

where is my husband!

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where is my husband!

by [shaneverse](#)

Summary

Four times people assume Shane is lying about his husband.
And one time they're proven wrong.

Notes

honestly we just need more hollanov fluff and crack.
this fic is here to fix that.
enjoy!!

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Chapter 1: Baby, where the hell is Shane's husband?

Everyone who attended the University of Toronto knew about the existence of Shane Hollander's husband.

And every single one of them was absolutely convinced that his husband was not *real*.

It wasn't exactly doubt. Shane Hollander far too attractive not to inspire stories, and the most convenient one of all was this: the invisible husband, always mentioned, never seen.

It all started when Shane transferred in his second year.

Before that, he had spent a year at McGill University, where no one cared enough to question his personal life.

The University of Toronto was closer to his parents' house, carried more weight for the career Shane wanted to build, and offered opportunities McGill simply didn't. Shane had always been good at practical decisions.

What he hadn't anticipated was the social side effect.

From the very first week, Shane became a topic of conversation.

He was the kind of person who drew attention without seeming to want it, answering questions in class with ease, making friends naturally, smiling as if he had no idea of the effect he had on people.

The kind of person who seemed far too comfortable in his own skin. Which, for an entire university full of insecure people, was practically an invitation to collective fascination.

The *first time* Shane mentioned the husband happened without any ceremony at all.

Hayden and Kip, newly acquired classmates, were sitting in the cafeteria at one of those tables far too long for private conversations, and Shane was there too. They had just gotten their food when Hayden noticed Shane carefully pushing all the peas to the edge of his plate, as if performing a small, personal ritual.

"Shane, you don't like them?" Hayden asked, amused. "Then why did you take them?"

Shane didn't even look up.

"Force of habit," he replied. "My husband always eats them for me."

The cafeteria, collectively, seemed to forget how to speak.

A conversation died halfway through a sentence, someone dropped a fork.

"Husband?" Hayden repeated, blinking a few times.

“Shane, you’re only twenty-two,” Kip added, genuinely confused.

“You like men?” they asked at the same time.

Shane finally looked up, surprised by the reaction.

“Yes,” he said, as if stating something perfectly banal. “And *yes*.”

Then he went back to eating, as if he’d just commented on the weather.

A messy chain of reactions followed. Hayden let out an overly long “*oh*.” Kip seemed to mentally recalculate everything he thought he knew about Shane. Someone at the next table assumed it was a joke, someone else whispered that it must have been a forced marriage, a third person decided, silently, that this explained a lot.

“He doesn’t study here?” someone asked.

“No,” Shane replied.

“Then... where is he?”

“Traveling for work.”

That answer was the beginning of the end.

Because work was far too vague, and husband far too specific.

In the days that followed, the comment spread.

Shane Hollander had a husband.

Shane Hollander was married at twenty-two.

Shane Hollander talked about his husband as if he were far too real, far too perfect, far too functional for that kind of environment.

And the most important detail of all: *no one had ever seen him*.

The story gained small variations as it passed from mouth to mouth.

Sometimes the husband lived in another city, in another country, sometimes he was much older or he worked too much.

Always distant enough to justify his absence, always convenient enough to explain why Shane never seemed available.

The second time happened even more casually than the first.

It was an advanced linguistics class, a mandatory course in the psychology program that Hayden considered, without guilt, a sophisticated waste of time. The professor had been

talking for nearly forty minutes about a Russian writer whose name no one in the room seemed willing to remember.

Somewhere between *Dostoevsky* and who cares.

Most of the students were mentally elsewhere, phones hidden under desks, eyes unfocused. Kip was drawing small geometric shapes in the corner of his notebook, and Hayden was counting down the minutes until the break.

Everyone was distracted.

Except Shane.

Shane looked dangerously attentive. Leaning forward, pen moving with intent, eyes following every word the professor said as if this lecture were a privilege rather than a requirement.

When the professor projected a passage in Russian onto the board and asked, almost provocatively, what it said, the silence was immediate and absolute.

No one even pretended to know.

That was when Shane raised his hand, almost at the exact moment the question ended.

The professor blinked, surprised.

“You... can read Russian?”

“Yes,” Shane answered, far too polite to sound like he was showing off.

He read it out loud, his pronunciation steady, unhesitating.

“Zhizn dayotsya cheloveku odin raz, i prozhit yeyo nado tak, chtoby ne bylo muchitelno bolno za bestselno prozhityye gody.”

The entire classroom froze.

“Life is given to a person only once, and it must be lived in such a way that it won’t be painfully hard to suffer for years lived without purpose,” Shane translated right after, without even realizing what he had done.

Hayden turned far too slowly toward Kip, whose mouth was hanging open. Some students looked to the professor, waiting for some kind of prearranged performance or social experiment.

The professor himself took a few seconds to react, clearly recalculating everything he knew about the student sitting in the third row.

“Impressive,” he said at last. “Very impressive.”

Shane felt the weight of everyone's gaze settle on him like something physical. For the first time since arriving at the University of Toronto, he looked slightly uncomfortable. His cheeks warmed as he ran a hand through his hair, an automatic, almost shy gesture.

Hayden spoke before he realized he was speaking.

"You speak Russian?"

Shane turned to him, confused by the astonishment. "I do."

"Since when?"

"For a few years."

"Why?"

Shane thought for half a second, then answered with his usual ease.

"My husband is Russian," he said. "He taught me a lot."

Hayden blinked, Kip closed his notebook slowly, as if it required extra concentration and somewhere in the back of the room, someone let out a short, incredulous laugh.

"Of course," someone murmured. "The husband."

And that was the moment the theory stopped being curiosity and became collective certainty.

Shane Hollander's husband wasn't just invisible anymore.

Now he was also Russian, fluent in languages, culturally sophisticated, and far too convenient to be real.

And for the University of Toronto, that settled everything.

Chapter 2: Shane's Husband Is Coming!

The third time the subject of Shane's husband came up took longer than the previous ones.

Simply because, this time, Shane Hollander *disappeared*.

Without warning, without much explanation, he traveled.

Hayden and Kip only realized something was off when they received a message in the middle of the week, late at night, saying Shane would be gone for an entire week.

Switzerland.

The word took a few seconds to register.

First, because it wasn't break. It was the middle of the semester - that stretch of time when everyone was too exhausted to even consider anything that didn't involve surviving finals.

Second, because international trips, *especially* to Switzerland, were not exactly common among that group of students.

So Shane Hollander was rich as hell.

While everyone else was counting coins for coffee and trying to make it through the semester, Shane had simply... gone to Switzerland.

No photos, no stories, no digital trail whatsoever.

That didn't clear anything up.

It only made things worse.

And, inevitably, the theories started.

Maybe it was a secret academic trip, a last-minute exchange program, something family-related.

Or, of course, the *husband*.

When Shane reappeared, it was on a morning far too ordinary to justify all the suspense.

He crossed campus with his backpack over one shoulder, as if he'd never left. Smiling wide, greeting people as he went, waving to acquaintances, stopping to exchange a few words here and there.

He looked... different.

Not tired, stressed, or with that expression of someone who had rushed back into reality.

Shane looked like he was *glowing*.

That was what drew attention.

Hayden was the first to say what everyone was thinking. "You disappeared."

Shane blinked, surprised, as if he hadn't noticed. "I traveled a bit."

"A bit?" Kip repeated. "You went to Switzerland."

"I did."

"Why?" someone asked.

Shane thought for a second, that half-second pause that was starting to become familiar.

"My husband had a week off," he said. "We took advantage of it."

Of course.

The husband.

The entire university did exactly what it had been doing from the beginning: accepted the explanation as part of the collective fiction.

Because that was what made the most sense.

The fourth time happened as a strange convergence of small things that, on their own, might not have meant anything.

Hayden was in the middle of a Social Psychology class - the kind that talked about emotional bonds, long-term relationships, and the discreet symbols people use to mark commitment.

The professor was lecturing about wedding bands, rings, visible rituals of belonging. Gold, diamonds, objects far too small to carry meanings far too large.

That was when the idea hit him.

If Shane were really married... he should be wearing something, right?

Hayden looked away from the slide and turned his head to the side. Shane was sitting next to him, completely focused on his notebook, writing with excessive concentration, his hands clean - no trace of a ring.

"Shane," Hayden whispered.

Shane looked up, confused. "Yeah?"

"If you're married... why don't you wear a ring?"

Shane froze for a moment.

Just a microsecond longer than usual, a tiny delay Hayden noticed immediately. Shane's expression shifted from confused to thoughtful, as if he were considering the question for the first time.

"I do," he said.

Then he gently pulled the collar of his shirt aside and drew out a thin chain hidden beneath the fabric. Hanging from it was a simple ring, a delicate gold band, smooth, quietly gleaming under the classroom lights.

"I'm afraid of losing it," Shane explained softly. "So we both wear ours like this."

Hayden blinked.

"He gets really paranoid about it during games too," Shane continued, speaking a little too fast now, as if trying to keep up with his own thoughts. "It happened once, and I don't want to go through that again."

"Games?" Kip interrupted, stopping his writing immediately and leaning toward them.

Shane turned, slightly tense.

"Yeah," he said. "He... plays on a hockey team."

"Oh," Hayden smiled, as if everything had finally clicked. "That makes sense."

"Does it?" Shane asked.

"Of course," Hayden continued, energized by his own reasoning. "That's why he travels so much. He's probably the team's physical therapist, or a sports doctor. Something like that."

Shane let out a short, slightly choked laugh. "Yeah, something like that."

Kip went back to his notebook. Hayden returned his attention to the lecture. The explanation was accepted without resistance.

The ring on the necklace proved nothing.

Hockey just made the husband more convenient.



In the weeks that followed, the subject of Shane's husband simply... *passed*.

Hayden mentioned it to Rose. Rose mentioned it to a few other people. Those people adjusted details, added small certainties, and soon enough the entire university "knew" exactly who Shane Hollander's husband was.

He worked with hockey.

Maybe a doctor.

Maybe a physical therapist.

Some kind of sports professional too sophisticated to question.

Either way, it made sense.

Hockey season was brutal. The mysterious man probably traveled with the players, crossed countries, lived in hotels and locker rooms, someone who stayed behind the scenes and made sure the athletes performed at their best..

Totally common.

Totally *normal*.

That's why no one found it strange when the university buzzed with excitement at the announcement that some Boston Bruins players would be visiting campus for a mini exhibition game at the university rink.

They were set to play against the Toronto Maple Leafs in two days, and the dean decided to capitalize on the rivalry in the most academic way possible: inviting athletes, promoting engagement, and guaranteeing packed stands full of students.

The excitement was immediate.

"You don't understand," Kip said as they walked toward the quad. The day was perfect - not too cold, not too warm - and it seemed like half the campus had the same idea of enjoying the fresh air before classes resumed. "Scott Hunter is the *hottest man* on this planet. Ever since he joined the Bruins, he somehow got even hotter. He's tall and--"

"Not that tall," Shane commented distractedly, as if correcting a minor detail.

Kip stopped walking and slowly turned to Shane. "How do you know?"

Shane blinked.

"My husband... is with the Boston Bruins," he said, far too casually. "I know a few of the players here and there."

"What?" Hayden said, incredulous. "Is he coming too?"

"Are we finally going to meet him?" Kip blurted out. "Oh my God. Does he give Scott massages? What if he has his number?"

"*Rozy* would die if he had to give anyone a massage," Shane murmured, laughing to himself, not realizing the impact of what he'd said.

The laughter died in the air.

Kip and Hayden stared at him. A few people nearby did too.

“Rozy?” Hayden repeated.

Shane looked up, realizing too late.

“It’s... my nickname for him,” he explained. “But he hates it when anyone else uses it.”

The group went quiet for a full second, - and then someone nodded, satisfied.

Of course it made sense.



Game day arrived faster than anyone was ready to admit.

From early on, the campus felt different.

Too excited for an ordinary school day, small groups gathered near the rink, people sitting in the stands, phones raised, conversations overlapping.

Some students wore Toronto Maple Leafs jerseys.

Others wore many Boston Bruins jerseys.

Most of them had Rozanov printed across the back, the number 81 bright against the black fabric.

Saying Shane was startled would be an understatement.

He stopped mid-step, eyes widening far too obviously, and squeezed Hayden’s arm before he even realized what he was doing.

“What?” Hayden asked.

Shane took a second to answer, still staring at the crowd.

“I... didn’t know people liked hockey this much,” he murmured. “Or that they were such big Bruins fans.”

Hayden laughed. “Trust me, you haven’t seen anything yet. Big games are way worse.”

He scanned the jerseys.

“A lot of people are kind of obsessed with Rozanov,” he added. “I don’t really see the appeal and-“

He stopped.

“Wait,” he said slowly. “He’s Russian... like your husband.”

Shane swallowed.

“They must be friends, right?”

For a full second, Shane considered every possible answer.

“Kind of,” he said finally.

And that was when the mistake spread.

“Do you think he’s coming?” someone asked from behind them.

Shane turned, confused. “Who?”

“Rozanov,” another person said, excited. “He’s with the team, right? Your husband works with the Bruins.”

Someone else leaned in.

“Would you know if he’s showing up?”

“They say he never talks to fans,” a girl commented.

“But if he knows your husband...”

“Are you close?” someone insisted.

Shane opened his mouth.

“I... think so,” he said, stammering slightly. “I mean. He’s usually around at events like this.”

“Then he’s coming,” someone concluded, far too excited to wait for confirmation.

“Oh my God,” another person said. “I knew it.”

Shane felt his face heat up.

“It’s not guaranteed,” he tried to correct. “He-“

“But it’s possible,” Hayden finished, pleased. “That’s something.”

That sealed everyone’s fate.

The information spread too fast to stop.

Rozanov’s name started circulating more frequently, mixed with nervous laughter, silent bets, and phones at the ready.

When the time for the mini game approached, the rink was packed.

The hum of conversation blended with the scrape of skates on ice. Excited voices, nervous laughter, the sharp sound of blades cutting white surface. Players appeared one by one, greeted by applause, shouts, phones lifted in unison.

Shane watched everything with a tension far too intense for someone who was supposedly used to this. His body rigid, shoulders slightly raised, like he was waiting for something to fall out of the sky.

He took a deep breath.

It was just a game.

Just a visit.

The dean began introducing the Toronto players, calling out names that drew reactions from the crowd. Shane recognized some faces, not others, but followed along as if everything were perfectly normal.

Then the name was said.

And when Ilya Rozanov stepped onto the ice, the world seemed to freeze for a full second.

The volume of screams shot up absurdly fast. People stood, phones shook in the air. Shane startled at the noise, blinking rapidly - because even Hayden, who swore he wasn't a fan, cheered loudly.

"Oh my God," Kip murmured beside him, completely mesmerized.

Shane laughed softly, mostly to himself, eyes fixed on Ilya.

Ilya looked exactly the same as always -just magnified by the crowd's reaction. Tall, blonde, confident. He glided across the ice easily, acknowledging the crowd with brief, professional gestures, before lifting his gaze toward the stands.

And then he started looking for someone.

The movement was subtle, almost imperceptible if you didn't know what to look for - his eyes passing over faces too quickly, as if following an invisible map.

Shane felt a small knot form in his stomach.

Kip noticed none of it. He was too busy when Scott Hunter took the microphone, clapping and filming at the same time, eyes shining like he'd just witnessed a miracle.

Shane looked away for a moment, laughing softly again.

He was going to laugh about this with Ilya when they got home that night. Scott Hunter would definitely love knowing he had such a devoted fan.

When the microphone was passed to Ilya, the stands fell silent.

Ilya held the microphone easily, like someone used to speaking publicly but not especially fond of it. He cast a quick glance over the stands before beginning, as if searching for one specific point among hundreds of faces.

“Hello, students,” he said, his Russian accent thick, his deep voice echoing across the rink. “I really wanted to see the campus when we scheduled the game with the Maple Leafs,” he continued. “And unfortunately for you... and for them,” he added with a crooked smile, “we’re going to *win* both games.”

The crowd erupted into playful boos and applause. A few players behind him laughed.

“But,” he went on, looking back to the stands with more focus now, “my husband always says this is a very good place.”

My husband.

The words took a full second to ripple through the stands, like a slow wave. Then the murmurs began - quiet at first, growing rapidly.

“What?”

“Did he say husband?”

“Wait, he’s married?”

“To who?”

Shane’s heart started pounding far too fast. He kept his eyes on Ilya, who was now smiling softly, almost intimately, as if he’d said something completely ordinary.

“He studies here?” someone shouted, laughing, half-disbelieving.

Ilya tilted his head slightly. “Yes.”

The stands erupted into controlled chaos - overlapping voices, questions flying everywhere, nervous laughter mixed with disbelief.

“With who?”

“Who’s the lucky one?”

“Is he here right now?”

Kip turned to Shane too fast, nearly dropping his phone.

“Why didn’t you ever say Ilya Rozanov was married to someone from here?” he demanded in an agitated whisper, too loud to be discreet.

“I-”

“This is insane,” Kip went on, running a hand through his hair. “Like... fucking insane.”

Hayden, on the other hand, said nothing.

He was too quiet.

His gaze wasn't on the ice anymore, nor the players, nor the frenzied crowd. It was fixed on Shane - focused, too intent to be casual.

The pieces started falling into place slowly, one by one.

Russian.

Always traveling.

Rich enough to raise suspicions.

Fluent in multiple languages.

Works with hockey.

Rozy.

Hayden's stomach dropped.

He took a slow breath, like he was afraid to break something fragile, then turned fully toward Shane.

"No," he murmured, almost to himself.

A few people nearby started paying attention and Hayden looked up again.

"No," he repeated, firmer now.

Shane felt heat rush to his face, his cheeks burned under all the curious looks. He instinctively lowered his chin, fingers tightening around his backpack strap, suddenly shy in a way that felt out of place amid all the noise.

That was when Ilya looked up again.

Straight toward the section where Shane was sitting.

Their eyes met.

The smile that spread across Ilya's face was immediate and open, bright in a way that was impossible to mistake.

Around them, the murmuring continued - people still trying to figure out who the lucky person was, pointing, whispering, speculating.

Hayden drew in a breath, feeling the moment close around them like an inevitable circle.

"Shane Hollander," he said, loud enough for those nearby to hear. "You're married to Ilya Rozanov."

Shane didn't say anything.

He just smiled - small and shy, cheeks still flushed, eyes meeting Ilya's on the ice.

That was enough.

And for the first time since the beginning, the truth didn't need to be explained.

It was right there.



University of Toronto Blog

Campus & Culture

Psychology sophomore revealed as WAG of Boston Bruins star Ilya Rozanov

Students attending yesterday's exhibition match were surprised to discover that second-year psychology student *Shane Hollander* is married to Boston Bruins centre *Ilya Rozanov*.

Witnesses report the revelation happened mid-event and caused "collective shock." and "multiple dropped phones."

According to sources, the couple has been married for years.

The university wishes the couple all the happiness in the world.

Classes will resume as normal.

Probably.

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