

Hot Asshole in Your Area: Click Now!

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by [nbca](#)

Summary

“Yeah, the assholes usually are. I mean, Rozanov is just so unfairly hot. He really does not deserve to be so attractive,” complained Scott.

Oh, god. Ilya could never find out about this. He’d never shut up. “You think he’s hot?”

Shane asked in despair, and then immediately regretted it.

Scott raised his eyebrows in disbelief, as if to say, Are you fucking with me right now?

Shane is invited to hangout with Scott and the Kingfisher crew, and finds out that they all think his secret boyfriend is hot. Which he is. So why is Shane so bothered right now?

Notes

I wrote this because ive been in a long distance relationship and sometimes you cant see your partner and that fucking sucks dude!!!I'm projecting onto shane hollander, girl help!

beta'd by my cousin that i forced to watch heated rivalry, which she enjoyed!! And russian was from my friend Dima who also watched heated rivalry against his will.

The timeline is uhhhhh idk man sometime in TLG

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

Shane was at the Kingfisher listening to Scott Hunter talk to his boyfriend about what an asshole Shane's boyfriend was. Not that Scott Hunter knew that Ilya was Shane's boyfriend, of course. Shane had sent Hunter a private message about how much what Scott did meant to him, and somewhere along the way, they had become friends. Or, at least, friendly enough so that when Shane was in New York for an advertisement thing, he had accepted Scott Hunter's invitation to hang out at the Kingfisher with him and his friends.

It was nice to not have to hide that part of himself. The Metros had been mostly okay with him coming out, but he still felt like there was some tension when he entered the showers. But just because Shane didn't have to hide that he was gay, didn't mean he wasn't hiding everything. And so, when the conversation had turned to Ilya Rozanov, Shane had to just sit there and listen so that he didn't give them both away.

"I mean, you'd think that he'd be less of a dick once he was away from Boston, but no, still a huge asshole in Ottawa," complained Carter Vaughn.

"He's not that bad," said the bartender. Shane had learned his name was Kyle and that he was dating the Admiral's old (Ilya would say emphasis on old) goalie, Eric Bennett. "He's been here a couple of times, and he was *very* nice to me."

Shane gave Kyle a once over. Yeah, he could see why Ilya would have been nice to him, he was very attractive. Kyle gave him a wink.

"He was doing that to piss me off!" protested Eric. "And all he did was call me old and make fun of me for being a mess. That's not very nice."

"Well, he brought Troy Barrett with him the other day, and that *was* very nice. That man is beautiful."

Ugh. Troy Barrett. Shane couldn't help his grimace. It was fine! Shane was glad that Ilya had a friend, and someone he trusted to come out to, but couldn't he have picked an uglier friend? Shane then mentally apologized to Troy for being mean, but decided maybe he'd check him extra hard the next time Montreal played Ottawa. Just because.

Scott nodded at Shane's involuntary grunt of jealousy, misinterpreting it as one of disgust. "Yeah, I know. But he's gotten better since he separated from Dallas Kent and got traded to Ottawa."

Now Shane really did grunt in disgust. "Ugh." Dallas Kent should have got more than a slap on the wrist that Crowell had given him.

"Cheers to that!" said Kip from behind the bar. "But Kyle said that Barrett was kind of sweet, if a bit awkward. It probably does help that he's drop dead gorgeous."

Kyle winked again, but this time at Kip.

Ugh, thought Shane. No, it did not. He scowled at his ginger ale. Kyle had started stocking it just for him, since they usually used ginger beer for their cocktails.

“Yeah, the assholes usually are. I mean, Rozanov is just so unfairly hot. He really does not deserve to be so attractive,” complained Scott. Then, he remembered who he was sitting with. “Oh, uh, sorry, I know you guys are friends now,” he said.

Carter raised an eyebrow. “Aren’t you guys actually friends now, too?”

Scott looked aghast. “No!”

Kip made a so-so motion and then nodded, immediately selling out his man. “And he thinks he’s hot.”

Oh, god. Ilya could never find out about this. He’d never shut up. “You think he’s hot?” Shane asked in despair, and then immediately regretted it.

Scott raised his eyebrows in disbelief, as if to say, *Are you fucking with me right now?*

Shane put his head in his hands. Not Scott Hunter. Oh, god. They’d once had sex with him right next door. Noooooooooooooooooo.

Eric Bennett had the audacity to come in at that very moment. “Who’s hot?”

“Rozanov,” Kyle said helpfully.

Eric nodded. “Such a dick, though.”

“Stop calling him hot. Everyone stop it now,” Shane demanded. He also wanted to say stop calling him an asshole, but, to be fair, Ilya was an asshole. Shane liked that he was an asshole. And normally, he’d be thrilled that so many people thought his boyfriend was a 10/10, but these were their peers. This was *Scott Hunter*, who if Shane was completely honest with himself, had always felt a little inferior to. Although, he was better than him at hockey. So, people were allowed to think Ilya was hot. But not Scott Hunter.

“Should we invite him to a threesome?” Kyle asked Eric.

Shane was 90% sure Kyle was joking, but he briefly considered blowing up the Kingfisher with everyone in it. Just a little bit.

“Okay, well, I’m going to call it a night,” said Shane. He just wanted to go back to his hotel and FaceTime Ilya, and NOT think about how maybe if Scott Hunter had shown he was open to the idea, maybe Ilya would have slept with him too. He was not going to think that. He was going to go talk to his loving boyfriend and not think about committing arson. Even though it would be easy, because there was a lot of alcohol in the bar.

Scott clapped him on the back. “Hey, thanks for coming out tonight. Truly. It was nice.”

Normally, it was nice, but Shane’s nose had started to feel fuzzy, and he really just wanted to leave. “Uh, yeah, of course.”

“Say hi to Rozanov for us, if you see him!” said Kyle.

Shane shot him a glare and tried not to freak out externally. Kyle was probably just saying that because Ottawa was playing Montreal soon. But he definitely would not be doing that.

“Bye!”

Scott watched Hollander leave and shook his head. “Ah, we shouldn’t have brought up Rozanov. I think Hollander’s had a crush on him for years.”

Carter gaped. “You think?”

Kip laughed. “Well, apparently so has Scott!”

Scott pulled Kip into his arms and rested his head on Kip’s shoulder. “That is so not true.” Kip gave him a huge kiss in response.

Eric’s expression twisted in sympathy. “Aw man, crushing on his straight friend. Poor Hollander. Maybe I’ll send him a message to let him know we were all just joking.”

Kyle looked at them all strangely. “Is he straight?”

“New rule, no more Rozanov speak,” said Scott. And the conversation ended.

Shane’s foul mood hadn’t disappeared, even when he got back to his hotel room and called Ilya. He felt like his skin was too tight and there was a pounding headache behind his eyes. He wanted to be at home, in his own bed, with Ilya’s arms wrapped as tightly as they could be around him.

But instead he had to settle for an uncomfortable hotel bed with only a small, grainy FaceTime version of his boyfriend instead.

And of course, Ilya knew Shane had been out with Scott Hunter, so he asked “Did you have a good time with Scott Hunter?” as they did their nightly routines over Facetime together. Shane continued to brush his teeth so that he didn’t have to answer right away. The buzzing of his toothbrush helped the itchiness that his skin was currently feeling. “What did you even talk about? Just hockey stats over and over? God, that must have been so boring.”

Shane spat his toothpaste into the sink. “Wouldn’t you like to know.”

“Yes, that is why I am asking,” Ilya said, and made a gesture that said *obviously*. “Pleaaaaaseee.”

And suddenly, it was all too much. Shane missed his boyfriend. He hadn’t seen him for days, and he’d had to listen as four hot men tell Shane about how hot they thought Ilya was, and Shane couldn’t even say anything about it. He couldn’t even joke with them and tell them to back off, because then they would know. They would know. “It was nothing, alright?” Shane snapped.

Nothing. Because, at the bar, he was nothing. He could say nothing, his face could show nothing, he and Ilya could be nothing, not even when he wanted to tell everyone that Ilya was everything to him. So much more than they all thought he was, but Shane couldn't—

Ilya's face immediately morphed into one of concern.

“мой ботинок, what's wrong?”

Shane felt like the world's biggest jerk. What even was wrong? Some guys thought his boyfriend was hot. He was hot.

Shane went over to his shitty hotel bed and flopped down. “My shoe?” He said, instead of answering. Ilya nodded at Shane's translation. Shane once again longed for his own bed and its weighted blankets and Ilya's comforting smell to surround him. He took a deep breath and reminded himself that everything was okay. “I just miss you.”

If Ilya had been next to him, this is when he'd pull Shane into his lap, and play with his hair. “I miss you too,” Ilya said. Shane knew he could leave it at that, and Ilya would respect it. But he continued.

“The guys were talking about you, and I dunno. I just got into my head a little bit.”

“All good things, yes? Oh Ilya is best hockey player we know, such a shame we are not as beautiful and sexy as Rozanov, like that?” Ilya teased.

Shane let out a little laugh. “Surprisingly close. Just stuff like how you're an asshole, but you're a hot asshole, those kind of things. And I wanted to defend you and say, hey, he's my hot asshole!” As soon as the words came out of his mouth, Shane knew he made a mistake.

Shane could see Ilya's mouth involuntarily twitch, which caused his to twitch as well. “Shut up.”

“I did not say anything,” Ilya tried to defend himself, but his grin was spreading.

“Oh, come on!”

“I did not say anything! Just—”

“Ilya!” Shane tried to hold firm. “Ilya, come on.”

There was a pause. Then, Ilya couldn't hold it in anymore, “So, you like my hot asshole, huh,” his hot asshole boyfriend said.

“Fuck off!” Shane complained, but he knew Ilya could see the huge grin on his face. Ilya threw back his head and laughed, and Shane felt lighter than he had all evening. In fact, he felt silly for earlier. No one at that bar knew anything about this Ilya. About his Ilya. The one who made him laugh. The one who noticed when he wasn't okay. The one who called him silly names in Russian to help Shane learn his language.

“Я люблю тебя,” said Shane, softly, after they were finished giggling.

“I love you,” Ilya said back in English, and Shane ached for him once more, wishing he was with Ilya in person so that he could kiss him senseless.

Ilya smiled, and his eyes were so soft. How could Shane ever doubt that this man was meant to be his? “Feel better now? If not, we can always try phone sex.”

“Maybe later.” Shane still didn’t feel completely in the mood, even with Ilya’s perfect pecs taking up half his screen. Ok, definitely later. “I’m sorry for snapping at you earlier,” apologized Shane. “I got insecure, especially considering who said it.”

“It is okay. It must be hard knowing that you have super sexy boyfriend that everyone wants a piece of.” Then, Ilya gasped. “Who said it? Was it Scott Hunter?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “I’m not telling you. As if I’d ever inflate your ego like that.”

Ilya crowed, “It was Scott Hunter!” Then he sobered. “Моя любовь, do not worry. Scott Hunter may want my hot asshole, but I only want asshole of people who are good at hockey. And born in this century, not one million years ago.”

“Oh, so you admit? I’m good at hockey?” Shane teased.

“Mmmm, just this once,” allowed Ilya.

“Asshole!”

“Your asshole,” reminded Ilya. Shane looked forward to the day in the not so distant future he could tell everyone that Ilya was his, and that Scott Hunter could fuck right off.

End Notes

hey, maybe one day i'll write the phone sex shane and ilya totally had after this.
also, im a big fan of the everyone can see shanes crush from space but cant see that ilya and shane have been fucking for years trope.

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