

Teenage Dirtbag

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Teenage Dirtbag

by [Nullevoy](#)

Summary

"I play," Ilya said, his voice a deadpan rasp, "because if I do not play, my father make me work at potato factory. I hate potatoes. I want to buy car that goes fast enough to scare God."

Or

Clips and photos of Ilya's teenage years in Russia get leaked.

Notes

this is really just me throwing my ilya headcanons at the wall and making shane suffer through it

Like someone mentioned, the teammates dont make sense. I know. The wiki lists 6 canonical ones and half of them are either not mentioned at all or mentioned once. Just suspend your disbelief for this one ok, the focus is on crack anyway

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

NHL players were media trained, of course they were. Everyone knew this.

So Shane Hollander was, to say the least, rather surprised when he saw what looked like Ilya Rozanov while scrolling Twitter late on a Tuesday night.

He actually scrolled past it at first, because that simply *couldn't* be him. It was a 240p video that looked like it had been filmed through a greasy Ziploc bag in the middle of a dimly lit basement. Before promptly scrolling back up, because damn those mole placements, that *was* Ilya.

The video was shot in the shittiest quality imaginable, but through the pixels, Shane could make out what was unmistakably a sixteen-year-old Rozanov. He looked absolutely feral, with a fuzzy, DIY buzzcut that suggested he'd done it himself with kitchen shears and a dream. And to top it all off, he was wearing the most heinous tracksuit Shane had ever seen.

The audio was a jagged wall of static and high-pitched Russian shrieking, overlaid with the rhythmic, aggressive *thump-thump-thump* of some Russian hardbass song playing from a speaker that sounded like it was being submerged in water.

In the center of the frame, Ilya was standing, balancing, really, on top of a literal pyramid of red plastic Solo cups. It was four levels high. It defied every law of structural engineering Shane had ever seen.

"No," Shane whispered to his empty kitchen. "There's no way."

On the screen, teenage Ilya raised a beer and punctured the side with a tooth—Shane was almost certain it was a tooth—and shotgunned the entire thing in approximately four seconds. The background noise erupted into a chorus of "*DAVAI! DAVAI!*" as the camera shook violently.

Then, Ilya tried to take a bow.

He shifted his weight just a fraction of an inch, and the pyramid *disintegrated*. Ilya went down in a tangle of limbs and plastic, his face slamming directly into a beanbag chair while a string of incredibly creative Russian swear words filled the air. The video cut out right as he started laughing.

Shane laid the phone on the table, put his face in his hands, and screamed.

In the meantime, the Boston team was debating if banning phones before games was a good idea for preventing brain damage.

"Ilya," Cliff Marlow said. "Explain the cups."

The entire Boston locker room was silent. Every single player was looking at Ilya, who was currently sprawled on a bench, languidly wrapping his stick and chewing a piece of Bubblicious Strawberry Splash.

Ilya didn't even look up. He just blew a bubble the size of a grapefruit, let it pop with a wet, sticky sound against his nose, and shrugged.

“Is gravity, Cliff.”

“You were standing on *plastic cups*!” Ryan Price yelled. “How did they not crush immediately? You were like six-foot-nothing of pure muscle even back then!”

“I was very light,” Ilya lied easily, finally looking up with a shit-eating grin. “I was made of hopes, dreams, and very cheap vodka. Also, I win bet. Five hundred rubles.”

“That’s like... fifteen dollars, Rozanov!” Tanner Dillon chirped from the back.

“Was enough for more vodka and a new tracksuit,” Ilya countered, pointedly turning back to his stick. “Is called *investment*, Tanner. You should try it sometime. Maybe invest in a personality that isn’t ‘being annoying to me’ while I prepare for game.”

“He’s a menace,” Brad Hammersmith muttered, rubbing his face. “We have a literal war criminal on the first line.”

Ilya just hummed a t.A.T.u. melody under his breath, completely unbothered.

The video wasn't a viral sensation yet, but it was sitting at 1.2 million views on a niche Russian sports archive site, and the auto-generated English subtitles were doing *work*.

In the frame, a seventeen-year-old Ilya Rozanov looked like he had just come off a three-day bender or a championship win, with Ilya, it was usually both. He was draped in a Russian Junior League jersey that looked like it hadn't been washed since the semi-finals, his buzzcut was growing out into a fuzzy, blond mess, and he was leaning against a locker with the posture of a man who owned the building and everyone in it.

The reporter, a woman in a heavy wool coat looking significantly more professional than anyone else in the room, held a microphone out.

“Ilya,” she said in Russian, the subtitles flickering at the bottom of the screen. “A massive victory today. People are calling you the future of the national team. Tell us, what drives that level of dedication? Is it the love of the motherland? The discipline of your coaches?”

Ilya didn't answer immediately. He was busy. His jaw was working through what appeared to be three or four pieces of suspiciously pink looking gum. He stared at the reporter for a full five seconds, his eyes cold and unblinking, before he leaned forward and spoke directly into the camera.

“I play,” Ilya said, his voice a deadpan rasp, “because if I do not play, my father make me work at potato factory.”

The reporter blinked. “I... pardon?”

“I hate potatoes,” Ilya continued, his jaw still working the gum. “They are dirty. They grow in ground. I do not like things that grow in ground. I like ice. Ice is clean. Also,” he paused, blowing a massive bubble that nearly touched the microphone before it popped with a sharp *crack*, “I want to buy car that goes fast enough to scare God.”

The reporter stared. The camera operator clearly didn't know whether to cut or keep rolling. Ilya just winked and walked out of the shot.

Cliff was sitting on his stool, his head in his hands, staring at his phone. He had the video paused on the exact frame where the pink gum was plastered across Ilya's nose.

“Ilya,” Cliff said, his voice sounding thin. “Did you really tell a reporter you wanted to scare God?”

Ilya was currently across the room, aggressively trying to explain to Evan Dykstra why *Leningrad* was the only band that understood the human condition. He didn't even turn around.

“He is very hard to startle, Cliff. You need at least 300 kilometers per hour. I am still working on it.”

“You were seventeen!” Price shouted from the showers. “Who says that to a news crew? Most kids say ‘I’m just happy to help the team’ or ‘it was a group effort.’”

“Group effort does not buy fast car,” Ilya countered, finally turning around to flash a sharp grin. “And I do not lie. Potatoes are disgusting. Why you think I eat only steak and gum? Is because I am traumatized by root vegetables.”

“You’re traumatized by *work*,” Zane Boodram muttered.

“*Child labour*.” Ilya said, popping another piece of gum into his mouth. “Now, stop watching my childhood. It is making you look like stalkers. We have practice. Move, or I tell Coach you want to work at potato factory instead of playing first line.”

The thread started at 2:14 AM and had forty thousand retweets by breakfast.

NHL No Context @nhl_outofcontext

 of Ilya Rozanov doing things he definitely shouldn't be doing.

The first photo was of a fourteen-year-old Ilya, looking like a very angry baby bird with a buzzcut, attempting to fit an entire, unsliced watermelon into his mouth. His eyes were bulging, his veins were popping, and he was making a thumbs-up gesture at the camera. *Caption: He didn't even win the bet. He just wanted to see if the watermelon would fit. It did not.*

The second photo was of a grainy, overexposed shot of Ilya in a dark alleyway, wearing a leather jacket three sizes too big for him. He was holding a very confused, very fluffy

ginger stray cat like a tactical submachine gun. He had a cigarette behind his ear and the most intense scowl ever recorded on a Nokia phone. This one didn't have a caption.

The last photo was a high-quality wedding photo. In the foreground, a beautiful Russian bride was smiling radiantly. In the background, clearly uninvited and standing near the buffet, was fifteen-year-old Ilya. He was wearing a neon-blue tracksuit, holding a pierogi in each hand, and staring at the bride with the most judging stare known to mankind.

Caption: He ate fourteen pierogi and left without saying a word.

The Boston Bears' bus was uncharacteristically loud for a Monday morning. Usually, the only sound was the hum of the engine and the quiet click of Evan's handheld game. Today, it sounded like a riot.

"Is that... is that a cat?" Ryan Carmichael asked, leaning so far over the back of his seat he nearly fell. "Ilya, why are you holding a cat like a Winchester?"

Ilya was in the back row, his feet up on the seat in front of him. He didn't even look at the phone Carmichael was shoving in his face.

"Cat was heavy," Ilya said simply. "Standard tactical carry. Keeps the center of gravity low."

"And the watermelon?" Cliff demanded, sliding into the seat next to him. "Your jaw looks like it's about to unhinge like a python's, Rozanov."

"I have very flexible face," Ilya replied, popping a bubble with a loud *thwack*. "Is why I am so handsome. Most people's skin is too tight. Mine has room for growth."

"You're in the back of a stranger's wedding photo!" Evan yelled from three rows up. "The bride's sister actually replied to the thread! She says you weren't on the guest list, you just walked in off the street, ate the food, judged the lace on the dress, and walked out!"

Ilya finally looked up, his eyes narrowing. "Lace was tacky, Evan. Too much floral. It looked like grandmother's tablecloth. I was doing her a favor by being there. I add... *pizzazz* to the background."

"You add *legal liability* to the background," Cliff muttered, rubbing his temples.

"Whatever," Ilya said, leaning his head back and closing his eyes. "I look good with the pierogi. Very symmetrical. Leave me alone."

The next footage came from 2007, filmed in an unmapped parking lot behind a Siberian grocery store.

The video was titled "*LADA RACING OMSK 2007*" and featured a thumbnail of a car that looked like it was held together by duct tape and dreams. The quality was exactly what you'd expect from a phone-recorded video out of 2007.

The soundtrack was some Russian rap with enough profanities it was a miracle it was allowed to stay up on any social media platform as long as it did. The bass was blown out, rattling the microphone of whatever brick phone was recording the scene.

In the center of the frame, a rusted, cream-colored Lada was spinning in dizzying, tight donuts on a sheet of pure black ice. As the car whipped around, the passenger door flew open. A teenage Ilya Rozanov was hanging halfway out of the window, anchored only by his knees hooked under the dashboard.

He was wearing a neon orange tracksuit, so bright it looked radioactive, topped with a massive, fur-lined ushanka with the flaps hitting him in the face with every rotation. In one hand, he was triumphantly waving a one-liter glass bottle filled with a clear, sloshing liquid.

“SMEEEEERRRTTTT!” Ilya screamed over the roar of the engine, which was translated to “Death” followed by a string of Omsk-specific slang that the auto-translator simply gave up on and replaced with *[Aggressive Noise]*.

Cliff could only watch on in terror.

“Ilya,” he said, his voice dropping an octave into pure, unfiltered dread. “Is that... is that a molotov cocktail?”

The locker room had reached a new level of collective silence. Ryan Price was holding his phone with two hands, his eyes wide as he watched the pixelated Ilya bring the glass bottle to his lips while the Lada continued to drift at a lethal velocity.

Ilya was sitting on the floor, leaning against a locker. He didn’t even look at the screen. He was busy trying to lace his skates with one hand while eating sunflower seeds out of his lap.

“No, Cliff,” Ilya said, for once chewing something that wasn’t gum. “Is gasoline. The car was thirsty.”

The entire room froze.

“You were drinking *gasoline*?!” Price shrieked, his voice hitting a frequency only dogs could hear. “Rozanov, that’s... that’s fuel! That is literal poison! You’re supposed to be an elite athlete!”

Ilya finally looked up, spitting a sunflower seed shell into an empty Gatorade bottle. “Was very cold winter, Ryan. Do not be dramatic. I did not drink much. Just a taste. It tastes like... victory and chemical burns.”

“You are a biological anomaly,” Cliff whispered, staring at Ilya as if he expected him to spontaneously combust. “Your liver should be studied by the government. How are you even alive? How are you *fast*?”

“I am fast because I am afraid the gasoline will catch fire if I stand still,” Ilya said, deadpan. He stood up, towering over them with that sharp, predatory grin. “Also, it clears the sinuses. Very good for focus.”

“I’m calling the team doctor,” Cliff muttered, reaching for his phone. “I’m calling the doctor, the PR firm, and possibly a priest.”

“Tell them to bring more gum,” Ilya called out as he headed for the ice. “Strawberry. The gasoline leaves a bit of an aftertaste.”

In a dark hotel room across the border, Shane Hollander was curled on his side, the blue light of his phone illuminating a face that looked like it had seen the end of the world. He had the video on a loop. He watched the orange-tracksuit version of Ilya scream at the Siberian sky while hanging out of a moving vehicle.

It was 2008, and seventeen-year-old Ilya Rozanov had apparently decided that hockey was secondary to his career as a dramatic visionary.

The camera was positioned at the back of a wood-paneled cafeteria. On the small, makeshift stage stood Ilya and a goalie, a boy who looked like he was being held hostage. They were both wearing matching, oversized white t-shirts that said “I LOVE HOCKEY” in block letters, which was the only thing sports-related about the next three minutes.

The iconic, opening notes of the instrumental version of t.A.T.u.’s “All The Things She Said” began to play.

And God, is it the liveliest Ilya has ever looked.

As the chorus hit, Ilya grabbed his teammate’s collar, leaning in with the most desperate look in his eyes that belonged straight on the Hollywood stage. When the “rain” started, which was clearly just a guy off-stage spraying them with a garden hose, Ilya closed his eyes, lifted his chin to the fluorescent lights, and began to, honest to God, sob.

He fell to his knees in the puddle, his shirt becoming transparent as he gripped his own chest, eyes clenched shut as he sang the final verse.

The team’s official Twitter mentions were currently a scorched-earth zone. Every time Ryan refreshed the page, another five thousand people had tagged the Boston Bears account with some variation of #RozanovGoneEmo.

“Rozanov,” Victor St-Simon said, walking into the meal room with his phone out. “The vocals are... truly something man. The hair-flip at 1:42? Was that really necessary?”

The team was huddled around a circular table. Ilya was at the center, looking completely unbothered as he methodically peeled the paper off a fresh pack of gum.

“I was very misunderstood at seventeen,” Ilya said, his voice flat and serious. “I felt many things. The world was cold. The ice was hard. Only Yulia and Lena understood my pain.”

“You used a garden hose!” Evan barked, pointing at the screen where the pixelated Ilya was currently crawling through a puddle. “In a cafeteria! You almost got pneumonia for a singing battle!”

Ilya popped a piece of gum and leaned back, his eyes narrowing. “I did not *almost* get pneumonia. I got a very stylish cough that lasted two weeks. It is called *commitment to the craft*, Evan. The rain represents the tears of the goalie who cannot stop my pucks. It is metaphor.”

“It’s a t.A.T.u. song, Ilya,” Cliff groaned, leaning his forehead against the table. “Our PR manager is currently in a fetal position in the hallway. Do you know how many people are making 'Ilya’s Emo Phase' compilations right now?”

“They should,” Ilya replied, blowing a bubble that caught the light of the hotel chandelier. “I was very beautiful. The camera loved me. Even soaking wet and crying for no reason, I have better bone structure than all of you.”

He stood up, adjusted his hoodie, and looked down at them with a look of unrivalled confidence. “Also, we won the talent show. First prize was a crate of condensed milk. I ate it all. No regrets.”

“You are the weirdest person I have ever met,” Tanner whispered.

“Is called *personality*,” Ilya said, winking at the group as he strolled toward the elevator. “Maybe if you cry in a puddle once in a while, your save percentage will go up.”

The next video to surface was titled “*OMSK SPACE PROGRAM PART 1*” and it had the distinctive, grainy tint of a camera phone that had been dropped in the snow at least twice.

In the center of a vast, white expanse of ice sat a wooden shipping pallet. Two boys, roughly fifteen, were frantically duct-taping a heavy red fire extinguisher to the back of the pallet. A third boy, Ilya Rozanov, was already seated on the wood.

Ilya was wearing his signature buzzcut, a pair of worn-out trackpants, and a t.A.T.u. shirt that was stretched tight across his chest. He was clutching onto the edges of the pallet, knuckles white.

“*Ya kosmonavt!*” Ilya roared at the camera, his eyes wild with a mixture of adrenaline and pure, unfiltered stupidity. *I am a cosmonaut!*

One of the boys pulled the pin and kicked the extinguisher’s handle.

The reaction was instant. A violent, jet-engine hiss erupted as a massive cloud of white chemical powder exploded behind the pallet. The makeshift sled shot across the ice. Ilya disappeared into a blinding white fog of foam and dust, his joyous, screeching laughter echoing across the frozen lake.

The camera panned frantically, trying to follow the trail. Ten yards away, the pallet hit a patch of uneven ice. It flipped. Ilya was launched like a human cannonball, tumbling through the air before landing face-down in a crusty snowbank.

The camera operator ran over, hushing his own laughter. As he reached the snowbank, Ilya popped his head up. He was covered in white powder, looking like a very angry powdered donut. A thick stream of blood was leaking from his nose, staining the snow a bright red.

He wasn't crying. He was wheezing with laughter, pointing back at the empty pallet. "Ty videl?! Ya letel! Ya byl Gagarinym!" *Did you see?! I was flying! I was Gagarin!*

"Ilya," Cliff said, his voice trembling. "You could have died. That is a pressurized metal vessel. If that valve had snapped, you'd have a piece of shrapnel in your brain."

The team was gathered in the lounge, the video playing on the big-screen TV for the fifth time. Ilya was slumped in a leather armchair, his legs thrown over the side, methodically unwrapping a piece of Strawberry Splash.

"I did not die," Ilya said, popping the gum and beginning to chew. "I went very fast. It was like hockey, but without the skating."

"You're *bleeding* in the video, Rozanov!" Price yelled, gesturing wildly at the screen where the teenage Ilya was currently wiping blood across his face like war paint. "You hit your head! On ice! At thirty miles per hour!"

Ilya shrugged, blowing a massive pink bubble that briefly obscured his view of the TV. It popped with a wet *snap*.

"Is just face-blood, Ryan. Is weak blood leaving the body to make room for stronger blood. My grandmother says if you do not bleed once a week, you are not growing."

"Your grandmother is a viking," Brad muttered.

"She is from Omsk, Brad. Is much tougher than viking," Ilya countered. He leaned forward, eyes sparkling. "If you want, I find extinguisher in basement here. We strap it to training sled. I show you what it is like to be cosmonaut."

"No!" the entire team shouted in unison.

"Suit yourself," Ilya said, standing up and stretching his arms. "But do not complain when I am faster than you on the breakaway. I have been trained by rocket science. You have been trained by... what? Power skating? Boring."

"I'm going to go lie down," Cliff said, rubbing his temples. "I'm going to go lie down and pray that the NHL doesn't see this and give us all a mandatory psych evaluation."

"Tell them I am genius," Ilya called out as he headed for the weight room.

Shane was sitting on his sofa, his dinner forgotten on the coffee table. He was watching the clip on his laptop, his thumb hovering over the spacebar to pause it.

He paused on the frame of Ilya in the snow, powder-covered, bleeding, and looking more alive than anyone Shane had ever met.

“He is insane,” Shane whispered, a shaky laugh escaping his throat. “He is absolutely, undoubtedly insane.”

The footage was black-and-white, grainy, and bore the timestamp of a security camera that hadn't been serviced since the turn of the millennium. It had no sound, but the body language was doing enough heavy lifting to win an Oscar.

In the frame, Ilya Rozanov was having a standoff. He was dressed like a man who had won the lottery and then immediately spent it all at a vintage store in 1994, a massive, floor-length fur coat draped over a sleek Adidas tracksuit, topped off with a thick gold chain that caught the infrared light.

He was squaring up against a bouncer who was approximately the size of a refrigerator. His hands were flying in a blur of aggressive gestures.

Behind him stood a confused-looking man in a leather jacket. Ilya kept gesturing to him, then to his own chest, then to the sky.

And Twitter was eating it up.

Maks 🐻🔒 @omskspaceprogram

Is Ilya Rozanov wearing a Barto shirt under a fur coat? Absolute legend.

jules @captainsugarpill

I am crying. Why is he holding a bag of sunflower seeds like a weapon? ‘Don’t make me use these, Boris!’

Spooky 🏹🕸 @puckandprestige

He literally winks at the security camera right before they kick him out (or let him in??). I love him. He’s the most unhinged person in professional sports.

finn @thirdlinevibes

Can we talk about how he’s defending a random plumber?

“Ilya,” Cliff said, breaking the silence. “Who is the guy in the leather jacket?”

Ilya was sitting at his stall, tying his skates. He didn't even look at the screen.

“Is my cousin,” Ilya said.

“You don’t have a cousin named Dmitry who lives in Moscow,” Zane countered, holding his phone up. “The Twitter investigators found the guy. He’s a random plumber from Novosibirsk. Why were you telling a bouncer he was your cousin?”

“I decide he is cousin that night,” Ilya shrugged, popping a piece of gum in his mouth. “He looked lonely. And I wanted him to see the inside of club. Is very exclusive. They have gold leaf on the vodka bottles.”

“And the bouncer?” Victor asked. “Why are you pointing sunflower seeds at him? And why,” he paused, zooming in on the grainy footage, “are you wearing a Barto shirt under a fur coat? Isn't that like... an electro-punk band that sings about burning down the government?”

Ilya blew a bubble, the pink surface expanding until it almost touched his nose. *Snap*. “Barto is very good for dancing,” Ilya said, deadpan. “And seeds are for focus. I was telling bouncer that my ‘cousin’ should be allowed in because he knows the man who invented the internet.”

“The internet?” Price asked, deadpan. “You told a Moscow bouncer that a plumber from Novosibirsk invented the World Wide Web?”

“Yes. He did not believe me at first. I had to be very persuasive.”

“Ilya, you’re winking,” Zane pointed out, gesturing to the end of the clip where Ilya turned directly toward the security camera, gave a wink, and then followed the bouncer inside. “You knew there was a camera.”

“Of course,” Ilya grinned, sharp. “Is good to leave a trail. Now, look at Twitter. People love me.

Shane Hollander was on a stationary bike, his legs pumping in a steady, mechanical rhythm, but his eyes were glued to the phone propped on the handlebars. He watched the wink. He watched the fur coat.

He felt a familiar, dizzying mix of exhaustion and heat.

“He’s going to get arrested,” Shane muttered to himself, wiping sweat from his forehead. “One of these days, he’s going to try to convince a cop he’s the Tsar of Russia and I’m going to have to bail him out.”

He looked at the wink again.

He switched the bike to a faster setting.

The next photo didn't surface on Twitter or Instagram. It was unearthed on a Russian "Deep Web" forum dedicated to "Siberian Urban Legends," and the quality was surprisingly crisp, as if the photographer knew they were documenting a historical event.

It was of a sixteen-year-old Ilya Rozanov, who looked incredibly lean, standing in a clearing of silver birch trees. He wasn't alone. He was currently locked in a grappling match with a medium-sized brown bear.

Ilya had the animal in a legitimate headlock. And he was *smiling*. It was that same shark-like, self-assured grin he wore when he'd just scored a hat trick against Montreal. The bear looked less like a ferocious predator and more like it was deeply confused by the audacity of the small, blond human currently trying to wrestle it to the ground.

The silence in the lounge was thick enough to choke on. Every player was staring at the large monitor where the photo had been cast.

“Ilya,” Cliff said, his voice barely a whisper. “Please tell me that is a CGI project. Tell me you had a cousin who was very good at Photoshop.”

Ilya was slumped in a beanbag chair, his skates draped over his shoulder, methodically working through a fresh slab of Strawberry Splash. He didn’t even look at the screen.

“Why would I Photoshop a bear, Cliff? Bears are very easy to find. You just go to the woods and wait for one to be rude.”

“It’s a *grizzly*!” Ryan Price shrieked, pointing at the screen with a trembling finger. “It has claws the size of steak knives! It could have swiped your head off like a dandelion!”

Ilya popped a bubble. “He was not that big. He was adolescent. Like me. We were just comparing strengths.”

“You have him in a headlock!” Evan yelled. “You are smiling at a camera while wrestling a forest predator! Do you have any idea what the NHL insurance lawyers are going to say when they see this? They’re going to put you in a cage!”

“Bear started it,” Ilya said, deadpan. “He thought he could take my bag of sunflower seeds. I had to teach him manners. In Russia, if you let bear take your seeds, you are the bear’s bitch for the rest of winter. I do not like being bitch.”

“I’m going to have a stroke,” Cliff muttered, rubbing his temples. “I am actually going to have a medical emergency in the middle of this lounge. Ilya, I’m telling you, there is no way that is a Russian saying.”

“Is fine, Cliff,” Ilya said, standing up and patting him on the shoulder. “I win the match. Bear and I are now friends. He sent me a Christmas card. Very polite.”

“I hate you,” Cliff whispered.

“You love me,” Ilya corrected, winking. “I am the only one on this team who can protect you if a bear walks onto the ice. You should be thanking me for my specialized training.”

Shane Hollander was sitting at his stall, his face pale and his hands shaking slightly as he stared at the photo on his phone.

“Tell me that’s a dog,” he whispered to Hayden, who was leaning over his shoulder. “Please tell me it’s just a very ugly, very large dog.”

Hayden squinted at the screen. “Cap, look at the ears. And the hump. That’s a bear. A very real bear.”

“Hey, at least if Rozanov gets his head chomped off by a bear, our chances of winning the Cup will go up.” Someone joked across the room.

Shane closed his eyes, his head falling back against the locker with a dull *thud*. A cold sweat broke out across his forehead.

"I'm going to have a heart attack before I'm twenty-five," Shane said, his voice cracking. "I'm going to die because the man I'm obsessed with treats apex predators like sparring partners. He's going to get eaten, and I'm going to have to do the press conference."

The last leak didn't come from a fan or stalker. It came from a Russian hacker who had successfully cracked into the legacy database of VK. Most players had squeaky-clean social media presences managed by agencies. Ilya Rozanov had a digital footprint that looked like a crime scene.

His profile picture from 2007 was a low-angle shot of him squatting on top of a children's slide in a playground. He was wearing a full black tracksuit with white stripes, an ushanka, and holding a liter bottle of suspicious clear liquid.

But it was the Interests & About Me section that was currently causing the Montreal Voyageurs to collectively lose their minds.

Interests: Hockey, t.A.T.u., fast cars, and making that Japanese-Canadian boy in Kingston cry.

Cliff was staring at his phone, then at Ilya, then back at his phone.

"Ilya," Cliff said, his voice reaching a pitch that shouldn't be possible for a grown man. "Is this real?"

Ilya was sitting on the bench, and didn't even look up. He just blew a slow, rhythmic bubble of Strawberry Splash. *Pop*.

"Is fake," Ilya said.

"Oh, thank God," Evan exhaled, leaning against a locker. "I mean, it seemed too specific, even for you. Someone must have edited the translation—"

"I do not like fast cars," Ilya interrupted, finally looking up with a deadpan stare. "I like *very* fast cars. Whoever wrote that is amateur. They miss the nuance."

"That's the part you're taking issue with?!" Ryan Price yelled. "What about the last part? The part about '*making that Japanese-Canadian boy in Kingston cry*'? Ilya, you were sixteen! You lived in Moscow! Shane Hollander was in Ottawa! How did you even know he existed?!"

Ilya shrugged. "I saw him on the TV during World Juniors. He look so... shiny. So perfect. Like a little golden retriever that has never known a cold day in his life. I decide right then. I will spend my career making him leak from eyes."

"You... you made it a life goal?" Cliff whispered. "You didn't just want to win the Cup? You wanted to emotionally devastate a specific teenager four thousand miles away?"

"Everyone needs hobby, Cliff," Ilya said, standing up and testing the flex of his stick. "Some people knit. Some people collect stamps. I mentally destroy Japanese-Canadians."

Shane Hollander was sitting on the floor by his stall, his back against the wood, his phone resting on his knees.

He had the VK profile pulled up. He had used three different translation apps to make sure he wasn't hallucinating.

...making that Japanese-Canadian boy in Kingston cry.

"Shane?" Hayden asked softly, hovering a few feet away. "You okay? You look like you're having a stroke."

Shane didn't answer. His mind was racing back through ten years of handshakes, ten years of whispered insults over the puck, ten years of Ilya Rozanov specifically seeking him out in every scrum, every game, every off-season.

He thought about the way Ilya looked at him. The way Ilya smirked when Shane got a penalty. The way Ilya's eyes always seemed to find his across the ice.

Shane let out a breath that was half-laugh, half-sob. He looked at the photo of sixteen-year-old Ilya squatting on a slide, aggressive, unhinged, and apparently obsessed with Shane before they had ever even met.

"He's been planning this," Shane whispered to the empty air. "He's been planning to ruin my life since before I even had a driver's license."

He looked at the words on the screen again. *Making that Japanese-Canadian boy in Kingston cry.*

Shane closed his eyes, his heart thudding a frantic, erratic rhythm against his ribs. He felt horrified. He felt targeted. He felt like he was the lead character in a very strange, very Russian horror movie.

But mostly, strangely, he felt *seen*.

"He's so goddamn weird," Shane said, a genuine, helpless smile breaking across his face as he wiped a stray tear of pure stress from his eye. "He's the weirdest man on the planet."

Across the hall, the equipment manager poked his head in. "Everything okay, Hollander?"

"Yeah," Shane said, standing up and pocketing his phone. He grabbed his gloves, his eyes burning with a new kind of fire. "Everything's perfect. I'm going to go find that Russian lunatic and give him exactly what he wants."

"The Cup?"

"No," Shane said, stepping onto the ice with a terrifying grin. "A reason to keep his VK profile active."

End Notes

i have so many more ilya headcanons, i literally just need one person to tell me they need another fic of this idiot and i'm making a series

hi thank you for reading my fic!

you can also find me on tiktok [@losingsleeptoao3](#) where i (sometimes) post abt my writing

update: still alive dw chat, just kinda burned out from the nature of this fandom and havent really been responding to any comments, sorry lovelies! another fic might be a bit slow in the writing but i will post it, eventually

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