

Epic Centaur Prank War (Gone Wrong)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77520776) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77520776>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Troy Barrett , Harris Drover , Zane Boodram , Evan Dykstra , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Pranks and Practical Jokes , Prank Wars , Based on True Events , Crack , Established Relationship , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , Angry Shane Hollander , Centaurs , Fluff and Crack , Fluff and Humor
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 5,007 Chapters: 1/1

Epic Centaur Prank War (Gone Wrong)

by [uselessaries](#)

Summary

Ilya welcomes Shane to the Centaurs by playing a prank on him. Shane retaliates. They have always been competitive.

Based on real pranks NHL players have played on each other. (Mainly the Penguins)

Notes

After falling down the HR rabbit hole, my entire algorithm was filled with NHL prank videos. I just could not help but think, what if Shane or Ilya were in this situation?

This is my very first fic, so please be kind <3

I wrote this in the middle of the night while procrastinating on studying for my exams.

Translations & Links to the real pranks are in the end notes.

(Also can someone teach me how to imbed links in the actual text? I'm new to this.)

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

It had started one day after practice, a few weeks post Shane's transfer to the Ottawa Centaurs, when he came back to the locker room and his clothes were nowhere to be found. Dumbfounded, he stared at the empty spot where he was sure to have put them, in a neatly folded stack, before changing into his gear. "What the fuck?"

"Looking for something?" Ilya asked nonchalantly, while grabbing a towel from the locker next to his.

"Is this a prank? Are you seriously pranking me right now?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about", he said while holding his arms up in feigned innocence. "I came in after you, remember?"

Shane narrowed his eyes and examined him suspiciously, but Ilya had a poker face that gave nothing away. He almost believed him, until Boodram and Barrett started cracking up on the bench next to them.

"This isn't funny Rozanov, where are my clothes?"

"I guess you will just have to look", Ilya said with an exaggerated gesture around the room. Shane followed the direction his arms were pointing and found his clothes hanging from a ceiling fan in a far right corner of the room. They were wrapped tightly in tape.

When he turned back to Ilya, eyebrows angrily pinched together, he found him smiling apologetically with a pair of scissors in his hands. "Welcome to the team."

"Ha Ha. You guys are hilarious", Shane let out an annoyed huff and grabbed the scissors to free his clothes from the ball of tape.

"Hey, you said you did not want any special treatment. This is how the team shows love." Ilya said reassuringly. "Every rookie had to go through this."

"Well, I am far from a rookie. I won three Stanley Cups, in case you forgot."

Ilya fondly shook his head. "How can I ever forget, you keep reminding me, милый."

"Stanley Cup or not, you are a rookie. For the Centaurs at least." Troy Barrett chimed in.

"You can count yourself lucky, they put my clothes in the back of the Zamboni and would not tell me for hours."

"It's true. Ilya stole my clothes after the shower and put them in the utility closet", Wyatt Hayes said. "I had to run around the rink dressed in nothing more than a towel."

"Ah yes, that was a good one." Ilya said with a wide grin. "When I transferred, Boodram hid mine in Coach's office. I had to break in to get them. Coach was so mad, he benched me for the next two games."

"I do not find that funny in the slightest."

“Do they not do this kind of stuff back in Montreal?” Luca Haas asked incredulously.

“Of course not”, Ilya answered before Shane could. “They are way too boring for that. They all have stick up their ass, every single one.”

“Excuse me?” Shane said defensively.

“Ahh, but you are not a Metro anymore, моя любовь.” Ilya said, while swinging his arm around Shane. “You are a Centaur now.”

At that, Shane could not help but let out a little smile. They were right, he was a Centaur now. And if being a Centaur entailed silly little locker room pranks, then he guessed he could get used to that.

*

Shane had a problem. He would love to show the team that he was one of them and knew how to have fun, but the reality was, he had absolutely no clue how to properly prank somebody.

Anything he came up with was either way too small or way too big. Stealing Ilya’s shoelaces was too lame, but his consecutive idea to pay several masked actors to stage an entire kidnapping (dognapping?) of Anya right before his eyes seemed a bit too cruel. It had been days since the sticky tape ball situation and still he had found no good way to retaliate.

But then, miraculously, Ilya’s newest luxury purchase gave him the ultimate idea. When they had moved to Ottawa permanently, he had given up most of his sports car collection that was left from his Boston days, claiming that he did not need them anymore. However, his affinity for fast and fancy cars still remained. So, when he saved up to buy a *Porsche 911 turbo*, a classic choice among hockey players, Shane had supported his decision, even though he thought it to be incredibly impractical. Personally, he could not care less about what car he was driving, unless they were reliable and practical, and the Porsche was neither. But Ilya loved that car, and also loved showing it off every time he pulled up to the rink, with the hood freshly polished and gleaming under the Ontario sun.

Ever since the idea started taking shape in his mind, Shane had been anxiously waiting for the package with the customised stickers to arrive. He had secretly ordered them to his parents house to not give anything away. Now, they were buried under his gear, while he waited for an opportunity to excuse himself from practise early.

Ilya was still in the gym when Zane Boodram came over to tap him on the shoulder. “Cap, I think you should see this. I just came back from the parking lot.”

“No”, Ilya’s face went ashen. “Please, tell me nothing happened to her.”

“If by *her* you mean your fancy new ride, you should come outside.”

Ilya dropped his weights immediately and followed his teammate out the door.

“How bad is it? Tell me now”, he said with a panicked voice. “Did somebody scratch her?”

“Well, not exactly *scratched*.”

They exited the training facility. Ilya charged towards the Porsche, pushing aside the crowd of Centaurs that had already assembled around it.

“Are you...kidding me?”

The Porsche was covered in stickers like a race car, with stripes down the hood and a giant number 24 on each door. The infamous owner of number 24 and supposed culprit of the crime was casually leaning on the car, wearing sunglasses. Ilya’s sunglasses.

“Shane!”

“Ilya.”

“You know how much this car costs?” Ilya whined while throwing his head in his hands.

“I know exactly how much this car costs. I co-signed the lease.” Shane replied causally.

“You can’t do this.”

“I already did.”

“Hy ёбана. Why would you do this?”

“I thought this is how the centaurs showed love?” Shane asked earnestly.

It was only now that Ilya looked around the parking lot to find that Shane had decorated the car of every single player with his numbers on the door and his initials on the trunk.

Evan Dykstra was laughing heartedly while slapping Shane on the back. “Well, kid, I for one really like what you have done with mine. I might leave it like that.”

“I am not. Forget about it.” Ilya said while crossing his arms in defiance. Yet, he could not fully hide the glint that had stole its way into his eyes. “And you are paying for a new paint job.”

“Deal.” Shane agreed.

“And I hope you know I will not forget about this.”

Actually, Shane was kind of hoping he would not. The Prank War was on.

From the very first moment they met, on that fated parking lot in Saskatchewan, Shane and Ilya's relationship had always been competitive. Now, playing for the same team for the first time, they had found a way to convert their heated rivalry into continuously escalating pranks.

Ilyas retaliation for the Porsche came swiftly, when Shane was approached by Harris right after warm-up. They were on home ice and all Shane wanted to do was get in the locker room, tape his sticks and mentally prepare for the game. But even though he had only been a Centaur for a short while, he knew there was no escaping Harris, especially not when he had put on that concentrated professional face.

"Hey, Shane, I know you are busy but--", he said while continuously checking the iPad in his hands. "I just wanted to let you know that I updated the entire roster on all social media pages, the website and the app. I am so sorry for the oversight, I had no idea you changed your name!"

Shane was confused.

"Changed my name? What are you talking about?"

"You know. To Rozanov. When you guys got married?"

Shane was even more confused.

"I didn't. I mean, we didn't. We annexed!", he protested. "I still go by Hollander."

Now it was Harris' turn to be confused.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I just assumed. Because of your sweater?"

Shane blanched. Did he accidentally put on Ilya's jersey before warm up? Their stalls were right next to each other so it was not that unlikely that they could have switched them up. But no, that did not make any sense, he definitely would've noticed if Ilya was skating around with Hollander plastered on his back. He frantically looked down on his arm, only to be relieved to find the familiar 24. But then he craned his neck and pulled the fabric to see the name spelled on his back. The letters unmistakably spelled Rozanov.

S.Rozanov to be exact.

In the meantime, a certain I. Rozanov had skated up to the boards while laughing manically.

Shane was glaring at him, unimpressed.

"Asshole. You ruined my sweater."

“I improved it. Like you improved my car, remember?”

Now it all made sense. Ilya had been way too lovey dovey all morning, stealing kisses in the locker room when he felt like nobody was watching, whispering sweet nothings in his ear that definitely went against their agreed upon amount of appropriate PDA at the workplace. But Shane had been lulled in and allowed it, which he now regretted bitterly. The bastard had just been distracting him so he could switch out the jerseys without Shane noticing.

“Were you just going to let me skate around like this all game?”

“Relax. Was only the warm up sweater. I am not a monster.”

“Well, if it helps, probably not but—the fans absolutely love it.” Harris chimed in and immediately pulled up the screenshots to support his point. “S.Rozanov is trending on twitter along with #marriedcentaurs.”

Ilya looked way too pleased at this information.

Shane was still unimpressed, and Harris, ever the professional, noticed immediately.

“We can just put out a statement that it was some kind of publicity stunt and I'll change everything back to Hollander asap”, he said, while already frantically typing on his iPad. “Again, so sorry for the mix up. Will never happen again. Go Centaurs!”

After this, barely a day passed without a Hollander-Rozanov prank in varying degrees of severity.

Ilya put gum in Shane's gloves.

Shane reciprocated by bedazzling Ilya's helmet with bright pink gemstones. Ilya wore it with pride until he got told off by the league for breaking uniformity regulations.

Then Shane taped all of Ilya's sticks together tightly with sticktape.

And Ilya answered by sending Shane on a scavenger hunt throughout the entire rink to find the blades he took out of his skates. It took him ages to decipher the clues that were written entirely in Russian.

The centaurs were watching the prank war unfold from the sidelines with growing concern.

“Should somebody stop them?” Evan asked.

“Nah, I think it's like foreplay for them”, Troy mused.

“Agreed, they definitely get off on this.” Wyatt chimed in while chewing a protein bar.

“Ew. I don't want to think about that”, Luca said. “It's like thinking about my parents sex life.”

“You know what, that's your problem, kid.” Evan said and gently ruffled his hair.

Eventually, after both having picked their battles wisely, the war reached a perilous peak when Ilya showed up to practise with a hacksaw, grinning like a madman. They were on a prolonged roadtrip and training for their fifth away game in a row, and the road always seemed to make some people go insane.

“Woah. Man, chill out”, Barrett said when he found him in the equipment closet. “Is this because Shane trained Chiron to bark like crazy whenever someone says Rozanov?”

“Pah, he did not train anything. He paid someone to do that. Does not count.”

“Still, I don't think you need to dismember him for it”, he mused while attempting to take the saw out of Rozanov's hands. “We can't win any cups with him in the morgue and you behind bars.”

Ilya was looking at him as if he were the crazy one among them.

“идиот. I am not planning on murdering my husband”, he said matter-of-factly. “I am simply planning to saw through his sticks.”

“How is ruining his equipment a good prank? That just seems lame.”

“Ah, you don't know the special trick. If you cut just a little bit right here at the shaft...”, Ilya said with his best schoolteacher voice, while Troy leaned over his shoulder to watch. “...the stick becomes very weak. You can not see it before, but when you try to shoot the puck—” Ilya mimicked an explosion, “Kapow.”

“I see.”

“We did this in Russia all the time. Will be very funny. Just you wait.”

Ilya said while sawing through two more shafts and already imagining how hilarious it will be to see Shane tripping on the ice and breaking stick after stick. He would most likely get really flustered, until his freckles stand out starkly against his reddened cheeks, maybe throw a little fit if he really manages to get under his skin. But then, until the game against St. Louis tomorrow, the equipment manager would have long replaced the sticks from the abundant reserve they always bring on roadtrips and the prank would just be a funny notch in his belt.

Unfortunately for Ilya, he was called away for an urgent team captain meeting with the coach soon after, which made him miss practice completely. He meant to ask Barrett if his little sabotage worked, but the meeting ran so long and Coach had put so much pressure on him for the game tomorrow that it had completely slipped his mind. They *really* had to win this game if they wanted to have a shot at the Playoffs.

*

At first, everything was normal. The air was buzzing with the usual game-day thrill. The buzzer to start off the first period rang, Ilya scored a goal right after the face-off, in record time. St. Louis did not wait long to even out the score again, the game was neck on neck, both teams vying passionately for a spot in the Playoffs. And then it happened, during the first Powerplay. Shane jumped the boards, chasing after the puck at his usual speed, gaining control and having a beautiful chance to score. Ilya held his breath. Shane wound up his shot and— the stick broke in his hand.

“что за хрень?” *What the fuck.*

The centaurs managed to gain control of the puck again and keep it in the neutral zone while Shane raced to get a new stick from the equipment manager. He chased after the puck once more and— it happened again. Shane looked at the useless broken stick in his hand and dropped it on the ice frustratedly.

“How is that even possible?”

Troy Barrett was sitting next to him on the bench, looking like he was trying his hardest to hold in a laugh. Ilya had no idea what there was to laugh about, this game was way too important.

Shane seems to agree. He was figuratively fuming with so much anger, that Ilya thought the ice might melt right under his skates. Right now though, he was skating up to St. Louis star center with a murderous look in his eyes. Shane *never* picks a fight on the ice. The only time Ilya had ever seen him this angry, was when he called Scott Hunter a pussy after a Metros game against the Admirals.

“Hey, Karpuchev”, he confronted the rival player who had a reputation for causing some unethical mischief during games. “Have you been messing with my sticks?”

As soon as he said that, Ilya felt as if all air had been let out of his lungs simultaneously as it dawned on him. Karpuchev did not mess with Shane’s sticks. *He did.*

His ears were ringing in alarm. He looked at Troy who was still trying his hardest to hold his composure. “How could this happen?”

“I think you know”, Troy pressed out.

“He was supposed to use them in *practice*, not during the fucking game”, he said through gritted teeth.

This was bad. This was really really bad.

Troy could not hold it in any longer, he buried his face in his padded elbow to suppress his laughter.

“Shut the fuck up”, Ilya whispered, his voice full of panic. “Or he will notice.”

“You are so dead. He will fucking kill you for real this time.”

“блять. I think you are right.”

Shane was still attacking Karpuchev, who was adamantly defending his innocence. Refs on both sides attempted to break them up. To make matters worse, St. Louis scored soon after, with Shane seething in the penalty box.

*

“You have to tell him.”

Ilya wanted to hide under the bench and stay there for the rest of the game. Maybe for the rest of his life, if it meant he could escape Shane’s imminent wrath.

“I can never tell him. Never.” He looked shellshocked. “And you will not tell him either, you hear me Barrett?”

They had managed to keep the sabotage a secret during the entire first period and most of the intermission. Ilya had successfully avoided his eyes, and Shane was entirely too preoccupied to curse Karpuchev's entire bloodline to notice. Ilya had *never* seen him like this. But he was more than willing to let Karpuchev go down for this if it meant to save his own skin.

“You will take this to the grave or I will put you there myself.”

They were down by two goals and the morale in the locker room was abysmal.

“He is going to find out anyway, and then you are done for.”

Barrett and him were hiding at the bench furthest away from Hollander, keeping a careful eye on him as if he were a volcano that were to erupt any second.

“I will make it up to him.”

The buzzer rang to announce the beginning of the second period.

*

Ilya kept his promise. By the third period, he had turned the game around and even managed to score a hattrick. The improved scoreboard did wonders for Shane's temper, the sabotaged sticks seemingly water under the bridge.

Then, Shane scored a nearly perfect goal off an assist from Ilya.

They crashed into each other in celebration, embraced each other with wide smiles.

“That was beautiful”, Shane said.

“It was me”, Ilya said at the same time.

“What?”

“Your sticks. Karpuchev did not mess with them, I did.”

Shane stared at him, mouth agape.

Ilya took off towards the bench before Shane could fully process the information.

*

In the end, they won the game 7:3, but the atmosphere on the way back to the hotel was tense nevertheless. Shane had given the entire team the silent treatment the entire time. He just took off towards the bus, planted himself on a seat and stared out of the window. However, he did not protest either when Ilya took his designated seat next to him.

“Are you still mad?” He asked carefully after the silence became unbearable.

Shane thought that if he were a dog, he would have his tail tugged behind his back now.

They were sitting in the front of the bus, and he could hear the team quietly whispering behind them.

His jaw was locked tight and he did his best to stare out the window to the road ahead.

“Maybe. You can count yourself lucky we won this game.”

“We did not just win this game, we smashed it.”

“So not the point.”

Shane had a look on his face that Ilya liked to privately refer to as *angry kitten*, but knew better than to tell him that, especially not at this very moment.

“We are trying to make the playoffs. You are the *captain* of this team and there is a certain responsibility that comes with that. This isn't some kind of beer league where you can just do whatever you want.”

Ilya rolled his eyes.

“Oh my god, Hollander, you sound like your mother.”

“You sabotaged an official *MLH* game. Are you even aware of the repercussions this could have?”

Suddenly, Ilya felt the need to defend himself.

“It was a harmless prank. How could I know that you would use these sticks during the actual game?”

“Oh, so this is my fault now? Is that what you are saying?” Shane snapped. Ilya was rendered silent for a few miles.

“I do not know that word. Repercussions.”

“No, I suppose you don’t.” Shane said, angrily crossing his arms and training his gaze back out the window.

“I’m sorry.” Ilya puts his head down sheepishly, looking ever the scolded school boy.

Shane looked right through it.

“No, you’re not. You think this entire situation is hilarious.”

Ilya put the collar of his Adidas shirt over his mouth to hide the huge grin on his face.

“You are unbelievable!”

“I am sorry, okay! I know this is bad. I know I fucked up. It’s just-”

“It’s just what?”

Ilya cracked up. “You looked so, what is the word? Goofy! Like cartoon character.”

“That’s it, you are sleeping alone tonight.”

“Nooo, Hollander, it was a joke. I promise to never do it again. No more pranks.”

Ilya clasped his hands together in a begging motion. “Don’t make me sleep alone tonight.”

“I’ll have to think about it.”

“Come out with the team tonight. We will celebrate the win. I will buy you every drink you like.” He leaned in closer, a wolfish grin on his face. “And then I will make it up to you in the hotel room.”

Shane feigned indifference.

“Nah. I think I’m too tired to go out tonight.”

“Shane, sweetheart. Come on. I scored a hattrick!” Ilya threw his arms up in the air. “You cannot keep me from celebrating that.”

“I am not keeping you from anything. In fact, I want you to go out with the team, and while you are gone I will take some time to remember why I married you in the first place. Even though you just made me look like a fool in front of everyone.”

“You are sure of this?”

“I am.”

“Seriously. If you tell me not to go I will not go. I will crawl on my knees all the way to the hotel to make it up to you.”

“You are an idiot.”

“You knew that when you married me.” He gently nudged Shane’s rib.

“I suppose I did”, he said while returning the nudge. “Go out with the damn team. You scored a hattrick for fucks sake.”

“Я тебя люблю.” Ilya pressed a smooch to his temple.

Shane did not tell him that he already had a plan to make Ilya pay.

*

Not long after midnight, more than a few inebriated Centaurs came staggering back into the hotel lobby after successfully celebrating their win. Shane had stayed true to his word and did not attend the celebrations, while Luca and Wyatt had also excused themselves. The latter for not missing the goodnight call to his wife, which he had received the appropriate amount of chirping for. The rest of the Centaurs, meanwhile, had made the most out of the night. It was only when Ilya and Troy started climbing on the tables to give unsolicited performances of Russian pop songs from the 80s (with Troy pretending to know all the words and Ilya slurring half of them) that Evan Dykstra decided to be the team dad and call it a night. They had to be back on the road early tomorrow morning anyway. Now he did his best to keep the gaggle of rowdy players under control and quiet on the way to the elevator, only to find a neat out of order sign taped to the door.

Ilya groaned loudly. “This is a joke. I am too tired for stairs.”

“You should’ve thought of that before you tried to teach Barrett how to dance the Yablochka,” Dykstra teased. “Your knees can’t handle it anymore, old man.”

“Oh shut up, I am young. And it is *Yablochko*. You have no culture.”

They pushed the door to the stairwell open to make their way to the sixth floor. Troy noticed the appearance of the strange objects first. On the second floor, there was a bedside lamp. On the third floor, a matching dresser. On the fourth floor a roll of carpet. On the fifth floor, a desk with the hotel telephone still on it. On the sixth floor, a dislodged door leaning against the wall, the number on it hidden from view. Ilya had a bad premonition.

“Please, God, not 622.”

Dykstra turned the door around. "It's 622."

"трахни меня." *Fuck me.*

When they stepped into the hallway, the full scope of damage became apparent. The entire room was cleared out, every piece of furniture down to the last decorative painting was neatly arranged in front of them. In the middle of the mayhem, a large empty bed frame with the mattress noticeably missing.

"Something wrong, captain?" Shane asked with an uncharacteristic shit-eating grin on his face. He was leaning on the empty doorframe, the completely bare room opening up widely behind him.

Ilya was dumbfounded.

"How did you even?"

"I had some help."

Luca and Wyatt appeared behind him.

"Betrayal!" Ilya gasped and pointed at Wyatt. "You said you were going to call your wife. Liar."

"Oh, she was on the phone during this entire operation and approves wholeheartedly", he winked. "Greetings from Lisa."

"Unbelievable." He turned to Luca, who was attempting to hide behind Wyatt.

"Even you, Brutus?" Ilya asked while pretending to stab himself with an imaginary dagger. "I was your idol. You had my posters on your wall."

"Leave the poor kid alone, you know damn well you deserved this", Dykstra said. The rest of the centaurs still remaining in the hallway agreed.

"Traitors, all of you."

Ilya let himself sink down on the empty bed frame while theatrically holding the back of his hand to his forehead. He then squinted through one eye to see Shane's reaction to his performance. He was laughing.

"So, is this it? Your big revenge?" He asked, pretending to be more mad than he actually was to please him.

"It is."

"Does that mean we are even now?"

“I’ll think about it.”

“You know what, I am surprised you willingly caused so much chaos”, Ilya wondered. “What about the poor staff?”

“I asked for permission and gave them a huge tip in advance. I also told them that you would put the room back together exactly as it was before and I would pay for any possible damage.”

“That’s my Shane.” Ilya smiled fondly. “But the prank was still stupid. What if I don’t put the room back together? You have nowhere to sleep then.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, I already made arrangements to room with Wyatt for tonight.”

“No! This is too much”, Ilya exclaimed. “You have already punished me enough.”

“Alright, I’ll be nice. You have one hour to put everything back as it was. If anything is not at its rightful place when the time is up, I’m sleeping with Wyatt.”

Ilya began opening his mouth, Shane intercepted. “And if you even dare to make a joke about this right now, I will room with Wyatt for the rest of the roadtrip.”

“Ты меня убьешь.” Ilya rolled his eyes exasperated.

“You better lock the fuck in Rozanov. I am not so keen on having your man camped up in my room either”, Wyatt added. Ilya was already beginning to frantically haul furniture across the hall, while the rest of the team stood around to watch him amusedly.

“Where the fuck did you put the mattress?” Ilya asked slightly out of breath, droplets of sweat running down his temple. Shane had enjoyed the view of him carrying dressers and chairs back to the room immensely. He looked like a hot mover, especially since he had dressed down to his tank top so his defined muscles were on full display.

“The mattress? Oh, I put that on the 18th floor.” Shane said casually.

Ilya stopped in his tracks to stare at him.

“That is the roof.”

“That is correct”, Shane said, visibly proud of this last bit of mischief. “And I would hurry if I was you. You only have 12 minutes left.”

“You are Машина пыток,” he said with a huff. “Torture machine.”

Most of the Centaurs had already had their fill of the spectacle and returned to their rooms, but Wyatt had remained to watch Ilya take off towards the elevator, then cursing in Russian

and charging towards the staircase instead.

He leaned over to Shane.

“Weird. I distinctively remember that we put the mattress behind the receptionist's desk in the lobby.”

“Oh, did we?” Shane said, enjoying this a little bit too much. “I guess he will just have to read that on the note that I left on the roof.”

Wyatt shook his head, surprised by himself that he ever got to the point of taking pity on Ilya Rozanov.

“Will you at least tell him that the elevator is not really broken?”

In the distance, frantic steps of someone racing down the stairs could be heard. Shane smiled wickedly.

“No, I don’t think I will.”

“You two need marriage counselling”, Wyatt muttered.

Rozanov reappeared in record speed, hauling a king sized mattress like a madman down the hallway.

“Actually, I think we will be fine”, Shane said with certainty.

End Notes

Russian Glossary:

моя любовь = My love

Ну ёбана = Well, fuck.

идиот = Idiot

блять= Shit

Я тебя люблю= I love you

Real Pranks:

Penguins Car Prank: https://youtu.be/_O6iXk8c9gs?si=JgFogZ86GDkWW6oz

Penguins Hotel Prank: https://youtu.be/DVQ_O4wmo_A?si=AUVRuqUUaak6S5CU

Assorted Bar Down Pranks: https://youtu.be/3ycGmgtC_uw?si=NVmdbOQj2aFDCL-6

Ottawa Senators Prank gone wrong: <https://youtube.com/shorts/gLA3IsRGtTY?si=Q3ucgRMfAYBQOpjZ>

The song Troy & Ilya are (attempting) to sing in the Bar: <https://youtu.be/C4Pajis7OOU?si=7aBZ6143BZSJ3Zac>

Works inspired by this one

[New Paintjob](#) by [lezzstat](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!