

HOLLANDER'S DICK #1 FAN

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77793006) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77793006>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , David Hollander , Yuna Hollander , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Boston Bears Boston Raiders Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Svetlana Vetrova , Anya
Additional Tags:	Crack Treated Seriously , Coming Out , only no one believes them , Shane's incresing desperation to convince them he's gay , sarcastic ilya rozanov , Autistic Shane Hollander , basically the internet thinks their coming out was a shit post , that's the fic , Oblivious Hayden Pike , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Sex , Crack , Post-Season/Series 01 , Fluff and Humor , insane anachronisms , reverse gay chicken , Social Media , Feels
Language:	English
Collections:	Social Media Fics , TDH Game Changers / Heated Rivalry , Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-16 Words: 9,575 Chapters: 1/1

HOLLANDER'S DICK #1 FAN

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane is finally ready to come out on his own terms in an emotional Instagram post about his relationship with Ilya...

The only problem is everyone thinks he was hacked.

To be fair, Ilya writing: *No is true, I'm gay for Hollander*, did not help.

Notes

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

As far as coming out goes, Shane knows that he's been the one with his foot on the brake while Ilya gently taps at the gas pedal with pleading looks and a loneliness he wears like a sweeping cloak. A doleful martyrdom he weaponizes when he is kept from accompanying Shane to events. (*I am world's best arm candy, it is waste not to show this off.*)

Part of Shane thought he would only come out when he was retired or dead— which he admits was about as melodramatic as it gets. He still isn't sure there is life after hockey, but he thought coming out might have been part of it.

Ilya finally persuades him after a prat fall on the ice and Shane realized that to keep their secret he would not be able to join Ilya at his side until the stitches were finished, the drugs out of his system, and he had made it home— maybe even waiting an extra hour to make sure any paparazzi were not loitering nearby. And it wasn't fair. He wanted to see Ilya on drugs, bleary and affectionate. He wanted to wash the crusted blood from his hair, watch the nurses to see how to wrap bandages in a perfect, compression crown. He wanted to organize the notes from the doctor, not pore over them after a rushed, life-affirming hand job, and learn after the fact that Shane was not at all supposed to jerk off his healing boyfriend for the next 24 hours.

(*Medical things, they are only guidelines*, Ilya says, kissing Shane's shoulder and wincing from the strain of stretching. *Not life and death yet.*)

The final nail in the coffin is Ilya reminding him that coming out themselves is their one and only chance to do it on their terms.

Their terms.

Their terms.

Shane is not immune to the lure of control in his personal life.

He has a long talk with his mother, who somehow both rubs his back comfortingly and pitches PR advice at the same time.

Shane talks about it with his dad, just to keep him in the loop, and earns a thumbs up and a tearful smile. A murmur about being proud of the man he's becoming and Shane has to look at his feet for a little while. It's good.

The Post, as Shane considers it, is not too over the top. He doesn't want a huge brick post over-explaining, but he does want to show his love and his commitment. (*Our love, our commitment*, Ilya corrects, then squints at a picture of the two of them holding hands by the lake. *Barefoot on the beach? A little gay, no?* To which Shane replies, *Kind of the point*. Ilya could only butcher the word *touché* in return.)

Ilya argues for a picture of them with Anya, both scratching her reddish, amber fur, but Shane shoots it down as being too unclear. Ilya suggests one from the filthy phone vault where they

have both their cocks out and Shane summarily tunes him out—he should have stopped listening after *our love, our commitment*, cause that is when Ilya peaked with this.

They agree (rather, Ilya agrees) to Shane's photo selection and they tease out the language, which Shane mostly edits with his mother, Ilya gleefully having called all of it *gay* one too many times. *Is compliment!* he argued.

When Ilya reads over the final post, his smirk softens, and his arm curls around Shane. They sit on the couch in Ilya's apartment in Boston, Anya trying to eat her paw and an old documentary on Soviet hockey playing in the background.

"Now we post it, yes?" Ilya says, reaching for Shane's phone.

Shane feels a little dizzy at the idea, moves his phone away anxiously.

"No, we should wait for tomorrow so Farah can be awake to man the desk." Farah honestly suggested releasing the news herself, as his agent. It would be formal and distant, but Shane felt he owed it to his fans and his teammates to risk the intimacy of doing it on main.

Shane goes on to say, "Besides, I don't know, we might change the last part one more time. I think using an ellipses is a little... I don't know. Maybe an em-dash."

"M Dash?"

Shane shows the difference on his phone. Ilya's eyebrows come higher.

"It is punctuation?!" he says, outraged. "I thought you were most boring already. Every day, you find more boring ways to bore me."

"Fuck off, I just want to make sure we come across perfectly—"

"The post is perfect. You are perfect." Ilya tilts his chin, kisses Shane on the cheek, then his lips. He's distracted enough that he doesn't notice Ilya has taken his phone for a moment.

"Ilya."

"Shane," Ilya mimics. "Come on. Let me press the button. You won't sleep if we wait. Farah is your agent. She can handle it and I can fuck you to sleep. No stress sleep. Just sex dreams."

Shane chews his lips. The draft has been sitting in his files for almost three weeks now while his mom, Farah and himself laboured over the picture and every letter. It's strange to be releasing it, to be releasing himself for everyone to see.

He's almost glad Ilya has taken it out of his hands, it's easier to nod when he takes Ilya's free hand and can kiss the warm, dry palm. Reminds him why he wants to do this insane thing so badly. He's not just releasing himself; he's releasing the truth of how much he loves the man sitting next to him. Baffling and insane as he is.

"I love you," Shane murmurs.

“Love you more,” Ilya replies, dipping to peck his lips.

“It’s not a competition,” Shane replies, kissing him a little harder.

“Have you met Shane Hollander?” Ilya asks, grinning and pulling back to look at the phone.
“Everything is competition.”

Shane nods, and then covers his eyes, peeking through the gaps to see Ilya hit the post button. The move is too dramatic and he misses, has to do it twice and Shane laughs, feeling breathless when the banner flashes green for a new post successfully made.

“Oh my god,” Shane says. “I can’t believe we just went public.”

Ilya drops the phone, rolling over onto Shane in a quick, practiced move.

“Now I call you boring in public.”

“You already do that,” Shane reminds him.

“And pretty.”

“That too, asshole.”

“And mine. My lover.”

Shane fakes a gag at the word, laughs, cannot help himself. Bucks up against Ilya like jockeying a horse to make him move a little faster, sweeter, deeper—

Even as Ilya starts kissing down his neck, Shane’s head tilts, and he wonders if anyone has replied to the post yet. His hand wanders to dig in the cushion—

Ilya stands, hefting Shane up in a quick, dizzying move.

“No. We fuck tonight, remember? Phone can wait.”

“I won’t be able to sleep,” Shane tries. Ilya’s eyes glitter, like he has been issued a challenge. Yeah, *Shane* is the competitive one in the relationship. Sure.

And as Ilya grunts and fucks into him, whispering about being Shane's, being his lover, loving Shane— well, Shane is beginning to come around to the word 'lover' against his will.

He sleeps almost instantly after.

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In the morning, Shane wakes on the pillow. Doesn’t remember for a few moments, then feels himself flush at the realization that the whole world knows he is gay. The whole world knows

he loves Ilya. It's not a secret anymore. Neither of them has to hide. He reaches over, entangling himself with Ilya's bent knees and exposed spine, wrapping them up. Ilya makes a warm, sleepy sound when Shane kisses the back of his neck, still salty from yesterday.

"Hey, boyfriend," Shane whispers.

"Lover."

Shane crinkles up his nose. "Is there anything I can do to stop you using that word in public?"

"Mmm, no. I think too late by now, right? They all know."

His grin is sweet, sly. Shane can't resist kissing him, even as he whispers a "Go fuck yourself," into Ilya's skin, with so much affection he's almost shaking with it.

Ilya kisses him back, warm, lazy and sour in the breath. Shane twists away.

"Come on, we should eat. We have to work out later."

He deftly extracts himself from Ilya's wandering hands to step into some sweatpants from the previous day and a loose adidas tee shirt. Ilya sighs, rolls out and follows him, forgoing a shirt but at least wearing sweatpants.

"Remember what we agree," Ilya says as they head down the stairs. Likely he knows food is the last thing on Shane's mind. Shane will eat, but only after seeing the engagement on the post. They did agree though that Shane only has five minutes at a time, and if it's too bad, he will put the phone away and let Farah handle it. He wonders about how her day has been, how pissed she must be at the two of them for posting it ahead of her. She was planning to tell both teams' agents an hour before the post as well, so Shane doubts the two of them are her favorite person at the moment.

Shane's phone is on ten percent. He plugs it in to a charger by the couch and sees messages from his mom, Farah and Hayden cluttering up his lock screen, so many that the text preview isn't even shown.

Shane feels a pang at Hayden—he wanted to come out to him before, but somehow Shane never found the right time. It felt like a burden to drop a huge secret on him. Shane remembers that for every person in the closet, they bring more and more people into the closet with them when they try to keep the secret. Shane didn't want effusive, energetic Hayden to feel that way. (And maybe another part of him agrees with Ilya that effusive and energetic Hayden might accidentally let it slip, even with his best intentions, *Just like with the puck*, Ilya said and Shane threatened to withhold sex for the rest of the day. He did not go through with it.)

Shane doesn't want to hear his mom's commentary on the response, and he is afraid of Farah's reaction to them posting it a day ahead of schedule. Shane figures they may have shat the bed on that one. It just felt so good in the moment...

He doesn't know how his team will respond, but Ilya has assured him that whatever the reaction, they will find a way to play hockey together. They can't throw out two of their best players, and Shane wants to believe that his teammates will have his back after some adjustment on everyone's part.

Shane goes to his insta, unsurprised by the full DMs and new followers. He clicks his post and his eyes go over the text automatically.

Hi everyone. I want to thank you all for your support this season. I couldn't do any of this without you and the assistance of my family and teammates. Scott Hunter's bravery is a challenge to all of us to be more open and honest, and I want to be able to do that too. I want to be part of that change in a sport I love, which is why I am scared but proud to announce that I share my life with an incredible man. Ilya Rozanov has been my partner for a while now and we are happy to share this with all of you. Please respect our privacy as we figure out how to navigate the world... openly and freely. <3

Short, sweet, and to the point. Ilya thought it was a bit roundabout and gave Scott Hunter too much credit, but when Shane asked him whether he would have come to the cottage without Scott's public revelation, he shut up.

The picture below is sweet, the two of them at the lake, backlit by a low sun. Their joined hands on a rock, smiling with adoration at each other.

Shane swallows. Girding himself. He can sense Ilya's eyes on him. Shane is nervous, but not as much as he thought he would be. In truth, part of him is sure he has heard the absolute worst possible things anyone could say in his locker rooms already. It will be different to have it said about him, to have those people know they are right in saying it, but Shane feels so giddy, so proud that he almost doesn't—

Shane scrolls to the first comments. Feels his brow furrow as he squints his eyes and leans closer. He... he can't be reading that right.

"Shane, put down the phone," Ilya says, voice soft but warning. "Is no good to get bothered by assholes."

"No, it's not... they aren't being assholes." Shane struggles to explain himself. He scrolls again, blinking hard.

"Is supportive?" Ilya asks, a little hope in his voice.

Shane shakes his head again.

"Then what? Tell me."

"They... didn't believe us?" Shane tries. That sentence seems to fit the realization crawling over him, but it doesn't actually make any more sense.

Ilya looks just as flummoxed, he walks over from their half-started breakfasts and takes the phone.

Shane stands next to him, as if by letting Ilya read it, he might find a different conclusion.

Beneath their post:

HOLLANDERSWIFEY: *Shane baby! You've been hacked!*

strangledbuttybread: *someone text him lmao. he's been got good.*

puckplayers: *His rose landry nudes are going live soon.*

SWEETAF10: *omg, this deepfake is INCREDIBLE*

DekeingItRight: *if this was real, dude. The ice would shatter in every rink.*

Markmolsonmolson: *some scott hunter fan went crazy with photoshop.*

1985SWIFTORDIE: *someone @support. This is crazy and not funny that even celebrities are getting hacked. They deserve to have protection and privacy—*

Ilya's brow climbs to his forehead, he reads one comment aloud. "Can you imagine?... Think of the hatesex—I don't understand."

"I don't understand!" Shane says, feeling himself winding up tighter.

"We don't have hatesex," Ilya says, somehow focusing on the wrong thing. "Is competitive, but not the same thing!"

"Give me my phone."

Shane finally gets into his texts from Farah, all of which are some variation of CALL ME. He calls her, and waits patiently through her dressing down about why he even bothered having an agent he wasn't keeping in the loop.

"What do we do?" Shane asks. "They don't believe us!"

"Get on the thread and confirm it," Farah says. "People are just following the trend of the initial posters. Ilya, if you can make a post as well..."

"Da, yes, I..."

Ilya scrambles for his own phone while Shane keeps Farah on speaker as he tries to figure out what exactly to say. He can feel himself getting frazzled and overwhelmed.

24SHANEHOLLANDER: *My account didn't get hacked, I appreciate all the concern. I really do love Ilya Rozanov. Really.*

There. Simple, not easy to misconstrue.

easteregger: *oh my god this hacker isn't even TRYING to sound like him*

MeestermeekIT: *yeah fucking right!!!*

mommasmom: *Could it sound more like a robot?* 😄

Which, okay, very uncool.

“Let me reach out to Instagram,” Farah says. “I’ll call right back. Don’t post anything else.”

“Ilya,” Shane says, voice edging on the line of panic.

“Stupid fucking English,” Ilya curses, then says it in Russian for good measure.

“Let Farah read it. Don’t post it—”

“No, is done,” Ilya says, swinging his phone down. “I am direct. No more confusing nonsense.”

The notification appears that he’s been tagged by @ilyarozanov and Shane clicks on the post rapidly.

REALILYAROZANOV: *I Love Shane Hollander. Is obviously clear, no?*

“Ilya!”

“What?!”

Shane rubs his hands through his hair, unable to explain how insane this looks. “This looks like a shit post!”

“What the fuck is shit post?!”

“It’s the post you usually make,”

“Is how I post then!”

“Yes, but it looks like you are joking.”

Ilya makes an inarticulate scream and taps at his phone. Shane looks at the post updating and sees. *AM NOT JOKING* added to the bottom.

Replies pop up, the first of which is a gif of Ilya slamming Shane into the baseboards from a game last season. *Oh, it's clear*, the commenter notes.

Lots of tears of laughter and clapping. Shane has a feeling they are not applauding their bravery as much as another good Ilya bit.

Shane is ashamed to say he and Ilya spend thirty minutes desperately posting forms of “no, REALLY” before Farah calls them back and snaps them out.

“What did I say about posting more?!” which quells both of them into an ashamed silence.

“You look like you’re in a trolling pissing contest over what should be a moving and emotional coming out story! Ilya, you didn’t even post pictures with yours—”

“I have some that will definitely convince them,” Ilya says, going to his locked folder with intention. Shane grabs his hand, shakes his head desperately.

“Absolutely no posting or so help me I will shut both your accounts down!”

Shane has never heard Farah scream before and he’s not afraid to say it’s more frightening than any coach he’s ever had times nine.

“What are we supposed to do then?”

“Sit tight and let me figure this out. Don’t do anything today. Lay low. Go get lost in the mountains without your phones for a few hours, I don’t care.”

“We have a game tomorrow—”

“It’s not against each other. Just let me handle things,” Farah cusses, another sound he didn’t know she made, and hangs up.

Ilya puts his phone in front of Shane’s face, a picture of his square hand around both of their dicks and gives an inquiring shrug. *Yes or no?*

In answer, Shane grabs Ilya’s phone and his own and throws them into the freezer.

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The two of them end up swimming listlessly in the lake. Ilya tries to kiss Shane, but he’s having such a meltdown about how big a failure his first and only coming out is that he can’t appreciate it and ends up sitting on a rock and feeling his skin pinken with the sun.

“Did you get a call from your coach?” Shane asks, after watching Ilya try and fail to do a toe-tight handstand.

“No. You?”

Shane shakes his head.

“They probably didn’t believe it either,” Shane mutters, miserable.

“Is it so hard to believe you’d be head over knees in love with me?”

“Heels. Head over heels.”

“You’d wear heels for me? No, sweetheart. Your ass is big enough already.”

Shane laughs, despite himself. It doesn’t last long enough. “We’re going to have to tell our whole teams again.”

“Maybe doing it in person will be better. No denying it then.”

Shane nods his head, looking down. The whole point of the internet post is that he wouldn't have to look anyone in the eyes when he said it. Gave other people enough time to come to terms without the knowledge of their initial reaction living rent free in Shane's mind for all eternity. Well, any reaction would be better than a disbelieving one at this point. A pale hand strokes up his ankle, peeling him from his thoughts and drawing out a smile. Ilya grins back at him.

“I have to leave in a few hours. We should call Farah.”

“No, leave phone in fridge,” Ilya murmurs. “Come fuck me against window. We show everyone the truth.”

He knows no one will see them here, but Shane puts on one hell of a display anyway.

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Shane's phone is dead from being put in the freezer, so he charges it in the car on his long drive back. He listens to the public radio. Hockey news hasn't put anything out about this, but why would they? It's not even TMZ level gossip, just the world's worst internet joke.

Shane's sexuality is an internet joke.

Shane vows to never be genuine and vulnerable again.

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Approaching his team's locker room for warmups the next day, Shane can't help but feel a little genuine and vulnerable. He knows it will be awkward, but he really wants his team to understand. To respect and follow him for who he *is*.

Shane swallows and opens the door.

All his teammates currently present stop what they are doing, heads snapping towards him.

“Hi,” he manages, feeling his face sweat.

There's a pause, then...

A cheer?

Are they cheering for him?

JJ is coming around, clapping his shoulder. Giving it a shake that feels warm. His smile is borderline proud.

“Dude, dude!”

Shane swallows, feeling a little smile grow on his face. Is this for real? Are they really this happy for him? Farah must have worked magic—

“Whoever said you don’t have a sense of humor was fucking lying! That shit was hilarious!”

The rest of the room breaks out into laughter and Shane feels his sweat redouble.

“Yeah, you really are taking it like a champ,” Gilbert adds.

“I’d be fucking pissed if anyone said that about me,” Hayden grouches.

“You and Rozanov would be hilarious,” JJ howls. “Someone hack your account, please.”

Shane stammers. “Dude, it’s not a joke!”

They keep laughing, and Shane just stares at them, intense and unmoving until they all go quiet, and there’s this thread of discomfort that Shane relishes and hates.

Jesus, he’s really going to have to say it. He’s going to have to be direct, harsh. No fancy post or pictures to hide behind. Tell them that he’s gay and loves Ilya all at once. An idea, apparently so ludicrous, that it can only be explained by hacking.

Only Shane really struggles under pressure, feels his words stumbling together.

Instead of, *No really, I’m gay, I love Ilya Rozanov*, instead, he somehow says,

“No really. I’m gay for Rozanov.”

And the howling begins again.

JJ and Gilbert actually pick him up in a throne carry and drag him around the locker room, yelling “Captain!” like he’s won them another cup.

Shane almost falls on Hayden who looks just as proud about him taking the joke so well, which, insulting to know what they think of his humor.

Coach Theriault comes in to the chaos of Shane begging and twisting to be let down and give a short bark of HEY to get their attention.

Everyone turns their smiling face to him, except Shane who never wants to ride anything again.

“Focus on the game. Hollander, keep the distractions off the ice.”

“You don’t have anything else to say?” Shane says, almost despite himself. Desperate to at least get the hammer of his anger, the fact that he used slurs freely when Shane first joined

the team. Instead he gets a raised brow.

“Fix your locker, it’s a disgrace.”

Shane blinks, noticing his cubby for the first time and seeing that someone decked it out in black and gold, with a cheap stuffed bear sitting on top holding a heart. These motherfuckers.

Shane takes out his phone, determined to text Ilya about this bullshit, only to have a picture pop up in their chat.

A picture of a Hollander Metro fan jersey with the words HOLLANDER'S #1 FAN embroidered, and in sharpie, between HOLLANDER'S and #1, someone has added DICK crudely.

Ilya wrote a bunch of ??? and !!! and ❤️❤️❤️ after and Shane hates to be the one to break it to Ilya, but he calls.

“They don’t mean it,” Shane says, “It’s a joke gift.”

“What? Is not!” Ilya’s voice goes distant as he turns away. “This is not joke gift, guys? This is chirpy-acceptance-gift, right?”

The howls of laughter on the other end are not encouraging.

Hayden starts shimmying out of his street clothes.

“Shane, hey I—oh, sorry, didn’t see you were on the phone.”

Shane holds the phone out. “It’s Ilya.”

Hayden laughs.

“Ilya, say something.”

“Go fuck yourself, Pike.”

“Here I thought you’d be really depressed after getting your account hacked, but you’re really rolling with it, aren’t you?”

Without taking his eyes off Hayden, Shane lifts the phone to his ear. “I’m going to have to call you back, Ilya. I love you. Don’t wear the shirt, please.”

“I love you too. We’ll see.”

Shane holds out the phone like, *see, did you hear that?*

Hayden laughs again, startled. “Wow, this has really brought you together, huh? Guess that rivalry isn’t what people make it out to be.”

Shane blinks at him for a long moment.

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In the three months Shane spent crafting the perfect coming out post, one of his greatest anxieties was the first game afterwards. He knew that he would be getting peoples' raw reactions, that they might be harsh with him on the ice, either because of all the attention or because they genuinely thought gay players had no place in their sport. Part of him had wanted to wait for off season, for there to be a long break so everyone could adjust. A larger part of him was so afraid that if the reaction was bad, he would work himself into panic attacks at the idea of having to play.

"So no breaks," Ilya said, "We don't stop for anything. Also they won't pull us out mid season—we are best players in the league."

"One and two, huh?" Shane asked, and Ilya had pointed one finger at himself, then two at Shane, and Shane tackled him to the couch, intent on getting his two fingers inside Ilya's mouth and making him suck til he denounced his ways.

This first game is nothing like what he feared. It's easy, most of the players are smiling or ribbing him. Something about the idea of him participating in an internet joke seems to have made him become approachable and multiple guys have ruffled his hair and hip bumped him playfully when passing by.

Shane is completely bemused.

He wins his game, somehow, and trundles into the shower, still perplexed by the lack of any homophobic reactions or sudden modesty. His teammates actually smack his ass more than usual which is deeply unwelcome.

When he gets to his car he sits there for a long moment. Calls Ilya.

"Did you win?" Shane asks, because at least they should get that important detail out of the way.

"Obviously. You won too."

"Yeah."

"Good."

Shane stares at the empty parking lot.

"Hey, Ilya. Is it like, lauded socially for two men to pretend to be gay? Is being gay that much of a joke that's it's entertaining to even think about?"

Ilya starts to answer. Stops.

“Huh. Is either crime against God or funniest joke alive apparently.”

Shane lets his head fall to the steering wheel, listening to the sound of Ilya shushing him as he fights a meltdown. He knew coming out would be hard, he just didn't know it would be this hard.

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Shane makes the drive to Boston. He doesn't give a damn anymore about his sleep and the two of them are due to play in three days anyway. He tells his team that he is heading over early, not to expect him on the bus and to keep up their practice.

JJ texts. *Meeting Rozanov early, huh?*

To which Shane could only text back. *Yes.*

The smattering of water droplet and laughing emojis is frankly insane and he can't help but write, *You should be ashamed of yourselves* which only earns him some eggplants, which Shane refuses to dignify with a response.

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Ilya and Shane meet with Farah who flies into town looking like she hasn't slept in forty days and forty nights.

“It turns out, it's very hard to convince people of something once they have made up their minds. The more you say, ‘no really’ or ‘I am being completely honest’ the more people don't believe you.”

Farah shakes her head, as if embarrassed by herself. “Mostly, I think it's the fault of the initial posters. Everyone else was just following their lead.”

To be fair to everyone involved, Shane does understand it must be a bit of a shock to discover a decade-long rivalry has also doubled as a convenient hookup-turned-romance through a barefoot on the beach coming out post. Still. It would be nice if they took his word for it.

Farah continues, as if reading his mind. “Some people really do believe it's real, but that has caused an infighting for RPFr's that—”

“Sorry, what? RP-what?”

“RPF—people who speculate and write stories and make art about real people. You two, in this case.”

Shane blinks. Ilya sits up.

“So there are people who thought we were gay before we came out?”

“Yes.”

“And they make art?” Ilya asks.

“Ilya,” Shane warns.

“And write stories,” Farah says.

“Sexy art? Sexy stories?” Ilya cannot resist saying, and Shane stands up and has to do a loop around the room, an anxious Anya on his heels.

“Do not encourage them!” Shane hisses. “I don’t want people speculating about our private lives!”

“At least they think we fuck!”

Farah waves her hand. “Either way, the RPFr’s are just causing more infighting and making the whole thing look less legitimate by sharing their conspiracy theories about you two being in love since rookie year.”

Shane sweats. Ilya sweats.

“Which you two definitely didn’t do,” she says with a suspicious look.

“Love, definitely not. Who’d fall in love with silly rookie who probably folds his clothes like child businessman?” Ilya says, protesting entirely too much.

Farah’s phone rings, she releases her narrow gaze on them to hold up her finger. She takes the call and walks to the entryway for privacy.

Ilya has already pulled his phone out, typing different things into his search bar.

“Ilya, what are you... Hey, don’t look up that RPF shit.”

It’s too late. Ilya taps and grins, then frowns, tilts his head.

“There is no way anyone is that flexible—ugh.”

The noise of disgust draws Shane up short.

“What?”

Ilya’s phone has dropped to the side.

“Nothing. Is boring.”

“Can’t be boring, you love boring.” Shane grapples with Ilya for the phone, helped by a worked up Anya who takes it upon herself to jump onto Ilya’s lap and doggie paddle his balls in the process.

Shane, having wrested the phone, types in the code and blanches.

Not only is the art graphic, but it’s actually good, which is somehow *worse*. There is shading, depth of color, proper angles. Of course, the position itself is impossible, even for professional athletes, there’s a mysterious lack of body hair and the shade of Ilya’s nipples is completely wrong—but most of all—

“What the fuck is that?! Is that tiny thing supposed to be my cock?!”

Ilya throws his hands up. “Clearly they have never seen it, which is good because then I must kill them.”

“That’s racist as fuck!” Shane says, “Is this really the time for microaggressions because I’m Asian? I can’t be dealing with microaggressions on top of failing to come out— And look, yours is like a horse cock.”

“Bear cock more accurate, because I am the Bears,” Ilya suggests, but that really doesn’t help Shane feel better. “Hey, my ass is bigger than yours but you do not see justice on the page. You look like you squat more than me which is both unkind and untrue. These people draw with their imaginations. They do not know and love you or your cock like I do.”

Ilya reaches for his zipper, teasing down and showing the top of the HOLLANDER’S DICK #1 FAN jersey.

“Unzip that hoodie off and you won’t see my cock for a week.”

“I can respond, tell them they are wrong—” Ilya starts.

The phone is snatched out of his hand by Farah who glances at it with a curl of disgust before rapidly tapping to turn off the screen.

“Do I need to take the SIM cards out of your phones and the WiFi out of the house? What part of ‘do not interact’ are you not getting?”

“Is not interaction, is just looking—”

“I don’t trust either of you any more than I trust my toddler. Maybe less! Both of you keep your mouths shut and your phones off until I can figure out a way to hard launch your relationship. This soft launch BS is not cutting it. Can you do that for me?”

Shane nods. Ilya nods. Both of them must look like chastised children at this point.

Farah fixes her hair, shuffles a little. “I’m sorry for raising my tone. That was unkind.”

“Hey, no, it’s alright,” Shane reassures her.

“It wasn’t okay and it’s not who I am, I’ve just been stressed out but—”

“Oh my god, so Canadian,” Ilya groans. “Everyone is sorry and no one is hurt.”

“You’re still the best agent we’ve ever had,” Shane reassures her, which is worth the two-second smile she shoots them before her eyes go flat again.

“Great. Then please trust me. No phones, no internet.”

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Shane and Ilya slip their sim cards into two Nokia slide phones. Luckily, Shane’s dad had two that he paid to overnight to them. The phones would probably have been cheaper, but he was weirdly proud to be able to assist them with going old school. “I knew there was a good reason I hung onto them,” he gloated.

Shane’s mom only groaned and rolled her eyes. She’s been a rock, a total saint about the whole thing, but her posting about how Ilya was now her son, only looked like more shit posting so she too has had to put her phone away for fear of yelling at strangers online and damaging Shane’s whole brand.

The space from his mom is nice considering how long and protracted this coming out process has been. Shane really told himself it would be one embarrassing moment for a lifetime of happiness. The reality is that this moment is stretching Looney Tunes long.

Shane and Ilya fuck. Shane tries to destroy the HOLLANDER’S DICK #1 FAN jersey, but Ilya scoops it out of the fire pit before it can catch, claiming that it will be a good joke one day and it was a gift from his team.

They fuck again, more creatively. Certainly they don’t attempt the pose that was in the picture and both almost throw out their backs in the process.

Afterwards, Shane carefully steps on Ilya’s spine to crack it. He controls his weight by half kneeling in a chair so he doesn’t break his boyfriend. There’s a huge pop that would make a chiropractor weep with envy and Ilya sighs.

“Is too bad.”

“What?”

“That we cannot show them this,” Ilya muses.

“Me popping your back?”

“Us fucking. Proof that no one could deny,” Ilya says.

“You don’t want them to see that,” Shane says, really knowing better. Ilya is too possessive to even share pictures of them fucking with Shane sometimes, keeping the best ones locked on his phone.

“Apparently people already think it. Even if they don’t appreciate what a mouthfill your dick is.”

“Mouthful,” Shane corrects.

Ilya makes a gurgling, slurping noise like he’s choking on it right now and Shane can’t help but laugh.

“I don’t know,” Ilya says, sounding sleepy. His words thick like molasses. “I thought I would be able to say I love you by now. Kiss you in front of others. I am... disappointed. It feels like we move further away from it, not closer.”

Shane sighs, getting off the chair and settling prone on the carpet, shimmying against Ilya who opens his arms. The rug’s scratchy, probably needs a vacuuming, and Shane’s shoulder aches, but Shane and Ilya don’t move for a long time.

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Shane blinks at Ilya across the ice. Both of them look like muppets, he is sure, in the way they almost don’t know how to interact with each other during the warmup. Do they look at each other? Pretend the other isn’t there? Shane is realizing they should have discussed strategy before coming in.

Teammates nudge Shane, “There goes your man,” and other off-color remarks.

“Don’t take it easy on him, huh?” Hayden says, eyes crinkling.

Shane looks intently at him. “I would never take it easy on Ilya. I wouldn’t do that to someone I love.” And somehow, that only makes Hayden and the others laugh harder, even though Shane is being completely serious.

Well.

At least when they hit the ice things are simple, clean. The puck is more important than everything else going on. He focuses on that over the commentary from the players, the jokes, the signs in the stand about undying love and weird art of them kissing— yeah, no, none of that matters compared to the goal he shoots over Cliff’s shoulder.

The game goes to the Bears by one goal, but it’s a good game overall.

Shane barely has time to breathe and drink water before he is getting shoved in front of a camera in the hallway between the rink and the locker room. He cranes over the cameras and sees curls at the other end, indicating that Ilya is trapped in his own interview hell.

Shane tries to ‘no comment’ his way out of every smirking question, but he feels his irritation tick up as they keep asking the same ones over and over again in different wrapping.

Can you comment about the hacking?

What’s your opinion on the internet’s debate?

How does this affect your rivalry?

Will we see you skating on pride night?

The last one Shane answer, because at least that is a simple “yes,” but it only leads to them asking another version of the question, and Shane feels himself shutting down.

“I love Shane Hollander!” rises from the other side of the hallway, and Shane can’t help but peek over the crowd to see Ilya looking one moment from tearing out his hair. Someone says something back, laughing.

“No, is true!”

“The man you’ve been in heated competition for almost ten years with?”

“Is good foreplay.”

Even Shane would laugh at that if it wasn’t the embarrassing truth he was airing out. Also, if he didn’t know for a fact that Ilya was also told to no-comment-fu the night to death. At this rate, Farah is going to quit from haplessness. And he likes her.

“Shut up, Ilya,” Shane calls, and an *ooh* goes up from the reporters who hear. Ilya turns, stalks forward, making the cameras and everyone move as he gets closer because he is a damn force of nature.

“Is that part of the foreplay?” one of the reporters asks.

“I love you, is true, right?” Ilya says, now dragging Shane into this mess, which was not what he wanted. Shane looks at him, sweating and unhappy, and bargains that this could be the hard launch Farah suggested. It’s not like Shane would ever say *no* to that question.

“Totally. 100%. Completely and utterly true,” Shane says, and afterwards, he sort of hears what Farah meant when she said the more you try and say something is real the less real it sounds. He isn’t surprised by the amused reactions this nets.

“And I love you back,” Shane adds, doing his best anyway.

“See, is mutual.”

“Didn’t you say his backhand was weak last year?” someone pipes up.

“Is very weak,” Ilya says, somehow sounding completely convincing then. “But I love him anyway, as rival and lover.”

Shane wants to bury his head in his hand because that is not a word people use and it just makes them sound more insane. He doesn’t know why this is so hard, why this is so impossible to communicate. Words have always been terrible for Shane when he doesn’t have a script, some manners to go off of. He’s sitting here like a fucking idiot now, on the verge of a meltdown because *I love you* is apparently not convincing anyone.

“Hey, Shane.” Ilya’s warm hand goes to his neck, and Shane looks up. He sees concern in those eyes, sweat on his lip. A hair in his big beautiful mole and it’s stupid, ridiculous, but he girds himself anyway. Leans in.

Fuck Farah, fuck words, fuck the soft launch. Shane wants everyone to know, without a doubt —

He gives Ilya space to step back, to say no. But Ilya never turns away from a kiss, and his hungry mouth is on Shane, and for a blissful moment all is silent, and the world is reduced to their bodies, their smell, their hands—

And then Ilya pulls back and the moment is ruined by a wave of applause that Shane almost flinches from. Is it real or sarcastic? He’s worried it’s the latter.

“Alright, enough playing for the camera,” Shane’s coach busts through the crowd and grabs Shane’s arm. “We have to let the athletes shower and debrief.”

Ilya looks helpless as Shane is dragged away.

Shane is waiting for his coach to grip his arm tight, to say a slur, but instead he only shakes his head. “I know you like the attention from the joke, but this is going far. I expected more from you. We’ll talk more about keeping your publicity out of the game later.”

Shane is deposited in the locker room with the rest of his celebrating teammates like a scruffed dog. He stands for a long moment, staring blankly ahead.

Shane rubs at his mouth, smells his hand. Yeah, that’s Ilya’s scent. His taste in his mouth. He definitely kissed him, with tongue, in front of the whole reporter staff.

Shane just... doesn’t know what else to do.

Just how badly do people not want to believe Shane is gay and in love with Ilya?

His phone vibrates. Ilya with a bunch of ????? and some gifs of a melting barbie from a blow torch. It’s evocative. Shane replies with, *meet you in the hallway in five*.

Shane changes back into his clothes without showering. The thought is normally enough to curl his toes and make him gag, but Shane is losing his will to live, so it’s a fairly easy choice.

“What, no big speech after beating your boyfriend?” Gilbert teases.

“No, I’m heading out. Good game. Debrief later.”

“Wait, I’ll walk out with you!” Hayden says, popping out from the showers and tripping into his clothes. Shane doesn’t wait, heading for the hallway as soon as he can.

“Hey!” Hayden trots after, his unzipped bag flapping open and one boot still in his hand. “Dude I’m sorry about all the teasing. I can tell you’re getting pretty sick of it all—oh.”

Hayden pulls up short when he sees Ilya waiting in the hallway, unwashed, bag over his shoulder. Shane keeps walking, Ilya falling into step. Both of them sway like defeated samurai at the start of the Meiji era.

Hayden keeps pace, hopping into his boot.

“You heading out, Rozanov? Hey this has to be pretty weird for you too.”

“Is not weird. You are weird. Other people are weird!” Ilya protests.

“You think so?” Hayden says, perplexed about Ilya’s meaning completely. It’s sad, really. And one day Shane thinks Hayden will be really, seriously embarrassed about it. Only because he loves Jackie and wants to spare her the endless late night ruminations, does Shane try again in the parking lot.

“I kissed him.”

“Who, Rozanov?” Hayden asks.

“Yes.”

“As a joke?”

“No.”

“Right…” Hayden’s amused sound is simply the end. “Hey that’s like that cooking show at the Emmy’s. Didn’t two of those dudes kiss at the awards? People go crazy for that shit. Kinda weird to see you embrace the attention, but I don’t know, could be good for you.”

He’s trying so hard to be so supportive. It’s almost as pathetic as the entire situation. Almost.

“Let’s just go home. I’ll see you later Hayden.”

Shane and Ilya get into Shane’s sensible jeep.

“Woah, driving in the same car? You’re really committed to the bit,”

“No, we are committed to each other!” Ilya says.

“Leave it,” Shane says. There’s really nothing they can do.

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Ilya and Shane take a bath together, like somehow the hot water might leach the insanity out of the night. It doesn't really.

"I definitely kissed you," Shane says, after a long silence filled with lapping water and the occasional splashing.

"Yes."

"I checked afterwards and it was definitely you I kissed."

"I was there."

Shane turns to look at Ilya, real worry playing on him. "I don't know how much more of a hard launch we can do beside kissing in front of the whole world. Like, what else is there? Please don't suggest any of your sex pictures." Shane turns so he is sitting on Ilya's lap. He thinks about measuring cocks, tip to tip. And whatever the result, he's sure the whole competitive idea will get Ilya going so Shane can get fucked out of his head for a little while. It's been a confusing place to be this past week.

"There is one thing. But I don't want you to think anything bad about me."

"Like what? What would I think?"

"Like I just want your green card."

Shane blinks. Stares some more. Looks down, and sees his cock is pretty much on the dot the same size as Ilya's which is awesome, because maybe he has a bear cock too.

Looks up.

"We don't call it a green card in Canada. It's a PR card."

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Shane logs onto Instagram on his laptop, which feels deeply unnatural and unsettling in desktop mode. It's worth it to make the post.

Ilya and I are getting married.

It's the simplest, shortest post he's ever written and he answers the questions as they come. They are getting married in Victoria because it's absolutely fucking stunning, yes, any and all

may attend up to capacity. Hors d'oeuvres will be provided. There will be an open bar and the proceeds will go to a mental health charity that they are also starting up. No, that's not a joke about their own mental health, thanks. No, again, his account has not been hacked. Yes, they will both be there, goddamnit.

Shane and Ilya escape to Victoria and book a hotel to avoid Farah. Shane is worried that one or either of them might end up murdered before the wedding on account of ignoring pretty much all her advice pretty much all the time.

It's kind of fun being in a hotel with Ilya. Neither of them have to hide. They fuck on the bed and on the table, which Shane hates doing at home for simple sanitary reasons and the old phrase, don't fuck where you eat. Or something like it, which he manglingly explains to Ilya who looks like he's scheming ways to make a meal out of Shane in the future.

They walk Anya, so she doesn't go stir crazy. They go to the park. They buy suits and Ilya makes a point of picking Shane's fabric with an obsession for his skin that borders on *Silence of the Lambs*. They get their suits tailored which they make eyes through and its erotic enough for a quickie in the bathroom.

It's so nice not giving a fuck if anyone sees or hears them. So nice, because they actually wish they were seen or heard. Naturally with their luck lately, no one sees or hears that Shane notices, so Shane and Ilya continue on their merry way, to the ring store. Ilya insists on black and gold for his own ring, gold for Shane's. "Color of champions for you," Ilya says.

"Stanley gold," Shane agrees.

They catch sunsets on the coast and pose for pictures with fans. They are asked if they are here for the wedding, and Shane says yes every time. He thinks some of them may even believe him if the faintly bewildered look in their eyes means anything as he and Ilya walk away, hand in hand.

Shane drops the wedding details in the team chat and gets the expected response.

Are you really showing up?

You're going to give people crazy ideas.

Most of them seem to think it's a good excuse to chill in Victoria between games. Plenty others don't even answer, losing steam mid-season and not having it in them to go along with the team joke.

Shane gets a call from his coach, but ignores it for the first time in his life. He doesn't need a lecture about show boating—not before he actually does it on purpose.

On the day of the wedding, Shane and Ilya take the bus from the hotel with Anya in tow. It seems unkind to not invite her since the invitation was open to everyone.

Shane has never really imagined his own wedding. He had an idea that he might do it one day, but he certainly never pictured it with the vivid imagination he uses to predict the puck's path. He does think that if he planned it out, it would be a small, intimate affair. A few friends, his family. Svetlana. Maybe in a restaurant or even at the cottage. It is Shane's favorite place.

It certainly wouldn't be at a venue he and Ilya picked out on a list of popular wedding sites online, it wouldn't be open invite with a cap of 500 guests, and he likes to think he would know what would be on the menu and if he can eat any of it.

"Are we really doing this?" he asks Ilya, hovering outside the coastal venue. Because it's not too late—

"Is too late," Ilya says, as if reading his mind. "If we don't show up now, people will be typing, oh hahaha. What a good joke. These men love to tease about being gay."

"Yeah but, we can always do it another way. Let this be a joke. We know we're not."

"I do know. I want to make this as public as possible. I want people to know I love you and marry you. To go to events with you. To bother you at hospital when you get knocked down like toddler. To call you my husband because boyfriend is stupid word—"

"Lover is so much better?" Shane chirps, feeling choked up.

"Husband is best," Ilya grins, puts a thumb under Shane's eyelid where water has been gathering.

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It's a full house, yet people are stunned to actually see them enter and head into the makeshift changing room.

(Later, they will discover that only four gifts were bought for their wedding: fine plates from Shane's parents, two twelve packs of Molson beers from each of their teams chosen as a joke gift, and finally, one set of crystal vodka drinking glasses from Kip and Scott. A nice thought even if the two couldn't make it to the wedding due to Scott's personal and intense dislike of both of them, gay solidarity aside.)

Gifts are the last thing on their mind when they are getting dressed for their wedding, of course.

"You're really, really here," Hayden says, flabbergasted. He fidgets in the middle of the impromptu dressing room. "I thought we'd be laughing about this thing happening and

killing some of these Molsons on the beach.”

Makes sense everyone showed up just for the joke. It was like Area 51 all over again.

“It’s happening and you’re my best man. Where is your tux?”

“He’s as slow as his hockey,” Ilya grouses, picking at Shane’s white silk shirt, undoing buttons again.

“Stop it, I don’t need to flash everyone.”

“I need to be flashed. Please, please. Trust me. Is good with belt thing—”

“Cummerbund.”

“Svetusha, help Pike find a suit. Is too dumb to function.”

“Are you his maid of honor?” Hayden asks, still waiting for a punchline somewhere.

“Obviously. Someone has to actually know what we are doing here,” Svetlana says. She is the only one who believed them flat out, and Shane can’t help but think it reflects poorly on the Western world as a whole.

“Before you ask Pike, yes, I am woman in relationship,” Ilya raises a hand to Shane’s buttons.

Shane scoffs and bats Ilya’s hand away, but his efforts redouble, teasing more of Shane’s buttons open until the silk sags and folds down his torso, definitely showing too much—

“Be seen,” Ilya purrs.

Shane kisses Ilya’s jaw. It’s insane, but as long as Ilya is showing off more. Not to mention how much he appreciates Ilya’s ass in the white pants. He doesn’t wear white pants enough, Shane decides. Their outfits are inversions of each other and there is something stunning in that.

“Oh,” Hayden says, more exhales. And Shane can see the steam turning gears in his head as he looks between the two of them. “Wait, is this, like, for real—”

Svetlana pulls him out before he can have a total meltdown.

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Partially because maybe no one expected this to be real, the audience is made up of people in casual clothes, fan jerseys, and some folks in business casual, as if worried it might actually

be a formal event and wanting to toe the line. It's an absurd looking group who only look more confused and dazed when they are asked to stand for the wedding march.

Only Yuna Hollander could throw a wedding in two days and somehow get a jazz band to play while Shane and Ilya walk each other down the aisle. Cameras are flashing, nervous laughter builds from the crowd as they stand across from each other.

It only felt right that Shane's dad should officiate. He gives a really moving speech, making himself choke up a few times about how marriage had improved his own life and given meaning to every moment in his twilight years. How glad he is that Shane has found that. Shane pats his back and Ilya raises an eyebrow, as if asking, *is this about your mom or about us?*

Shane's mom finally shouts, "Shut up and marry them, David!" and he gets on with asking if they have vows. Shane blanks a little. He forgot about that. He feels panic growing in his spine, but a shoe bops against his own, a smile crawling over Ilya's face.

"You know mine, yes? I will love you forever. For always. In winning and losing. I love you Shane Hollander. I mean that totally, seriously, for real. Truly. All the words meaning yes."

It doesn't sound fake when he says it. It sounds realer than real.

Shane has no block of text, nothing to over-explain anymore. He's said everything he needs to this past week.

"Yeah, same," Shane croaks.

The laughter builds but is strangled out of the room. It can't grow. He knows they are waiting for them to say psych. They are waiting for the hidden cameras to come out.

Shane is not waiting for anything, barely lets his dad finish the command to kiss the groom, before his hands are on Ilya, framing his face, and kissing him so fully that no doubt can be shown that he loves Ilya Rozanov. And the audience goes batshit, there are gasps, shrieks, crying, and Hayden's voice breaking an octave as he shouts "holy shit, they weren't joking!"

But Shane is only thinking that somehow, this is the only way he ever wants to come out. He loves Ilya so much more than he thought possible, even when Ilya hitches his legs up and starts carrying him out of the room without breaking the kiss.

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The next day, after their sex marathon, they meet with Hayden to kill their wedding gift Molsons on the beach.

"So you were serious the whole time?"

“Yes, Hayden.”

“Like, from the start.”

“Yes.”

“And the post, it wasn’t a hack job.”

“No.

“And yours wasn’t a shit post?”

“No. I am told I sound very sarcastic. Is news to me.”

“Holy shit. I am the worst friend in the world.”

Ilya makes a so-so gesture with his hands but Hayden is looking to Shane... who also makes a so-so gesture.

“Oh my god, you two are so married! You just got married! Holy fuck. And no one stopped you or called or said that pro hockey players can’t do that?”

“They thought it was a joke. Is fine. We laugh all the way to easy coming out that no one can say anything about. It’s too late to be mad when we gave lots of warning with post almost a week ago. Even Russia could not organize arrest now.”

Hayden laughs, chagrined. “You definitely tried to warn everyone. Most of all me.”

“Shane is shallow, he likes people for their looks. Is not over for you.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says, knocking back a ginger ale Molson mixture that he thinks would put even his husband off liquor. His *husband*. He grins.

“It is funny that now people are pretending they knew it wasn’t a joke all along?” Hayden laughs.

“How could they miss it? This man loves me so much it’s embarrassing,” Ilya says.

“Ditto,” Shane chirps, and kisses into Ilya’s mouth. “Just humiliating for you, Ilya. And now everyone knows it. Thank God.”

End Notes

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thanks for reading loves! Wrote it in four hours, posting it next day.

The wedding suits are absolutely their looks this award season. hudon in the silk and cummerbund is fucking killer.

i do think the fandom and interviewers need to stop making small dick jokes to hudson. it makes me want to die everytime. (Edit: I'm thinking about the interviewer who showed them carrots to show dick sizes and the visible record scratch Hudson did as he tried to figure out why that was funny)

lastly, this fic will be orphaned when I finish posting my other hr fic so i don't have to stress about the stats. i will still respond to comments (in my own time) and please do kudos it if you like it so other readers can find it! ❤️

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