dance, and yes, the brief kiss. The footage was so blurry from the zoom you could barely make out Shane's number, but the fan accounts were right. That was Shane and yes, Ilya had kissed him. In public. During a game. A quarter of a second clip was slowed down and heavily edited with pink sparkle filters and heart emojis and fucking 'House Tour' playing in the background.

"Where do people find the time?" Shane sighed as his head hit the pillow.

"Probably gay teenager made it. They look up to us," Ilya shrugged and set his phone on the nightstand. The lights clicked off and the two settled into comfortable silence. Ilya's words circled Shane's brain for a minute or two before he spoke again.

"Ilya..."

"Yes, моя любовь?"

"Should we...I don't know. Be more out?"

"I don't understand."

"We're out but we never really...act like it. I know that's what I wanted but..."

"Gay teenagers look up to us."

"Yeah. Kind of. At least save them some time so they don't have to comb through hours of game footage."

“I think that is part of the fun for them.”

Shane paused and considered this. How that could be fun, he had no idea, but he wasn't a gay teenager when this part of the internet existed.

“Maybe we could. I don't know...not at games but maybe other places?”

“Look at you,” Shane can hear Ilya's smile, “getting so brave because gay teenagers like your back arch.”

“Shut up, asshole.”

“You say that because I am right.”

“Maybe I just want to hold my husband's hand in public. Maybe I want to kiss you when we win the Stanley Cup this year.”

“You should.”

Shane felt his breath catch. Ilya was right, he knew it. Shane was the careful one, the anxious one. He didn't want paparazzi in his face asking stupid questions about his sex life instead of the game. Maybe that anxiety came at the expense of being the kind of role model he needed when he was a 'gay teenager'.

“New rule. No PDA on the ice - unless we win the cup.”

“O-kay,” Ilya's voice came out in a mumble. He had fallen into a half-asleep stupor while his husband was overthinking. Aka, a typical night in the Hollander-Rozanov household.

“PDA off ice is fair game.”

“Wonderful.”

“You're not going to remember this in the morning, are you?”

“Maybe. Sleep.”

Shane let out a breathy laugh, “Good night Ilya.”

“Good night, моя любовь.”

By the end of the week, gay teenage hockey fans from around the world rejoiced as a new photo of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov was unleashed upon the internet. Paparazzi had snapped a photo of the two heading into the stadium together. Holding hands. Shane's jersey proudly displaying 'Rozanov #81' across the back, and Ilya's just as proudly reading 'Hollander #24'. By the end of the day, hundreds of edits had flooded Twitter.

Ilya scrolled through them as he waited for the rest of their team in the locker room. Shane groaned as 'House Tour' played from Ilya's speaker. The Russian laughed and began typing.

@theilyarozanov81: fan edits are lovely. husband has one request - no more 'house tour'. miss carpenter is a good singer but he is embarrassed about his back arch. thank you xoxo

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