

I'm Rozanov, he's Hollander

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I'm Rozanov, he's Hollander

by [halfheartedlycynical](#)

Summary

Hayes thinks the glint of mischief in Hollander's eyes is really what should have tipped them off.

After getting married, Shane and Ilya decide they're going to get some well deserved payback on their dear, dear teammates. Chaos ensues, and both of them realize that maybe, just maybe, what started as a joke might be stirring up something deeper.

Notes

As I said on my last fic, I cannot get these two gay hockey boys out of my head!

This started out as just goofiness amongst the Centaurs, but I couldn't help myself, and now there's also Hollanov flirting and sweet feelings.

Not beta read, all typos are my own.

Hope you enjoy, I have about a thousand more ideas for this fandom (some sweet, many uh....much spicier) but I haven't been this excited to write in a decade.

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

Shane and Ilya's wedding is beautiful. It's everything they wanted - small, personal, private. Shane knows the photos are going to be beautiful; him and Ilya on the shores of the lake, rays of a setting sun flitting through the trees and no doubt catching in Ilya's curls. In his *husband's* curls.

They bask in it. They get married in the summer, and Yuna Hollander bulldozes several dozen league executives and brand reps to ensure that her sons get the honeymoon they deserve. Ilya can't remember the last time he had a whole month off. *Truly* off, not the typical summer 'not playing but still in meetings about next season, still shooting commercials, etc.' version of it. For four whole weeks, Shane and Ilya vanish into themselves. Yuna wants them to travel, and Shane tries to figure out how he explains to his mom in the most tactful way possible that he spend a decade fucking his husband in hotel rooms across the country, and all he and Ilya want to do is bask in the gift of getting to desecrate every room in his cottage. *Their* cottage. He promises her over and over again that he and Ilya *will* travel someday, somewhere exotic and fun, just *not this summer*.

Shane feels his shoulders un-tense in a way they haven't since he was 8 years old and scouts started taking notice of him. Ilya is downright giddy. He dances around the kitchen making eggs in the morning, singing along to some Russian club song Shane wouldn't tolerate if it were anyone else. He does handstands in the lake, and buys Shane a comically oversized calculator (the kind they sell at the drugstore for the elderly) since the 'Canadian school system clearly failed him'.

They are each others', in ways they had once never dared to dream they could be. But by the time the month is up, they're both itching to get back to the rink. Shane doesn't think he could stop working out without losing his mind, and all it had taken was one quip about Shane kicking Ilya's ass when they got into training camp to make sure his husband was right there with him every morning.

Plus, they haven't seen their friends in a long time. After the fiasco of David walking in on them making out in the living room, the cabin had become a strict 'enter at your own peril' zone. And so it is that Shane and Ilya haven't seen any of their teammates until they walk into the first morning of training camp. In retrospect, Hayes thinks the glint of mischief in Hollander's eyes is really what should have tipped them off.

The Centaurs' locker room erupts in cheers as the now not-quite-still newlyweds walk in together on the first day. Shane blushes, ducking his head, while Rozanov looks smug in a way that Barrett chirps must be bad for his health.

"Well, well, well, look who finally decided to show up."

"Have a *fun* summer, Hollander?"

"Never thought I'd see the day the famous *Ilya Rozanov* was married, boys."

Ilya makes a placating gesture as he walks to his stall “is true, I also cannot believe Shane’s luck. It is challenging thing, to capture the heart of the MLH’s leading scorer.”

Shane scoffs, “leading scorer *last season*, asshole”, his voice fond as he catches his husband’s eye. He’s nervous, not because he’s worried how their team would react, they were publicly dating well before they got married and everyone in this locker room knew. Hell, most of them were *at the wedding*.

No he’s nervous because of a certain phone call Ilya had made to Coach Wiebe last night, a wicked grin on his face. Shane is a bad liar, always has been. But he’s been on the receiving end of more chirping than he can count this past year. It’s payback time.

It happens a few minutes later, amidst the sounds of pads being pulled on and bags being thrown into the top shelves of stalls that won’t be this clean again until this time next year.

“Hey Hollander!” Shane hides his smirk behind the jersey he’s pulling over his head, strategically facing his teammates so his back remains hidden. Thank God he doesn’t have to go first, he doesn’t think he could keep a straight face.

Ilya turns around. “Yes, Bood?”

“Wow, honeymoon scramble your brain Roz? I said *Hollander*.”

Ilya’s grin is wicked. “I know. What do you need?”

Bood gives him an exasperated look. “I *need* to talk to your husband.”

“Sorry, maybe call *his* name next time then, yes?”

The locker room stills. “I...did.”

Ilya shrugs, “not anymore.”

By this point Shane’s pulled his jersey over his head, turning around and casually lacing up his skates as he feels every eye in the room turn toward him. Toward the huge white ‘ROZANOV’ printed across his back.

“What - I, what?”

Shane throws a glance over his shoulder, rolling his eyes in mock exasperation “come on guys, half of you are married. Haven’t you ever heard of taking your husband’s last name?”

He’s out of the locker room and onto the ice before anyone can pick their jaws up off the floor. It’s a good thing too, because he can’t keep the grin off his face and needs a moment to school his features before practice actually starts. Oh, this is going to be so fun.

His husband is making no such effort. He skates out with a toothy smirk on his face and wearing Shane’s name across his back like a trophy as he makes his way over to his husband. “We have made mistake, Shane” he murmurs. Shane inclines his head in question. “I did not

think about what seeing you wearing my jersey and being unable to fuck you like you deserve would do to me.”

Shane’s blush is back “*Ilya*” he hisses, “we’re at practice, you can’t just *say* things like that.”

His husband has the audacity to wink at him, and Shane’s mind unhelpfully flashes back to his expression in a Montreal stairwell all those years ago. “Why not, are you hard? I know you, *moy solnyshko*, and I think...” he drawls unhelpfully “that if we were not at practice you would already be on your knees seeing me with your name across my back. Maybe later, I will keep the jersey on and pretend to be your number one fan.”

“That doesn’t -”

“Rozanov!” he hears Coach Wiebe call across the ice. Shit, that’s his cue. He glares at Ilya as he skates past him with a grumbled “keep it in your pants, Ilya.”

“That wasn’t a no” his husband sing-songs after him, certainly too loudly if Haas’ expression is anything to go by.

He catches Haas’ whisper to Dykstra as he skates past “is - is this a gay thing? Like you switch names when you get married? I’m so confused.”

He makes his way over to his Coach, who shakes his head before launching into his plan for Shane’s second line at practice. Shane nods attentively, but he can feel his teammates’ eyes on him. On the last name across his back. They needed Coach Wiebe to play along, to really sell this (hence Ilya’s late night phone call which was met with an exasperated ‘are you kidding me’ before he’d reluctantly agreed, mumbling about lost practice time).

It’s Barrett who skates up to Ilya first “there’s no way you guys are going to keep this up, Roz.”

“Who is Roz?”

Barrett groans “seriously?”

Ilya shrugs “I am proud to be married to my husband, I take his name. If you ever get married I’m sure you will take new name too.”

“Even if I did it would be *so much less confusing than this you bastard*” he calls after him.

“This is going to be a disaster” Dykstra mutters as he takes up his own position to start their bag skates.

Practice is, as Dykstra predicted, in fact a disaster.

The thing about hockey is that it requires communication between the players. Quick communication. Instinctual communication. Every time a teammate opens their mouth the wrong name comes out, and Ilya dutifully pretends not to understand they’re talking to him.

Shane struggles a little more, it is against every fiber of his being to *not* play at his best, all of the time. Shane Hollander is preternaturally good at hockey, and he physically struggles to miss passes and pretend he doesn't know his teammates are calling out to him.

But God it's so worth it, honestly he can't believe he's not doubled over with laughter.

"Hollander - I mean Roz, I mean - fuck!"

A puck flies past Shane's feet, as he looks up patiently "I'm Rozanov, Hayes" he points to Ilya, who's grinning on the other side of the rink "*he's* Hollander."

"I swear to God I am going to kill you both."

"Better not let Hollzy hear you say that, he'll have you doing bag skates until you puke" he chirps back.

"*You're* Hollzy, damnit!"

They drop passes. They get confused on the power play. By the end of practice everyone is groaning, laughing, or both. Weirdly, Shane feels like a kid again, skating on the lake behind his house.

"Please I am begging you, end this captain." Barrett pleads between peals of laughter, groaning when Ilya turns to the rest of the team with the expression on his face that usually precedes his opponents dropping their gloves.

"Barrett did not do enough work outs over the summer and asks to end practice. He is very weak, but I will have mercy on you all. Go shower."

They get into their car (Shane's sensible British one, he refuses to get in one of Ilya's 'death traps' of a sportscar) before they break.

"That" Shane gets out between giggles "was incredible."

"*Da, moy solnyshko*, I think our poor rookies will be the first to ask for trade because of confusion from gay hockey captains."

The drive home is short and comfortable. Ilya could probably do this drive in his sleep. It's not until they're stripping down to shower that Shane realizes he doesn't...really want his husband to take his jersey off.

He grabs Ilya's hand before it catches the hem, "wait - " Ilya's grin is feral "ah, so I was right? You do have a thing for this, *da*?"

Shane rolls his eyes. "Yes. No. Fuck, maybe - but no more than you do, I see you undressing me with your eyes Rozanov."

Ilya shakes his head “no, no, I am Hollander. You must have got hit too hard at practice, to forget your own husband’s name.”

Shane sighs, “we’re getting off track here.”

He chews at his bottom lip, “I know we said we weren’t going to, because it’s too annoying to deal with the league, and social media, and whatever but. I don’t know, I just...I like seeing my name on you. Not even because of anything sexual, but fuck I mean maybe also that a little bit that but mostly just because I...I like the idea of everyone knowing that you’re mine, and I’m yours. We can’t wear our wedding rings for so many things we do, and I know that’s for safety but - “

“Hollander,” his husband interrupts gently, “you are rambling.”

Shane takes a deep breath. “What I’m saying is just, if you’re open to it...maybe we revisit the idea of hyphenating.”

Ilya’s eyes are dark, something primal and possessive curling in them that Shane fills mirrored in his own. He wants Shane to have his last name, he wants to wear Shane’s too.

But he doesn’t answer his husband, instead pulling out his phone and dialing before Shane can even voice his confusion.

“Yes, hello Coach? So we are going to need to have new jerseys printed actually. Me and Hollander. For real this time.”

He looks at his husband, and watches the soft smile only he gets to see morph into full blown laughter as Coach Wiebe mutters about logistics in his ear. He cocks his head in question.

“It’s just,” Shane grins “I can just hear the locker room tomorrow. What are they even going to call us, Hollzy-Roz? Rozy-Halls? God they’re going to kill us aren’t they.”

“As long as my name comes first, I don’t care.”

“In your dreams, Rozanov.”

“That’s Rozanov-Hollander to you.”

“Yeah,” Shane smiles, kissing him softly on the lips, Coach Wiebe nearly forgotten “it’s Hollander-Rozanov indeed.”

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! If you did, throw my poor writer's soul some kudos or a comment, they fuel me and my obsession (and help me girl math my way into justifying writing instead of...working at my actual job).

Also - feel free to recommend/repost/whatever, I don't care (and in fact would be honored). But I do not consent for this to be used to train AI.

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