The Pop-Girlification of Shane Hollander

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The Pop-Girlification of Shane Hollander

by JuHuaTai

Summary

> Shane stared back at the camera, giving it the flattest look possible, “Like Miss Carpenter, everyday, I too had to beg my man to ‘please don’t embarrass me, motherfucker’,”
>
> -
>
> Or, the 5 times Shane 'ASMR-Is-Music-Right?' Hollander was soft (and freaky) about his husband over the soundtrack of pop music.
>
> And the 1 time Ilya ‘Romance-Are-Not-For-Russians’ Rozanov was.
>
> (Chapter 5: Bonus Scenes)

Notes

> Disclaimer: I know nothing about hockey, only what wikipedia and google can tell me in 5 minutes. This is also very self indulgent, so please suspend all expectations.
>
> Probably should’ve been called the ‘Sabrina-fication of Shane Hollander’ because most of these are her songs. Very much inspired by the many edits I have unhealthily consumed in the last few weeks

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For most of his life, Shane's relationship with music had always been non-existent.

That wasn't to say he completely abstain from it; he has a Spotify account (Originally a Premium Duo between him and Ilya, later becoming a Premium Family shared between Luca, Cliff Marlow, Dysktra and Barrett, because *I don't care if we're rich, we can always afford to save up, Ilya!*) and it held a few playlist. It was mostly a compilation of Disney songs for the Pike kids, some nice white noise for background whenever he felt overwhelmed, and one bluntly named 'Sex Songs', which Shane knew was definitely the work of his husband.

(Speaking of, he really to delete that. Shane has banned all sorts of accompanying music to be played whenever they're in the bedroom after that one time 'A Whole New World' started playing mid-coitus and Ilya continue to thrust while singing how he wanted to show him a Whole New World. It was mortifying. It was weirdly hot. It was impossible for Shane to ever watch *Aladdin* normally ever again.)

But really, he wasn't one for trendy music, much less pop songs. There was never any need for him to. At least, until Rose came along.

Rose, a lover of everything pop culture, who has become some kind of a sister he never wanted.

Rose Landry, and her awful, terrible, *basic* Spotify playlist.

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1. Please, Please, Please - Sabrina Carpenter

The interview had been a tradition in Centaurs, and one of their most popular segment. A short 30-40 second video interviewing players about the most random thing, like 'What is your favourite food' and 'What's your favourite off season activity'. Something short and inconsequential, but allows fans alike a small glimpse to the team that made them relatable and therefore likeable.

For this particular interview, Harris' question had been, "Which song lyric do you relate to the most?"

Standing next to Shane, Wyatt Hayes squints and grimaced, "Oof. That's a hard question," he murmured, "Nothing really comes to mind right now. I'm not big on listening to *songs* anyway, I prefer movies, shows and anime OSTs. Most of them don't really have a lyric," at that, he glanced back at Shane, and there's something playfully teasing in his smile. A precursor to a joke, Shane realised, and yet unlike that look on other people, this one doesn't make him brace himself to be the butt of a mean joke. No one in Centaurs ever made him feel that way, "Between me and Hollzy, I think you're asking the wrong question, Harris,"

The implication that Shane doesn't listen to music was there. After all, everyone in the team had seen the way Shane would, to quote either Young or LaPointe, 'rawdogged the treadmill'.

With a little smile, Shane turned back to the camera, "I can think of a couple,"

"You can?" Harris and Hayes asked, almost at the same time, with a varying degree of surprise. The camera, Shane noticed, is now shifted more on him rather than the equal split between him and Hayes.

"I listened to pop songs every now and then," Which is an incredibly sanitised way of saying that he was suffering under Rose’s attempt to make him more ‘cultured’, by getting him to participate in any pop culture conversation through listening to trending music. Her first attempt had been to make Shane sit down for all her movies and go from there, which was kind of impossible with the kind of schedule he kept for playoff seasons.

That, and the giant Ilya-shaped jealous monster practically hovering over him, but that’s a different discussion to have.

“Okay,” there’s glee evident in Harris’ voice, possibly from the fact that there’s genuine material for his video and that 'Boring-llander' (*Thanks Ilya, hope the couch was worth it*) actually listens to pop music, “So, tell us one. Maybe one that resonates with you the most,”

Shane ducked his head, suddenly feeling a little bashful as he said, “It’s this recently released song titled ‘*Please, Please, Please*'. I think it’s by Sabrina Carpenter,”

The way Hayes’ eyebrows jumped made him giggle. Shane watched in as the man silently mouthed the name '*Sabrina Carpenter*’ as their social media manager questioned again, almost sounding like he’s gushing, “Why, Shane? What makes that song relatable to you?”

Before he could say anything, there was a loud smacking and shout that drew their attention back to the middle of the rink. In the midst of players stretching and warming up, Ilya sneakily smack the flat end of his stick against Bood’s rear, almost toppling the man down. He skated away immediately while cackling in the face of Bood’s and Dykstra’s (as the possible previous victim) indistinct hollers, accompanied by laughter from other players. Laughter that soon turns to howling when Ilya tripped in his hurry to avoid their wrath, falling on his ass.

Shane stared back at the camera, giving it the flattest look possible, “Like Miss Carpenter, everyday, I too had to beg my man to ‘please don’t embarrass me, motherfucker’,”

The video gained 3 million views less than 24 hours after it was posted. Memes were made. Jokes were unleashed in the team group chat. Comments and reactions online spread like wildfire.

And through all of it, Ilya was eerily silent.

A little warily, Shane looked up from his phone, ignoring the video's comment section (Ranging from sweet - '*Soft for the way Shane said My Man 🥹 yasss that's HIS man!*' - to completely unhinged - '*If I bagged Shane Hollander I would act up too Ilya Rozanov u ain't*

special') over to where Ilya was standing by the kitchen counter, prepping their dinner. His face was deceptively calm, stoic and giving nothing away even though Shane knew he's currently reading the Centaurs group chat where he's being roasted to hell and back.

"Ilya?"

"*Da*, *moy lyubov*?" Again, calm. Giving nothing away.

"Are you mad?"

"About?"

Shane bit his lower lip. There's a soft clatter from Ilya putting his phone down to flip over the salmon off the pan. The scent of lemon and herbs permeate the room.

"...Nothing,"

Almost absently, the Russian man nodded. From where he sat, Shane could see him typing some sort of text but no notification showed that he was replying to Barrett's chirp in the groupchat. Then, after a while, he pocketed his phone and started plating their dinner.

The night passes without any mention of the video.

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2 days after the release of the video, Centaurs held a home game against Admirals. Scott Hunter and his team put up a good fight, but Centaurs had long since found their rhythm. By the time intermission hits, they were up by two points and Shane was confident that they had this match in the bag.

He had only made his way back to the bench, lightly tapping Luca's shoulder to praise him for his goal, when a familiar tune prick his ears.

The beginning chord of *Please, Please, Please* blared from the stadium's sound system, and in the seconds it took for spectators to realise what is happening, suddenly there's a cacophony of cheers and howls of laughter. Even along the bench, he could see several players tossing their head back in hilarity. In front of Shane, a wide-eyed and blushing Luca balked at something in the middle of the rink in disbelief.

There, in full view of every single eyes in the stadium, spectators, coaches, even the dumbfounded Admiral players, Ilya skated in circles, arms gesturing for the spectators who had started to sing along to raise their voice. He gestured and danced, pointed grandly to himself during '*everyone makes mistakes*' and made the exaggerated *who, me?* gesture at *'whatever devil's inside you, don't let him out tonight'.* Soon, it was as if the entire stadium was singing, the crowd chanting "*Please, please, please!*" along with the digital recording of Sabrina Carpenter's melodic voice.

And during it all, Ilya glide over to the bench, and quickly pulled Shane towards him into a tight side hug.

"Anything you want to say to me, *moy malen'kaya pevitsa*?" My little singer. The grin etched across Ilya's handsome visage seems to threaten to split his face into two.

One could maybe blame it on the atmosphere, and maybe the almost for sure win and their latest victory streak. Shane himself would like to plead for temporary insanity.

Because there was no other reason that Shane could find why he matched the grin on Ilya's face, and shouted on the top of his lungs, "Please don't embarrass me, motherfucker!" along with the lyric and half of the stadium.

With a loud bark of laughter, Ilya pressed a long, loud and wet kiss to the corner of his lips before quickly skating away.

Shane took a deep breath, willing his smile to finally die down and the ache on his cheeks to finally disappear. It didn't, not even after he pressed his un-gloved hands against his chilly face, and as he ignored the well meaning jeers and shuffling from the other Centaurs players. His chest felt full, heart racing the way not even playing for the last half an hour had made him.

He almost missed Hunter approaching their bench, an amused look on his face and a little grimace in the way he watch his fellow Captain twirled and made a fool of himself on ice, "That's your man right there," he quipped, gesturing to the rink as if Shane need any further confirmation who he's talking about. As if there was ever any other man Shane would ever willingly called *his,* "You chose that one, just so you remember,"

On the ice, almost colliding with an Admirals player trying to stretch, Ilya threw his arms open to his very enthusiastic audience. Somewhere near where Shane stood, he could hear Wiebe grumbling about the man needing to stop all the theatrics so they can regroup.

"Yeah," he sighed. Judging by the way Hunter was looking at him, he probably looked disgustingly besotted, "Yeah, I do,"

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2. Nonsense - Sabrina Carpenter

The original clip was first posted on ESPN's YouTube channel, a 25 minute discussion between a number of experts weighing in on the quality of captainship between teams currently leading in scores and their effective leadership.

Around the 12:09 mark, Centaurs were brought up as yet another strong candidate for the year's Stanley Cup Winner, their possible 4th winning under Ilya Rozanov's captaincy since his transfer 6 years ago. A legendary turnover, they say, considering Ottawa's status as a bottom-rung team prior to his arrival. Praises were thrown around, along with some disagreement regarding his reputation.

Inconsequentially, a clip was shown during this back and forth. Captain Rozanov of Ottawa Centaurs, strikingly clad in his uniform like a soldier in midst of battle with a stiff body language sombre expression to match, standing by the player bench in deep talk with Coach Wiebe. The clip transitioned out and was replaced by another, this time of him seemingly

barking out command to the rest of his team during practice, frown severe and jaw taut in from the intensity. On the bottom of the screen, a rolling text informed the viewers that both clips were courtesy of Centaur’s head office, taken from their training footages. Additional footages played, a montage of Centaur’s highlights.

The segment only lasted around 4-5 minutes, and it moved on to discuss the losing streak from Montreal Metros under Gilbert Comeau’s captaincy. Some of the years they didn’t even make it to playoffs. One of the commentators joked that Rozanov must be pleased with them for raining praises to him and immediately badmouthing his partner’s former team.

An underpaid intern posted it. Didn’t think much of it.

That should’ve been the end of it.

Shane's morning took a turn for the worst after a single text.

Well, technically his morning was already ruined when he accidentally bumped against the corner of the kitchen island and spilled his morning protein mix. And as if this major deviation from his routine was not bad enough, it fell on poor Anya, distressing her from the shock of cold, slimy liquid dripping all over her pristine white fur and the plastic bottle grazing the terrier's small body. That was how Ilya found the both of them after his shower, both practically whining and crying at each other, with a messy spill just a foot away.

A clean up, a doggy bath and plenty of kisses and whispered reassurances later, Shane was still a little jittery and off balanced as they drove to Canadian Tire Centre for their practice. Ilya's warm hand was a comforting weight on his knee, and he almost felt a little more like himself the moment the white outer walls of their home arena came into view.

Then, his phone chimed. A single text. Followed by a few more.

A little sluggishly, Shane checked his phone. Perhaps it was a reminder for today's practice, or message from his mom about tomorrow's meeting with- Oh, it's just Rose.

Shane OMG?? [link]

[link]

[link]

The first link led to a post that had way too many exclamation mark and capital letters for it to be healthy this early in the morning. The post came with a video and a picture; the paused video showing a blurry image of what Shane could make out as his own face. With a building trepidation of what this can be, he clicked on the play button.

A clip of Ilya speaking tersely with Wiebe from the bench played, the low quality making it seem like this was a doctored clip that had been zoomed in. After a second, the video shifted to the sight next to the two men, where Shane stood near them, seeming to all to be staring blankly to the air. Staring somehow at Ilya's direction, lips parted and heated eyes raking up and down the other man's face and body. Then, much to his horror, the video clearly caught Shane biting his lower lip and even licking it a little, before he looked away with a tiny, airy smile and the briefest of head shake, as if internally telling himself ‘not now’.

Holy shit. Holy shit, he remembered this moment. Even worse, he remembered what caused him to even look like that. This was from a game a few months ago against Toronto, a game that went overtime and finally ended after Shane scored the winning goal 15 minutes in. Worse still, Barrett had been injured midway, a dirty hit from a player holding grudge, and that had stoked a fire under them.

Ilya had spearheaded their match like a vengeful war god. Had been aggressive and provocative in ways he hadn't been since his rookie years, had pummelled the same player that took Barrett out with the strength of a freight train.

And Shane was... well, Shane was also determined to win for both Troy and their team. But it's just.. well. It wasn't often that he sees Ilya that worked up. Exuding confidence rolled together with antagonism like it's a second skin to him, Russia's Greatest Rage Machine in his natural habitat. And even off the ice, the coolness carefully balanced with passion that he displayed, one that earned him the position of team Captain. It was all the things that Ilya would rarely show, not when he prefer being a menace and a chaos monster for everyone around him.

Rose once said that Shane had, in her words, 'Competence Kink'. Jackie, after 2 glasses of wine, had enthusiastically informed Shane that maybe he is 'Ilya-sexual'.

He kind of see the point for both now.

With renewed dread and anxiety, Shane tapped back to the message and opened the second link. Another post, and yet another screenshot of that cursed video, this time displaying for- Oh shit, 217,000 people to see and like.

@BarrettsBaby Petition to add this picture next to the dictionary definition of 'Dickmatize'

@RozBabyy Please Shane Hollander, just let me bounce on your husband's dick once. I am on my knee begging and pleading and praying and crying-

@LlammaHoard2829 Oh to be Ilya Rozanov and having the Princess of Wasia openly longing for you

@BBQBoodLover His ass is NOT listening! He is WANTING!

"What is that, *moy lyubov?* You are tense,"

Shane looked up quickly, almost giving himself a whiplash. Somehow, they're already in the player only parking, and Ilya had already started reversing the car into their reserved spot.

And this would've been nothing out of the ordinary (well, aside from Ilya driving, because Shane would rather walk than letting Mr. Speed-Limit-Is-A-Suggestion be anywhere near the wheel, but well), if Shane had not been force to reminisce *that match,* which subsequently lead to the memory of the *night of* and the bruises on his knees that he had to hide for *days* and Ilya's pleased smirk at the sight of Shane gagging on his cock, and then the-

"Shane?"

Ilya, for all of the fancy luxury car he used to have with all of their available cutting-edge technology, parked like David Hollander had since the 1970s. Something about camera feedback and once scratching his car while reverse parking. Which means that he was braced against the seat as he used one hand to deftly rotate the steering wheel…

...While having his other arm wrapped behind Shane's seat.

So this is what Shane was faced with after frantically dropping his phone; the sight of Ilya with his brow furrowed in concentration leaning close, the faint dark scent of his Clive Christian perfume wafting inside the enclosed space.

It was too late for Shane to bite back a whimper, but at least he managed to cross his legs on time. For all the good it does.

To absolutely no one's surprise, the entire team has seen the posts. And then some more.

"This one's my favourite," Holmberg offered with the biggest shit-eating grin, only half dressed with his kit. The phone he offered to his captain was quickly surrounded as if it was a light source to a bunch of trouble-seeking moths. Shane could only see snippets from where he stood at the very front of his locker, the same spot he practically rooted himself to since they first came in and was immediately met with grins and hoots. He barely caught the glance that Ilya sent him before a familiar audio played, filling the suddenly quiet locker room.

I'll be honest! Looking at you got me thinking nonsense. Cartwheels on my stomach when you walk in.

There's that clip again, and Shane could feel himself turning red to the tip of his ears at the sight of himself blatantly ogling Ilya for all the world to see. The clip jump to the moment he smiled and shook his head, before it jump cuts again to another clip. It looked like one of their pre-season press junket, judging by the long table and microphones, and it showed Ilya and half of Bood on his side for a brief second, both seemingly exchanging words seriously before it immediately jumped to Shane on Ilya's other side. Shane, who wasn't even pretending to listen the way he was openly staring at his captain's side profile.

And when you got your arms around me of it feels so good, I had to jump an octave!

Somehow, the clip transitioned again in beat with the lyric - Oh my god, how many times did he let this happen?! - and it was worse this time, because it wasn't even a video, it was just a still image. Possibly a paparazzi pic judging by how unaware they seemed, taken from the front entrance of a hotel, possibly one of the multiple they had to stay in on the road. They were dressed somewhat discreetly, hoodies and jacket with the hood pulled up and faces hidden under mismatched cap; a black Boston Raider one for Ilya - a memento he still keep to this day - and a green unmarked one for Shane.

The damning thing about this image of course, was what they were doing. Or what *Shane* was doing.

There they stood, immortalised in this piece of digital image, Ilya's around wrapped behind Shane's back, evidently stirring him to a specific direction. The Russian man was on his phone, mouth open in a seemingly casual conversation with whoever was on the other side of the call. And just like all the other clips, Shane was staring at him from under the bill of his own cap, with an expression that even to his own addled and appalled mind, is utterly adoring.

All while licking on a - sugar free - lollipop. Tongue out and all.

From somewhere in the room, Luca squeaked a weak, "This is really inappropriate for us to watch," which was quickly drowned by Bood's howling laughter and wheezing, "Hollzy, get the fuck up, boy! Roz's dick can't be that good!"

The sound that escaped Shane's mouth could probably make Chiron and Anya jump in alert.

"I am so embarrassed,"

"Yes, you have told me this for 100th times today,"

Poking his head out of his cocoon of a blanket, Shane glared at the direction where Ilya stood, and the not at all concealed grin he had on his face. The man hadn't stopped grinning since Holmberg's accursed video, not even during bag skates where most of them ended up gulping for air. He still had the same smile on, even while washing the dishes, even though they have a perfectly good dishwasher and technically today was Shane's turn to deep clean the pans.

His glare intensified, even if his husband can't tell, "You could at least feel a little bad for me,"

"But I do not feel bad, *moy zaychik,"* Ilya told him, flicking his hands dry after he put the pans away in the drying rack ("Use the paper towel! You'll get the floor wet!"). He's *still* smiling, playful and light, in a way that made him look like an excited little boy, "I am sorry, I know you do not like to be seen like this in public, but bad? No, I do not feel bad. Sorry,"

He flopped down unceremoniously, body half crushing Shane under his weight. Before Shane could push him away all disgruntled, he suddenly found himself being wrapped by a pair of strong, muscled arms. Shane huffed, accepting his fate and barely fighting when Ilya pulled him further into his embrace, fluffy blanket and all, "Why?"

For a moment, he received no reply. With little manouvering, he glanced up, a questioning frown blooming on his face. Ilya met his gaze, his smile now toned down to something affectionate, almost tender, "It is... what is the word, reassuring for me," he murmured, pressing a delicate kiss on the crown of Shane's head, "Cannot feel bad when I can see how much I am loved by my lovely husband, yes? Is embarrassing for you, but to me, this is...," he trailed off, giving a little shrug, "This makes me happy,"

And just like that, suddenly all the tension in Shane's body left him.

For what felt like a lifetime ago, it wasn't that long ago when they only have hotel rooms and closed doors to be able to spend time with each other. That they spent half of their life at that point caring and, though not in so much words, loving each other quietly, because the thought of people knowing felt world ending. That for all they matter to one another, they were the last person to be able to be by each other's side; Ilya being left out from any news of Shane during his concussion, and Shane's inability to even be there for Ilya after facing the

possibility of death. All the photos unsaved, all the memories that could not be immortalised for fear of discovery. The secret 'I love you's, the words that cannot be said and the hearts broken over conversations that should've been had if it wasn't for their physical and emotional distance.

Being outed was painful, even though they never hold anyone but themselves accountable for that. All the following things hurts, between the vitriol from Voyageurs and the people Shane had thought were his friends, the condemnation from people they didn't even know, and even the doubt reflected upon them over their hard work for almost a decade. And for Ilya, it was losing his birth country and everything he knew, all because he chose Shane even when he wasn't sure if Shane would choose him.

But that was years ago. Now, the whole world knows about them. Of them. This house was the reminder that they have built a life together. Their rings were the symbol that they were now bound to one another, until death do them apart. Even Centaurs and Irina Foundation websites had listed them as one another's significant others. In Shane's notebook, somewhere within the pages, were wistful writings of 'Mr. Shane Hollander-Rozanov' in the margin that he swore he would never reveal to anyone, not even to Ilya. Not like they can hyphenate their names, not while they're still playing professionally.

And that was what all those videos were about, wasn't it? A declaration of love. Showing to the whole world - maybe in a rather inappropriate way - that this is it for him. This is the man he fell for and chose to spend the rest of his life with. That he loves this man, and there weren't and would never be anyone else.

Later on, when Ilya left to go to the bathroom ("Use the toilet spray this time!", "Natural things are beautiful!", "Flowers, maybe, not farts!") Shane quickly scrolled back to the text he received from Rose, quickly finding the third link that he has yet to open. He replied back to her, sending in a blushing and shy emoji, before letting the link lead him to yet another social media app.

The chorus of *Nonsense* played, similar to the video Holmberg showed them, though the content was quite different. This time, this video contain a series of stills that are heavily edited with sparkly effects and, for some unfathomable reason, put a pink bow on his head every time. Image after image showing to everyone how Shane would always love Ilya when he thought no one was looking, and even when they are.

He bookmarked and downloaded the video.

He ended up asking Harris for help. The look Harris gave him was equal part awe and puzzled. As if he won millions of dollars in lottery but wasn't sure that he bought a ticket in the first place. The short man recovered quickly - probably all that time dealing with the unexpected, courtesy of Centaur's Captain - and had been all too enthused in teaching Shane how to make a quick post, even offering to review and make final edits to the video before it can be posted.

"You really okay with this?" Shane finally ask him after the flurry of instructions, demonstration and a number of failed drafts later, "I might, you know, post something that will be a pain for you and your team,"

Harris gave him a patient, if a little condescending pat, "Can't be worse than what Ilya's already doing on the daily basis," Ilya and his various social media accounts, always one internet-breaking post away from being entirely controlled by the PR staff, "Besides, I think it's sweet that this is going to be the first time you post personally and it'll be about the two of you,"

Shane ducked his head, feeling extremely shy all of the sudden in the empty office room where they had secretly sequestered themselves in, "Well, technically it'll be about Ilya. Which means that you will have another media storm coming your way,"

There's a brief second where Harris' expression fell, as if only just remembering his job and what role he will have to play afterwards. It went as quickly as it comes, "Oh well, I'll let him have this just this once. As a treat,"

One random Monday afternoon, there was suddenly a new post on Shane Hollander's rarely used account. No professionally made thumbnail, no advertisement caption, no chance this was posted by the man himself.

Instead of showing him, the video opened with the sight of a well lit home gym. Amongst the well used equipments, the viewers are met with the sight of a sweaty Ilya Rozanov in the middle of his one arm push up set, breathing evenly and clearly taken with what he was matching on his propped up phone. Eagle-eyed viewer can see it is an almost decade old animated show, with themes surrounding figure skating and a pair of Russian and Japanese professional figure skater falling in love. A silly recommendation from Hayes that Ilya somehow got into a little too much.

The chorus of *Nonsense* played, coincidentally on rhythm with the rise and fall of the tall Russian's push up pumps.

I don't even know I'm talking nonsense, I'm talking. I'm talking- I'm talkin' all around the clock, I'm talkin' hope nobody knocks, I'm talkin' opposite of soft-

The video shifted. The camera flipped, showing the adorably flushed face of Shane Hollander biting his lower lips in a gesture that fell short of sexy and fell completely into the realm of adorable. He mouthed along with the lyric-

I'm talkin' wild, wild thoughts!

The song continued, but it was no longer the important part of the video. Hollander burst into little audible giggles, face turning even more red as the camera shifted and shake, hiding half of his face from view. On the background, not quite concealed by the audio, one can hear a heavily accented voice laughingly ask, "What is funny, *malysh?"* before the video cut there.

The internet went *berserk*.

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ I'm thinking nonsense...

110k likes *3,210 comments*

@hollanovtruther SHANE HOLLANDER IS POSTING THIRST TRAP OF HIS MAN I AM SO USED TO GIVING I AM NOW RECEIVING

@lillechalmers I am Shane Hollander I am the best hockey player of my generation I have Ilya Rozanov breaking my back every night GIRL FUCK YOU

@HockeyGirl219 I can't believe a pair of hockey players restored my belief in love again and for what? No man out there is THEM

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3. Where's My Husband! - RAYE

The video started like this: Shane Hollander, Assistant Captain of Ottawa Centaurs and Jackie Pike, WAG of Montreal Metros sat pressed side by side, head leaning against each other as they lip synced the beginning lyric of the song with the most tired-fond-exasperated look on their faces.

Baby! Where the hell is my husband!

The song abruptly stopped then, audio turning diegetic as Shane began to speak in full deadpan, "Well, our husbands are in the backyard, painting the wall. Well, they were before but now…," he trailed off, sharing a wary look with Jackie.

The camera shifted to over his shoulder then, where from beyond a glass door leading out to the porch, one can see Ilya Rozanov in shorts and rolled up tshirt, gesturing wildly and angrily at an equally enraged Hayden Pike. The paint stained muscles of his arms jumped and strained as he pointed and shouted, "—press! How are you horrible in painting and hockey?!"

"Oh fuck off, this is how you reapply paint!" Pike spat back, mouth curled in distaste, "Just because you're shit at this doesn't mean I'm wrong!"

"Oh, so this is how you paint? Smacking the wall, like how you whack pucks, not like you know how to play—"

"Rozanov, I swear to god—"

"—15th best player in Montreal—"

”You know what you fuck—“

The camera jerk as someone off screen gasped at the sight of Pike flicking a large, paint dipped brush over to Rozanov, spraying the tall Russian with off white spatter.

There was silence. For a mere second.

The only warning they had was the sight of Rozanov suddenly pulling his sleeves up further while pulling his arm back, and of Pike dropping the brush and *charging ahead.*

"Ilya, no!"

"Oh my god, Hayden stop!"

The clip showed 2 seconds of blurry movement, before it ended.

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20 minutes later, Jackie Pike posted a picture of both Rozanov and Pike, sitting side by side in a pair of plastic chairs. They were both drenched from head to toe in paint, their faces were hid under their arms in apparent shame.

Between them, their hands were intertwined.

Jade and Ruby Pike stood next to their defeated father, back turned to the camera and faces concealed but obviously having fun at his expense. On the other side, Hollander stood with both his arms crossed, practically radiating disappointment as he glared down at his husband.

@JackiePike92 ✅ 1 hour of handholding until they can get along. And then they have to clean up the porch.

12.3k likes 921 comments

@realhollanovs Can't believe that all this time the real rivalry is Pike vs Rozanov

@Metrofan173 Handholding will continue until friendship improve

---

The video went viral, quicker than the Centaurs interview. Barrett already made a sticker for the groupchat of Ilya's paint spattered figure gearing up to throw a punch within hours. The fluff article showing the image of both Ilya and Hayden holding hand in shame had been liked by over 30 thousand people, and it was barely the end of the day.

"I don't get why you're both like this,"

At his comment, Ilya briefly paused from rubbing the towel wildly on top of his head to dry his hair off. His fair skin was splotchy all over, possibly from scrubbing the paint off during shower, "Pike started it,"

"How?"

Instead of answering, he shrugged, lower lip pulled to an exaggerated pout, "He exist,"

Shane rolled his eyes, jostling his shoulder against Ilya's naked, slightly damp back, "I've seen you both get along. I know you were the one Hayden ask for help to buy Jackie's birthday present instead of me. I know you talk about video games on Discord often. Why is it so hard for you both to show it when there's other people around?"

"We do not get along. Is lies. Liar told you this," his accent was dialled into maximum, in a way he hadn't sounded like since Shane met him that fateful day 16 years ago. On the coffee table in front of them, as if on cue, his phone lit up with a notification on Discord.

#private_message

HP_LoreCraft Man fuck you, I look like I got skin disease now

HP_LoreCraft We still on for later?

HP_LoreCraft I'll beat you on pvp after raid

Ilya swiped the phone in a blink of an eye. In trained, subtle movement that could only be gained through the experience of hiding a situationship for the better part of a decade, he replied back to the message, put away his phone and put on a nonchalant expression all in the span of a few seconds.

Shane stared at him balefully. Ilya stared at him back, face carefully blank.

"...HP Lorecraft?"

Ilya shrugged, "Horrible name taste from horrible little man,"

And that should be that. Just like Shane's viral *Nonsense* video, it will be another silly little event in their life. Except, it didn't become the last time.

The next time Shane would use the same song clip, they were out for grocery shopping. He lost sight of Ilya every now and then, but he was not blind to the sight of cereals and snacks he did not put into the cart showing up every time the man would. From his camera, he could see Ilya carefully approaching while he had his back turned, one hand conveniently hidden behind him from view. Shane started the video just when he was close enough, readying himself to lipsync with the lyric.

Baby! Where the hell is my husband!

"He is currently grabbing stuff I explicitly *told* him not to," and as he said that, he whirled around, still aiming the camera to where Ilya stood and coincidentally catching the sight of a 6ft Russian man, 2013's NHL's Most Punchable Face, 2021's 5th Sexiest and 2022's Sexiest Man Alive jump and gracelessly dropping 2 large packs of Hot Cheetos.

Baby! Where the hell is my husband!

The video showed a dog park. In the middle of all the greenery, a group of dogs of varying sizes were barking and playing in a disorganised little ball, and just off the camera's view, you could see their owners/walkers watching in amusement. In the middle of the pile, a man laid on the dirt floor, an expression of bliss on his face. The man muttered a series of Russian words, almost indistinguishable under all the barking.

A voice spoke from behind the camera, "I think he's currently in his own personal heaven,"

Baby! Where the hell is my husband!

They were the only two people left in the locker room. Once the audio clip ended, Shane aimed the camera over to the direction of the showers, where one could hear the echoing noise of a very deep voice singing- well, crooning off key to *Die with a Smile.* If one was to turn the audio on louder, they would hear the way Shane was trying to smother his giggling to little avail.

The giggling stopped immediately when Ilya suddenly called out, "*Moy solnyshko! if the world was ending, I want to be next to youuuuu!"* he continued warbling, voice half concealed by the sound of rushing water.

Absentmindedly, Shane turned the camera back to him. His face was clearly flushed red, corner of his lips twitching from trying to hide how find and soft he suddenly felt.

Baby! Where the hell is my husband! What's taking him so long to find me!

This clip, unlike the previous ones, opened without showing Shane mouthing to the lyric. Instead, it had him pressing a finger against his lips in a shushing gesture, eyes twinkling under the dim lighting around him. Once the audio clip ended, he panned the down to his lap, where a thick head of curly hair laid down. A loud, vibrating snore broken through the quiet air. The clip end there.

In the caption, Shane typed, "Wasn't long for me! Found mine at 17 ❤️"

"You like this song a lot,"

Sleepily, Shane tilted his head backwards, allowing his lip to meet the side of Ilya's strong jaw. Blearily, he glanced towards the phone Ilya was holding, where his video was played on repeat on the background of the comment section that Ilya was reading through.

He tried to read a couple ('Lord I have seen what you have done for others-', 'How does a snore sound so unbelievably slavic', 'Hollanov are HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS, no I will not elaborate') and immediately gave up when his eyes started stinging against the brightness of the screen, "It's kind of catchy," Shane murmured around a yawn, before proceeding to press himself further against Ilya's body heat. The man runs hotter than heater sometimes, not helped by their... really active pre-bedtime activity just now.

When Ilya continued to scroll, Shane lazily swatted the phone - almost making Ilya drop it on his face - and whispered, "I also like saying the word,"

"Word?" Finally taking the hint that he wanted attention, Ilya put the phone away on their bedside table, "What word is this?"

What other word was there? The one that Shane didn't think in a million year he would get to use to call someone, to even have the right to say or even to say it to Ilya Rozanov, of all people in the world. A promise and a statement, a declaration that is both his devotion and sign of possessiveness.

Shane gave him a little smile, shy yet giddy, "Husband,"

Mine. Only mine. *My* husband. My *husband*.

Ilya's replying grin was so wide and bright, it made his heart skip a beat, "Say it again then," a hand sneaked behind his waist, one that he readily accomodate to by lifting his upper body off from the mattress. Tomorrow's a day off, technically with only an optional training mid-afternoon. All of these thoughts left Shane's mind the moment heated kisses were peppered on his neck, "Say it again, what will you call me?"

"Husband," he gasped, as Ilya's fingers began to venture down and between his thighs, "Husband, you're my husband,"

"Say it again,"

"My husband!"

Practice was delayed by half an hour after a Zamboni malfunction. They were still 10 minutes late to practice.

Chapter End Notes

Split this into two chapter because I've lost control of this overnight. Sorry.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Disclaimer: mild breeding kink, very brief mention of suicidal ideation. Please skip from "Shane almost missed the soft muttering, "Marlow? He's your best friend," to "A hand rubbed his back up and down, a silent apology."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

4. Sabrina Carpenter - Juno

Shane never particularly thought of himself as attractive.

Sure, he's been told before that he's handsome, but he didn't think that his mom would say anything different about her own son. That's what moms do, right? They bolster your confidence. His first girlfriend, Jessica had once said she thought he was cute. Said it in a way a child would think a puppy is cute. Rose, post-relationship, would admit she thought Shane was more pretty than classically handsome. "A manly kind of pretty!" She would point out, whatever that means.

Fans, especially online, apparently also found him easy on the eyes. At least, that's what he gleans over whenever he dared venture the swamps of social media. Barking in the comment under a post of his photoshoot means they found him *really good looking.* At least, that's what Harris said.

But honestly, Shane never did. Can't really see what's so good about his looks.

At least, not until Ilya.

With Ilya, Shane didn't just feel attractive, he felt *desirable*.

He felt wanted and treasured. The way Ilya would look at him even out in public, as if Shane was the only sole thing in the world worth looking at. The tender way Ilya touched or held him when people are looking, the rough, possessive grip when they were alone. All of these were true even before the world knew of them, of the existence of a being called Shane-and-Ilya, inseparable.

With Ilya, Shane always felt, to his unending mortification and exhilaration, *sexy*.

It was with all of these in mind that Shane finally let himself open his eyes and met his own reflected gaze looking back from the mirror.

For a moment, he was transported back to the year of 2010; Watching himself, blushing and a little awkwardly standing in front of the hotel mirror in full suit and his new haircut all tussled, carefully considering if this is the look that Ilya Rozanov, Hockey Junior Champion winner and one of the best player he ever played against would like to see him in when he arrives. Where the other boy will... will touch him, and take off the layers off of him. Back then, he was immediately haunted by the sight of Rozanov laughing himself to death over his evident awkwardness, chastised himself ("What are you doing, *dude*?!") and went to pick up the cleanest and freshest smelling shirt and pants from his suitcase.

14 years later, in their shared bedroom, Shane stared back at the sight of himself in an oversized replica Centaurs jersey, a C stark against the top of his chest and the number 81 on his sleeve. He ignored how the fabric felt wrong - not the only wrong thing, between the C that has not graced his uniform for years now, the way the thread feel against his skin and oh yeah, *the fucking number 81 and the name ROZANOV across his back* - and instead wondered what Ilya's reaction would be when he returned home and found Shane waiting for him in this jersey and nothing else. Completely nothing else.

Shane pulled down the front of the jersey, letting it brush mid thigh. Ilya and himself were the same height, but the bulk of Ilya's muscle always made him seem bigger, that all of his clothes would be loose on Shane on certain parts.

On the bed, his phone let out a little trill. An alert, for when Ilya's location is close to the house. A safety measure that was a lifeline during the days they were sneaking around and had to visit each other's places in the cover of the night, and had long since outlive its usefulness. Well, outside of today, he supposed.

Pushing away all second thoughts, Shane picked his phone and opened the Spotify app, making sure it's connected to the audio system in their bedroom. He opened the - now completely overhauled - 'Sex Songs' playlist, double check every song listed to make sure there was no longer any animated movie soundtrack (*what the fuck, Ilya*) and no crossovers from the playlist in Ilya's own account titled 'Songs to Fuck in Beat to' (*what the actual fuck, Ilya, imagine if your account got leaked?! Did we learn nothing?? Also why are some of these at 160 BPM??!*)

Just as he finished all of the preparation, somewhere downstairs, he could hear the sound of their front door opening, the other two occupants of this house returning from their daily run. A voice echoed along with the sound of Anya's barking, "Shane? *Moy lisyonok*?" Little fox. Shane felt a brief moment hilarity over Ilya's choice of pet name and this sneaking around he was doing.

"In the bedroom!" he called out, just as he pressed play on his playlist and placed the phone neatly on their bedside table. A soft tune played from their Sonos Ultra soundbar, filled the bedroom with the soft melodic tune of a french love song. A little too mellow for Ilya's taste, probably, but well, this is Shane's surprise. Once he could hear footsteps approaching, he climbed on the bed, careful not the rustle the neatly tucked sheets - a useless effort, considering what they'll be doing, but he can't help it - and sat against the headboard. He tucked his knees against his chest, carefully placing his feet on the bed to conceal any sign that even the wait had made him slightly aroused.

That was how Ilya found him. The Russian man opened the door and immediately froze on his steps.

And this is what Shane meant; it was the slack-jawed look, the raking eyes that was less observing and more committing the sight of Shane in Ilya's captain jersey into memory. The way Ilya started taking off his clothes in autopilot, dropping everything on the floor and even almost tripping, completely hypnotised and of single mind to quickly covet Shane all to himself. How the first thing he did was hover over Shane's still curled form and press kisses from the top of his head to every inch of his cheek.

"Oh *lyubimiy*," Ilya muttered reverently as he continue to trail hot marks down Shane's neck, letting his teeth graze against heated skin. He continue to whisper between nips and pecks, each on the bits of skin not covered by the jersey, "*moy dorogoy*," my dear, with a kiss to his

knuckle, "*serdtse moyo*," my heart, with a kiss to his knee, "*radost' moya,"* my joy, a kiss to his leg.

Shane let a breathy whimper escape him as Ilya pulled his left feet up by the ankle, pressing a series of kisses down the bridge to the tip of his toe, "*dusha moya*," he sighed. My soul.

On instinct, Shane parted his knees, exposing all of himself to the air and letting Ilya settle between them. He pulled the other man by his hair, threading his fingers through curly strands as if it was his birthright, letting everything *Ilya* attack his senses. His smell, his taste, his tongue, his body heat, his wandering hands, everything.

They parted with a gasp, breathing the same air.

"*Zhizn' moya,"* was breathed against his cheek, as if it was a brand. My life.

Shane's tongue feeling thick as he mumbled back, "*Ya tvoy*," Yours.

Around them, the song shifted. Something a little bit more upbeat than the last.

"Is this special occasion?' Ilya asked, after the lull of being in each other's presence began to seep into them, "Or maybe, this is very good dream, yes? I come home to nice house and see very beautiful man in my bed, wearing my uniform and nothing else," as if to emphasise, Shane could feel his big, hockey-calloused hands groping down his upper thigh and the globes of his ass, even playfully grazing his slowly erect cock. It made him stifle a moan, especially as Ilya's thumb began trailing down to his hole.

Shane bit his lip, staring back to Ilya's lust-filled eyes, "Nothing special. Just... just wanted to do something nice for you,"

It's not quite a lie, but he didn't think that telling the truth is really on the table as well.

Their last match, the last away game before they return back to Ottawa had been against Tampa. An American rookie had gotten to Ilya's face throughout the match, throwing chirps after chirps, all the arrogance without any of the skill to back it up. In the middle of first period, the boy - because that's what he is, despite his build and obvious attempt to be taken seriously - had even tried to check Ilya against the wall and hilariously failed, considering he was about half the size of the Captain and clearly not as built.

As if to cover his embarrassment, he immediately screeched, "Your entire family died off in 1900s dude, retire and join them already!"

Ilya had gotten back at him with a somehow still legal yard sale. And by scoring a hat-trick.

He had laughed it off after the game, accepting their teammates congratulations, and clowning on the rookie on the post-match interview ("Maybe he should finish school first. How did he confuse House of Romanov to Empire of Rozanov, ah? Very different legacy, yes?") but Shane saw him after all the commotion died down. The way Ilya discreetly watch his face for signs of aging in the mirror after shower, the painful way he would grimace at his creaky knees, unable to return to its normal state after a bad injury in 2015. In hockey years, they are already nearing their sunset age, for all that they were still able to outperform even newer players. For all they felt invincible at the start of their career, they were always one accident, one too-hard hit and one mistake away from leaving the ice permanently.

Shane knew, even as he hatched this plan on the flight back home, putting the online order using Luca's Amazon Prime account - who didn't ask any questions but definitely had looked a little pink afterwards - so that Ilya can't see it on their account, and skipped today's run under the guise of not feeling well, that all of this would not solve the overarching issue. Of the dark thoughts that swirled in Ilya's mind, of his unspoken dread at the realisation that he will soon grow older than his mother. Of their looming retirement, of the uncertainty of the future.

He wasn't using sex as a distraction. Well, maybe not completely. Putting on Ilya's jersey - a replica of it, because Shane would rather *die* than sully their actual uniforms - was supposed to be a reminder that no matter what the future holds, nothing could change the past and present. Nothing could change the fact that Ilya Rozanov was a hockey legend, a game maker, a decorated, cup winning captain.

And he is Shane's, just as Shane is also his.

Something shifts in Ilya's eyes then, something more tender than the arousal he displayed earlier. Maybe he could guess why Shane was doing this, because it felt like that with the sometimes; that one could understand the other without even a word between them. Whatever he thought of the surprise, he didn't say.

The sweet way he took Shane's breath away with a searing kiss, however, sounded a lot like a 'thank you'.

Shane felt vindicated.

Ilya had immediately made fun of him the moment he realised that the jersey wasn't authentic, though it wasn't that long before they realise that they would make a complete mess of the material and *aren't you glad it's not your actual jersey, Ilya? Can you imagine showing up to practice from now on and having my cum stain everywhere on your jersey because we can't wash it off?*

In hindsight, it was stupid of him to ask that. Ilya had seemed far too horny at the thought of it.

Not that Shane had any opportunity to chastise him about it. Not when Ilya had him folded and ate him out for what felt like hours, before and after cumming in him.

The skies outside were approaching dark when Shane last had the clarity of mind to check. He only gave the world beyond their curtains the briefest of thoughts when Ilya pushed into him once more, his ring of muscle only giving the slightest of resistance. Shane purred at the familiar weight and burn inside of him, the warm and wet tickle of cum and lube dripping out of him as Ilya bottomed out again. He gave a little sigh when his sweaty forehead was peppered with light kisses, the intimacy never getting old despite the decade of knowing each other's body and the years of only ever making room for one another.

"Is okay?" Ilya murmured, sounding breathless himself. His face had bone quite red with exertion, veins even bulging on the side of his temple. He trailed down more kisses over Shane's panting form, quietly waiting for the verbal permission to move as he always did.

On the background, the song that had been playing faded out. A jaunty, old school tune filled the air, just like the others had.

Only, Shane was, much to his internal embarrassment, very familiar with this one. Might've listened to it more than he was willing to admit. Might've read the lyric out of curiosity and found himself disturbingly imagining things that shouldn't be possible, and yet cause both intrigue and something close to his lizard brain being activated.

Swayed by the tune, without thinking, he raised a hand and gripped the back of Ilya's head tightly, forcing the man to pause his sweet ministration. His teary, red-rimmed eyes found Ilya's bright blue ones, and he began to breathily sing along, "*Don't have to tell your hot ass a thing, oh yeah you just get it,"*

He only had a whole second to see the incredulity and even awe lighting up Ilya's face before he forcefully pulled him into a kiss. (The next part of the lyric mentioned *dad's genetics* and... well, Shane needed to be fucked without anyone having any kind of emotional crisis, okay?)

"*I,"* Shane choked at the sudden high octave coincided with Ilya lightly smacking his ass, "*know you want my touch for life,* i*f you love me right, then who knows*?" he continued to pant along with the lyrics, trying his best to be in tempo. He ran one hand through Ilya's sweat damp curls, lightly pulling and revelling in the intense stare that seemed to envelop him. He met that stare dead on, and smirked teasingly as he pulled Ilya's hand across his heaving stomach, "*I might let you make me Juno*,"

He knew Ilya understood the reference. They watched that movie during the flight back. Shane made sure they did, sneaking it between the collection of downloaded movie in his iPad.

As if to prove his point, Ilya suddenly went stock still.

Shane's grin widened. He felt confidence building, the rare yet ever present swirling thought of *'He found me desirable, he adores me, loves me, holy shit, he wants me so bad it makes him look stupid'* making him even bolder, *“One of me is cute but two though?”* he practically giggled, especially when he can feel Ilya *twitching* inside of him, "*Give it to me baby,*"

Next part of the lyric was on the tip of his tongue, the ending of the chorus, but Shane didn't get to continue.

Not when Ilya suddenly held both of his hands on top of his head and pressed down, down, *down*, practically trapping him.

"Well," Ilya *growled*, the vibration sending unspeakable sensation down Shane's spine, "You ask for this,"

And well, in retrospect, Shane supposed he really did.

Okay, so maybe he should’ve seen this coming.

”So you can’t make it to lunch today?”

“Sorry Hayden,” He tried his best to convey that really, he did feel bad, because Hayden will be flying to Washington in two days, after which Metros will be on road for a month. This lunch might be their last chance to catch up in a while.

But then again, there’s always dinner. Or tomorrow.

Behind him, Ilya bit on his nape. Shane yelped.

”…Do I want to know?”

Instead of replying, Shane pushed his face back to the pillow to muffle the moan threatening to spill from the slow drag of Ilya’s cock against his poor, abused rim.

Which, belatedly, he realise was a grave mistake, when Ilya suddenly loomed over him - and inadvertently pushing him deeper into Shane - and spoke directly to the phone, “Will give your children cousins soon, Pike. Excuse us,”

“Ilya!”

”Fuck you, Rozanov!”

“Not the one getting fucked!”

Following the game against Washington, a post made heavy circulation amongst the hockey media world. A fairly innocuous post from a concerned fan posting a series of pictures of Shane Hollander cradling his lower stomach and visibly wincing. It had been taken post scrum, where he was unfortunately hit despite not even participating in the altercation.

The post itself was fairly mild. The exchanges that resulted from it was what made it trending.

@HollanderGirl Oh no, my poor shayla is having tummy ache. Give him an ice pack, a belly rub, anything :(

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ is okay, he is not hurt. I just made him Juno 🤭

@WyattHayesGK ✅ Assuming you do know what you're referencing, I need you to realise that men cannot get pregnant. It's really important for me that you know this.

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ Sounds biphobic. Who says this

@LHaasCentaurs ✅ The human biology?!?!?!?!?!?

@auniceinWonderland **@IlyaRozanov81** ✅ IS SHANE HOLLANDER PREGANENET?????

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ My baby (Shane) is having my 👶 hope this helps

Shane stared at the screenshot - sent by Harris in all caps lock - and almost dropped his juice.

"*ILYA*!"

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5. Santa Tell Me - Ariana Grande

The video came from Cliff Marlow, of all people. *Cliff Marlow.*

As if the concussion he gave him in '17 wasn't enough, seems like the man was looking to give Shane a whiplash years later.

To be fair, he didn't post it anywhere online. But apparently, after a few BBQ invite and exchanging recipes, he was now good enough friends now with Bood that he sent it to him, which means that it wasn't long until the video was posted in the Ottawa Centaurs groupchat for all to see.

The video didn't have the most stable view, but it was enough for people to understand what they were watching. It was from the Christmas party last year, judging by the fact that there's a massive 'MERRY CHRISTMAS 2023' sparkly banner stretched on top of the home entertainment system. Just like every Christmas since Shane's arrival in Centaurs, the part was held at their place, though you can visibly see the number of things that other players must've brought with them. Such as the beer pong equipment on the table that belongs to Young, a strewn around Cards Against Humanity cards that LaPointe had brought along, and all of the cooked food that was the combined hard work of Bood, Harris and Barrett.

And including also Dykstra new karaoke set that he had gotten overseas. One he had brought along and installed next to Shane and Ilya's entertainment set, and had been enjoyed by a number of guests.

One of them, as the video showed, being a very, very intoxicated Shane Hollander.

And you can certainly tell, the way Shane lost the usual stiffness of his posture, and the lack of shame as he belt out the lyrics to *Santa Tell Me*, falsetto and all.

"*Santa, tell me if you're really theeereeee! Don't make me fall in love again if he won't be here next year!"*

At this, he pointed to the lone figure occupying the two seater just off to the side. Ilya Rozanov's astonished expression was zoomed in to, mouth open and corners of his lips twitching in unrestraint joy. His eyes widened as Shane slowly approach him, swaying lightly on his step and wireless microphone clutched in his hands like a lifeline, "*Santa, tell me if he really cares! Cause I can't give it all away if he won't be here next year!*"

Behind the camera, you can hear Marlow's snickering, one that turned to an outright guffaw along with a number of people's combined chortling when Shane suddenly plopped himself down on Ilya's lap, just crushing the man under his weight, "*Now I need someone to hold, be my fire in the cold*," on cue, Ilya wrapped his long, strong arms around Shane's wiggling body, still fully grinning as he continued to serenade him, "*But it's hard to tell if this is just a fling or-"*

"Is no fling anymore, yes?" You could hear Ilya said, voice caught by the microphone. He sounded so unbelievably fond.

"-true love that he thinks of, so next Christmas I'm not all alone, boy!"

There's a loud feedback sound when the microphone fell on the floor, when Ilya pulled Shane into a deep kiss. The hollers turned into jeers and wolf whistles in the background.

The video ended there.

A message from Marlow was included in the forwarded video: "*Was scrolling through my camera roll and I just remembered I have this. Jane's got some pipe on him*"

Shane's going to kill him, Ilya's best friend notwithstanding.

The chirps and pranks during practice were very much expected. *Santa Tell Me* were blasted on Holmberg's speaker the second Shane walked in to the locker room. Fucking *Wiebe* actually called him *Ariana Hollander* with a straight face.

And through it all, Ilya was just grinning. No defense for his poor, bullied husband whatsoever. Shane had a horrible flashback to the myriad of Nonsense edits online.

Worse, he had the gall to invite the bane of Shane's existence to their house in the form of a video call that night. The sight of Cliff Marlow's stupid face on Ilya's phone screen made Shane pout, which was not helping his case.

"You can't be pissed at me," Boston's defense protested, when Shane initially refused to speak to him, "It's a sweet moment! I thought you would like to have that!"

"Could've sent it to me then," Shane argued, squinting his eyes. Ilya had him continue the call while he cooked their dinner; Shane could hear him humming to himself in the kitchen.

Marlow, the prick, actually laughed, "Yeah maybe. Okay, I might be feeling a little petty,"

"At what?"

The man looked a little awkward then, kissing his lower teeth and looking away from the camera, "I mean, happy for you guys and all, but you still took our captain away, Hollander,"

he said matter-of-factly, “And well, maybe I used to have this love-hate relationship with Jane, even before I even know who.. well, who you were,”

Marlow had lowered his voice then, a clear sign he didn’t want this conversation to be overheard by anyone other than Shane. Taking the hint, Shane glanced back to the kitchen, where he could barely see Ilya playing with Anya while waiting for the food to simmer - he better wash his hand before touching the pan again - and asked quietly, “Uh, why?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” He said, as if anything is obvious to Shane right now, “Roz was a total hound back in the day, the life of the party, girls in each arm kind of guy. Then, all of the sudden come this Montreal chick who made him all crazy and fuckin’, stop going out. Then while we’re still getting used to him being, I don’t know, pussywhipped, he left us to fucking Ottawa of all places. And I know he ain’t say nothin’ but we can guess is for this girl, a girl so special Ilya fucking Rozanov moved country and leave the life he built for a whole decade, all just for her,”

Shane clutched the phone tighter in his hand, sinking further in the sofa with every word. Every summary of the way Ilya chose him. Something so evident apparently that his old teammates had guessed even before knowing for who exactly did he make all of those unreasonable decisions.

From the phone, it didn’t seem that Marlow realised the effect of his words for Shane. He seemed a little lost on his own trip down the memory lane, “And all through that, we don’t know anything about her aside from her name. And it’s not even your name!” He actually chuckled at that, shaking his head as if in disbelief, “No idea if our captain was happy there, no idea if this Jane would even do half as much as he would for her, no idea if Jane was worth all of this sacrifice, you know?”

Tears pricked the corner of Shane’s eyes, lump slowly forming in his throat.

Would you even choose me?

”He wasn’t,”

The word slipped before Shane realised it, and, to his and Marlow's twin horror, so did a bit of tears.

He could practically feel the panic from Marlow even across the call, the way the man uncharacteristically started stammering out his apology. Shane shook his head, bringing the heel of his palm to wipe the stray tear, "He wasn't worth it, Marlow," he sniffled, bringing the phone closer that he could see his face practically filling the screen on the man's side, "You know that even after all of that, he kept them a secret for too long, because his career was more important than the guy who chose him first? The guy who risked getting deported and being incarcerated in his own home country?"

"Hollander-"

"He saw the way he was sad and struggling and can't do anything about it. He only realised how important he is when he almost fucking died," he choked, cursing lightly when he felt more tears coming despite his best effort to keep them at bay, "After everything Ilya did, did you know he even had the gall to ask if Ilya would choose him?"

Hollander, I already chose you.

"I..," he sobbed, "I didn't-"

The phone was suddenly taken off his hand.

Ilya's voice ran from behind him, calm yet giving no space for a rebuttal, "I'll call you later, Marly," he informed quickly, and hung up the call. The phone was carelessly tossed away somewhere on the sofa.

Shane suddenly found himself cradled in Ilya's unwavering hold. The instant he felt another's touch, he curled into himself, feeling sudden overwhelming humiliation for the sudden burst of emotion in front of someone he wasn't that familiar with, and that he was caught. He felt Ilya coaxing him, physically trying to manouver Shane into sitting closer, and he struggled against it, pushing himself away in spite of how inviting the other man's embrace was.

After a while, after Shane finally resigned himself to being pulled on Ilya's lap. He didn't look up from his clasped hands, hiding his face away until he could no longer feel the wetness of his cheeks. A heavy hand found perch to the top of his head, comforting and warm.

"Sorry," Shane's voice was muffled behind the fabric of his long sleeve sweater. The hand on his head ruffled through his dark, short strands.

A heavy exhale breathed hot air against his temple. Shane let himself fall sideways, pressing his shoulder against Ilya's chest, and let his ear feel the slow *thump-thump-thump* that spoke of a healthy athlete's heartbeat. Crawling without a hitch. It was soothing, in ways that not even his most played white noise can bring him down from his climbing anxiety, a proof of life, proof of survival.

"I do not think I really like that guy,"

Shane almost missed the soft muttering, "Marlow? He's your best friend,"

"No, not Marly. The 'Rozanov' he was talking about, I mean," Ilya sounded quite far away, that he may be here physically, yet his mind were million miles away. Distracted, absent, "Parties, and drinks, and the beautiful people. Is fun, yes. Especially the nice cars, they are very, very nice," The fancy cars that Ilya sold, baring the few that he had a soft spot for. All because Shane asked him to, because he hated the danger their brought, how flashy they were and the never ending worry that he would lose Ilya to the recklessness, "But what do those thing do for me? Nothing. They are just things that are nice to have, but they are not things that... what is the word I am looking for...,"

Ilya's English had majorly improved since years ago, but he often slipped back to basic form and vocabulary the more emotional he was. As if his brain cannot process and contain the flurry of feelings and linguistic ability all at once. Shane frowned, and was about throw some suggestions (Not things that you need? Not things that is very safe to be around? Not good for your taxes?) when Ilya smacked his lips together decisively, "Ah yes. Not things that give me purpose in life,"

The arms around Shane tightened, but it felt like his heart was the one being squeezed dry, "...And I do?"

"You give me that, yes," there's a tremble then in Ilya's voice, one that usually only appear as he realised he was about to bare himself open in front of Shane, lay bleeding and accepting his fate of being scrutinised and the possibility of being left wanting, "You are boring, and predictable and a little uncreative. I... I grew up with interesting. And unpredictable. Those are not always good things," he barked a laugh, and it sounded too wet, too raw that it hurts Shane to hear it, "When things are interesting, sometimes I am afraid they will lead me to my death and I will go willingly,"

"Please don't say that," Shane pleaded, grasping the fabric of Ilya's worn shirt, "It scared me so fucking much when you start talking like this," And he knew it wasn't fair because Ilya was the one who had to live with that ugly shadow in his mind, day in and day out. He could've had the decency to at least listen, to share the burden, just as he did when Ilya first shared with him his mother's fate, and later on his fear that he may inherit more from her than just his looks. Of sharing her end.

But he can't, he's not strong enough. Maybe he will one day, but not now.

A hand rubbed his back up and down, a silent apology, "*Prosti,"*

The hand paused, sliding down the length of Shane's arm and to his shoulder, carefully rearranging his position. He let himself be manhandled until he was face to face with Ilya, pressing their foreheads together. There's a smile on the man's face; gentle and patient, "Is worth it for me, this boring life. Yes, there are bad things that happen, but good things happen too with us, no? And it will keep happening, even if bad things happen too,"

"But how are you so sure? What if I-"

"Of course I am sure. You are boring, predictable Shane Hollander," Ilya chuckled, "Good things are very predictable when I am with you,"

Marly [22:05] Hey, just wanna check in. y'all good?

Marly [22:06] Sorry I worked Hollander up, didn't mean to. Got nothing against the guy, he's chill in my book. Someone who can fucking stand your messy ass is always good for me

Marly[22:06] But just in case, can you tell him this for me

Marly[22:09] Obviously i don't know anything about what went down, that's between the two of you. And yeah, I'm pissed that Montreal Jane took my best friend away to bumfuck Ottawa

Marly[22:15] But Jane also made Roz blush like no one's business

("Russians do not blush, fuck you Marly,")

and he made him happy. Like, really. Like, he got something important and it's bigger than hockey.

Marly[22:16] And I don't think Jane should treat that lightly. Jane/Shane gave my best friend happiness like nothing I ever see on him before. And just for that, I think Jane is worth it.

Marly[22:17] Besides, being in love suits Ilya Rozanov more than being a fuckboy does.

Marly [22:17[There I said it

You[00:03] You are no longer the godfather of our future children

Marly[00:10] You'll forgive me by then

You[01:31] Thank you Marly

Your message was 👍 by 'Marly'

You [08:021] Good morning Cliff, this is Shane Hollander. Sorry for messaging you so early in the morning.

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [09:51] Oh you're also like that when texting huh

You [09:54] What do you mean?

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [09:55] If i make a sext joke can you guarantee no angry Russian is going to storm my place for making you cry

You [09:54] No.

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [09:55] Then nevermind, wassup Hollander

You [09:58] I was wondering if you can send me the Christmas video to my email in the at full resolution?

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:04] sure np send me ur email

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:05] btw

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:05] did roz tell you about what i text him last night?

You [10:07] replied to '*Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:04] sure np send me ur email*'

hockeylvr.91@hotmail.com. It's my personal email.

You [10:08] Yes, I read it. Thank you for your kind words.

You [10:08] We had a good talk afterwards.

You[10:09] And I just had some thoughts last night about the things I told you and the things he told me.

You[10:10] I think I want to show the world that he is worth it for me too. That the same way he chose me, I chose him.

You[10:11] He means so much to me. Maybe it is time that I learn not to just tell him that but to show it too.

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:11] damn

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:12] making me cry in the club at 10am buddy

You[10:12] Why are you in the club this early in the morning?

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:15] nvm

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:15] ok, lemme send the vid.

Cliff Marlow (Boston) [10:18] replied to *'You [10:07] hockeylvr.91@hotmail.com. It's my personal email.'*

> of fucking course thats ur email

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ [video]

#ThrowbackThursday Throwback to the time I serenaded **@IlyaRozanov81** on Christmas and made a completely fool out of myself for two reasons!

First being that I cannot sing at all, so apologies to everyone listening! And second, because I asked in the song if ‘he will be there next year’ and ‘if he really cared’.

Throughout the many years we have been together, even when we didn’t know yet what we have, he was always one of the biggest certainty in my life. Even when all we have were texts and the many hotel rooms, he will always be there, year after year. Even during the time when we are apart, when I thought we were broken for good, he was still there. We always return to each other, even if it took us 8 years to realise that perhaps we wanted more than the physical things.

And it was truly dumb for me to ask if he cares because for the same amount of time, he has showed me time and time again that he did and always does. He is my strength, my biggest inspiration to strive harder, the only one I can truly ever be myself with. He was patient with me even when I am unsure of myself. He was my first in a great number of things and had given me a wonderful and safe experience for each of them. He was always thoughtful of my wellbeing. He was willing to leave everything that he knew then, his team, his achievements, even his home country, all so we can be together. Through bad times and good times, he was my rock even when I don’t deserve it, and he had given me the privilege to know the most vulnerable parts of him that made me love him more.

You have given me the most wonderful and frustrating 14 years of my life. я так сильно тебя люблю. I can’t wait to grow old with you for the rest of my life ❤️

531k likes 10,2k comments

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ I am sorry but I cannot grow old, only young and beautiful. You will have to grow old on your own, but I will be with you while you do it ❤️

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ I hate doing nice things for you, you always do this shit

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ You say you hate it, but right now you are making little blinis for hungry Russian husband. Is embarrassing for you

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ This from the man who prepped bubble baths and gave me massages the whole day yesterday because you thought I looked stressed?? Hypocrite

@WyattHayesGK ✅ You both lived in the SAME HOUSE! Be cute within your own walls and leave us alone please!

@HollanovIsReal Hi yes, I have some questions namely WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN HOLLANOV HAS BEEN TOGETHER SINCE THEY WERE 18??

@MariaCelle12 Forget the 14 years thing, WHAT DO YOU MEAN ROZANOV TOOK HIS VIRGINITY

@cheetahprintjersey Remember when Hollanov first got outed (#FuckBrad) and they say they have been romantically involved for years and we all just nodded our dumb hearts out and agree collectively said ah yes, 2017 All-Star kiss. WELL HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU ALL

@LucaHaasMyBb **'**He was willing to leave everything that he knew then, his team, his achievements, even his home country, all so we can be together **'** I am soft for them but also I too would risk it all for Shane Hollander's bubbly ass Ilya Rozanov you are truly one of us

@CentaurFangirl01 May this kind of love also find me

@HollanovIsReal May this kind of love NEVER find me what do you mean it took them 8 years to have the 'what are we' talk-

@goneinmymind If my situationship refuse to acknowledge us for 8 years you would see me on the news RIP to Shane Hollander but I'm built different

@BBQBoodZane ✅ What a pleasantly normal day today! (We just found out that: 1) Our teammates has been together for half their life and no one knows, 2) Our Captain transferred to our team for love, 3)THEY HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR 14 YEARS! I am currently losing my mind. The team groupchat is on fire. Harris is threatening to jump off the building and I think Troy will go after him)

@LHaasCentaurs ✅ They got together when I was only 9 years old??

@WyattHayesGK ✅ **@LHaasCentaurs** ✅ Love you Luca but I'm blocking you for that

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter will be added, for the +1 and further timeline reveal, but for now, this part of the story has ended.

Thank you so much for reading! Please let me know what you think!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

First of all, thank you so so much for all of you reading! So happy people like the first 2 chapters 😭

Second, a little apology but was supposed to be the +1 section of this fic, but the idea kind of got a little out of hand, so I'm posting this interlude first while I'm working further on it.

Which kinda means that so sorry, but this fic's getting longer and longer!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Group for Annoying People (except Rozanov)

You, Boodman, Hazy, Dysktra, Boyle...

You [sent a document]**:**

[stupid timeline whatever.pdf]

You: There, as promised

You: This is advance payment for helping me make surprise for Shane yes

7 people reacted to your message with 👍

Troy: Was the title in 256 size taking up the first 3 pages really necessary

You: ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Young: This is why you don't introduce him to kaomoji **@Baby Haas**

@Baby Haas [replying to: @Young: This is why you don't introduce him to kaomoji **@Baby Haas**]

I don't think I can apologise for this for the millionth time

LaPointe: Immediately starting the document with '2008 - Approached by boy with beautiful freckles and bottom boba tea eyes' Roz lemme plead allegiance to you forever

Boodman: THE FUCK

Boodman: 2010??? YOU WERE HOOKING UP IN 2010?????

Hayes: 'He say I might open I say I might knock'

Hayes: Wow you guys were really just babies by then huh

Dykstra: THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN SCOTT HUNTER WAS NEXT DOOR

Hayes: WHAT WHERE

Dysktra: 2011

Young: Yoooo u guys wr wildin

Holmberg: Fuck did I miss the reading party

Holmberg: FUCKING 2010????

Harris: I'm crying like actually

Harris: This document is giving me major whiplash

Harris: One second I'm reading '2011 - Teach him blowjob, very good student ;)' and then suddenly I got punched by '2013 - He kissed me in the forehead and I got scared. He has become so important to me that I'm afraid of the feelings I didn't know I was capable of'

Troy: He actually is crying btw

Troy: Ngl Roz, once hockey's no longer working for you, maybe you can go into book writing. I actually got really emotional with some of these

Young: I jump into this looking for juicy gossip but now I feel like a mess Roz

Holmberg: '2014 - I win Stanley Cup with Boston. I wish my mama and Hollander can be there with me and hate myself for asking impossible things'

Holmberg: Feel free to tell me no but

Holmberg: Can I like hug you. Make you hot chocolate. Tuck you to bed. Put you in a padded room so nothing can hurt you anymore

Holmberg: Feel free to say no tho

Boodman: Dude

Boodman: That pic you got in 2014, the one labelled 'Only pic of him I have for a long time', we should totally use that for The Plan

Boodman: That's like, a relic for the two of you man

Baby Haas: Hey I might take a bit of a break

Baby Haas: ' 2014 - We fuck in penthouse 1, I did not kiss him because I may lose more of myself to him and this is not something I am allowed' broke me kinda

Baby Haas: I can only speak for myself, but when we first ask you to tell me the timeline of your relationship with Shane, it's mostly because I was nosy too. You guys are our friends and we want to know more about you. But you've told us so much and such deep things, so

Baby Haas: I mean, I just want to say I appreciate you and Shane, Roz. It can't be easy what you guys went through. I feel honoured that you're willing to share even your innermost thoughts of those moments with us like this

9 people reacted to your message with ❤️

Hayes: Same man

Boodman: Same

Chouinard: I'm not going to read and text but yeah, agree.

Harris: We love you Roz! (and Shane too even though he's not in this gc!) 🤗

9 people reacted to your message with ❤️

Young: Ok i feel bad, because I know we're all having a moment right now

Young: (Love you Roz)

Young: But the fact that yall actually got freaky after eating tuna melt in 2016 is killing me. You know its love when you can get it up after the smell

LaPointe: ROSE LANDRY HAPPENED AFTER THAT????

Hayes: So can I assume then that 2017 is the year you guys actually got serious?

Hayes: Holy fuck Roz

Troy: Harris is bawling

Troy: Can't say my eyes are that dry tbh

Boodman: I think I know where you guys are up to. Cassie's also getting up to grab some tissue right now

Hayes: Dude I can't wait until Lisa finished her shift, I'm going to experience all of these roller coaster of emotion again

LaPointe: Fuuuuuck

Baby Haas: Ok I'm back

Baby Haas: Where are you guys up to now?

Young: This

Young: '2017 **-** I am now orphan. I have no one. I have Shane, but this cannot be, the burden of me is too big. I tell him I love him in Russian, so he does not have to live with that. I kept thinking as I talk to him that maybe there will be another world where I can tell him all of this and everything will be okay, but this is not that world. I am in love with him and there was nothing I can do about it.'

Hayes: Can I just say, and call me a nerd if you must

Hayes: Like I know everything turned out okay, but 2017 Ilya Rozanov didn't know that

Hayes: And right now I really wish time machines are real so I can go back to that time and tell baby Roz that everything will be okay, that this is the world where everything is okay

Troy: Well maybe not everything is okay

Troy: Case in point, I'm really not feeling okay right now

Boodman: Can I maybe just retroactively apologise for all the time I thought you were an asshole **@Roz**

Dysktra: Oh thats where you guys are up to, I thought this was the one we're all sobbing to

Dysktra: '2017 - I saw Shane lying on the ice not moving, and I thought of mama. I thought also to Papa. I thought for the whole night, reading articles after articles that maybe I am not meant to keep anyone. Maybe if I love them even a little I am supposed to lose them. I do not know what I would do if the articles started saying he is gone too. Maybe I know, but I do not want to think about it now. I prayed that night that if Shane lives, I will break it off with him so he will be safe. This is stupid thought, but it was my thought'

LaPointe: NO I HAVEN'T FUCKING REACHED THAT POINT

Holmberg: Roz maybe I'm not kidding with the padded room. Or if you still want to walk around, I can buy you one of those medical bubble people can live in

Boodman: Noooo waaaaay

Boodman: You telling me that if Scott Hunter hadn't come out you would've break it off with Shane????

Harris: OMG bffrrn

Dysktra: what

Troy: Be fucking for real right now

LaPointe: I think he's asking about where to find what Bood said

Dykstra [replying to @**Troy:** Be fucking for real right now**]**

O ok thanks

LaPointe: nvm

Harris: I am sending that man gift baskets. So many gift baskets. He will have gift baskets coming out of the wazoo.

Young: How do you know where to send it?

Harris: Do not underestimate the power of Director of Communications.

Troy: Love you and your misuse of authority, hun.

Baby Haas: Roz, is everything okay? You haven't replied at all

Troy: You good, Roz?

Hayes: @Roz @Roz @Roz @Roz

Boodman: Are we being too much?

Boodman: We're being too much aren't we?

You: A little

You: So? You help me with The Plan, yes?

Hayes: Fuck yes dude!

9 people reacted to your message with ❤️

You: Ok

You: Thank you

9 people reacted to your message with ❤️

Boyle: Hi guys, just checked my phone, what did I miss?

[stupid timeline whatever.pdf]

TIMELINE DOCUMENT FOR NOSY PEOPLE

2008 - Approached by boy with beautiful freckles and bottom boba tea eyes. He shake my hands twice and say I am good. Funny boy.

2009 - I won WJHC for Russia. I get first draft. I met beautiful funny boy again and watch him drink from my water bottle. This was very good year for me.

2010 - I get offer for CCM and ask them to include my beautiful boy, Shane Hollander. We share many laughs then we share shower. After that he gave me room number (1410). He said I might open I say I might knock.

2010 - I go and knock. He open the door for me.

2010 - He cannot do blowjob, is tragic, with those lips.

2010 - I get his number and gave him mine. I call him 'Jane', he call me 'Lily'. Yes, I am smart.

2011 - We meet again in All-Star Nashville. Cannot meet up before but has been texting him. Is like the world's most not fun edging. He is also boring texter.

2011 - He helped me during press conference with difficult English questions and play little footsies under table. Naughty nice boy.

2011 - He broke my accuracy record after a minute, but he looked cute doing it so is okay. I give him my room (1221). Scott Hunter was next door. I tell Shane we should let him hear like mating call, but Shane is shy. Not shy enough to tell me he has dildo but yes, very shy.

2011 - Teach him blowjob, very good student ;)

2012 - We hook up lots. I sleep with women, and Shane. Only that.

2013 - We have anal, I took his virginity for that. He will kill me if he read this document so shhh. In case he did read this, you were very good, my love. One of the best I ever fucked.

2013 - Shane kissed me in the forehead and I got scared. He has become so important to me that I'm afraid of the feelings I didn't know I was capable of.

2013 - Shane kissed me on stairs of his apartment, looking soft and beautiful. It was the best kiss I ever have in my life. I wish the world outside of that apartment doesn't exist, just so I can kiss him longer.

2014 - I am ashamed to say, but I avoid him after that for a long time. I wish I can say is because Olympics will be in Russia but I am lying. I do not want us to be anything. It will be messy, I will be in danger. Most importantly, I do not want to be tied down.

2014 - I win Stanley Cup with Boston. I wish my mama and Shane can be there with me and hate myself for asking impossible things.

2014 - We host NHL award and was told to do stupid little play where I take picture with him. Here is that picture [image] Only pic of him I have for a long time

2014 - I am weak man, I chase after Shane because he look so sad. We fight a little in bathroom, but it did not last. I think Shane even then cannot be mad at me, even when I deserve it.

2014 - We fuck in penthouse 1. I did not kiss him because I may lose more of myself to him and this is not something I am allowed.

2015 - We continue to sleep together. He is like drug. I know he is bad for me but I can never stop. I do not even sleep with many women anymore. Marly calls me boring, and maybe I am. Maybe Shane Hollander has made me boring.

2016 - I can no longer say I do not care for Shane Hollander.

2016 - After we sleep together in my place, I make him tuna melt. We watch TV and talk about stupid players and watch TV and then have sex again. Is like we are in relationship but not really. I had fun, but Shane doesn't. He left.

2016 - Shane dated Rose Landry. I was so angry, but I am not surprised. People do not keep me for long if not for sex, is okay.

2016 - I wish he was not one of those people, but I know we cannot always get what we want.

2017 - I meet him again in All-Star Tampa. Shane looked really good, is like punishment for me. But he broke up with Rose Landry and asked to meet in my room.

2017 - Shane told me he is gay (yes, I know Shane). I told him a little about family. Is a bit stupid talk, but I get to hold him again and this was wonderful as it is scary.

2017 - I am now orphan. I have no one. I have Shane, but this cannot be, the burden of me is too big. I tell him I love him in Russian, so he does not have to live with that. I kept thinking as I talk to him that maybe there will be another world where I can tell him all of this and everything will be okay, but this is not that world. I am in love with him and there was nothing I can do about it.

2017 - I saw Shane lying on the ice not moving, and I thought of mama. I thought also to Papa. I thought for the whole night, reading articles after articles about his injury that maybe I am not meant to keep anyone. Maybe if I love them even a little I am supposed to lose them. I do not know what I would do if the articles started saying he is gone too. Maybe I know, but I do not want to think about it now. I prayed that night that if Shane lives, I will break it off with him so he will be safe. This is stupid thought, but it was my thought.

2017 - He invite me to cottage. It sounds like something from my dream, to be together just the two of us. But Shane was high and I was not, so I did not say yes. I cannot break up with injured person, but is more because I am coward

2017 - Old man Scott kissed handsome and too young Kip. Is big day for dinosaur, but also big for me because I find courage to tell Shane I will come to Cottage

2017 - I told him I love him in English. He said it back.

2017 - We become boyfriends.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Ilya didn't mean to make the document that personal, but as he kept writing, he found himself getting carried away.

Also, he’s totally crying while reading all of the reaction but well, that’s only between him, God and Anya.

Also, there may be some innacuracy with the timeline, but this is mostly because I am sort of combining both the show and the novel's slightly different ones.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> I wish I’m talented enough to actually turn all of this into a more visually appealing text/edits etc but alas.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

+1. 18 - One Direction

"So, I have seen that people are disappointed in me,"

That was the first thing heard when playing the video; a post from **@IlyaRozanov81** out of nowhere, with a thumbnail that simply displayed the number 3 in Times New Roman font. The man himself was shown from head to part of his shoulders, looking away from the camera while walking leisurely in what seemed to be a grey walled hallway. He glanced down briefly, and the corner of his lip made a little twitch, "This is nothing new. Ask my father. Well," he shrugged nonchalantly, "You cannot. He is dead,"

He made a turn. The camera shifts down to show more of him, including his other hand that's opening a closed door. The camera glide along to show the interior of Centaurs locker room, where a figure of an unidentified person failed to remove themselves from the camera quick enough. There's some whispering noise. You can also hear Rozanov himself muffling a laugh. The camera shook and suddenly, the view changed to the sight of of Centaur's captain standing in front of a locker with his nameplate carved in front of it. Someone else was obviously holding the camera now.

Rozanov clapped his hand loudly, and gave an almost condescending look to the camera, and indeed, the viewer, "Okay, okay, I hear you. '*Eh, Shane has been singing a lot to you, why you never do the same*', '*Oo, Rozanov, you are selfish, why you never sing for Hollander*?' he blew a raspberry, mocking, "Okay! You ask! I will sing for most beautiful husband in the world, yes?"

The man straightened up his posture, turned to his locker, and turned back while holding a thick stack of A1 papers. He held them close to his chest, hiding anything that may be on it from view. For a moment, he seemed to be looking at something outside of the camera view, before nodding.

An audio started playing in the video then, a guitar instrument opening that older millennial viewers will immediately recognise. Rozanov stood even straighter, and if the video was paused then, one could see that he was a little nervous. Then, it was gone, just as the song started and the first verse began.

I got a heart and I got a soul. Believe me, I will use them both.

Rozanov mouthed the lyric, flipping the stack of papers around. The giant printed **'2008'** was stark on white surface. Just then, from off the left side of the screen, a pair of hands came into view, holding a blown up picture of Rozanov himself and his then rival and now husband, Shane Hollander, as young 17 years olds taken from WJHC in 2008. Another pair of hands appeared holding another photograph, this time it's a blurry picture of both team Russia and Canada post-game, as players shake each other's hands. Rozanov could be seen glancing back to someone on the row, wearing a jersey with a giant *24 HOLLANDER* printed on it.

We made a start, be it a false one, I know. Baby, I don't want to feel alone

As soon as Rozanov flipped the papers in his hand, displaying '**2009',** the hands from before disappear and three pairs appeared from the bottom of the screen. The pair of hands on the right flailed a little as the person stumbled, briefly revealing to the viewer that it was LaPointe. Eagle eyed viewer can see Rozanov trying to bit down his laugh as he continue to lipsync. The three images showed completely different types of things; the first being their joint photo after their draft, with a grinning Rozanov and a glaring Hollander, the second, weirdly enough, being an image of a white water bottle, and the third being the view of Toronto.

So kiss me where I lay down, my hands pressed to your cheeks.

The papers were shuffled, turning into '**2010'.** The three hands disappear, and Rozanov began to walk forward (somewhat side stepping something, maybe the people off the screen) and flipped the paper again, showing a still from their infamous CCM shot from 2010. The scene

transitioned immediately to the advertisement, the audio pausing then to play the same audio from the ad. Only, after 3 seconds, a glitch transition was used and instead of the serious, corporate video, it showed 19 years old Rozanov and Hollander giggling on ice. Rozanov was even heard telling the director, "No, no, we can do it this time,". The video zoomed to their young, baby cheeked faces, showing both having fun.

A long way from the playground-

The video shifted back to the locker room, this time showing Rozanov with two images on his left and right; A generic locker room, and the plate number 1410 on a door. On the paper he held, previously only showing years, now hold oddly cryptic words**. "What is your room number?"**

I have loved you since we were eighteen. Long before we both thought the same thing. To be loved and to be in love.

He flipped the page again, and this time it showed the year '**2011'.** The camera zoomed out, and someone behind him (people can easily see that it was Troy Barrett) walked with him as they held out an outstretched hand holding a still image from All-Star in Nashville in the same year. The picture showed a closeup of both seemingly talking from their respective benches, accompanied by a headline 'ROZANOV, HOLLANDER SHOT ACCURACY COMPETITON' photoshopped over it. On the bottom of the image, just barely seen, was the number **1221**. The camera moved following the image, leaving Rozanov off screen.

Then the camera shifted even further to the side, revealing a very exasperated looking Scott Hunter. He was holding one piece of A1 paper, with the giant writing '**I WAS NEXT DOOR!!**'.

A gleeful looking Rozanov popped back to the screen, grabbing Hunter by his shoulder and looking incredibly smug and amused as he continued to lipsync while gave the man a side hug.

All I can do is say that these arms were made for holdin' you, oh. I wanna love like you made me feel. When we were eighteen.

A short instrumental played, in which Rozanov took this chance to jog to the other side of the locker room. When he reached the end of the room, he turned, the page on his hand now showing **2013 - 2014.**

We took a chance, God knows we tried. Yet all along, I knew we'd be fine.

Two pair of hands once again held up images, though this time it made no sense. It was an image of a dark alleyway, and a picture of Shane Hollander taken from one of his games, with two text printed on top and below it **'Mr. Businessman, Mr. Landlord'.** Another hand popped up from the bottom; from the look on Rozanov's confused face, there's a chance that this hand wasn't supposed to come that late. The top of Zane Boodram's face came along with the hand. The image now showed one that most viewer will be most familiar with, though not from the angle shown: The actual selfie taken from the 2014 NHL Award.

The video transitioned again, the song paused. The clip from that awkward moment during the award played, especially the part where Rozanov asked, "Give me your number so I can send it to you," in which Hollander replied back with a stiff, "No chance,"

So pour me a drink, oh, love. And let's split the night wide open. And we'll see everything we can. Living love in slow motion, motion, motion-

Once again, the transitioned out immediately showing the year '**2016**'. The video zoomed out-

To show that it wasn't Rozanov holding the page, but Rose Landry. With a playful grimace, she turned the page, now showing the text **'SORRY FOR DATING HIM FOR LIKE 2 MONTHS, ILYA! YOU GUYS WERE ON A BREAK THOUGH!'** with a smaller '**Love you both!**' on the very bottom. The video zoomed out further to show a glaring Rozanov, though the stern look quickly melted as he and his husband's ex-girlfriend hugged cutely and made a love sign with their arms.

Rozanov walked off (Landry practically skipped to the back of the camera, grinning) now flipping the page to **2017.** He walked off the camera.

So kiss me where I lay down. My hands pressed to your cheeks. A long way from the playground-

Hands showed up again holding images, though this time, possibly after a long time filming, most of them don't even bother hiding who they are. Parts of Chouinard, Dykstra and Holmberg's heads can be seen as they stood on top of each other, holding their respective images; Chouinard standing holding an image from 2017 Tampa All-Star, Dykstra holding an image of their infamous cheek kiss, and Holmberg, on his knees, holding a nondescript image of a sunset on a beach.

The video cuts again into a transition. This time of a sports news broadcast announcing the death of Rozanov's father. As the video continued to play clips of Boston's play against Montreal, specifically cut that it only shows Rozanov and Hollander's play against each other. A voice recording play of Rozanov speaking in his mother language. A translation was provided in the subtitle.

[That's the worst fucking part of all of this, that all I want is you. It's always you. I am so in love with you and I don't know what to do about it]

There was a second of silence. As if allowing everyone watching to let the words sink in, to let them realise that this is the moment things had become real for the two of them.

There's a blink, and the video returned to the locker room, without the audio starting up. Cliff Marlow, Brad Hammersmith, Ryan Carmichael, Victor St. Simon, and Connor Connors stared solemnly to the camera, holding a large banner that said '**THIS IS THE PART WHERE WE LOSE OUR CAPTAIN**'. Rozanov popped out from between them, leaning his elbow on Carmichael and Hammersmith's shoulder. He mouthed 'sorry' silently to the video. Almost simultaneously the men all started laughing, with Marlow roughly grabbing Rozanov from the back and putting him in a noogie. The current roster of Boston Raiders hooted and hollered before they slowly made their way out of the screen.

Rozanov dusted himself off and held up the paper that still said **2017** on it. He looked to the camera, now sitting down in front of his locker, and lip synced as the song started on the soft bridge.

I have loved you since we were eighteen, Long before we both thought the same thing. To be loved and to be in love. And all I can do is say that these arms were made for holdin' you. And I wanna love like you made me feel, when we were eighteen.

From off the screen, every Centaurs and Bostons players, including Rose Landry moved back into the screen, sitting down and standing up while Rozanov remained in the middle of the screen. They were each holding one pictures from the Hollander-Rozanov wedding in 2021, and some even from their play together in Ottawa. Luca Haas was the only exemption, holding a white paper with the giant writing of 2021 - ???. Scott Hunter sat next to Rozanov on the bench, holding a photo that showed his own news-breaking kiss with Kip Grady. The camera zoomed in to the two of them as Rozanov flipped his paper. It now read **'Gave me courage to try for us'.**

As the outro began playing, the camera once again zoomed in on Rozanov. He continued to lipsync, but one could see how his lips began to quiver and that his eyes were a little wet. The pages in his hold were flipped, showing a series of messages.

I wanna love like you made me feel. When we were eighteen (Eighteen, yeah) I wanna love like you made me feel.

'We weren't perfect, but we were perfect for me'

'Thank you for being in my life, Shane Hollander. I would do everything all over again if it always leads me to you'

When we were eighteen.

'Happy 3rd anniversary, my love'

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ [video]

Video for Most Boring Man In the World Only ❤️

3.1M likes 11,810 comments

@StephsPlaysMusic Posting the most romantic video of the century and captioning it 'Video for Most Boring Man In the World Only ❤️' Ilya Rozanov I love whatever's wrong with you

@HollanovMyBeloved This man is never beating the loverboy allegation, but this video is just a death sentence.

@MinnieMee THE SCOTT HUNTER, BOSTON RAIDERS, AND ROSE LANDRY JUMPSCARE

@BostonBabes01 This is my Marvel Cinematic Universe

@analog_aesthet1K The graphic artist in me was pissed off by the video direction and barely understandable image edits, but the newly revived romantic in me realised that this is because ONLY ONE PERSON IN THIS WORLD IS SUPPOSED TO UNDERSTAND ALL OF THEM AND THAT IS THE LUCKIEST BITCH SHANE HOLLANDER

@C3nsGoGo Bestie I just realised the reason why they only can use hockey clips and pics is because they can't keep pictures of each other until recently 😭😭😭😭

@HollaBackGurlz24 NO STOP WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT

@F_MontrealMetro This is your daily reminder to say Fuck Montreal Metro!

@HollanovTruther Don't mind me just casually making the audio of Rozanov's gut wrenching Russian love confession as my ringtone so I can cry every time someone calls me

@CCMhockey We have kept quiet since **@IlyaRozanov81** contacted our team for their 2010 footage, but now we can finally say something! Happy anniversary to the legends **@ShaneHollanderOfficial** and **@IlyaRozanov81!** We are honoured to be involved in your celebration!

@SHunterAdmirals ✅ Yes, I am of sound mind when I said I will be in the video. No, I didn't know what he wanted me to do

@lapinlouge So is that a no to you knowing they were next door....

@SHunterAdmirals ✅ I know by then. Found out roughly 10 minutes before camera started rolling

@CensWinFTW i would go into debt to watch Hollander's reaction to this video OML

@WyattHayesGK ✅ I cannot call them for the whole day yesterday so its anyone's guess 🤫

@BBQBoodZane ✅ Why tf are you calling them on their anniversary day

@WyattHayesGK ✅ To fucking ask for sugar, tf do you think man!

@RoseLandry ✅ Happy anniversary to my best friend, my best friend's husband and the cutest couple in the world! **@ShaneHollanderOfficial @IlyaRozanov81**

@HaydenPike35✅ Happy anniversary **@ShaneHollanderOfficial @IlyaRozanov81**! Glad to do my part in keeping Shane busy so everyone can make the video 🥳🥳

@HockeyGirl032 maybe you weren't invited to the video because the last time you're in one they got outed?

@HaydenPike35✅ I have accepted that this will haunt me to the end of my days

@YunaHollander ✅ Happy anniversary to my son **@ShaneHollanderOfficial** and my favourite son **@IlyaRozanov81.** I wish you both a long and happy life together ❤️

@RozBaaabbby Omg iconic queen Mrs Hollander because what do you mean your favourite son is the one you didn't birth-

@LHaasCentaurs ✅ Happy anniversary! **@ShaneHollanderOfficial @IlyaRozanov81**

@LHaasCentaurs ✅ AM I SERIOUSLY STILL BLOCKED BY EVERYONE IN CENTAURS?? 😭😭😭😭😭 WHAT DID I EVEN DO??

Group for Annoying People (except Rozanov)

You, Boodman, Hazy, Dysktra, Boyle...

Jane has been added to the chat

Jane changed the group name to *Group of Great People (except Rozanov)*

Jane posted a document**:**

[stupid timeline whatever redux.pdf]

Boodman: Is this what I think it is?

Holmberg: READING PARTY PART 2 LESSSGOOOO

Chouinard: OH NOW YOU GUYS ARE ON YOUR PHONE!

Chouinard: NOT FOR THE PAST 3 DAYS WHEN I CALLED

Hayes: They're celebrating their anniversary Nick!

Chouinard: FOR 3 DAYS????

You: Yes

[stupid timeline whatever redux.pdf]

TIMELINE DOCUMENT FOR NOSY PEOPLE

2008 - Approached by boy with beautiful freckles and ~~bottom boba tea eyes~~. He shake my hands twice and say I am good. Funny boy.

Can you not just say you like my eyes?

I've been watching a lot of his performances before WJHC and was excited to meet him. I walked all around the stadium to find him. Turns out the boy I hyperfixate on the whole summer was kind of a dick.

2009 - I won WJHC for Russia. I get first draft. I met beautiful funny boy again and watch him drink from my water bottle. This was very good year for me.

I was so pissed off I got second, but I didn't realize I was frowning so much in the picture!

2010 - I get offer for CCM and ask them to include my beautiful boy, Shane Hollander. We share many laughs then we share shower. After that he gave me room number (1410). He said I might open I say I might knock.

2010 - I go and knock. He open the door for me.

2010 - He cannot do blowjob, is tragic, with those lips.

You did not last any longer than me!

2010 - I get his number and gave him mine. I call him 'Jane', he call me 'Lily'. Yes, I am smart.

In hindsight it was kind of stupid, but it's not like anyone ever figure it out.

2011 - We meet again in All-Star Nashville. Cannot meet up before but has been texting him. Is like the world's most not fun edging. ~~He is also boring texter.~~ **Fuck you, not everyone needs to say innuendo in every word**

2011 - He helped me during press conference with difficult English questions and play little footsies under table. Naughty nice boy.

2011 - He broke my accuracy record after a minute, but he looked cute doing it so is okay. I give him my room (1221). Scott Hunter was next door. I tell Shane we should let him hear like mating call, but Shane is shy. Not shy enough to tell me he has dildo but yes, very shy.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TOLD SCOTT ABOUT THIS!

ALSO! He literally said it IN FRONT OF SCOTT. No wonder he was suspicious of us!

2011 - ~~Teach him blowjob, very good student ;)~~ **ILYA!**

2012 - We hook up lots. I sleep with women, and Shane. Only that.

...I didn't know that. I guess I should come clean that I TRIED with other guys too... but I never get anywhere. I didn't even managed to bring anyone anywhere. In a way, you can say Ilya was my only sex partner

2013 - ~~We have anal, I took his virginity for that. He will kill me if he read this document so shhh. In case he did read this, you were very good, my love. One of the best I ever fucked~~. **ILYA!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

2013 - Shane kissed me in the forehead and I got scared. He has become so important to me that I'm afraid of the feelings I didn't know I was capable of.

You were so gentle with me. I was actually so sad that you have to leave, because I was so up in cloud nine I kind of forget that we're just... messing around.

2013 - Shane kissed me on stairs of his apartment, looking soft and beautiful. It was the best kiss I ever have in my life. I wish the world outside of that apartment doesn't exist, just so I can kiss him longer.

Me too.

2014 - I am ashamed to say, but I avoid him after that for a long time. I wish I can say is because Olympics will be in Russia but I am lying. I do not want us to be anything. It will be messy, I will be in danger. Most importantly, I do not want to be tied down.

It's okay, I forgive you. Yes, it hurts being ignored, and how you say we're nothing in Sochi. I hate myself that time that I can't seem to hate you for it.

2014 - I win Stanley Cup with Boston. I wish my mama and Shane can be there with me and hate myself for asking impossible things.

I watched you in Hayden's place. I kind of hate that I was there instead of my own place because I really wanted to cry. I felt too much, I'm happy for you and I wanted to hate you but I didn't and you were so far away from me.

2014 - We host NHL award and was told to do stupid little play where I take picture with him. Here is that picture [image] Only pic of him I have for a long time

I can't believe you kept that

2014 - I am weak man, I chase after Shane because he look so sad. We fight a little in bathroom, but it did not last. I think Shane even then cannot be mad at me, even when I deserve it.

2014 - We fuck in penthouse 1. I did not kiss him because I may lose more of myself to him and this is not something I am allowed.

Before I even left, I thought about texting you that 'we didn't even kiss'. But I didn't want to look needy. I was actually worried you pushed me away because of how I acted before.

2015 - We continue to sleep together. He is like drug. I know he is bad for me but I can never stop. I do not even sleep with many women anymore. Marly calls me boring, and maybe I am. Maybe Shane Hollander has made me boring.

I don't think I was sleeping with anyone at all aside from you.

2016 - I can no longer say I do not care for Shane Hollander.

2016 - After we sleep together in my place, I make him tuna melt. We watch TV and talk about stupid players and watch TV and then have sex again. Is like we are in relationship but not really. I had fun, but Shane doesn't. He left.

I'm sorry Ilya. I don't think I can ever apologise enough for what I did.

2016 - Shane dated Rose Landry. I was so angry, but I am not surprised. People do not keep me for long if not for sex, is okay.

2016 - I wish he was not one of those people, but I know we cannot always get what we want.

I want you too, as more than just sex friend, and that's why I ran, because I was so scared that I may actually be gay (boy wasn't that stupid!). I enjoyed every single thing we did that day in your place, even the tuna melt, and that you gave me ginger ale. I hate myself for ending it the way I did, and for ending it at all. I wish I was braver. I wish I didn't hurt you.

2017 - I meet him again in All-Star Tampa. Shane looked really good, is like punishment for me. But he broke up with Rose Landry and asked to meet in my room.

2017 - Shane told me he is gay (yes, I know Shane). I told him a little about family. Is a bit stupid talk, but I get to hold him again and this was wonderful as it is scary.

It was. It really was.

2017 - I am now orphan. I have no one. I have Shane, but this cannot be, the burden of me is too big. I tell him I love him in Russian, so he does not have to live with that. I kept thinking as I talk to him that maybe there will be another world where I can tell him all of this and

everything will be okay, but this is not that world. I am in love with him and there was nothing I can do about it.

I cried a lot after that phone call. I didn't know what you're saying but I can hear how much you're hurting and I wish I can hug you the way I did in Tampa. I missed you, and knew by that point that I don't want to be without you.

2017 - I saw Shane lying on the ice not moving, and I thought of mama. I thought also to Papa. I thought for the whole night, reading articles after articles about his injury that maybe I am not meant to keep anyone. Maybe if I love them even a little I am supposed to lose them. I do not know what I would do if the articles started saying he is gone too. ~~Maybe I know, but I do not want to think about it now.~~ I prayed that night that if Shane lives, I will break it off with him so he will be safe. This is stupid thought, but it was my thought.

I never told you this, but during the years after when we were apart, and when we had our fight, I always watched the clip of you on the ice after I was hit. In a weird way, it was my constant reminder that you cared for me and that we can work things out.

2017 - He invite me to cottage. It sounds like something from my dream, to be together just the two of us. But Shane was high and I was not, so I did not say yes. I cannot break up with injured person, but is more because I am coward

I had a dream in the hospital that night that you actually do show up in my cottage and we have our happily ever after.

2017 - Old man Scott kissed handsome and too young Kip. Is big day for dinosaur, but also big for me because I find courage to tell Shane I will come to Cottage

Don't keep insulting him, he helped you with the video.

2017 - I told him I love him in English. He said it back.

2017 - We become boyfriends.

❤️

2018 - Ilya signs to Ottawa to be closer to me. Just one of the many ways I don't deserve him (you guys are great but.. well, the team wasn't really the best back then)

2018 - I told Montreal I'm gay. I never regretted that but it did not land well.

2018 - Oh yeah, Hayden found out about Ilya. We had the worst dinner in the world afterwards, but they're good friends ow, no matter what they say or how they act in front of you

2018 - We launched Irina Foundation, our baby before Anya

2019 - Ilya and I met up as much as we can, and it's hard but he is worth it. I refurbished the cottage so it can be comfortable for two people with different interests to be able to live comfortably in it. So many nights in this year I kept dreaming for the day we can live together, like a normal couple can. I guess dreams do come true :)

2020 - Someone lost to me at obstacle course and still refuse to accept this. I wonder who I'm talking about ❤️

2020 - We had our first public date in Fabian's concert! It was one of the most wonderful night in my life, where Ilya and I can exist together as if it was normal.

2020 October - We got married! By Ruby and Jade Pike with Arthur and dolls in attendance. Ilya and I still celebrate this 'anniversary' to this day. I thought at that time that maybe this will be the only wedding we get to have until a long while, maybe until we retire. I'm so glad I was wrong!

2020 - I hurt Ilya so bad because I don't see how important he is in my life. He wanted me to at least show up in a party with you guys, but I was just... too concerned about things that didn't matter. To realise that nothing else should've mattered than the man who had filled in ever crevasse in my heart. I paid for it a month later.

2021 - Ilya sent me the most terrifying message in my life. I almost lost the love of my life, and the people who would later become my most favourite people in the world.

2021 - I proposed to Ilya (sorry for taking him away from practice, but I feel like maybe you can forgive me). I can't stand to be without him for even a second more, I just wish it didn't take a terrifying incident to make me realise that I've wasted too much time.

2021 - We have our second baby, Anya!

2021 - The FanMail video was both a curse and a blessing. I think we all know what happens, but it was also finally a moment that I can finally choose Ilya above everything. I wish I had done this from the beginning, but I will make it up to him for the rest of my life. Ilya will always be my first choice, the same way I choose to ignore all caution to the wind and choose him since our first meeting.

2021 - We got married! All of you were there!

2022 - ??? We live happily ever after! The End!

Chapter End Notes

Ilya would've also included all event post 2017, but found that between the almost plane crash and the stuff he's going through, it'll be too sad to include. So the wedding pics it is.

(The Doylist explanation is actually because I can't find the novel again from my library and I genuinely don't remember things from Long Game whereas for HR, I can just reheat to check, oops)

Thank you so much for everyone who had read to this point! I hope you enjoyed everything and I'm looking forward to hear what you think!

Chapter 5: EXTRA

Chapter Notes

> So basically these are just the snippets and ideas that didn't make it in the main story due to lack of cohesion with the rest of the story, and maybe because I feel like they got too OOC, but it's still fun to write. Instead of deleting them, I thought maybe I'll post them instead! A lot of the timeline is a bit vague as it's mostly the cut ideas, so. Sorry.
>
> Enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1. Good Graces - Sabrina Carpenter

So thanks to Harris' interview, now the world - hockey world, at least - was very aware of that Shane may not be so ignorant of pop songs. And thanks to his own little stunt with posting Ilya in the gym, he may have acquired some knowledge into the world of social media posting. It was fun, in all honesty, the process of placing music of little clips relaxing in ways that he rarely found in many other activities that unfortunately he must take part of as a public figure.

Shane's only mistake was telling Rose this. Rose, and her 'Welcome to 21st Century, Shane :)' playlist filled with some genuinely catchy songs that Shane wished he never knew of.

"I don't think I can do this,"

"What, dancing?" Rose teased, grinning as she set up her phone against the fancy little tripod she had brought over, because Rose Landry is evil and determined to ruin any semblance of peace in Shane's life, "It'll just be a cute little video, Shane. Besides, it'll be funny, like I told you,"

"I don't know how using me as a prop here will be funny, people already knew I'm gay,"

Rose, the woman who came out for him, nodded brightly, "Yeah, that's the funny part,"

Technically, Shane did get the gist of it; They play an audio, they do little dances or whatever in tempo with the music and then it's posted. Harris had said that his Nonsense video had been really well received, especially because it allowed fans a glimpse into his personal life. Shane wondered if he'll be so positive about it when Rose posted this video, but maybe he can shift the blame a little. Harris was a giant fanboy for Rose.

In the middle of his musing, Rose had pressed play. She scurried over next to him, just as the countdown reached 1, and a slowed down version of the song they had picked started playing.

Boy it's not that complicated, you should stay in my good graces. Or I'll switch it up like that, so fast. Cuz no one's more amazing, at turning loving into hatred!

Next to him, Rose started lip-synching to the song, making a fairly cute glare to the camera, pointing to it as she swayed with the beat. Shane felt like a statue next to her, trying to move his hands a little but feeling - and seeing himself on the front camera - like a malfunctioning robot.

I'll tell the world, you finished your chores. Prematurely. Break my heart and I swear, I'm moving on with your-

Like the graceful person she was, Rose did a fairly well choreographed move that involved a lot of hands movement and hip swaying. Shane, meanwhile, wondered if he always looked that scared and alarmed when being recorded.

Rose moved closer with a step that is in rhythm with the song, and placed a hand on his chest. Her head pressed against his cheek.

-favourite athlete. Shoot his shot every night!

"Solnyshko, have you seen my-"

Almost automatically, Shane pushed Rose off of him. And only realised his mistake when he heard Rose yelped and Ilya was looking at him funny, "We weren't doing anything!"

For a few passing moments, no one spoke. Unless one counts Rose still groaning on the floor.

In front of them, the phone was still recording.

@ItsRoseLandry ✅ **[video]**

This video was brought to you by my lightly sprained wrist

210k likes 3,902 comments

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ WHY DID YOU POST THIS

@**ItsRoseLandry** ✅ Payback for pushing me

@minawritesanything MISS LANDRY I OWE YOU MY LIFE

@mystique_blues omg the speed of him pushing Rose away is sending me

@mommaeatsss Queen I love you but that athletes gay 😭😭😭

@itsbritannybitch worse bestie that athletes a bottom

@**jaylnesianna** *getting on my soapbox* dont forget that celebrities are people too! don't be creepy and speculate on actual peoples sex life!

@**IlyaRozanov81** ✅ *steal your soapbox and push you off* britanny is right, say it louder for the people in the back

@**ShaneHollanderOfficial** ✅ ILYA DELETE THIS!!!

@**IlyaRozanov81** ✅ *getting off soapbox* *crawls like caterpillar* I'm sorry baby can I still shoot my shot tonight? 🥺🥺🥺

@Rozalovvaaa Im legit crying who taught Roz RP talk 😭😭😭😭😭😭

@YoungnDumb✅ @LHaasCentaurs

@LHaasCentaurs✅ STOP EXPOSING ME

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ Phone taken until further notice. Will be in horny jail until even further notice.

91k likes 362 comments

@WyattHayesGK ✅ So how are you posting this?

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ Still have my laptop

@HaydenPike35✅ *@ShaneHollanderOfficial* ✅

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ When you die by my hand I will make sure your widow and children forgets you exist

---

2. I Like Me Better - Lauv

I don't know what it is but I got that feeling. Wakin' up in this bed next to you swear the room yeah, got no ceiling-

The video started off innocuous enough; a panoramic sight of a beach front, the sun setting across the horizon as people in the distance began to pack up to leave for the day. After 3 seconds the camera shifted backwards, showing the exterior of a balcony for a single second before turning to what seemed to be an unmade bed. A single figure lie peacefully in the veritable nest of pillows and blankets, the only part showing was of messy dark hair and a smooth, broad back.

If we lay let the day just pass us by, I might get to too much talking. I might have to tell you something-

As the camera got closer and the person behind it evidently climbed the bed, the dark haired figure turned, a lazy, soft smile on his slightly parted lips. His eye widened, possibly at the

sight of the camera, and was about to shyly turn away when a hand held him by the shoulder. A little meekly, he glanced back, wide, expressive brown eyes glancing at someone from behind the camera.

I like me better when I'm with you. I like me better when I'm with you.

The camera shook briefly. Another figure now entered the screen, nuzzling close to the nape of the dark haired man from earlier. This new figure, curly haired with peppering of moles on his face, pressed a number of kisses against the back of the man's head and once on his - slightly flushed - nape.

He closed his eyes as the video ends, radiating nothing but peace.

I knew for the first time, I stay for a long time cuz, I like me better when I'm with you. I like me better when I'm with you.

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ Я скучаю по тебе, мама. Надеюсь, на небесах прекрасно и там лучше, чем здесь. Мне тоже долгое время было не очень хорошо, но, думаю, сейчас мне лучше. Спасибо, что послала за мной одного из ангелов. Он меня не исцелил, но немного облегчил жизнь.

Я скучаю по тебе каждый день. До встречи.

270k likes

See Translation

Comments has been disabled for this post

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ *I miss you, mama. I hope heaven is beautiful and it is better than here. I wasn't doing too good for a long time too, but I think I'm better now. Thank you for sending one of the angels for me. He did not cure me, but he made life a little easier to bear.*

I miss you every day. Until we can meet again.

270k likes

Translated from Russian

Comments has been disabled for this post

@IrinaFoundation [Image of Irina Rozanov and 4 years old Ilya Rozanov, the only picture that made it out of Russia with him]

On this very day, Irina Foundation would like to honour the birthday of our beloved founder Ilya Rozanov's mother, Irina, the inspiration behind our foundation's name and mission. In her memory, we remain committed to advocating for mental health awareness, breaking stigma, and supporting those who need it most.

For more information, visit our website @ *irinafoundation.org*

407k likes 5,109 comments

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ [video]

I like me better when I'm with you, мой ангел 🪽

570k likes

Comments has been disabled for this post

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3. Neva Play (+WAP) - Megan Thee Stallion ft. RM

The article checks every box of being a sensationalist hit piece. From the title alone - '*Doomed From Start? Ilya Rozanov's Ex Questions Hockey Star's Domesticity*' - down to every lies and inflammatory comments written throughout the 450 words article. It was an unfortunate standard practice for every public figure, especially one of their level of fame; sooner or later, there will be someone using your name for clout.

Shane should know better. The moment he saw notifications of himself being tagged in the online discussion over the content of the article, he should've kept his silence. Don't fan the flames, his mom would say, the less you give something attention, the less it matters. Harris once showed him a wikipedia page about something called 'Streisand Effect', while trying to make his point about the very same thing.

It would be moot to do anything about it anyway. The people tagging him in comments were defending Ilya and berating the publication that posted the article already, majorly overwhelming the number of people who were agreeing. No one took it seriously, just another clickbait that meant nothing.

But Shane can't stand it. Not when it was barely a few days since the commemoration of Irina's birthday. When Shane felt like he had barely put himself together after watching Ilya skirting between putting his walls up and breaking it down for Shane's sake, as he does every year. When he was reminded again of what Ilya gave up for them to be together, including the yearly pilgrimage to his mother's grave, and the many mementos of her that was now left back in that cold house in Moscow.

Let his mom and Harris be angry at him. There's so many things his relationship with Ilya had taught him, and one of the bigger one was not giving a fuck anymore about what was proper or not for someone of his status.

> **@ShaneHollanderOfficial** ✅ Having struggled with my own sexuality for my whole life, I could not stand the blatant attempt to erase someone's identity. I especially do not approve of the scrutiny to the personal details of my marriage. Relationships are never straightforward. My own has been addled with struggles to love myself for who I am, while also accepting the good and the bad that comes with loving another flawed human being. To diminish that process into something so banal as calling my husband a serial cheater and someone who 'suddenly turned gay because he got confused' is extremely disrespectful to not only him but also me.
>
> Ilya is bisexual. He likes both men and women and this is true regardless of who he was with. While many of his previous, public relationships has been with women, he ended up with ONE MAN. Me.
>
> Before you use someone's past dating life as a basis on his current relationship, perhaps re-examine your own need to use someone's achievement and status for your own personal gain. And get some journalistic integrity while you're at it.
>
> *791k likes 4,310 comments*
>
> **@ItsRoseLandry**✅GO OFF SIS 👏👏👏👏
>
> **@ricecakesmei** Being chronically online is knowing why exactly Shane posted this but also HES DEFENDING HIS MAAAAN 😍😍😍
>
> **@lamiaslithering** Shane Hollander really says my husband was a ho but hes now my housewife with his whole chest

@OttawaCensFTW The year is 2024 and somehow #HoeIlyaRights made a comeback and its from his own husband ijbol

@HollanovTruther 'And get some journalistic integrity while you're at it' Shane baby I love you but you're talking about trash tabloid 😭😭😭

@ItsMaddyE You can be mad about it but I said what I said. The whole time I was sleeping with Rozanov he never showed interest in guys so

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ He showed plenty of interest to the point of marrying me. I don't cook, I don't clean but I still got his ring 🤷

@HockeyGirl211 NOT HIM QUOTING WAP SHANE YOURE SO MESSY

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ I have been notified of some recent slander involving myself and would like to give clarification. **@ShaneHollanderOfficial** does clean. A lot. Because wet ass ~~pussy~~ does make my pullout game weak.

490k likes 7109 comments

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ I have been told to delete my post as it is 'completely inappropriate, Ilya' but in my defense, I am simply defending my husband from any untrue sloppy accusations. Shane is a very neat person. There's only one thing he's sloppy about and it's not taking care of the house.

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ Please have some pity for Harris, I think he's close to actually quitting

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ Oh so I'm supposed to delete post because of Harris? Not for you?

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅I mean, I defended you so maybe it's fair for you to defend me too but idk

@TroyBarrettNHL✅ Guys Im on my knees begging, please stop stressing out my fiance

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The video began with a hard beat, matching with the uncharacteristic glare given by Canada's Golden Boy and famously well-mannered Ottawa Assistant Captain Shane Hollander. The background showed that the video was taken in some sort of a trophy room, rows and rows of well-polished trophies shining in the background reflecting the LED lights from the ceiling.

Hollander himself was in his Ottawa Centaurs jersey, sans protective equipments. The 2022 Stanley Cup was perched next to him on the desk he was leaning on as he lipsynched with the rap. The camera zoomed out slowly, revealing more of the trophies.

I can't help it I'm that girl, they be talkin' I don't care. Beefin' with yourself because you do not exist in my world.

He stood up straighter, 3 fingers raised and lowered with the lyric.

Three things I don't play about, myself, my money-

From the corner, Rozanov popped up, grinning almost maniacally. He was in his Captain jersey. Hollander's free hand pulled him almost forcefully to his side by his collar, making Rozanov stumble in his rush to stand by Hollander's side. The hand clutching the collar was holding on so tightly that the fabric crinkled violently.

-or my man. Mention one of them and best believe I'm gon' be at your head.

The video ends with a mere second clip of Hollander reaching up to bite at Rozanov's ear, eyes still glaring at the camera. Rozanov visibly winced but his grin never faltered.

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ [video]

I never play

304k likes 2098 comments

@HaydenPike35✅ Hi godfather of my beautiful daughters, thanks for reminding me why I shouldn't let them have social media until they're 40

@HollanovAdoptedChild Mommy, Sorry? Mommy? Sorry?

@AnyaRozanovBabysitter Why does that last shot looks unbearably horny and threatening

@CentaursGirl90 To whoever can read this, do NOT save Ilya Rozanov, he's right where he wants to be

@SHunterAdmirals ✅ **@ShaneHollanderOfficial** So was mentioning your man why you were going for my head back in 2014

@KipGrady Ok how about telling me things like this in person and NOT ONLINE WHAT

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ Sorry, I thought you were being homophobic 😕

@NYCassy We're getting loredrop on the epic Hunter-Hollander fight of '14 on a random tuesday and turns out it was a closet on closet crime

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ Interesting...

@SHunterAdmirals ✅ I'm surprised you didn't know

@IlyaRozanov81 ✅ I only know your cousins -> 🦕🦖

@SHunterAdmirals ✅ I want to comment something mean but Hollander might try and fight me again

@ShaneHollanderOfficial ✅ You can say 1 mean comment as a freebie. He deserves it.

*User **@ItsMaddyE** has deactivated account. Username can no longer be found.*

Chapter End Notes

Lauv had a whole album called 'I met you when I was 18' and I wanted to make it work so much for the +1 with Ilya but in the end 18 by 1D won out.

Also, Russian was completely google translated, sorry for anyone who can read.

Anyway, these were the 3 cut ones that has been written and sorta finished. There's still 4 more that's only sorta developed but already got some idea for them, lemme know if

you guys are interested 😁

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Lemme know what you think!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!