

Worst Proposal Ever

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Worst Proposal Ever

by [RayByAnotherName](#)

Summary

A locked folder from Shane's phone ends up on the internet for everyone to see, including his teammates. It certainly undercuts their victory against the Bears, but it'll all turn out right. Eventually.

Chapter 1: Shane

He should've deleted them. Or never saved them. Celebrities get hacked all the time, their private photos leaked. Shane knows this, has always known this could happen.

The very thorough - and incredibly awkward - sex talk his mother gave him before he started juniors had included an entire section on the dangers of nude photos and sexting. He'd repeated it all himself to the rookies on his team more than once after becoming captain.

And yet, its his photos currently going viral on twitter, and instagram, and everywhere else on the internet probably. Even fucking Facebook. His *dad* is on Facebook!

"Holy shit!" one of the rookies is now staring at him with wide eyes from across the locker room, phone in hand and mouth hanging open. He's not the only one either.

"They're obviously fake!" Hayden scoffs beside him, "Right?" A hand drops onto his shoulder and Shane nearly crumbles to the floor. The hand squeezes, "Shane?"

Every eye in the locker room is on him now. The confusion more than evident, and the anger.

His voice fills the too quiet room when someone clicks on one of the videos. Shane squeezes his eyes shut and scrubs his hands up through his hair.

"*Rozanov!*" The begging is accompanied by several moans and even louder repetitive slaps as their bodies meet, again and again, fast and rough. Desperate.

Shane knows exactly which night it is, just from that, but then Ilya's voice joins his. Rough, hoarse. His Russian thick and mumbled. His English no better, but its clear as a bell in the silent room.

"Gonna come for me, Hollander? Gonna come from this? Just this?"

A shiver runs up his spine and Shane's breath hitches, just as his past self starts begging for it, for Ilya. The video cuts off quickly, before the climax, but his face stays red. His lungs burning in his chest.

Fuck! He can't breathe. His chest heaving with his next inhale. Shane nearly doubles over, stumbling back into his cubby.

He's in Montreal. Centre Bell. His feet still taped. He'd barely gotten his gear off after the game before he turned on his phone to find more notifications than ever.

There is not a grounding technique in the world that can help him right now.

"Shane? Buddy?" Hayden buzzes around him, his voice getting higher with every word. Shane can barely hear them over his own heartbeat, his gasping breaths.

Crouching on the floor, Shane ducks his head between his knees and focuses on breathing. Eight counts. In and out.

Another video plays. Ilya's voice low as he whispers in Russian. Shane squeezes his eyes shut and fists his hands in his hair. Ilya had gone slow that night. His lips trailing up and down Shane's spine.

"Turn it off, Comeau!" Hayden hisses and the room goes silent, just for a minute. Shane's gasping echoing off the wall as his team waits for an answer. An explanation.

They want it to be fake. A hoax. A lie. A prank. Anything but what it is.

"Is this why Rozanov was fucking *smiling* during the handshakes?!" J.J. breaks the silence, choking out, "Did he let you win?"

Shane's head snaps up and he glares right at his friend. The words spill out before he can even think about what to say, what they mean. His voice sharp, hard.

"If he ever let me win, I'd never let him touch me again and he knows it."

The quiet is worse this time. Heavier. J.J. is staring at him with wide eyes, just like the rookies, but his brows slowly furrow.

"How long have you been fucking the enemy?" J.J. growls, his accent thicker than usual.

Ilya's does that too, when he's angry.

He doesn't have to answer. One of the rookies found the original leak. A file with all of the videos they made, the photos they took.

The photos Shane saved.

"This... I recognize this," Mitty whispers, his gaze rising from the phone, eyes narrowed on Shane's face, "Have you and Rozanov been fucking this whole fucking time?"

Shane swallows. His bottom lip trembling before he bites it.

The CCM shoot. Their first time... the first time they did anything. They hadn't traded numbers then, or taken any photos, that would come later, but...

But Shane had saved some of the photos they took that day. Even Ilya hadn't known about those, before now. His mom had asked the photographer for some of the shots they hadn't used in the campaign and they'd sent her the whole damn file, so... Shane saved them.

Their eyes meeting at center ice smiling and laughing, unable to maintain the 'intensity' the director kept asking for.

It's Shane's favorite photo in the world. Far from incriminating, on its own, but Shane had still locked it in a secret folder on his phone. Not on the cloud, manually transferred from phone to phone, over and over, for years.

Hidden, right alongside all the dick pics Ilya sent him and the videos they'd started making as a joke.

Now its on the internet. Every one of them. All the private moments they'd shared laid out in chronological order, with time stamps. Dates. Undeniable evidence of their undefined relationship, of Shane's biggest secret.

At least three of the videos are just Shane sucking on Ilya's cock, staring up at his rival while the Russian films him. Eyes glassy as he fucking savors it, clinging to Rozanov's body, touching only him, not himself.

It'd been hot, at the time. After too, when Ilya would bring it up, would send the videos to him.

Months later, because Ilya watches them, again and again, watches Shane get off on sucking his dick while he sits alone in some random hotel room on the other side of the country.

Eyes squeezing shut, Shane manages a tiny nod, finally answering the goalie's question. Admitting it. *Confirming*.

Several sharp inhales and more than a few curses are thrown around then. Shane drops his head back between his knees. He claws both hands through his hair, over his arms, fingers digging in.

He still can't breathe. His chest aches with every inhale, shallow gasps that give him nothing as his head starts to pound.

"Shane?" Hayden says his name again. A hand squeezes at his shoulder and Shane shrugs it off, whining softly. He bites hard at his bottom lip again.

The room is spinning, or his head is, whichever. Even with his eyes closed, little white dots start bursting in his vision, behind his eyelids.

Hayden curses, loudly, and he says... something. The words are muffled.

Other people start talking too then. A loud and aggressive haze growing louder all around him, but Shane can't make out a single word.

He can't even tell who it is, what they're saying. They're angry though. Pissed. Just like he'd thought they would be.

Just like everyone will be. Is.

Fingers clawing at his chest, catching in his shirt, Shane keeps gasping. His heart pounding in his ears. All the scenarios swirling around, flooding his mind with every horrible possibility.

The locker room door slams open then. Shane startles, his head snapping up.

Ilya. His eyes widen when he sees him standing there. A proper scowl on his face. Jaw clenched, hazel eyes bright with anger. He sends a withering glare J.J.'s way when the

defenseman takes a step as if to block his path.

It's insane, him being here. The Voyageurs literally just beat Boston and Rozanov is half naked. The cross hanging around his neck catching the light as Shane just stares at him.

Three long strides and Ilya's crouching beside him. A hand rises to cup his face, another settling on the back of his neck.

For one second, it all stops. Everything.

The maelstrom swirling around in his head slows, just for a moment, before the panic spikes anew.

Shane chokes on a sob, "I'm sorry." He shakes his head, eyes squeezing shut, "This is my fault, I'm an idiot, I-"

"Oh? You upload them?" Ilya cuts him off, words sharp, sarcastic. His grip tightens on the back of Shane's neck. A thumb brushes away the tears Shane is suddenly acutely aware are streaming down his face.

"No," he croaks out. Ilya hums, eyebrow arching. Shane inhales, long and slow, a deep breath before his head drops again.

This time, to Ilya's shoulder. His forehead pressed to sweat slick skin as Ilya whispers in his ear, "You did nothing wrong." He says it over and over, repeating himself softly. Comforting him. "We are fine. Will be fine. Hiding was getting old anyway, boring," Ilya chuckles, "I cannot be boring, is your thing."

A laugh bubbles up from his chest, halfway between another sob and a giggle, "I'm not boring." Ilya snorts. "Shut up," Shane huffs, sniffing, "You're such an asshole."

"Yes, but you like it," Ilya teases him, grinning when Shane manages to pull his head up. "And now, you cannot deny. Too much proof."

"Yeah," Shane nods, leaning in to Ilya's hand when he cups the back of his head, fingers lacing through his hair.

He halfs expects Ilya to kiss him, right there, in front of his team. The locker room eerily quiet as their heads fall forward.

Shane takes another deep breath with their foreheads pressed together. His hands on Ilya's shoulders, clinging to him. Grip tight. Bruising.

His gaze drops to Ilya's necklace. The golden cross resting against his clavical.

It's the Russian Orthodox Cross. He'd looked it up, years ago. Curious about the extra bars, the slanted line.

All the little facts from his wikipedia rabbit hole flit across his mind as he inhales again. He matches his breathing to Ilya's without thinking. A familiar reflex. In and out.

"Oh fuck," Shane's head snaps up, eyes wide as his brain latches on to one very important fact. One very, *very* important fact. "You can't go back to Russia now, can you?" Ilya stills.

Cursing, Shane springs to his feet, snatching up his phone. He ignores the notifications - the texts, the voicemails, everything. The maelstrom giving way to one singular fear. One consequence. One he can actually do something about.

"The court house opens at 8," Shane doesn't look up from his phone as his thumbs flicks across the screen to open his calendar, "Your next game is in Boston in two days. If we go first thing in the morning, we should have enough time for you to get back before warm ups."

"Enough time for what?" Ilya squints at him, leaning one shoulder against Shane's cubby. He ducks his head and nudges at Shane's chin.

"For us to get married," Shane tells him, holding up his phone to show him the webpage with all the requirements. "We have to wait one full working day between applying and signing, but we can start the citizenship application at the same time."

Ilya blinks, eyebrows shooting up as Shane keeps going, rambling about the process, the steps. His thumbs flying across the screen as he types up everything they need to do, making a list of all the documents they'll need.

It takes a few minutes for him to process that the locker room has gone silent again. His brain grinds to a halt when he realizes Ilya hasn't said anything yet either.

Face flushing, Shane snaps his mouth shut, pursing his lips. He slowly looks back up to find Ilya smiling at him. His gaze soft, amused.

"Dude, that was the worst proposal ever," Hayden says and Shane glances over to see his team standing in various stages of shock. Hayden drags a hand down his face and shakes his head, smile tight as he forces a laugh, "You didn't even ask!"

"Yes, is true, very unromantic," Ilya chuckles. His chin rises, lips twitching into a smirk, "Very disappointing, Hollander, what will we tell the children?" Shane groans. Ilya has already launched into his dramatics though, a hand clutching at his chest as he bemoans the lack of candles or roses. "You have ruined our fairytale romance with your boring proposal!"

With a snort, Shane shoves his shoulder, "Our 'fairytale' started with you chirping while smoking next to a no smoking sign. No one is writing that romance novel, asshole."

"Lies!" Ilya shoves him back, "I did nothing. You started it, being all proper and naggy, interrupting my smoke break with your long sentences."

Shane rolls his eyes. A hand cups his face again and then Ilya does kiss him, claiming his mouth swiftly. All heat and desperation, like always.

It should be embarrassing, how quickly Shane responds, his arms wrapping around Rozanov's neck. He can hear his teammates - choking, cursing, even shouting - but all Shane can think about is the tongue stroking the roof of his mouth.

They've all seen him on his knees now anyway, seen him sucking on his rival's dick.

He sucks on Ilya's tongue now instead and moans. Ilya grins when he pulls back, licking his lips when Shane stumbles into his cubby.

"Send me list," Ilya tells him, walking backwards towards the door. He inclines his head towards Shane's phone when Shane furrows his brow. "Papers. What I need to bring," Ilya clarifies and Shane nods, a smile splitting his face.

Whispers buzz all around him, hissed curses and grumbled insults. They bounce right off him though. Shane sinks to the bench. He can't stop smiling.

Ilya pauses in the doorway, head quirked to the side, "Oh, and Marly will help me with bodies, if anyone hurt you. Send that list too, hmm? We finish before wedding."

"No one's going to hurt me," Shane assures him. A quiet hum precedes Ilya's quick scan of his teammates. He clicks his tongue and disappears into the hallway. Obviously unconvinced.

"What the fuck?!" one of the rookies broke the silence a beat later. Shane blushes and ducks his head. He's quick to change, not bothering to shower, or wait for their coach to appear.

The reprimands and the lectures can wait. A day or two, at least, probably. Hopefully. Hayden grabs his arm just as Shane tugs on a shirt, dragging him out of his thoughts. He turns his head to look at him.

"So...." Hayden exhales, voice low, "Boston Lily... she's.... him?" Shane nods. Another exhale, a slow blink, and then, "Text me when and where, I'll be your best man."

Shane startles. His voice cracks, "Really?"

With a huff, Hayden rolls his eyes, "Fuck yeah man. I'm not letting fucking *Marlow* upstage me."

A hand slaps at his back and Hayden shadows him all the way to his car, helping him sneak past the throngs of reporters swarming the arena. J.J. too, though he's grumbling in French the whole time.

"Can't believe it," J.J. mumbles, head shaking when they arrive at the car to find Ilya leaning against the driver side door, cigarette in hand.

A few of the Bears are there too, not so subtly guarding their captain. Marlow squints at Shane, giving him a once over before Ilya smacks him.

"Oi! Stop that! I have dibs!" Ilya jokes before he puts out his cigarette, pretending to flick the bud at his friend before pocketing it, "You know I do not like to share." Marlow rolls his eyes and the other Bears snicker.

"You want *this*?" J.J. says in rapid French, gesturing incredulously at the Russian, "I could have introduce you to a *nice* man if you'd told me!"

Shane ducks his head again, rubbing at his neck when he laughs, "No, I want him." His cheeks flush with color as he looks up at Ilya. He sticks to French and turns to meet J.J.'s eyes, "I love him, actually."

The groan from his defenseman echoes around them. He curses more in French before pointing a finger at Rozanov. "You better not be fucking with my captain, Rozanov, or I'll fuck you up, got it?"

"I have, very clearly, been fucking him for longer than you've even known him," Ilya drawls, arms gesturing wide, "Did you not see the news?"

"You have horrible taste in men," J.J. deadpans, turning his glare from Ilya to Shane, "You better not take his last name, Hollander, I'll never fucking forgive you." He doesn't bother saying it in French and Ilya just grins.

Cheeks burning, Shane clamors into his car, throwing his keys to Ilya. His hands are shaking still and he knows better than to drive right now.

One well timed distraction from their teammates later and they're gone, speeding out of the arena before anyone can catch them.

Now all he has to do is tell his parents. Shane swallows thickly, staring down at his phone even before the screen comes to life. His mom's picture filling the space as it rings.

Ilya takes a hand off the steering wheel to squeeze his thigh and Shane clears his throat, clicking on the little green button.

"Hey, mom," he manages, a hollow laugh slipping out, "What's up?" Ilya snorts and, on the other side of the line, so does his mom. Shane pushes forward. "Did you happen to pack something you could wear to a wedding by chance?"

Chapter 2: David

Chapter Summary

How David finds out via Facebook.

Chapter Notes

Apparently this is a chapter fic now... ^^' I'll try to do Yuna's reaction and the wedding next. 🙌

David Hollander doesn't have much social media. His wife manages both a personal and a public twitter, along with an instagram and a few other profiles David cannot keep up with when she explains their purpose.

Every one of them is focused on hockey, of course, and Yuna keeps a sharp eye out for anything regarding their son. Anything that might help him - potential brand deals, fan support, even criticism.

It's worked well, obviously, between her and Farah, Shane is probably the most well known hockey player on the planet. He's done more commercials than David can keep straight

He likes being out of the loop on that sort of thing to be honest. It gives him a chance to ask silly questions and get Shane talking about things that aren't hockey for once. Youtube rabbit holes and twitter spirals David would otherwise be totally oblivious to.

The one social media he bothers to check is Facebook. A private profile, just for him keep up with friends from back in the day - college roommates and hockey teammates from McGill, coworkers from the Treasury Department. Sometimes he'll post a picture or comment, but mostly he just scrolls through his feed each morning and likes all the various updates.

When the story breaks, his facebook is inundated with messages and friends requests. David gets off work that evening and just stares at the rising number of notifications. He has no idea what's happening and when he calls, Yuna's number goes straight to voicemail.

And then the videos and pictures are shared in one of his alumni groups.

David almost doesn't recognize his son in his hurry to scroll past what are - quite obviously - very explicit photos. They're poorly censored and that first one is obviously from a rather old cell phone camera. The second one is significantly less grainy though. Much clearer than any

picture taken with a mirror has any right to be really, and David would recognize those freckles anywhere.

Even with Shane's head thrown back against another man's shoulder, half obscured by their hair. Thankfully, a bathroom counter blocks everything below their waists. Shane's face says more than enough though, his expression one of bliss. Cheeks flushed and his eyes glazed over. The man behind him has one hand on his chest as he mouths at Shane's throat.

It's more suggestive than explicit. Just two shirtless men in a hotel bathroom really. The Calvin Klien ad Shane did recently had left far less to the imagination.

David quickly backs out of Facebook anyway. He tries Yuna again, and this time it rings. Just the once.

"He's not answering his damn phone!" Yuna is frantic and David doesn't need to see her to know she's pacing.

"Is his game over already?" David asks her and his wife exhales, taking a slow breath, "No phones on the bench remember."

Yuna growls, "This is unbelievable. He's going to be blindsided, at the least, and the photos..." David blanches. "You saw them?"

"Facebook, I kept scrolling and now I've closed the app. I don't need to see my son like that."

She laughs. A light, half-hysterical chuckle, "They're everywhere. And its not just photos. There's videos and... well, there's a lot of them, David. Years of them."

With a sigh, David sets his phone up on the dashboard and starts driving, "I'll be home soon. Have you and Farah tracked down the source? Is it..."

He doesn't know how to finish that question. Are they real? Is it true?

If he'd understood that photo right, before closing out, his son was, at minimum, not exactly straight. Shane's smile, his freckles, David knew them well, in every stage of life.

The blond curls on the man kissing his neck had been familiar as well, even if David hadn't paid nearly as close attention to Ilya Rozanov as his wife or Shane had through the years.

"Pretty sure they're real," Yuna croaks. She takes another a breath, sniffing, "I told him to be careful, to never keep photos like this..."

"Young men make dumb decisions sometimes," David reminds her. His knuckles squeeze at the steering wheel, "Even Shane is entitled to a few." A strangled scoff tells him exactly what Yuna thinks of that.

David frowns. Their son isn't even 25. Shane's had the world on his shoulders for a decade now. Or, all of Canada, at least.

"Yuna?" David breaths out, brow furrowing, "You're not actually upset with him are you?" She huffs. "He hasn't done anything wrong. Someone breached his privacy."

"I know! I know!" Yuna is pacing again, her hands surely flying out, "But Rozanov?! Seriously? He couldn't have found any other man to... to do this stuff with?!"

A chuckle slipped out and David can't say he didn't have the same thought, but then he thinks about the picture again. The soft smile on Shane's face, the upturn of his lips as he took the picture.

How long had it been since he'd seen a smile half as joyful on their son's face?

"You said there's years of photos right?" David asks, fingers drumming on the wheel when he's forced to stop at a traffic light.

Yuna confirms it. She takes a very slow breath, calming herself, before David points out the obvious.

"This isn't just some hook ups then," David says, staring up at the red light, "It's serious. Shane wouldn't take such a risk for just anyone."

"I know," Yuna whispers. She snuffles and her voice cracks, "Why wouldn't he tell us?" She's crying now, David can tell by the tremor in her words, "Did... Did he think we'd be angry? That I-"

She cuts herself off and David swallows around the pit of emotion lodging itself in his throat. His wife muffles a sob.

"They've been seeing each other since their rookie season," Yuna manages to explain, "Maybe before. That... the CCM ad, the summer before. One of the pictures is from that shoot so I think..."

He hears the unspoken question. The one she can't make herself ask.

Yuna had been at that shoot, coordinating with Rozanov's agent since Farah had been busy. The last minute change throwing all of them for a loop.

"I think..." David exhales as the light turns green, "The situation is complicated. We shouldn't jump to any conclusions."

With another controlled breath, Yuna agrees and David steps on the gas, speeding just a little. Just this once.

"I'll be home soon, and then we'll call him, alright? Once the game is over, we'll get to the bottom of this whole situation, together, as a family."

He has a sneaking suspicion that their family would soon include a rather obnoxious Russian hockey player, if it doesn't already. Russia's laws regarding homosexuality are quite famous after all, and their son could give Yuna a run for her money when it came to his plans. Overly practical, even to a fault sometimes.

David thinks it best not to mention that part to Yuna just yet. Not until he knows for sure. He asks her about the game instead, the score, anything to keep her distracted until he can park the car in their driveway.

"The Voyageurs won," Yuna announces when he comes through the door. She's pacing in front of the television still, frowning at the screen as the newscaster highlights the fierce battle between Shane and Rozanov for the puck in the last period.

She's dialing before David can say a word.

Chapter 3: Yuna

Chapter Summary

Yuna finding out!

Chapter Notes

I did not plan for this to be a chapter fic, but the response has been so excited so... Now we have 3 chapters. ^^"

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

The text from Farah remains unanswered as Yuna stares at her twitter feed. The posts just keep coming. New hashtags joining the old. She sees them all, but its not processing.

Not until a post by TMZ pops up.

TMZ @TMZ

Videos and photographs leaked by a user on reddit appear to document a previously unthinkable multiyear relationship between @shanehollanderhockeyplayer and @ilyarozanov81.

There's a video attached. A screenshare of a reddit thread with all the usernames blocked out. The top post has a link to a dropbox folder, with three images underneath.

As the video scrolls down, the images are seared into her brain. Yuna's hand rises to her lips as she gasps. Her stomach twists.

The first image shows Shane looking over his shoulder, glaring at the camera. He's wearing a black and gold hockey jersey with Rozanov on the back. It swamps him, hanging off one shoulder. The number 81 bright and bold. Mocking her.

The second image is, somehow, worse. Ilya Rozanov is laughing. His head thrown back against the headboard of some random hotel bed.

Yuna rolls her shoulders back, seeing the unbridled joy in his expression. All the cocky grins and smug smiles she's seen over the years pale in comparison now. His eyes bright as he looks at the camera.

At Shane, she realizes. He's smiling at Shane, sprawled out, a thin sheet over his lap. Later, she'll appreciate the sheet, but for now Yuna can only stare at his chest. The familiar 'C' on

his shoulder.

It's not his jersey. The Voyageurs' logo big and proud right there on the Russian's chest, more colorful than the Bears' black and gold, but it suits him.

She hates herself a little, just thinking it, but the bright blue compliments his skin tone, brings out the green in his eyes. Rozanov is handsome, objectively, and if he smiles at Shane like that... well, she can almost understand why her son might... fall for him?

Is her son *in love* with Ilya Rozanov?!

The finale preview image implies as much. Or, well, lust at least, if not love.

Yuna blanches at the photo of her son bent over a bathroom counter. She quickly focuses on the comments under the initial post instead. TMZ's screengrab scrolling slowly downward over the thread to show all the shock and outrage. Though there are several more positive comments too.

Hollanov Confirmed Bitches! Don't speak to me or my red string again, we'll be busy writing *canon compliant* hockey rp for the next week.

A smile twitches at her lips when the gif from Shane's first all-star games appears under that one. His smile big and bright after breaking the accuracy record. Smug even, as he so rarely let himself be.

The next reply includes a gif she assumes came from one the videos in the file and Yuna quickly squeezes her eyes shut.

"Jesus Christ!" Yuna swallows back a groan, stomach churning. There are some things a mother does *not* need to know.

It's easy enough, finding the link. The original post has been deleted, but the folder is still active. Still being shared far and wide. Copied too, she has no doubt.

Throat bobbing, her thumb hovers over the link. She shouldn't look. There is nothing in there Yuna actually wants to see.

Nothing *Shane* wants her to see.

Yuna clicks on the link despite her better judgement. She really doesn't want to do it. Her brain screams at her to just throw the whole damn phone away.

But she opens the folder anyway.

Her eyes widen as she scrolls through the dozens and dozens of images. Hundreds even, maybe.

Years and years of little moments her son had squirreled away. Moments he'd hidden from the league, from the world, from *her*.

She doesn't click on any of the videos, and not all of the images are explicit. Most aren't actually. Her thumb stops on one of those. Her brow furrowing as she stares at the two men on her screen.

It's an older photo. A little grainy. Shane looks so young in it. Twenty, maybe. He's pouting, brow slightly furrowed. Annoyed. If Yuna didn't know better she'd think this was one of her own photos. A quick snapshot to prove her perfect son could, occasionally, act his age.

The man he's cuddling with breaks the illusion though. Ilya Rozanov isn't looking at the camera, even though he's obviously taking the picture, his arm stretched high above them, angling it down. He's grinning though, the same smug smile she's seen on her screen a dozen times.

Apparently, getting Shane in his lap is an accomplishment on par with a hat trick.

They're clothed, mostly, or at least covered. Both shirtless, sweaty, faces flushed. The context more than obvious.

But they're both so... soft.

Nothing about the picture is sexual. Even with Shane in his lap, Ilya has one arm wrapped around her son, holding him close, fingers tangled in his dark hair.

David does that too. He brushes his fingers through her hair when they cuddle, whispering softly in her ear as they fall asleep together.

She sleeps better, whenever he does that, when they're together. Her mind less... loud, all her worries much more manageable with her husband at her side.

Lashes fluttering, Yuna thinks back. Her mental catalogue of all the games Shane has played. His stats falling into place.

He plays better, when he plays against Boston. When he plays against Rozanov.

Yuna's breath catches in her throat and her vision blurs. The photo on her screen still sharp in her head. Her son's expression.

He's happy, in this photo. Her son is *happy* because he's with Ilya *fucking* Rozanov.

"What the fuck is happening?" Yuna curses, and she finally throws the phone, chucking it at the couch. Her hands rise up. She brushes her fingers through her hair. Once, twice, then a third time, before snatching the phone back up.

Farah: Don't go online. Major leak. Trying to get it contained now. Tell Shane not to speak to anyone without me. Not press. Not management. Not even his coach.

Well, that makes her feel not at all better. Obviously, Farah hadn't known either.

Maybe no one did. Maybe... they'd hidden it from everyone. *Everyone*. Not just her.

Yuna starts to pace. A short line, back and forth, the carpet in their living room already well worn in this exact spot. She presses down on her speed dial before she's had a chance to think about what to say. It goes to voicemail.

"Shane, it's mom," she chokes out, taking a shuddering breath, "Farah said not to talk to anyone without her. Not even your coach. I'm sure she texted you, but I wanted to be sure."

Her throat bobs. The words sticking in her throat. She can't quite decipher what they are, her head swimming with all the possibilities. All the thoughts she knows she can't voice, not to Shane. Not on a damn voicemail.

"I... I don't know what's going on, but I want you to call me as soon as you get this." Yuna swallows, pausing to blink back more tears, "I don't know why you didn't tell me, but I love you, alright? That's not gonna change. Nothing can change that."

Her voice cracks and the voicemail beeps, cutting her off. She thinks about trying again, about calling to leave voicemail after voicemail, but then her phone starts ringing. Farah's name lighting up her screen.

Taking a slow breath, Yuna shakes herself. She rolls her shoulders back and clears her throat before answering.

"Where are we at with the media?" Yuna asks, voice hard and spine straight, "What can I do to help?"

Chapter End Notes

Definitely gonna do the wedding last, but I might do Ilya's perspective next? Or maybe an outside POV? Not sure. I've seen a lot of requests for the social media reaction in the comments, but I've never done a proper social media fic so... might do Farah dealing with it all instead. Not sure.

If you happen to be a social media style fic writer, please feel free to use this as inspo! I love reading that style of fic and I might actually die of excitement if someone does it.



Chapter 4: Ilya

Chapter Summary

Ilya POV!

Chapter Notes

This chapter *almost* doubles the word count for the entire fic.

What can I say? I get very into writing emotionally repressed mama's boys. In other news, pan spotted in kitchen. ^^

After a loss, the Bears are never quiet. The game against Montreal had been brutal too. Every goal a near bloodbath. They'd had no major injuries though so his team is ramped up, adrenaline still rushing as they pile into the locker room.

Someone turns on some music, the defensemen are chirping at one another, trading insults as they dissect the game.

If they were anywhere else, Ilya would be right there with them, mocking Marlow and Connors for slowing him down, teasing Hammersmith for missing his shot.

But they're in Montreal, so Ilya focuses on getting the fuck out of Centre Bell as quickly as possible.

"Gonna set a new record for a quick change there, Rozy!" Marlow snickers when Ilya strips off his jersey and pads.

He doesn't waste time responding, just flips off his friend and reaches for his phone.

If he's quick, he can shower before the media scrum that always follows their games against Montreal. A few short answers with lots of extra snark and LeClaire will be sending him off to claim his real prize.

Win or lose, playing in Centre Bell always gets his blood pumping. The boisterous crowd half rabid every time he scores a goal. Nearly feral when their own team manages their own. Just like their captain.

Hollander will be even more desperate, after a win. Smug too. Ilya loves it when he's smug, when Shane's high on his own success and nearly drunk with lust.

The blow job in his future will be utterly amazing. Hollander might even cum from it again, get off on sucking Ilya's dick.

He'll lose himself in it, like always, so focused on the pleasure he forgets to worry about all the boring things he obsesses on. Getting Hollander out of his own fucking head for five minutes is a monumental task.

One Ilya will relish. He loves watching it happen, watching Hollander's gaze focus with such intensity, consumed by his task. Especially when that task involves him.

Sex or hockey. Hollander only manages to ground himself in the moment fully when he's having sex or playing hockey.

And Ilya has a front row seat to both.

One touch. One kiss. A word. A command. He'll fuck every thought out of Hollander's head tonight, have him babbling, begging.

So hot. It's gonna be so hot, and all Ilya has to do is get the fuck out of Centre Bell and find out when Shane will be ready for him at the 'investment' property.

Ilya freezes when he unlocks his phone, finding far too many notifications. Their game hadn't even gone into overtime...

A curt message in Russian pops up on top. His agent, cutting ties. The Cyrillic text barely even two lines on his screen.

We're through. Never contact me again.

"What the fuck?" Ilya curses in English, head bowed low over his phone. He taps into his texts and pales.

The chat with his brother has dozens of messages waiting for him. His father is silent. Ilya swallows and clicks on the messages from Svetlana instead.

Sveta: Your relationship with 'Jane' is going viral.

Sveta: I am contacting lawyers. Don't cross the border.

He starts cursing in Russian then, thumb flicking over the screen as he pulls up his social media. Fingers pushing into his hair, Ilya lets his hand curl into a fist when he sees the first photo.

They're idiots. So fucking stupid. They'd filmed dozens of videos, and every damn one had their faces in it. Even the ones with just Shane sucking his cock, Ilya's voice is definitely recognizable.

"Rozy, you okay?" Marlow's voice cut through the panic flooding his mind.

Is this what Hollander feels like all the time?

His chest is suddenly very tight, lungs burning as he draws in a breath. Ilya blinks and realizes he's crying. He immediately scrubs a hand down his face.

It's too late though. His team has noticed. They've all gone quiet, just staring at him.

"What happened, cap?" It's Connors who steps forward, brow furrowing. Marlow snaps at one of the rookies and the music cuts out.

A shuddering breath echoes in the silence and it takes Ilya a moment to realize that it's him. He swallows back a sob.

Victor is the first to figure it out. He inhales sharply when he opens his own phone, still fully dressed. His eyes nearly bugging out of his head before his gaze rises back up to look at Ilya.

"You and Hollander have been fucking?"

Eyes squeezing shut, Ilya refuses to hang his head. He can't get the words out, the English refuses to come, so he just nods.

"Fuck, Rozy," Marlow cringes, scrolling through his feed with a furrowed brow, "How long has this been going on?"

"Years, before rookie season," he says it in Russian, then shakes his head, repeating himself, slowly, in English, "Years. Long time."

Connors groans and he hears several more of his teammates cursing. With a huff, Connors drags his jersey over his head and drops onto the bench.

"Dude, you just cost me 500 dollars!" Carmichael calls out, throwing his pads onto the floor with a huff. Ilya flinches, and then his lashes flutter as he watches his teammates start chirping at one another again. Most insults, but none aimed at him.

"Breathe, Rozanov," Marlow reaches out to him, squeezing his shoulder, "You're all good here." His gaze flicks down to Ilya's phone, "Having a girl in Montreal named 'Jane' wasn't exactly subtle."

A quirk of his head, a raised eyebrow. Marlow grins at him and Ilya lets out a shaking breath, almost laughing, "You knew then?"

"Competing theories," Marlow shrugs and gestures back at their team with a sharp thumb, "A few wagers might have been placed on the matter." Ilya almost smiles.

The panic starts to ebb away. His team doesn't care. Svetlana is finding a lawyer. It will all be fine. Better maybe even, eventually, if he doesn't have to hide.

He's been in the US for over 6 years. He has money, made the NHL millions too.

A good lawyer and a lot of money will be more than enough to keep him safe, keep him in the States and out of Russia. Probably.

"Anyone gives you or Hollander any problems, you just let me know, I'll take care of the bodies." Marlow winks at him, squeezing at his shoulder again.

His phone drops to the tile floor at his feet then and Ilya springs forward, cursing in both Russian and English. He rushes out of the visitor locker room and heads for the one on the opposite side of the rink.

The Voyageurs may not be so unbothered as the Bears, and Hollander can have a panic attack over the littlest things.

Something like this...

He runs, bursting into the locker room without knocking. Chest heaving, muscles aching from his impromptu sprint, Ilya takes stock quickly.

The Voyageurs startle at his sudden appearance, several jump. One of the defensemen steps forward, Boiziau. Ilya shoots him a glare.

Crouching on the floor across the room, Shane is staring up at him, eyes bright and brimming with tears.

Ilya steps quickly, crossing the room in a few long strides. He drops down, already reaching for Shane, cradling his tear-streaked face in his hands.

"I'm sorry!" Shane gasps out, head shaking, "This is my fault, I'm an idiot." He squeezes his eyes shut and Ilya frowns as the tears continue to stream down his face. "I-"

"Oh? You upload them?" Ilya cuts him off, words sharper than he means them to be. Hard. Sarcastic.

He wants to be softer, gentle, but seeing Shane like this... his tears... The anger burns through him, hot and insistent. He wants nothing more than to throttle someone, preferably whoever stole the photos, whoever is responsible for making Shane cry.

Grip tight, Ilya forces Shane's head up and brushes the tears away. He resists the temptation to lean in, to kiss them away.

Now is not the time. Too many witnesses. Shane will only freak out more.

And, it may be too much. Even with the leak, they have not spoken about this. What they are. Only that it was a bad idea. A risk.

It was meant to be just sex. Simple. Uncomplicated. Even if they kept finding excuses to meet sooner, to linger longer.

Even if Ilya wanted more, it had not been possible. They'd never even spent a whole night together. Or slept together, euphemisms aside.

"No," Shane croaks, answering Ilya's stupid question. His head drops to Ilya's shoulder a moment later.

Cupping the back of Shane's neck in one hand, Ilya combs his fingers through dark locks with the other. He takes a slow breath and lets his lips brush over Shane's temple. Almost a kiss.

"You did nothing wrong," Ilya whispers, voice firm. His gaze flicks around the room as he offers his paltry comfort.

The Voyageurs are all silent and still, watching them with wide eyes. Their shock more than obvious, their confusion too. Not at all a surprise, unfortunately.

It's Pike who recovers first. Or, he closes his gaping mouth at least, when Ilya runs a hand down Shane's back.

"We are fine," Ilya reminds himself, as much as Shane, "Will be fine." He shrugs, as his hand rises back to Shane's face, knuckles grazing over his cheek.

He wants to kiss him, to pepper pretty freckles with affection and smother the fear in Shane's eyes with his love.

Love. Yes. It settles in his chest. The truth.

"Hiding was getting old anyway," Ilya chuckles, nosing at Shane's hair, inhaling his scent as he breaths, "Boring."

He loves boring, apparently. His gut twisting with a familiar longing he has always denied himself.

There is no reason to deny it now.

"I cannot be boring," Ilya says, "Is your thing." That earns him a laugh. A watery chuckle. His heart sings at the sound.

Fuck. How long has he been in love with Shane fucking Hollander?!

"I'm not boring," Shane insists, sniffing when Ilya snorts. "Shut up." A smile is twitching at Shane's cheeks. His breathing more even now. Almost steady. "You're such an asshole."

"Yes, but you like it," Ilya teases him, grinning when Shane manages to pull his head up. "And now, you cannot deny. Too much proof."

It takes a moment, a whole heartbeat at least, for Shane to finally nod, to agree.

Letting out a breath, Ilya laces his fingers back through Shane's hair. He smiles when Shane leans into his touch. Their eyes meet, heads falling forward. Together.

The temptation to kiss Shane grows only stronger, with those dark eyes trained on his face. Deep pools, shimmering with tears, reflecting the light as they drag Ilya into their depths.

His heart pounds in his chest. He can hear nothing else, can see nothing but Shane. His soft eyes and his pretty freckles. The flush of red on his pale face.

Shane's gaze drops to his chest and he takes deep breaths. Ilya counts in his head, keeping his own breaths slow and measured, as Shane begins to match them.

A peace settles over him. Familiar and warm. The same glow he associates with sex, with the moments after release when he remains tangled with Shane, floating in the ecstasy of their frantic fucking.

Like clockwork, Shane ruins it. His head snapping up, eyes wide, "Oh fuck. you can't go back to Russia now, can you?"

Ilya freezes. His own eyes wide as Shane jumps into action, grabbing for his phone. With a grimace, Ilya rises to his feet.

He leans against Shane's cubby, trying to parse the English as Shane begins to ramble, too fast for him to catch every word. Something about courts and his game schedule.

Hopefully, whatever lawyer Svetlana is finding for him will have things sorted so he can go back to Boston without worrying about his passport being flagged.

"If we go first thing in the morning, we should have enough time for you to get back before warm ups."

"Enough time for what?" Ilya asks, cutting off the ramble and nudging at Shane's chin. He needs him to talk slower, to focus on him rather than his phone.

Shane blinks and holds up his phone, "For us to get married."

The whole world seems to stop for a moment. The very air in his lungs freezing as Ilya reads the blocky letters on the screen. Shane's words bleeding together again for a new reason.

Half the page, including the title, are in French. Most of the words too small for him to make out.

But 'Getting Married' and 'Mariage License Application' stick out. Practically glowing.

Just like Shane. The color returning to his face as he continues to ramble. He gestures vaguely, brow furrowing in concentration as he looks back down at his phone.

Ilya could not give less of a fuck about what he's actually saying. The meaning is clear.

Shane Hollander wants to marry him.

A smile spreads across his face, so wide his cheeks actually hurt after a moment.

It is not the words - and Ilya does not think he can say them right now either. Shane may not even realize it. Always so imperceptive about himself.

But Shane loves him. Shane Hollander wants to marry him, wants to protect him.

He is not stupid. He knows there are other paths to citizenship. Easier ones.

Still, this is the one Shane's panic jumped to, the one he offers without question. Ilya bites back a laugh when Shane's brain finally catches up with his mouth. His cheeks flush a bright red and Ilya smiles even wider.

Pike's voice cuts in then, groaning, "Dude, that was the worst proposal ever." Ilya chuckles when Shane glares at his friend. He hears Pike laugh too, nervous and short, "You didn't even ask!"

"Yes, is true, very unromantic," Ilya hums and Shane's gaze snaps back to him. He preens under his attention. His focus.

Those dark eyes swirling with so much emotion, but Shane doesn't back down. He doesn't take it back. He just swallows, and waits.

Ilya smirks, unable to drag this out, not even for a moment, "Very disappointing, Hollander, what will we tell the children?"

The relief is plain to see on his face. Every inch of his expression softening. Relaxing. Shane groans though, head dropping forward as Ilya clutches at his chest.

"You have ruined our fairytale romance with your boring proposal!"

It is dramatic, and silly, but it earns him a smile. Shane shoves at his shoulder and snorts, "Our 'fairytale' started with you chirping while smoking next to a no smoking sign. No one is writing that romance novel, asshole."

"Lies!" Ilya shoves him back, his touch lingering on Shane's shoulder, "I did nothing. You started it, being all proper and naggy, interrupting my smoke break with your long sentences."

The memory warms him from the inside. His heart racing in his chest as he thinks of how earnestly Shane had approached him. Awkward and shy.

But brave, always brave, always pushing himself out of his comfort zone, for Ilya.

He can't help himself this time and Ilya reaches for him, drawing Shane into a hard kiss. His hands cup Shane's face as he licks inside, devouring him, as he is now entitled.

Shane responds in kind. Their mouths locked in a short battle, breathing as one, hungry and desperate for more.

It is familiar, the same as every other kiss they've shared, but also entirely different. New. Shane clings to him, despite the audience, arching into Ilya, slotting their bodies together.

The temptation to pin him against a wall is almost too much to resist. Shane's cubby is right there and when he moans, Ilya wants nothing more than to shove him back, lift him up. Shane would yelp, or grunt, but his legs would almost certainly wrap around Ilya's waist, ankles crossing to lock him into place.

Fuck. He cannot do this. Not here. He won't be able to stop if he starts it, and Shane would be embarrassed. Eventually.

"Send me a list," Ilya croaks, ripping himself away. He steps back as Shane stumbles into his cubby.

Glossy eyes only blink. Shane pants, grabbing for the edge of his locker to hold himself steady. Ilya looks pointedly at the phone now abandoned on the bench and Shane just furrows his brow.

Drunk on their kiss. His kiss. Just one.

Ilya bites his bottom lip and forces himself to take another step back. "Papers," Ilya clears his throat, gesturing vaguely, "What I need to bring."

Finally, it dawns on him. A bright smile splits Shane's face. Wider than any he's ever seen and Ilya trips.

So beautiful. So fucking beautiful.

He nearly collides with the doorway when he finally reaches it. His gaze flickers over the locker room, over Shane's team.

There's no one chirping, or settling wagers. Far too many glares aimed at the floor, a few men muttering together. Whether its just shock or actual disgust makes no difference. Not to Ilya.

"Oh," Ilya looks back to Shane, head quirking to the side as he makes pointed eye contact, "And Marly will help me with bodies, if anyone hurts you. Send that list too, hmm? We finish before wedding."

"No one's going to hurt me," Shane assures him. His expression still soft, open.

Ilya just hums and does another quick scan of the room. He lets his gaze linger on a few faces, making sure his point is clear.

If they touch him, he will kill them. Perhaps literally. Ilya is known more for his verbal take downs, but he can fight, do damage. His thoughts must show on his face because several of the Voyageurs pale under his close attention.

With a click of his tongue, he leaves them though. Leaves Shane. His return to the Bears is heralded by numerous wolf whistles and several wiggling eyebrows.

"How's *Jane*?" Marlow drawls. He flicks a finger at the little bruises blooming on Ilya's shoulder, snickering when Ilya blinks down at the marks.

He hadn't noticed how tightly Shane had been holding on to him. A smile breaks across his face at the thought.

"Good," Ilya shrugs, doing his level best to stay cool as he swaggers through the locker room to his cubby, "We're getting married now. Very exciting."

A few of his teammates actually choke and Ilya can't help but laugh. He's nearly bouncing on the balls of his feet.

When he reaches for his phone, the notifications are still waiting for him. A new message from Svetlana with a short list of lawyers she's vetted. He will look at them later, after.

Ilya: He asked me to marry him.

Sveta: And? You say?

Ilya: I say yes. Obviously.

Sveta: Good. Perhaps you stop pining over him now.

Ilya glares at his phone. He has not been pining. Svetlana continues before he can rebuke her.

Sveta: Talk to lawyer first.

Sveta: First one is Canadian, but firm has offices in Boston too. Will make it easier.

His heart swells and he smiles, thanking her swiftly. He wonders, vaguely, if he could convince her to fly in before the wedding.

The list from Shane says they need witnesses. Svetlana is the closest he has to real family. Especially now.

He hasn't looked at the messages from his brother yet. A nudge at his arm stops him before he can click on them now. Marlow leans against the cubby beside him, eyebrow arching.

"Were you serious?" he asks, voice quiet, "About getting married?" Marlow spares a quick look for their teammates. Most of them now in various states of undress. Some have showered.

The music is playing again. Ilya's revelation merely a blip on his team's radar as they prepare for a night out in Montreal. Not at all world shattering, or even altering, as it had apparently been for the Voyageurs.

"Were you?" Ilya whispers. He looks into Marlow's eyes, matching his furrowed brow with one of his own, "Do you... do you really not care? About me and Hollander?"

"No," Marlow says it slowly, words firm. His lips as he glances back at their team. "I'm sure some will have some opinions, if its serious, but..." He pins Ilya with his gaze, "I've seen the way you smile when you get a text from him, Rozy, we all have."

His throat bobs and Ilya blinks back his tears, ducking his head to hide his sniffing. He laughs, softly, before he finally answers, "Yes. I am serious, about him, about marriage." Eyes rising, Ilya watches his friend through his lashes, "I love him."

With a snort, Marlow rolls his eyes, "No shit." He pushes off from his cubby, "What else would make a Russian blush, huh?"

Ilya shoves him, denying it even as his face heats up, cheeks flushing with color. He curses at Marlow in Russian before finally ducking into the showers.

It is a new record for him, his quick change, but he does not give Marlow the satisfaction of knowing he was right. Already the man is too smug. He organizes an escort for him through the stadium before Ilya can stop him.

The support from his team has him itching for a cigarette. His nerves buzzing beneath his skin all the way into the private parking garage. Ilya leans against Shane's car and waits.

By the time Shane arrives, with Pike and Boiziau in tow, he's on his third cigarette. Shane visibly brightens when their eyes meet and Ilya can actually feel the tension in his shoulders falling away.

His teammates must notice as well, because Marlow's eyes narrow on Shane, looking him up and down, as if noticing him for the first time.

"Oi! Stop that!" Ilya snaps at him, only half joking, "I have dibs!" He puts out his cigarette and pretends to flick it at Marlow. Chin high, he shakes himself a bit, "You know I do not like to share."

Marlow rolls his eyes and their other teammates snicker. Connors elbows St Simone, whispering something in his ear before the two descend into proper cackling. Ilya tunes them out in favor of trying to parse whatever conversation is happening between Boiziau and Shane.

Stupid French. Shane blushes and smiles at him though, so Ilya assumes it is a good conversation. Even if Boiziau is definitely cursing. A lot.

"You better not be fucking with my captain, Rozanov, or I'll fuck you up, got it?" Boiziau rounds on him and Ilya has to stop himself from doubling over, from laughing at the man outright.

He doesn't bite the stupid finger wagging in his face either, because he is a man of restraint. And Shane is still smiling at him.

A soft smile too. His eyes brighter than ever, and focused entirely on Ilya

"I have, very clearly, been fucking him for longer than you've even known him," Ilya decides to tease the defenseman instead, arms gesturing wide as he mocks, "Did you not see the news?"

His teammates laugh, and Shane ducks his head, smile growing wider. Ilya tries not to preen too much.

"You have horrible taste in men," Boiziau deadpans, turning his glare from Ilya to Shane, "You better not take his last name, Hollander, I'll never fucking forgive you."

His words hang in the area, in English, thankfully, and Ilya thinks his heart might actually beat right out of his chest.

Shane *could* take his name. Or Ilya his. That's how marriage works here, he knows that. Ilya had not considered it before, had not thought about what it would be like, for them to share a

name.

It is a very nice thought. Ilya turns it over and over in his head as he drives Shane's car away from the stadium.

He cannot help but think of every time he's seen Shane in his jersey. Rozanov plastered across his back in big, bright letters as Ilya fucked him. Thoroughly

The experience of having his name on Shane... he would like to repeat that.

Perhaps they could hyphenate? That is very common in the States. Canada too, Ilya is fairly positive.

Rozanov-Hollander? Hollander-Rozanov? Is it better to be alphabetical? Does it matter?

Both are good though. Ilya likes them. His fingers flex around the steering wheel. The question is almost out of his mouth when Shane's phone starts ringing. Loudly.

A quick glance and Ilya understands why the call cut through the Do Not Disturb setting they'd both switched on.

Ilya takes a hand off the steering wheel to squeeze at Shane's thigh. Just once, but his hand lingers, resting there as Shane clears his throat.

"Hey, mom," he answers and Shane actually laughs, voice going far too high as he tries to to joke, "What's up?"

With a snort, Ilya turns his head, eyebrow arching. Shane squeezes his own eyes shut. His mother is quiet on the other side, when Shane pushes forward.

"Did you happen to pack something you could wear to a wedding by chance?"

They are there, when Ilya pulls up to Shane's house. His apartment. His *actual* apartment, with his parents waiting in the living room.

It is awkward, and Ilya does not help, too busy cataloguing all the little details of Shane's private home to follow the hissed English. He listens with just one ear as he wanders through the main area.

Given the very bland and impersonal decorations, Ilya is certain Shane hired a designer for this place, same as he had the investment property. Maybe even the same one.

"I'm sorry," Yuna Hollander cries when she drags Shane into a tight hug, "I'm sorry I made you feel like you couldn't tell me."

Ilya stops. He stares as the Hollanders converge in a tight embrace. Shane fully enveloped by his parents, their love.

His father is openly crying. One hand cupping the back of Shane's head as he kisses the crown of dark hair, "I'm sorry you didn't get to tell us yourself." David Hollander holds his

son as if he is the most precious thing in the world. "It should've been your decision. Your choice."

Vision blurring, Ilya turns, looking pointedly away. He fiddles with his phone and makes himself scarce. The kitchen is open to the living room, but it is far enough to give them privacy. To let them have their moment.

It gives Ilya privacy too, as he finally looks at the texts from his brother. His father still hasn't said anything. No calls. No texts.

Alexey's insults are not new, nor is his anger. He calls Ilya stupid, like always, and useless. It is no different than usual. Not really. Ilya takes a breath.

His family will not embrace him as the Hollanders do Shane. Ilya already knows that before he texts his brother.

Ilya: Has papa seen it?

The response is nearly instant. Far too quick, considering the time difference.

Alexey: No.

Alexey: He has lost his phone.

Alexey: It is better if he does not find it until this has blown over.

Eyes squeezing shut, Ilya ignores the tears. He ignores the obvious too. What his brother doesn't say. What he did.

Thumbs hovering over the keyboard, Ilya hesitates. He bites at his bottom lip and steals a quick peek at the Hollanders. The wet smiles and quiet laughs as they start to untangle themselves.

It won't blow over. The pictures, the videos. There are too many to hide and they have spread too far.

His brother knows this. Alexey knows exactly what will happen to him too. Better than Ilya. He'd followed their father into the police while Ilya focused on hockey. On getting out.

Alexey will never leave Russia, and now Ilya cannot return.

Ilya: I'm going to marry him.

Yet again, the response is far quicker than it should be. But, Ilya is more surprised there is a response at all.

Alexey: Do not come home, Ilyushka.

He wants to scream. Ilya wants to throw his phone and break things. Trembling, he shoves his phone into his back pocket instead, dragging one hand over his face.

"Ilya?" Shane says his name so softly and Ilya shivers. He looks up to find Shane standing in front of him, frowning, "Did something else happen?"

"Nyet," Ilya waves it away with his hand. He shakes his head and shrugs, "More of same. Is nothing." Shane squints at him.

A hand reaches up to cup his cheek and Ilya inhales sharply. Shane is holding him then. One arm wrapped around his waist as the other cradles his head. Ilya cries into Shane's shoulder, muffling himself in the fabric of his shirt.

"Tell me," Shane whispers in his ear, "Say it in Russia if you want, I won't understand, but maybe it will help." He squeezes Ilya closer, "Tell me, Ilya, I'm here."

It spills out of him. His anger, his frustration. He says it all in Russian, half rambling like Shane does sometimes.

"I hated going home, I hate them," Ilya chokes out, "But now its gone. I cannot even say goodbye. I will never be able to see them, to tell them to their face what I really think, to tell them who I am."

He feels like a child, a babbling infant weeping for no reason. Shane peppers his face with kisses even so. His words still soft, but also firm, solid, like him.

That is all he needs. Shane is all he needs. They'll get married tomorrow. Maybe take each other's names. Shane will be his family now. The only family he needs.

A throat clears and Ilya gasps, drawing away from Shane as he remembers their audience. His parents waiting in the living room. Shane shoots his mother a sharp look and she grimaces.

"Sorry," Yuna approaches them slowly. A tight smile on her face as she holds up her phone, "But Farah needs guidelines and you two need a plan. Now."

Ilya clears his throat and arches a brow, "Plan is simple, yes? We marry, we play hockey, eventually someone more famous will be hacked and we move on."

Yuna's eyes widen and her gaze snaps to Shane, "Wait, were you serious about marrying Rozanov?" Shane sighs, already pinching the bridge of his nose. "Rozanov?!"

"Ilya," Ilya corrects her, already adopting his best smirk, "We have not discussed whether I will keep last name yet, and if we are all Hollander, will be confusing."

Her jaw drops, and Shane groans, head falling to Ilya's shoulder repeatedly. Shane's father laughs though. David. He chuckles, and Ilya cannot help but preen.

"Ilya it is then."

Chapter 5: Farah

Chapter Summary

Farah POV

Chapter Notes

Not so long as the last chapter! Next chapter will be the wedding! 🎉🔥

When Shane Hollander signed on as her first major client, Farah thought her job would be fairly straightforward, easy - negotiate brand deals and various contracts, rein in his mother's meddling, needle him to post more on social media. She'd been fresh off of a deadend internship at a large agency and more than excited to prove herself by representing an up and coming hockey star with a spotless reputation. A proper Canadian stereotype in an even prettier package.

For once, her own background had, very clearly, been a point in her favorite. Yuna Hollander wanted an agent who could look out for her son from all angles and Farah did her best to deliver, to shield Shane as much as she could from all the racist and homophobic bullshit people peddled beneath their attempts at diversity campaigns.

She's not blind. Shane hid his interest in men damn well, but she'd seen the way he watched Rozanov's tapes. His sharp focus and bobbing throat.

Before today, Farah thought it was adorable. A crush on his rival which obviously fueled him to play even harder whenever he faced Boston. She kept an eye on Rozanov's career, angling for a few competitive ad slots to play up their rivalry, boost both of their sales.

Farah knows she's good at her job. Shane has more brand recognition than any other hockey player in the league and his contracts reflect that. His earnings too. *His reputation.*

A reputation that is, unfortunately, about to take a hit for no good fucking reason!

Fuck! She should have seen this coming. A crush?! Ha! As if Shane Hollander could do anything by half.

"We're gonna get married," Shane announces, barely waiting to finish introducing Rozanov before launching into his plan, "We can get the license tomorrow, and sign it before he heads back to Boston. Start the citizenship stuff too. Just in case."

Just in case what?! In case fucking Russia tries to pull his passport? Block his visa? Rozanov is one of the most famous Russian athletes, especially right now, they're not gonna do shit while all the attention is on him. He plays hockey in *Massachussets* for fucks sake!

But Shane says it all with a straight face. A smile even. A small, nervous smile. His fingers tangled up with Rozanov's as they sit on the couch together.

Farah did not know Rozanov could smile like that. His lips turned up and his eyes glazed over. A dopey, love-sick puppy staring at Shane like he hung the stars.

After seeing far, *far* too much of both men recently, Farah may finally be in shock. She blinks slowly.

For the first time in her career, she has no idea what to say.

Yuna pops in though, saving her, giving Farah time to collect herself after this latest bombshell. She's stiff, fidgeting on the couch beside Shane as she asks, "Should we loop in your agent as well, Roza- Ilya?"

Coffee. Farah needs coffee. It's only been like... six hours, it's already past 10p. The chances of her sleeping in the next twelve hours is slim to none.

"Ah, no," Rozanov clicks his tongue, "He cut ties with me immediately, when he found out." Farah blinks again. Slower.

"What?!" Yuna straightens in her seat. Even through the grainy laptop camera, her anger is palpable. Her expression twisting.

Rozanov just shrugs, "Is understandable. He is Russian. Many ties to Moscow." His face is blank now and Farah is suddenly nauseous. "His job for the last 8 years has been to promote me," Rozanov says, jaw clicking, "Promoting homosexuality is illegal, so promoting me is too."

None. Her chances of sleep in the next twelve hours are none. Yuna's nostrils flare and even David is scowling.

A few well-placed sources on twitter and the Rozanov stans could run the asshole out of every non-Russian market in a day or two. Maybe less, if Farah picks the right time.

Her social media team has timelines for all sorts of things. At least one will be applicable, probably.

"He's been your agent since you were 16 and he drops you *now*?" Yuna actually shrieks and Farah nods along. It's probably a good thing this Russian asshole is on the other side of the Atlantic right now.

Rozanov's careful constructed mask breaks. His confusion leaking out, lashes fluttering as he stammers, "It is... self-preservation. He did not know I am bisexual, now he does, he cannot defend himself if he continues to represent me."

It's entirely reasonable, of course, and Rozanov shrugs again. His eyes wide even as he tries to project disinterest. But he must feel hurt, abandoned.

Farah takes a breath and leans back in her seat. She needs to focus the meeting, lead it, "Well, if the two of you are actually serious about this relationship-" Two sharp looks level on her through the camera and Farah smiles, "-we can figure out the details later, but I'll do my best to represent both of your best interests in this situation going forward."

Shane perks up and Rozanov - Ilya, she should probably call him Ilya if he's going to be her client now - he's smiling again. A shy, almost imperceptible twitch of his lips when he nods.

"Alright," Farah sighs and reaches for her list. The legal team had sent her more than a few 'requests' for clarifications. "Let's talk about the legal side of things first."

The takedown requests are fairly straight forward. If they can find the source of the leak, of the hack, they'll be in a good position to sue for damages or press charges. Possibly both.

"So, this was a shared folder?" Farah checks, brow furrowing, "Was it on a drive? You said no cloud connection right?"

"Nyet," Ilya snorts, head shaking, "We have separate folders, on phones." Shane nods along, nearly as red as a tomato when Ilya tacks on, "This was Shane's though. Mine has... more things."

Cringing, Farah already regrets asking, "Things?" Ilya's gaze flicks towards the Hollanders. David hands Yuna a second drink and she quickly downs it.

"We send to each other," Ilya avoids looking at the screen, "I save." He chews at his bottom lip, "No voice messages in the leak, so cannot be my folder."

Shane chokes, "You *saved* those?" His eyes are wide and his face has gotten even redder. In the next moment, he's lunging for Ilya's phone, tackling the other man across the couch.

In a whirlwind of Russian cursing and hissed whispering, Shane manages to take Ilya's phone. He's scowling at the screen as Ilya pouts beside him.

"No, Hollander~" Ilya tugs on Shane's arm, dropping his head to Shane's shoulder, "I love hearing you like that, is sexy."

Farah would very much like to throw something at them. She catches David refilling Yuna's glass again and longs for one herself.

Surely, enough alcohol would wipe her mind of all of... this.

Ilya nips at Shane's ear and steals his phone back. A soft hitch in Shane's breath betrays *exactly* what Ilya is whispering.

The microphone on the laptop doesn't pick it up and Farah raises her voice, dragging their attention back to her.

"You should move any further *personal* files to a device without access to the internet," Farah advises, emphasizing her words carefully as she glares at both men, "And no more texting them to each other."

It's not just Ilya pouting now, though Shane hides it better. They both agree.

Farah makes a note to talk with a digital security expert. She doubts they'll manage a week if she can't find another way for them to... *communicate* with each other.

She'll vomit later. With another sigh, Farah moves on to the next question, "I'm hoping this one is a moot point, but... were any of these pictures taken before either of you turned 18?"

Yuna blanches and David looks a little green, but Shane quickly shuts that down, "No. None of them."

"We were not involved like that until after the Draft," Ilya tells her, waving the concern away with a vague gesture. Yuna straightens again, her head whipping around, eyebrows arching high.

Oh. This has been going on a very long time. Farah jumps to the next point, cutting off Yuna's inevitable interrogation with her own.

They can deal with the timeline later, legal gave her more than enough to deal with and she's already seen the Hollanov conspiracy theories. Her money is on that damn CCM commercial... 2 days notice? Rozanov is *not* subtle.

By the end of the list, even Rozanov is blushing though. They've visited a lot of states and Americans love their very specific - and creepy as hell - laws related to sex.

She wants to blame the Russian - Ilya *is* a well documented playboy after all - but Farah has now seen enough (far too much) to know her proper little Canadian client is just as kinky as his... boyfriend? Fiance?

Thankfully, all the toy stuff happened in either Montreal or Boston, so the legal team can rest easy. Or... easier, at least.

"None of your brands can pull out because of this Shane," Farah assures him, already typing up an email to Ilya's last agent, "I've reviewed the contracts and sent reminders telling them all to offer no comment. We'll need to prepare a statement, preferably to release in the morning."

Farah sends the email, frowning at her screen as she pulls up her file on Rozanov. She's kept track of all of his brand deals over the years, yes, but she has no idea what the contracts say, or which ones are active.

"Are there any brands I should prioritize for you, Ilya?" Farah asks. He startles, then offers another shrug. Shane elbows him and a few more hissed whispers get her a proper list sent to her via text. A few forwarded emails quickly follow.

With that figured out, Farah realizes there is only one thing left. One topic they have to discuss. The first one Shane mentioned.

"So, about the wedding..." Farah ventures hesitantly. Ilya stiffens and Shane rolls his shoulders back. "I'm not an expert on immigration law, but I am certain marriage is not the only avenue open to Ilya for citizenship."

If he wants American citizenship, Farah is fairly positive he can get that quicker without a marriage. He's lived in Boston for six years and brought in a lot of revenue for the Bears.

"It could actually complicate things," Farah quirks her head, "You're public figures, if the courts think its a sham for citizenship, they might go after you for fraud."

"A sham?" Shane snorts, face twisting with anger, "The entire world is watching videos of us having sex." He glares down at the floor, "I'm tired of hiding. Everyone knows anyway, so we can be together now. For real."

The silence on the other end of the call is deafening. Ilya is staring at Shane with his jaw hanging open, a broad smile brightening his eyes, even through the camera.

"Yes, no more hiding," Ilya finally breaks the silence. He squeezes at Shane's hand and suddenly they're looking at each other.

"So, even if another path for citizenship is better, you two want to get married?" Farah asks, and she already knows the answer.

Its obvious, seeing them like this. The dopey grins. Their knees smashed together on the couch. Farah is quite certain they've entirely forgotten the rest of them in that moment, the entire world falling away as they stare at one another.

Ilya's throat bobs, his eyes wide as Shane purses his lips. They don't say anything. Just two little nods before their faces split into giant smiles. An entirely unspoken conversation.

Ilya ducks his head, laughing wetly. Shane is the one who answers her, "Yeah. Even if, we want to get married."

They're suddenly kissing then, Ilya shooting forward, cupping Shane's face in his hands.

Yuna actually jumps up, her face bright red. It's a heated kiss. Desperate. Intense. Shane wraps his arms around Ilya's head, dragging him closer as they lose themselves in it. David clears his throat, loudly, and they break apart.

They're smiling still, panting against each other's mouth. Farah pinches the bridge of her nose as they laugh, giggling together. Their heads fall forward. Eyes closed.

It's sweet. If also a little too much, with everything else Farah's already seen of them tonight.

"We'll want to talk to a lawyer asap then, figure out next steps," Farah clears her throat and pulls up a list of recommendations. She has no idea who might have experience working with Russian citizens, but they've all worked with the NHL before.

"Ah!" Ilya chirps, "Sveta sent me names!" He's scrambling for his phone one minute and Farah is blinking at her own the next. A short list of names written in English, something in Cyrillic written beneath each one.

She recognizes the top name from her own list. Her fingers are moving over the keyboard faster than she can think.

Vaguely, Farah can hear Ilya explaining who Sveta is. Svetlana. A childhood friend. Russian father, Trinidadian mother. She and her mother both have US citizenship now apparently.

The story is convoluted, and vague. Ilya seems to struggle with the English too.

Farah glances at the clock. It's almost midnight. Both Shane and Ilya played a high energy game earlier. Not to mention the emotional hoops they've probably been jumping through.

"We should pause for now," Farah announces, hitting send on the email to the lawyer. She flashes the Hollanders, and Ilya, a smile. "You all must be exhausted."

A grumbled response from Shane is quickly silenced by a sharp look from Ilya. David's lips twitch up at that.

The two of them are staring at each other again. Utterly besotted. In love, even if she hasn't actually heard them say it. They probably haven't even said it to each other yet.

"Do *not* get married until we know how it will impact Ilya's immigration status."

They both agree, but Farah has little hope either of them will actually listen. She can't even say she blames them. Not entirely.

She will definitely be charging them extra for all the late nights they're about to put her through though.

Chapter 6: Marlow

Chapter Summary

The wedding! From Marlow's POV!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Rozanov drives off with Hollander, Marlow has already put his grand plan into action. Carmichael and Hammersmith should be putting the fear of god into all of their teammates back in the locker room.

If anyone has a problem with Roz, they'll be keeping it to themselves. Marlow has no intention of waiting on god for the smiting either.

He'd made that very clear before Roz returned from his little jaunt to the Voyageurs' locker room too. Now he needs to do the same for Hollander's team.

"Pike, Boiziau," Marlow turns his attention to the two men standing a few steps away, "How'd your team take the news?"

"Fine, more or less," Boiziau shrugs. His posture is stiff though and his chin juts out, defensive as his eyes narrow. Whatever intimidation tactic the man wants to try is swiftly undercut by his teammate.

With a snort, Pike crosses his arms, "Less. Definitely less." Boiziau deflates. His head drops forwards with a groan when Pike drawls, "It's gonna be a fucking shit show once the shock wears off, and I don't even want to think about Theriault right now."

Marlow clicks his tongue. That sounds about right. Most of the league will be in the same boat. The Bears included, though the long standing bet and conspiracy theories about Montreal Girl have softened the blow for sure.

Roz didn't need to know that though. The asshole had enough bullshit to deal with.

"The wedding probably won't help either," Pike sighs, hands rising to scrub at his face. He drags them down and his expression twists into a grimace, "Fuck... that's just gonna make the story so much bigger isn't it?"

"If they wait long enough, it might die down," Vic offers, coming up behind Marlow with a frown. He leans forward to rest his arm on Marlow's shoulder. Connor comes up on his other side, flanking him.

They all clock the cringe. Pike fists both hands in his hair and laughs, hollow and humorless, "Yeah, no, Shane's game plan is more like... 36 hours?"

Exchanging a look with his teammates, Marlow realizes his plan may need some addendums. Like, a lot of them. Immediately.

Luckily, he has a lot of frequent flier miles and so does every other hockey player on the planet. Between the Bears and the Voyageurs, they have all the numbers they need, and a decent enough idea on who to bother calling.

He does end up adding a few more to his shit list than he'd like to admit, but Marlow will let the defensemen handle those homophobes on the ice later because he has too much to do. Luckily, Pike's wife kept the number for their wedding planner because Marlow is fairly positive this entire scheme would have crashed and burned without professional help.

At this rate *he'll* need professional help.

Twitter fucking explodes when someone posts a picture of Roz and Hollander at the damn court house. With one arm wrapped around Hollander's shoulder, Roz looks softer than he ever has before.

Marlow will mock him for it later, of course, but for now he has bigger fish to fry. Hockey players to wrangle.

"Alright, they got the license just before 8:30a, so Shane told me to meet them at 9a tomorrow," Pike announces to the collection of men gathered in his living room. His wife really is a saint...

He's glaring down at his phone while bouncing one of his kids in his arms. Marlow doesn't know which one and he doesn't care to find out when their timeline just shortened even more.

"You got his mom's number?" Marlow arches a brow, "We can loop her in on the plan." Pike nods, still frowning. "What?"

"Shane's just being dumb," Pike huffs, "He's trying to tell me I don't have to be there if I'm not comfortable with it." He grumbles a bit, cursing colorfully under his breath until his wife snaps at him about the swear jar.

Vic snorts from his spot lounging in an arm chair, "Hollander is pretty tightly wound on a good day right?" Pike purses his lips and Boiziau laughs, already nodding along. "Dude's probably spiraling if he even *glanced* at the internet right now."

Normally, Marlow would agree, but he claps his hands, "Let's focus on the big picture here." He looks up at Pike, "We just need to figure out how to get them here rather than the court house, yeah?"

"We could ask them to swing by here first?" Pike suggests, rocking his daughter slowly. She's conked out on his shoulder.

Marlow blinks, looking from the sleeping toddler to her twin coloring at the coffee table. He smirks and Pike's eyebrows shoot up.

"Why are you looking at my kids like that?"

"Well, every wedding needs a flower girl right?" Marlow arches a brow, turning his gaze back to Pike, arms wide, "And maybe they'll want Uncle Shane to approve their dresses before you leave?"

A grin stretches across Pike's face. He kisses the top of his daughter's head and starts texting. Marlow cheers when Pike confirms their agreement. Emphatically.

He's quickly shushed by Pike's wife. She glares at him and Marlow stuffs another twenty in the swear jar.

That should cover the next... hour, maybe.

For the next 12 hours, Marlow spends every second of his time coordinating airport pick ups and car rentals. LeClaire gives them all a free pass on morning practice, but the Bears will need to haul ass down to Boston to make their game that night regardless.

Something Pike immediately cackles about when Hammersmith mentions it. The Voyageur just grins, "That's what Shane said, when he 'asked' Rozanov to marry him."

The air quotes are concerning. Marlow will bug Roz about it later. It's 7a and he's bouncing on the balls of his feet and pacing a line in the Pikes' entry way.

Everything is going to plan. There's caterers setting up in the kitchen and a florist working overtime in the backyard. An officiant will arrive within the hour. The guests after that.

He's never thrown a surprise wedding before, but Marlow is fairly positive its going well, all things considered. Better than he expected even.

A ding from his phone announces the arrival of the final piece of the puzzle.

Marlow opens the door before Svetlana finishes climbing out of the cab. Her usually immaculately styled hair is hidden beneath a scarf and, for the first time ever, he can actually see dark circles under her eyes. She offers him a smile when he grabs her bag from the trunk though.

"Is there some place I could shower and prepare?" Svetlana asks as Marlow leads her into someone else's home. "Red Eye Flights do not agree with me."

"We set aside one of the guest rooms for you," Pike appears at the door, his arms full of a squalling toddler. He grimaces, "It's not sound proof, but it has an en suite."

Svetlana chuckles, "Is fine, I grew up with Rozanov, yes?" She coos at the little girl, "You are much cuter than him, malyshka." Pike's shoulders visibly sag when the kid giggles. Svetlana winks, "Do not tell him though. He will be jealous."

Finally, Marlow can breathe. He hovers in the living room, watching Pike's wife and the wedding planner direct the whole affair with military precision.

All the details won't matter much to Rozanov. The food, the flowers, the wedding arch. It's all a bonus. They were *planning* to get married at the court house for fucks sake.

But the growing number of competitors trickling in to Pike's backyard? Marlow'd bet all the money he won from his 'Hollander is Jane' wager Rozanov wouldn't see that coming in a million years.

Roz loves hockey. He loves their team. The man has never been shy with his affection - though it often comes with a significant amount of chirping. If the shoe were on the other foot, Marlow has no doubt Roz would be here for any one of them. Probably asking snarky questions to dispel the awkwardness.

This crowd has Boiziau for that. The defenseman pinballing through the crowd, apparently intent on surveying the crowd to find out if anyone had suspected.

Scott Hunter is noticably silent, taking a very long sip of his drink. It's 8:30 in the morning. Marlow already regrets the open bar.

He's pretty proud of the turnout though, especially given the short notice. When Roz and Hollander arrive, their jaws literally drop. The Pikes' backyard is filled to the brim.

"I can't let you get married in that boring suit, Ilyushka," Svetlana giggles, tugging Roz away. Marlow clocks the tears in his eyes. The smile.

"Now, remember, when you see him for the first time on the wedding night he might be shy," Marlow teases when he slips into the guest room.

Rolling his eyes, Roz chuckles. "I think we are long past the shy stage," he drawls as Svetlana adjusts his suit. She slaps his hand away when he tries to button up his shirt.

It suits him. The more relaxed look. His necklace on display. There's a lightness to him now and that suits him even better.

"You sure about marrying a Voyageur, cap?" Marlow grins at him, laughing when Roz aims a withering look his way.

"He was mine, before he was theirs," Roz admits. His chin rises up, pink rising on his cheeks to match, "This just makes it official."

Svetlana clicks her tongue, "And public." She pats at his cheek, almost mockingly, "You will be so cute, mooning over husband now, instead of pining from afar."

"I was not pining!" Roz squawks. With a snort, Marlow tips his hand back and forth, earning a glare from his friend.

For all his dramatics, Roz doesn't stop smiling, not for a second. His grin stupidly broad when he meets Hollander at the end of the aisle.

The vows are simple, and boring, but when Roz cups Hollander's face in his hands for the kiss, it's anything but. The crowd cheers as Roz drinks his fill of his husband. Hollander's hands fist in Roz's shirt.

A whistle cuts through the air, several whoops. The Pikes' swear jar will be full to the brim by the time breakfast is over. The twins won't have to worry about their college funds, that's for sure.

When they finally come up for air, Hollander stares at Roz with his own dopey grin. His gaze all soft, warm.

"I love you," Hollander whispers. Marlow only catches it because of how close he's standing. Roz murmurs something in Russian and Marlow trades a look with Pike over their shoulders when Roz kisses him again. Harder this time.

How these two assholes didn't get caught earlier is beyond him. They're not subtle. Or quiet.

In the front row, Hunter downs the last of his drink. He's more than a little tipsy when he sighs, "This time, when you two get a room, can you make sure it's not next to mine?"

Laughter cuts through the backyard. Head rising, Roz arches a brow. He opens his mouth and Marlow is positive the chirp will be utterly devastating, but Hollander yanks him back in for another kiss before a single word can leave his lips.

"Damn, capitaine, let him breathe would you?" Boiziau chirps and the crowd loses it. Roz and Hollander duck their heads together as everyone piles on, teasing them mercilessly.

Marlow savors it. He'll be smug about this later - his most excellent plan, perfectly executed! - but the bright laugh from Roz in that moment might just feel better than winning the cup.

Which the Bears will definitely manage again this season, if the way Roz skates that night is anything to go by. Apparently, getting outed can really motivate a guy.

Hollander's heated gaze as he cheers from the crowd promises more of the same. His eyes laser focused on Roz and the puck.

A shiver runs up Marlow's spine when the two men make eye contact after Roz scores his last goal. The asshole showboats, just a little, blowing his new husband a kiss.

"That officially puts me ahead in the scoring race!" Roz yells above the fans and Hollander's lips twitch.

With a snort, Marlow shakes his head. He has a sneaking suspicion their rivalry just turned up a few notches.

The playoffs will be fucking brutal this year! He grins, skating around Roz and making kissy faces until his captain shoves at his head. Marlow can't fucking wait!

Maybe some of the Voyageurs will be interested in a few wagers... He's gotta earn back some of that swear jar money now after all.

Chapter End Notes

Done! And now I shall return to my WIPs to see if I can't finish up that jersey one shot or focus on that omegaverse retelling. 🍀🍀 Wish me luck!

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