

Fantastic!

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Fantastic!

by [ingberry](#)

Summary

“What do you want me to say, exactly?” Shane asked, his voice very different from the one they’d usually get for interviews. Less polite and less guarded. “Do you want me to stand here and tell you details of my sex life?”

Someone chuckled awkwardly and when no one said anything, Shane threw his arms out to the side just as Harris made his way towards the disaster.

Shane looked the reporter straight in the eyes. “Sure! My sex life is fantastic. My husband is hot. Ten out of ten. Any more questions?”

Or the one time Shane Hollander was the problem

Notes

I have like 4 half-written fics so I just needed to get one of them out there! This is just goofy and silly!

Do I know how PR and such works? Absolutely not! Very silly, very goofy.

Ever since Shane Hollander joined the Centaurs, Ilya Rozanov had been both a gift and a curse for the communications and marketing department. He was happy, which made him *Rozanov* to exponential degrees: entertaining, teasing, slightly unhinged. It had given Harris and the team more content than they knew what to do with, but some days Harris swore he was going to wake up with grey hair within 24 hours, if he ever actually fell asleep at all.

Ilya Rozanov was a menace. A lovable, adorably happy menace.

And Harris had come to the conclusion that he'd take that. He'd cherish it even, because he could be working with players that had negative charisma and channeled *go girl, give us nothing* every damn day of their lives. Ilya willingly answered every ridiculous question, mic'd up for practice, and showed up for fan events. If he also gave them heart attacks through twitter wars and comments about his husband that were far across the line, Harris was willing to live with that.

He'd never expected to be betrayed by Shane Hollander, though.

Shane who blushed when Ilya so much as hinted at them having a sex life and had PDA policies for work that he re-negotiated with his husband seemingly every week. Shane who patiently fielded every invasive question about their marriage, his face neutral as he redirected the answer to hockey. He was the one who always reminded Ilya to reign it in with a soft touch to his back or a nudge of his knee.

It was a different Shane Hollander who stood before reporters after they'd knocked the Voyageurs out of the second round of play-offs. Games against the Voyageurs were heightened after everything that had gone down, and there was always a more frantic energy to Shane before and after these games. Even more so today. An unusually wide smile lit up his face as he answered questions, joking more than usual with the assembled reporters.

It began with a comment they'd all heard variations of already.

"You and Rozanov must be particularly happy with sending the Voyageurs out of the running for the cup," one reporter said.

"It's always satisfying to play well and win, no matter who we beat on the ice," Shane answered in his usual measured way. "We'd be happy to advance no matter what."

"So how are you and Rozanov celebrating?"

"I don't think any of us on the team are planning any major celebrations." Shane's smile had returned to the more subdued version reserved for the press. "We have the next round to prepare for and we're taking this very seriously. We all want this cup, and we'll celebrate when we get it."

One reporter near the back of the group spoke up. "But surely you and Rozanov being married have your own *special* celebrations?"

The silence following seemed endless, but it was apparently not long enough for Harris to collect himself and step in. Instead, a strange expression passed over Shane's face.

"What do you want me to say, exactly?" Shane asked, his voice very different from the one they'd usually get for interviews. Less polite and less guarded. "Do you want me to stand here and tell you details of my sex life?"

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Shane looked the reporter straight in the eyes. "Sure! My sex life is fantastic. My husband is hot. Ten out of ten. Any more questions?"

"No more questions!" Harris more or less yelled, his voice breaking on the last word. "Shane should get back to his post-match routines." He grabbed Shane's by both shoulders and turned him towards the locker room behind them.

Jesus Christ on a bicycle. The group of reporters were all buried in their phones and talking to their colleagues, no doubt preparing headlines that Harris was going to have to deal with for the next few days. He left the reporters in the press room and hurried over to the Communication offices, finding his team laughing over their cellphones in Rebecca's office. At least the vibes weren't shot to all hell.

Rebecca looked up, breaking off into laughter again when she saw him. "Who knew Hollander had it in him?"

Harris finally allowed himself to break too, his laughter loud in the office. "Oh my god." He leaned back against the wall, dragging a hand over his face. "I should've intervened sooner, I just never expected that out of him."

"No, god, who would?"

"How are we feeling?" he asked. "How bad is it?"

"Oh, it's already up." Peter held up his phone and showed Harris the headline *Shane Hollander: "My sex life is fantastic."*

"Well." Harris bit back another laugh. "He did say that. At least it's a direct quote and nothing worse, but I'm sure the think-pieces are coming."

"What are you thinking for socials?" Rebecca asked. "Should we just ignore it completely and post from the game, or should we lean into it somehow? Making light of it could be good. Turn it into a light little joke, show that it's nothing too serious."

"If we combine a very subtle joke with something about the game, that might be a good approach. Don't make a whole separate post about it, just use the word 'fantastic' in one of the captions, wink wink, nudge nudge, et cetera," Harris said. "But let me check on Shane first. If he's freaking out, we should leave it."

He left his team to strategize further and headed towards the locker room where spirits were still high. It didn't seem like the news had reached the team, because no one was ribbing Shane who stood quietly by his stall, fresh out of the shower. He was pulling a T-shirt over his head, and turned slowly when Harris walked up.

"I'm *so* sorry," Shane rushed out, his cheeks bright red. "I have no idea what came over me."

Harris smiled. "You're fine, Shane. Are you doing okay?"

Shane nodded, biting down on his bottom lip. Next to them, Ilya was joking around with Hayes, still just in his underwear.

"I suppose there's no chance they forgot?" Shane asked, grimacing.

"Oh, no. No, absolutely not. It's definitely out there."

"Yeah, well. I just got so sick of the 'you and Rozanov' questions all of a sudden. It just..." Shane trailed off and turned to look at his husband goofing around. "*Fuck*, he's gonna find out."

Harris laughed. "My condolences. But, hey, I'll try to lay down a stricter boundary for those types of questions."

"That'd be good, honestly." Shane sighed so heavily, his shoulders dropped. "I just want to talk about hockey. Maybe if we win the cup, you know, I'd be open for something else, but I'm just—" He waved his hand around.

"Focused."

"Yes. Exactly."

Harris saw the exact moment Ilya picked up his phone, frowned down at it, tapping at the screen, a huge smile spreading across his face.

"Hollander!" Ilya beamed as he shook the phone at Shane. "What is this, ah? You want to make the world even more jealous of you?"

"Oh, god, shut up."

"I need to see this," Ilya said, scrolling again, and he yelped when Shane launched himself at him, trying to slap the phone out of his hand.

Ilya cackled and twisted around, using his height advantage to hold the phone out of Shane's reach. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's waist and tried to pull him down.

"Ilya, please," he pleaded, holding onto Ilya's elbow.

A familiar arm was slung over Harris' shoulder and he leaned into Troy's side, looking at Shane and Ilya wrestling.

“What’s going on?” Troy asked, confused.

“Shane got a bit... riled up in the interview.”

As if on cue, the interview started playing from Ilya’s phone and Shane made a strangled noise. The first few answers where Shane calmly redirected played loudly enough that the others started paying attention, and the fight went out of Shane. He slumped against Ilya, making a strangled noise as he waited for the inevitable.

What do you want me to say, exactly? Do you want me to stand here and tell you details of my sex life? Sure! My sex life is fantastic. My husband is hot. Ten out of ten. Any more questions?

There was a moment of quiet before the room descended into catcalls and raucous laughter. Harris didn’t know if he’d ever seen Ilya happier in his life. Maybe not even on his wedding day. It might be a toss up. He watched as Ilya threw his phone down and wrapped both arms around Shane, laughing brightly as he rocked them back and forth.

“*Get off*,” Shane muttered, weakly pushing at Ilya’s chest, his face bright red.

“No, no, no. We need to go back out so you can tell them more.”

“Oh, fuck no. I’m never talking again, actually.”

“You can’t help it, that this is what’s true.” Ilya gestured towards the rest of the room. “They all knew it already, of course.”

Harris could almost feel the strength of Troy’s eyeroll.

“Holly, you just had to go and inflate his ego more?” Troy said. “We’re already crumbling under the weight of it.”

“Yeah,” Wyatt added. “My back already hurts.”

Shaking his head, Ilya brushed him off. “Your back hurts because you are old man.”

Dykstra snuck up behind Ilya and grabbed the sides of his head, shaking it slightly. “I think his head is actually getting bigger.”

Laughing, Ilya ducked out of Dykstra’s grip, arm still around Shane’s shoulders.

“You guys think I didn’t already know this? That my husband is very happy, every day, sometimes several ti—ow!”

“I’m going to quit the team,” Shane threatened, his face set in a scowl that, weirdly, seemed to make Ilya’s face go all soft, even as he was rubbing the spot on his ribs that Shane had dug his elbow into.

He was about to say something when Shane let out a horrified noise. “My parents are gonna see this. Oh my god.” He dove forwards to find his phone, typing furiously.

“I think they might already suspect this information, Shane.”

Shane’s head whipped up. “What? Ew!” He went back to typing. “I have to tell them not to look.” Shane ran one hand through his hair repeatedly until it was standing on end.

“Moya lyubov, there is no way they haven’t already seen it.” Ilya looked in the direction of Harris and Troy. “Right, Harris?”

“Oh, yeah, no, it’s everywhere.” Harris pulled his phone out and scrolled for a bit. “It’s on CBC.”

Shane let out a strangled sound and dropped his phone, sitting down on the bench in his stall. He dropped his head back and closed his eyes. “I can’t believe I lost it like that.”

“Sometimes we’re allowed to lose it,” Harris said, voice calm. “You’re a human like the rest of us.”

“You are never this nice to me when I say things.”

“That’s because you say something unhinged five times a week, Roz.”

Wyatt stopped next to Shane and clapped a hand down on his shoulder. “It’s fine, Holly. This is far from the worst thing. So what if people know you’re happy in your marriage?”

Shane let out a soft noise. “I didn’t have to, like, specify that particular part of my marriage, though.”

“What, the best part?” Ilya said and Shane kicked his leg out, trying to hit him in the shin.

“They were needling you for it, trying to get you to break and say something private,” Harris pointed out. “Sometimes they get to you. It’s their job and they’re good at it.”

“If it helps,” Troy said, “Roz is gonna say something crazy tomorrow and everyone will forget.”

“And at least twitter is having fun,” Young said, nodding down at his phone. “They’re happy for you, Holly. Enthusiastically happy for you.”

“Please don’t read them out loud,” Shane begged.

"ooh look at me I'm Shane Hollander and I've won 3 Stanley Cups and I'm the best hockey player of my generation and my husband Ilya Rozanov is hot as fuck and our sex life is 10/10 girl fuck you."

Shane couldn't hold back the snort that escaped him when everyone around him burst out laughing. It seemed to pull him out of his head enough to start tidying up his gear and the locker room went back to a semblance of normalcy. Harris turned to place a soft kiss on Troy’s lips, mentally running through what he'd have to get done before the evening was over.

“See you at home later, babe.” He let his hands run down Troy’s chest, coming to rest at his waist. “I’ll probably have to stay for a bit.”

“Do you want me to wait for you?”

“No, no, you need the rest, and someone needs to be with Chiron, he’s been alone a lot today.”

“I’ll queue up that *Knives Out* movie you fell asleep to yesterday.”

Harris laughed. “Bold of you to assume I won’t fall asleep to it again.”

Shane and Ilya moved past them, bags over their shoulders, and Ilya slipped his hand into Shane’s as he opened the door. One of the local reporters was still lingering outside.

“Rozanov!” The reporter called. “How do you feel about your husband's interview?”

Harris heard Ilya’s genuine laugh and his voice brightly saying, “*fantastic*” before the door fell shut.

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