

hollanov break the internet

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hollanov break the internet

by [moonlightdances](#)

Summary

feelingshanetastic

not hollander yelling at rozanov LMFAO someone get roz out of there

IlyaRozanov81 ✓

do not get me out of anywhere, i like it here.

feelingshanetastic

HELLO??

thathollanovfan

Why is no one talking about how comfortable Ilya's thighs look OMG,

@ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer wanna share?

ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

No.

Notes

fought tooth and nail to make the formatting of this work, fingers crossed it does :')

1. *Harris Drover*

Shane Hollander coming to Ottawa was one of the best moves for the team in a lot of ways. The team scored more than they ever did before, both directly because of Shane's goals and because his presence was like a calming balm over the team that stopped them from getting in as many fights and taking penalties. The team as a whole flowed so much easier with Ilya being so much happier as well; he'd always been a good captain, but it took Shane coming to the team for them to realise that he'd been a bit reserved and wasn't his whole self. Most importantly to Harris, however, was the fact that the team's social media had gained hundreds of thousands of followers overnight, not only Shane's die-hard fans that migrated to the new team with him but also the people who were desperate to see more of the world's first hockey husbands.

Pictures and videos Harris posted of Shane and Ilya skyrocketed their online presence and Harris *knew* it was only a matter of time before there would be what he'd mentally deemed *The Post*, capital lettering and everything. There would be some post that would go insanely viral that everyone knew which one he was talking about, and Harris was determined to be the one to put it together. No matter what he did, though, it wasn't The Post.

He posted a video of Shane and Ilya roughing each other during practice games within the team.

He posted pictures of Shane and Ilya napping together on a plane to Las Vegas.

He posted a video of Shane and Ilya kissing after winning a game.

All of them – especially the last – earned thousands of likes and got quite a bit of media attention, but none of it was quite what he was looking for. Shane and Ilya were happy to make the content, and Harris was happy with the posts, but he knew there was *something* waiting, some untapped potential that would shoot the Ottawa Centaurs' socials into the stratosphere.

The Post, in the end, wasn't something carefully curated by Harris and timed perfectly and posted with the correct hashtags and everything else. It *was*, however, attaching a microphone to Ilya's jersey during a game and just absolutely letting him loose. Harris hadn't thought much of it when editing the clips – plenty of other teams had done the same before – but when he woke up to the tweet with over a million likes, he couldn't help but rewatch the intro clip again.

"Hollander," Ilya called as he skated over to Shane. Shane looked up at him quickly, Harris' camera zooming in on the two of them once they were in close proximity to each other. Shane frowned and fumbled with the microphone for a moment, a tapping sound audible in the audio.

"What's this?" Shane asked.

"I came to tell you about this. Harris has given me a microphone – he says the world will like to know what I talk about during games." Ilya said, sounding smug.

"The world does not need to know what you talk about during games," Shane sighed. "This is an awful idea. Keep it appropriate, Ilya, please?"

"Of course, moy lyubimyy." Ilya answered easily, tapping his helmet against Shane's. "You and your delicate sensibilities."

"Delica- where the hell did you learn that?"

Ilya shrugged. "Online. I learned many things from the internet," he finished, the sentence so obviously an innuendo that Shane groaned.

"Behave, Ilya." Shane countered. "Be good and I'll make that steak you liked again tonight."

"Fuck, yes!" Ilya cheered, planting a kiss to Shane's cheek with an audible smacking sound. He grinned at Shane for a long moment before something caught his eye. Even the camera caught the shift from Ilya as Shane's husband to Ilya as the team's captain, his eyes tracking their teammates as they warmed up. "Bood!" Ilya called before skating off, Shane shaking his head as Ilya went.

Their account had promised more – *Anyone interested in hearing Captain Rozanov's thoughts on the ice?* – and yes, the people were interested. Harris scrambled out of bed and to his computer, fingers flying to their Twitter.

Ottawa Centaurs @TheOttawaCens 

Anyone interested in hearing Captain Rozanov's thoughts on the ice?

20.1k  615k  1.2M 

ilya rozanov's #1 fan @rozanovfanatic

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

OH MY GOD THIS IS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE

hockey husbands @hollanovlovechild

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

"behave, ilya" oh i'm so sick "be good" ohhhh hollander walks him like a dog

Wyatt Hayes @HazyHockey ✓

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

Harris, how much editing did you have to do to find usable content?

Ottawa Centuars @TheOttawaCens ✓

Replying to @HazyHockey

Not much, actually. Ilya did behave 😊

shane hollander defender @24defender247

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

this is going to be all i think about for the next 2-3 business days thanks admin

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

they give the mic to the best player, you know

Shane Hollander @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

Sure, Ilya. Whatever helps you sleep at night ❤️

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer

you do 😊😊

Hayden Pike @HaydenPikeOfficial

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81 and @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer

Get him, Holly!

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @HaydenPikeOfficial and @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer

go away pike this is checkmark account only club. why are you here

Hayden Pike @HaydenPikeOfficial

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81 and @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer

Wow. @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer you married a bully 😞

Shane Hollander @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

Replying to @HaydenPikeOfficial and @IlyaRozanov81

I'm not doing this with you two again

ilya rozanov's mouthguard @rozanovsno2fan

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

PLEASEEEEE CAN WE GET MORE

Harris laughed as he scrolled through the comments and replied to Wyatt, completely delighted, and spent the next few hours assembling a compilation of the other clips to be posted to their accounts. As he put it together, he knew exactly which ones would drive their fans crazy.

"I'm sorry," Wyatt Hayes apologised between periods after letting a shot in. He stood next to Shane and Ilya with a taut expression.

"It happens," Shane said quickly, patting Wyatt on the arm. "Don't worry about it too much. We've still got a period to make it up."

"If we never let them score, they would be too defeated to play. You are doing them a favor. Giving them the will to keep fighting." Ilya continued, a determined look in his eyes but a soft smile on his face. "And, now, they will think they can do the same thing again, that it will work again. It won't, yes?"

"Yeah," Wyatt agreed, looking relieved and a bit less stressed. "It won't."

Ilya patted Wyatt's helmet. "Now, go. Talk with team. They will tell you the same."

Wyatt nodded and skated off; Shane moved closer to Ilya and they stood, watching their team laugh and plan and talk with each other. "You're so soft with them," Shane commented.

"Careful, Hollander. You will ruin my reputation."

Shane laughed and tapped Ilya's microphone. "You're already doing that yourself."

Harris could see it already – all the people who loved to talk about Shane and Ilya as the team’s metaphorical parents would lose their mind. All the others who wanted to continue to say that Ilya was an asshole to everyone would also lose their footing.

“Yes!” Ilya shouted as he scored a goal. In an instant, everyone else was cheering and clapping him on the arm, energy radiating through them and the clamour loud enough that the microphone crackled from the volume.

Then, Shane’s voice broke through. “Good job, baby.”

He grabbed Ilya’s hand quickly and squeezed it before continuing on his path, Ilya looking after him with a massive grin on his face.

Harris knew that the clip would gain traction; Shane’s easy affection and Ilya’s happiness more than made up for how short it had to be because the microphone fell off when Troy collided with Ilya to hug him. Shane, famous for resisting any and all nicknames, had called Ilya *baby* like it was instinct, and Ilya had reacted like it was. Harris was already prepared to see it on every account he had for the next few weeks.

“Hey, Rossi!” Ilya called across the ice. “I have a joke for you!”

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” the other player countered, spitting on the ice with irritation in his eyes and a 4-0 score in the Centuars’ favor flashing in the background.

“What do you call a hockey player that can not skate?” Ilya taunted, clearly calling back to the way Rossi had collided with the ice a few minutes prior while tripping over his own feet.

“Fuck off, Rozanov! What fucking language do you need it in? Cazzo. You’re fucking annoying.”

“No, come on! Is funny joke. What do you call a hockey player that cannot skate?” Ilya repeated, stopping a few feet away from Rossi.

“What do you call it, then?” Rossi asked, realising this wasn’t going to disappear if he ignored it.

“Elio Rossi.” Ilya said, cackling at the answering anger as he skated away and to the safety of his team.

Harris threw the clip in because he knew it would get traction from *everyone* – from the people who liked Ilya being a little shit, from the people who hated him with every fibre of their being, and from the people who didn’t care but found fighting and insults funny regardless of who was the one talking. He filtered through the rest of the clips, slowly assembling what he’d already edited and created a longer video compiled of good hockey, insults, praise, and Ilya Rozanov’s borderline obsession with Shane Hollander.

You asked, we delivered.

Instantly, the post was smothered in likes and comments and reposts, everyone scrambling to see the video. Harris grinned and sat back in his chair, watching as The Post finally gained the traction it deserved.

2. *Cliff Marlow*

Being Ilya Rozanov's friend (and, by extension, Shane Hollander's friend) was one of the easiest things in Cliff's life. He hung out with them whenever he was in Ottawa or when they wanted to meet him in Montreal, and they went out together whenever the couple was in Boston, like they were then. Ilya and Cliff had been friends just as long as Shane and Ilya had been *something*, and it left very little room for Cliff to be unsure about what to do with them.

Ilya and Shane practically reenacting softcore porn on the middle of the dancefloor made Cliff reconsider all of that.

Cliff was no stranger to partying, or to getting lingers while strobe lights pounded above them. This, though, was something else. He knew Ilya could get into it while clubbing and had seen the way it hypnotised people into going home with him; he *hadn't* known, however, that Shane Hollander could completely lose sense like this and let himself practically grind against Ilya as they danced to the music. Cliff was very comfortable in his sexuality and knew he had no interest in men but *fuck*, he couldn't look away. Ilya's hands were on Shane's hips and Shane's arms crossed behind Ilya's head, his forearms resting on Ilya's shoulders. There was absolutely zero room between them, Shane's leg hitched up just slightly so it could cross over Ilya's thigh as they danced and rocked against each other. It was *a lot*, for lack of a better term, and Cliff was simultaneously overjoyed for his friends to be so comfortable now that they were out and absolutely horrified by what he was seeing.

Thankfully, someone else in their party – one of the Centaurs and *shit*, Cliff couldn't remember his name with all the alcohol and what he'd just witnessed – called for them, Ilya and Shane drawing apart slowly. Shane looked flushed from both exertion and embarrassment and quickly pushed himself away from Ilya, walking towards them and rubbing at his neck as Ilya laughed behind him before following. Shane stopped at the table they had reserved, some of the Ottawa and Boston players alike playfully teasing him and Ilya the moment he joined them, standing behind Shane and wrapping his arms around Shane's waist. He dropped his chin to Shane's shoulder and stood there with a pleased expression, like he'd fought a war to get back to touching Shane, like they hadn't just been moments away from a public indecency charge on the dancefloor.

Cliff ordered more bottles to be brought to the table and the music pounded while all of them teased and taunted each other. Every once in a while, everyone would cheer when a player disappeared with someone, and laughed when one came back after too long. Cliff took each shot offered to him and even found himself with an arm thrown over Ilya's shoulders as they

enjoyed the music, just like they used to when they were on the same team. He talked with more of the Centaurs too, getting more familiar with people he didn't know through the common bond forged through inebriation. It was only when the last bottle was drained that the idea of a group photo popped into Cliff's head and he fumbled for his phone, loudly announcing the idea to the group. Cliff turned the phone into selfie mode, shifting so that the mob of men sitting on the semi-circular booth and standing around it were all visible.

"Smile!" He warned before he snapped a few pictures in quick succession, a few people shifting and making different poses. When he brought the phone down, everyone went right back to what they were doing. Shortly after, Ilya and Shane bid their goodbye – Shane actually said goodbye, and Ilya made a comment about needing to be a good husband in private – and Cliff truly did not think about them again until the next morning when he groaned at his throbbing hangover and then panicked at the sheer amount of notifications he had.

He clicked on his Instagram and felt his stomach drop for just a moment before he read the comments and realised that no, he wasn't being cancelled, but that Shane and Ilya had done *something* in the pictures that had drawn attention. Cliff blinked hard, closing his eyes tight and breathing through the bit of nausea he had before he squinted at the phone and stared at the pictures more closely; he couldn't even remember posting them the night before, so he had no idea what he was about to open his phone to.

The majority of each of the pictures was perfectly fine, even if everyone involved did look some level of drunk and out of it. Then, Cliff zoomed in.

In the first picture of Cliff's spamming, Shane was sat on Ilya's lap, Ilya's arms wrapped loosely around his hips. Shane smiled at the camera – the polite *I'm-being-forced-to-take-a-picture* smile that was so common in pictures of Shane Hollander – but Ilya was an entirely different story. His mouth was attached to the skin of Shane's neck above his shirt, his eyes hidden by his curls but his mouth and nose clearly visible.

The second picture had Shane the exact same as the first time, Ilya's mouth connected with the skin beneath Shane's ear instead.

The third featured Shane tilting his head to the side, looking like he was giving Ilya more access though his hand blurred where it was reaching up to Ilya.

The fourth had Shane's hand gripping Ilya's chin and most definitely scolding him while Ilya looked at him like a wounded puppy.

The fifth had Shane's hand blurring as it dropped again, his face just milliseconds away from that same polite smile, and Ilya looking at the camera with a wild grin.

Cliff blinked at the pictures and then set his phone down to rub his hands over his face. The pictures certainly told a story, and he definitely needed some water and a coffee before he could pay attention to the rest of that story rapidly unfolding in his comments. Cliff stood up and stuffed his phone into the pocket of his sweatpants and groaned as he walked to his kitchen. He started his coffee machine and got cool water before leaning against the counter and deciding to brave the top comments.

IlyaRozanov81 ✓

send this to me

HaydenPikeOfficial ✓

Just screenshot it, dude

Ilya Rozanov81 ✓

i was not talking to you pike

ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

You can screenshot it, Ilya! ❤️

IlyaRozanov81 ✓

thank you sweetheart i will do that 🤔 so smart my shane

HaydenPikeOfficial ✓

What the fuck

hollanovfanatic

OHMYGOD

hollanovfanatic

THEYRE SO HOT WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK

ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

Why does no one ever double-check the background? 🤔 Hey @cliffcentral, wake up!

rozanovism

oh ilya is HUNGRY jesus

feelingshanetastic

not hollander yelling at rozanov LMFAO someone get roz out of there

IlyaRozanov81 ✓

do not get me out of anywhere, i like it here.

feelingshanetastic

HELLO??

thathollanovfan

Why is no one talking about how comfortable Ilya's thighs look OMG,
@ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer wanna share?

ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

No.

Cliff took a deep breath and gulped down some water, wincing at the following throb of his head. Shane and Ilya may be freaks who can't keep their hands off each other, but at least they were keeping his comment section relatively safe for work. He scrolled up to the pictures again, zooming in just one more time to make sure it wasn't anything incriminating that he really would need to dele- *holy shit, is that Hollander's bulge?*

Cliff turned off his phone and stared blankly at his coffee pot, waiting for it to dispense what he so desperately needed. He was done with the internet for the day, or, at least, until he had some caffeine in him.

3. *Rose Landry*

Rose had spent *literally* two months talking Shane into attending the premiere for her latest movie. She'd pointed out how she had two guest spots – *you and your husband that follows you everywhere like a puppy, Shane, c'mon* – and no one to take them. Rose promised to handle all of the clothing and had reassured Shane that they didn't have to stay at the afterparty for the entire night, and he finally gave in.

Now, she was questioning her own life choices.

Ilya and Shane made a hot couple. She had never considered herself an attention snob, but she seriously doubted people would give her a second glance when she walked around with *them*. She wouldn't give *herself* a second glance, not when her work was on display and so very perfect.

When she'd sent her stylist pictures of Shane and Ilya and some inspiration she'd pulled from online, the last thing she'd expected was for both of them to come out covered in luxury and thousands of dollars and looking every inch like they were models rather than hockey players. *God*, Rose was good at knowing their styles, too. Shane's more oversized blazer and looser pants suited him and weren't as constraining, keeping him from feeling trapped like he'd often complained. The shirt underneath kept him comfortable – or, just not showing much skin, which usually made him more comfortable – and matched the color of Ilya's suit. *Ilya*, who wore his suit like a second skin, was a different story. He had ignored all but one of the buttons of his dress shirt, his chain and pendant hanging against his bare chest, and left his tie matching Shane's suit hanging limp and untied around his neck.

"I look stupid."

"You do *not* look stupid."

"Yes, I do. Fuck, this was a bad idea." Shane groaned. He spun quickly, looking at Rose with wide eyes. "Do I look stupid?"

"That's not the word I would use at all." Rose countered, shaking her head with a hint of a fond smile. "You look like you're going to need to flash your wedding ring at every opportunity."

Shane's eyebrows furrowed. "What does that mean?"

"It means everyone will want you, Shane," Ilya sighed, exasperated, but still running his gaze up and down Shane's body. "Too bad, so sad. That is my reserved right."

"You're an idiot," Shane remarked, feigning annoyance but doing absolutely nothing to stop Ilya from reaching out and grabbing at his hips. He turned to Rose, a tentative look on his face. "It looks fine?"

Rose nodded. "Looks great, Shane, really. And what about me?" She gave a small spin, her dress pulling with her and the diamonds of her jewelry catching on the light with each micromovement.

"You look very pretty," Shane said earnestly and simply. Rose couldn't hold back her laugh, which only doubled when Shane flushed red. "I don't know what else to say! You do! Rose, stop laughing."

"No, no. It's sweet," Rose answered, forcing her laughter under control. "*Very pretty*. I'll take it, but only because I don't think you know how to compliment a woman. Ilya? What do you think?"

"Everyone is drowning and you are the only lifeboat. They will want you desperately." Ilya answered easily, tearing his eyes away from Shane only long enough to give her an approving nod alongside his commentary.

"*That's* a better compliment?" Shane's jaw dropped, looking between the two of them quickly.

“Yes,” Rose and Ilya said at the same time.

Shane exhaled. “I never should have introduced you two.”

When they got to the red carpet, Rose took back all of her commentary about wishing she’d never met them or invited them. The energy was still electric and, like always, a thrill ran through her when paparazzi shouted her name from every angle, cameras flashing fast enough it was like a nonstop strobe light. She turned to every different angle and let the media go crazy, blowing a kiss to one camera and hearing a cacophony of sounds of approval in response. She walked past the cameras slowly, making her way towards the section where interviewers stood for a quick comment.

Just as she stepped up to one and introduced herself, a rapid series of flashes went off behind her. The paparazzi were going *crazy* as Shane and Ilya simply stood there, the naturally photogenic assholes they were. Ilya waved at one camera with a facetious grin and Shane painted a smile on his face, easily slipping an arm around Ilya’s waist and holding onto it tightly in the way he always did when he was particularly nervous. To everyone else, it looked like they were perfectly in their element and relishing in the attention. To everyone else, all they could see was how insanely good Ilya and Shane looked together.

“Rose? Ms. Landry?”

Rose snapped her head back to the interview. “Sorry. Yes?”

The interviewer grinned. “It’s okay. I’d get distracted by them too.”

“I’m really glad they were able to come with me tonight. They’re two of my closest friends, and the world deserves to see them in more than just sweaty workout clothes and hockey gear,” Rose joked.

The interviewer laughed. “I’m sure the world will be thankful for your efforts.”

Rose gestured backwards at them, looking over her shoulder to see Shane beginning to tug Ilya down the carpet and closer to escape. She shook her head and turned back to the microphone. “I helped my stylist pick out their outfits, so if anyone out there wants to talk about their clothes, you better give me credit.”

“I’m sure they will – you did a fantastic job.” The interviewer agreed. “Speaking of giving you credit, though, can we talk about this film?”

It was a fantastic segue and Rose spent twenty minutes talking briefly to most of the interviewers present, giving a quick commentary and making sure to keep Ilya and Shane in her vision as much as she could. As soon as she was done, she met up with them and brought them to their reserved section for the premiere.

Afterwards – after more lights and cameras and interviews and niceties – the three of them made it up to Rose’s hotel room, stumbling through the door. Shane immediately started shedding his clothes, slipping off his shoes and dropping his jacket onto the ground,

untucking everything else and leaning back against the wall. Ilya was no better, dropping to the floor with a groan and spreading out like a starfish.

Rose bit back a laugh. “You alright?”

“That was exhausting,” Shane said flatly.

“Worse than a tough game,” Ilya agreed. “Why are there so many people?”

“People who want pictures and comments *all the time*,” Shane continued, groaning. “Like at least our interviews are short – do you really do that all the time?”

“All the time.” Rose confirmed, reaching up to slowly pull out some of the hairpins tucked into her hair. “Now which of you is coming to help me with this? If you’re making me come here instead of going back to my stylist’s, one of you is helping me.”

Shane kicked Ilya lightly where he was on the ground. “Go help her.”

Ilya grumbled. “But I am on the floor, and you are still standing. Much more convenient for you.”

“Ilya.”

“Yes, okay,” Ilya groaned, pushing himself up until he was standing and walked over to Rose, slowly helping her undo the intricate updo her stylist had put together. Rose moved onto her jewelry, standing in the mirror and undoing it bit by bit until she paused when she caught Ilya’s reflection. Ilya was *focused*, his lips pressed in a tight line as he very carefully extracted each pin and let each strand of hair down slowly, so careful not to hurt her. It was sweet and exactly the side of Ilya that she was still learning, the side that was hidden from everyone except Shane and a few select others. Rose looked over at Shane and instantly lost her composure, laughing as she saw the red blasted across Shane’s cheeks as he stared at his phone.

“What?” Ilya asked, confused, looking at Rose in the mirror. She shook her head and turned, looking at Shane.

“What are you looking at?” She asked.

Shane looked up quickly, eyes wide like he got caught. For a brief second, he tried to hide his phone but quickly realised it wasn’t going to work and sighed. Ilya stalked over to him, easily taking the phone. Then, Ilya grinned, wide and sharp, and wagged an eyebrow at Shane.

“It’s a good picture.” Ilya said.

Shane groaned and hid his face in his hands. “It’s *not*, it’s a *weird* picture.”

Rose’s curiosity got the best of her and she kicked off her heels before stalking across the room and peeking over at the phone, gasping in awe and amusement when she saw the screen.

It was clearly from someone random rather than an official photographer and was taken from a higher angle where the non-major celebrity attendees had been seated. It was a low quality but still good enough to easily make out who it was, especially with so many pictures circulating of Ilya and Shane from the runway. None of that was what gave the pictures hundreds of thousands of likes, though.

Ilya and Shane were seated across from each other and Shane had the ends of Ilya's tie wrapped around his hand, pulling him closer by the neck and in the middle of saying something that had Ilya visibly pouting.

The fan account that had posted the picture had put it next to one of the official pictures of Ilya and Shane, just in case people needed help figuring out who it was in the picture. *this is fucking crazy are we seeing this* the caption said, thousands of comments confirming that *yes* they were seeing it.

Rose clicked off the photo and to the trending page, noting the #hollanovtie that seemed to be dominating. When she clicked on it, endless tweets flooded her screen.

ilya lover @81truther

ain't no way a grown ass man is pouting rn #hollanovtie

1k 💬 11k 🔄 16.9k ❤️

wlw mlm solidarity @hollanoverthinker

the #hollanovtie incident is crazy bc why did NONE OF YOU BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAID SHANE IS IN CHARGE HERE

8k 💬 18.5k 🔄 40.9k ❤️

hollanov's tie @pikefannothefish

right so this is my personality now i'm sorry hayden #hollanovtie is the only thing i can think about rn

800 💬 6k 🔄 22k ❤️

shane's lawyer @hollandefense

your honor my client is innocent. streets saying he's mean bc of the #hollanovtie pic but they're forgetting roz said he's right where he wants to be

14k 💬 41k ↻ 71k ❤️

Rose laughed, utterly delighted by the turn of events and a bit surprised that nearly all of the posts had people promoting her movie beneath them, too. Then, she saw the notification on Shane's phone that Ilya had tweeted something. She looked up quickly and Ilya pocketed his phone, looking innocent. He took back Shane's phone and winked at Rose, slipping it into his own pocket next to his own phone.

"I think we should go back to our room. Get some rest before Shane freaks out about this more." Ilya said.

"I'm not freaking out." Shane denied, even though he definitely was, just less than usual.

Rose nodded and helped gather up the things they'd abandoned around the room, grinning as they slipped out the door. The moment they were out, Rose opened up her account and found Ilya's. It was a quote retweet Ilya had reposted from someone who posted the photo and said *hollander walks him like a dog #hollanovtie*.

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

woof

31k 💬 71k ↻ 222k ❤️

Rose shook her head, utterly delighted, and laughed. Each second had the likes and retweets and comments rising in number, immediately elevating it into something absolutely viral. She texted Ilya – *bet you \$20 he makes you delete that when he sees it* – and continued peeling herself out of her fancy clothes, slipping into the shower. She ordered room service and relaxed with a movie, only checking her phone when she was done. Ilya had sent a picture of Shane passed out asleep, his naked shoulderblades visible with his arms pillowed beneath him where he laid on his stomach, Ilya grinning with his head laid down on the pillow next to him.

no he won't, Ilya had responded. *i am good husband* 😊

Rose sent back a vomit emoji, a constant joke between the two of them that she responded with when Ilya was a bit too bold about what they got up to, and checked Ilya's post again – already, it had doubled its attention and seemed to have no sign of stopping. She texted him again.

hey, promote my movie under your tweet, repayment for bringing you

She barely had to wait before he responded – *yes ma'am* – and she turned her phone off, relaxing in her comfortable bed. At least she was getting some good press from Ilya and Shane being freaks.

4. *Shane Hollander*

Shane wasn't really a fan of social media, objectively. He didn't really understand it most of the time, either. People thought he was funny when he was just being honest, and things went viral that he had no idea the reasoning behind. He posted barely a handful of times a year and mostly just reposted his brand deals and Ilya, occasionally a Centaurs post when Harris tagged him as well.

Just because he was bad at social media didn't mean he was oblivious to it. He wasn't oblivious to *Ilya*, rather, and the internet *adored* him. Anything he said got a ton of traction, and his shirtless gym pics were saved by hundreds of people (Shane included, who then actually got to get his hands on Ilya). However, it was when Shane entered the picture that they instantly went viral.

Ilya believed it was because of Shane's attractiveness, but Shane knew it was something about the two of them together that people loved to see. They were each popular individually, but together they were on an entirely different level; it was probably the same reason the league had pushed their rivalry for so long. Still, Shane knew his husband well, and he knew that he needed to prepare himself a bit anytime the two of them were on camera together because people would take absolutely anything and run with it.

Actual hockey interviews were a bit different, though, and where Shane made the mistake of lowering his guard. He just got too into it, sometimes. He *loved* hockey, and he loved talking about it. He had three back to back post-game interviews, going from one to the other with ease, and his commentary was flowing so smoothly with genuine questions that he was confused when the final interviewer looked away from him quickly with a hopeful look on their face.

"Mr. Rozanov! Would you like to join the interview?" They asked. Shane looked over his shoulder and saw Ilya waiting patiently, standing off to the side. Shane was confused – Ilya was supposed to be going out with only a few of the Centaurs who hadn't lost their energy, and Shane had decided to meet him at home afterwards.

"Ah, no," Ilya answered, still just standing there and waiting with his bag thrown over his shoulder. He looked at Shane and raised an eyebrow, to which Shane cocked his head in confusion.

"Then...may I ask why you're here?" The interviewer asked.

Ilya cleared his throat, crossing his arms and looking at Shane impatiently. Shane wanted to smack him, because why was he acting like *Shane* was doing something wrong by doing the interview? Ilya was supposed to be leaving.

“What’s up?” Shane asked, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion.

“It is *your rule*, Hollander,” Ilya responded with a deep sigh.

Instantly, Shane knew what Ilya was talking about and he felt his cheeks and ears begin to burn with embarrassment about this happening in front of other people. “Oh, well-”

“A rule?” The interviewer asked, nosy and interested like all interviewers were.

“I am not allowed to leave without goodbye kiss. It is one of Shane’s rules.” Ilya answered with a shrug.

Shane was going to strangle him when they got home. *Yes*, it was a rule, because too often in their past had they fought or ended things without a kiss and their marriage was supposed to be different, but Ilya was *not* supposed to bring that up in front of other people. He certainly wasn’t supposed to say it while there was a camera with a red recording light blinking. Still, a small part of Shane was warmed by Ilya’s care; Shane could have easily forgotten because of the interviews and Ilya could have left without warning. Shane would have felt weird until Ilya got home and remedied it, but it would have been bearable. Ilya was just too good, though, and didn’t want Ilya to feel that way when they could avoid it.

Shane walked over quickly, dropping a chaste kiss to Ilya’s lips. “I love you. Go have fun,” he said quietly, praying the mics and cameras didn’t pick up on it.

Ilya hummed. “I love you. Let me know when you get home, yes?”

Shane nodded and turned back to the camera, listening as Ilya walked away. “So,” he started, fighting to act normal. “Where were we?”

The rest of the interview went fine, even though they were both clearly thinking about Ilya’s interruption instead, thinking about how much traction that live video was sure to get online. Sure enough, as soon as Shane checked his phone, he saw a ton of mentions and notifications of people reposting the clip and sharing it. Even Ilya, despite being at a party, seemed to be engaging in it, always loving the attention he got and loving making people laugh with his reactions. Most of it was light-hearted joking, but Ilya also jumped to defend Shane against the people that said he was ridiculous or mean or any other thing because he had stupid things like *rules*.

Shane ignored it while he drove home and only looked at it again when he laid down on the sofa. The video had over a million views with responses ranging from bashing Shane for “not letting Ilya breathe” to talking about how cute his flush was, additional comments thrown in about Ilya actually listening and how devoted he was and how sweet it was to wait for Shane’s interview to be done. Shane liked those answers more than anything about him – he liked when people saw Ilya the way Shane did rather than as some coarse asshole that other players always made him out to be.

Hayden tagging him in the comments of the Instagram post from the channel had Shane sighing, preparing himself for what he was about to get into.

HaydenPikeOfficial ✓

Holly's got a lot of rules, you guys just aren't prepared for them. No shoes in the house, no alcohol during the season, no leaving without a goodbye kiss, apparently.

@ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer did I forget any?

ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

Yeah, no Hayden Pikes in my house now either.

Shane laughed as Hayden responded instantly.

HaydenPikeOfficial ✓

Dude :(

He barely had any time to like the message before Ilya joined the conversation too.

IlyaRozanov81 ✓

YES! VICTORY!

Shane rolled his eyes. As much as Hayden and Ilya played up some weird best-friend/partner rivalry and hatred, none of it was really real. Sure, they had a history the same way Shane did with each of them and sure, they weren't perfect, but most of it was empty jesting. Shane had been worried about it at first, sure that the two of them were going to tear each other apart. He hated that his boyfriend didn't like his best friend and he hated that his best friend openly disapproved of his boyfriend; it took a while, but the two of them worked out what they needed to. Shane walked in on them talking on the phone without him sometimes, and they both always acted like kids who got caught with their hand in the cookie jar. They would never admit it but they *liked each other*, and Shane relished in it.

Maybe it was the good mood their playful banter had put Shane in, or maybe it was the mostly positive response to the original video, but Shane saw an opportunity and was willing to take it. He stood up from the couch and made his way to their small office, digging around in the files he had stored away. All of it was brand deals and contracts, official negotiations his mom had printed and certificates of awards him and Ilya had received. At the very back of one section, though, was something that Shane had told Ilya he'd thrown away.

Slowly, he dug it out, laying it flat against his desk and beaming at it.

Conditions for Marriage, it said across the top in Ilya's handwriting. Beneath that, it continued. First was a list of things Ilya wrote, taking up just a few lines of the notebook paper.

Shane will not deny Ilya any hugs even as a joke or punishment, and he will let Ilya take care of him, and he will keep trying to learn Russian, and he will always let Ilya have at least one dog.

After that, Shane traced his own handwriting.

Ilya will abide by Shane's rules: (1) no more than 3 dogs at any time, (2) all socks must actually make it into the bin, (3) no leaving without a goodbye kiss, and (4) he must let Shane take care of him too.

Their own messy signatures sat on another line, dated to a few days before their wedding when the both of them were a bit tipsy and excited for the big day. It was a joke – it was written in pencil on notebook paper, entirely impermanent, and Shane had told Ilya he'd thrown it away in embarrassment. Instead, he'd tucked it away with every other important document he had and hidden it where only he could find it. Now, though, he made sure it was smoothed out on the desk top and carefully took a picture of it. *The rules*, he captioned it before hitting post and putting his phone in do not disturb mode so he wouldn't be overwhelmed with the notifications.

Shane carefully put the paper back where it was, safe and protected, and moved to the kitchen to put together some dinner. He'd just started searing some salmon when the front door slammed open.

"Shane!" Ilya called out instantly. Shane turned, confused. He'd expected Ilya to come back way later, so him being home early was surprising.

"Kitchen," Shane announced and Ilya materialised a few seconds later, beaming and overjoyed. He barely had time to set down his spatula before Ilya was in his arms, holding Shane's face with both hands and pressing rapid kisses all over his face.

"What are you doing?" Shane asked through laughter, his heart skipping in his chest.

"You *kept it*," Ilya said, completely overjoyed, and pressed a firm kiss to Shane's mouth. Shane's heart fluttered.

"Yeah, of course."

"*Of course*," Ilya repeated. "You said you threw it away."

"Surprise?" Shane countered, looking at him with a small smile.

Ilya groaned and wrapped himself around Shane like an octopus with its tentacles, clinging to him and pressing a kiss against Shane's neck. "I love you. I love your rules."

“Yeah, I figured that out myself.” Shane laughed. “I love you too.”

Ilya clung to him the entire time Shane cooked – *Shane will not deny Ilya any hugs* was one of the rules, after all – and they happily ate. Afterwards, when Shane checked his phone, the post had more likes than almost all of his others, only beaten by the posts about the Irina Foundation and their wedding announcement picture. When Ilya wasn’t looking, he made it the third pinned post on his account alongside the other two.

5. Ilya Rozanov

When Ilya first brought up making a YouTube channel to Shane, he’d expected Shane to hate it.

“I think it will be fun,” Ilya said after explaining what he was thinking. “I want to have something to do, like you and your books. I can post game prep, and walks with the cutest dog ever, and anything else I want. Maybe ‘my husband makes me a not-at-all-gross smoothie’ or something.”

Shane smiled but didn’t react strongly, intently listening to Ilya. “You really want to do this.”

It wasn’t a question – it was an observation. “Yes,” Ilya admitted. “I think it would be good for me. To have something to focus on and do even when I am not doing great, you know?”

Shane nodded. “It’s a great idea, Ilya. Go for it.”

When Shane approved, Ilya was happy. When he’d come home to Shane presenting a series of video cameras that Ilya might want to choose from, he’d been overjoyed. It had taken some time to find someone he trusted and liked who was willing to help edit his videos – Ilya was good at many things, but editing was not one of them – but it took no time at all to film the video once it was the summer break and he had all the time in the world.

“Hello, YouTube,” Ilya started, staring at the camera with a smile. “This feels a bit stupid, but also fun. Welcome to The Ilya Channel.”

The rest of the video was random – Ilya toured the bits of their home Shane was fine with sharing, played with Anya for a few minutes and showed off how many tricks she knew, and filmed himself in their home gym as he worked out. It was an introduction video, after all; he needed to introduce his audience to what they were working with. The part that he knew would get rewatched often (other than the clips of him working out) was when he went up to Shane at the end.

“Shane,” Ilya whined. “What are you doing?”

The video stayed on Ilya’s face, the sky bright behind him, but Shane’s voice came from off camera. “I’m harvesting the courgettes, remember?”

“Ah, yes,” Ilya said to where Shane was off camera before turning to the viewer. “My husband has a little garden and plants flowers, vegetables, everything. Delicious and pretty,

just like him.”

“Ilya,” Shane exhaled, sounding more like he was laughing than annoyed though.

Ilya looked off camera again. “Do you want to show them your garden?”

There was a brief pause, then a sound from Shane. Then, “You know what? Sure.”

The camera fumbled for a minute before Shane was holding it, his face flushed from heat and exertion. He gave a small smile to the camera. “Hi,” he said quietly. “This is my garden.”

“So be nice about it!” Ilya shouted suddenly, moving the camera to his face and pointing at the camera. “Compliment his garden in the comments. It’s a good garden.”

When Ilya let go and Shane turned the camera back to himself, he blinked. “Right. Okay. Um, this is my garden. Fuck, I said that already. Okay. This is fine.”

The next minute and a half of the clip was just Shane pointing at various vegetables and Ilya quizzing Shane on the Russian names for them. They showed off the flowers next before Ilya took the camera and turned it to Shane, showing him covered in dirt and yet still looking ecstatic. It was the final part of the introductory video, and it was the part that Ilya had rewatched over and over again before posting it.

When he shared the channel on his social medias, his phone literally froze because of the sheer onslaught of attention it got instantly.

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 

come watch my youtube [link]

81k💬360k🔄900k❤️

Ilya grinned and let the subscriber count on his channel skyrocket as people collectively lost their minds in his comments as well, all of his followers seemingly coming together to cheer on the channel instantly.

Ottawa Centaurs @TheOttawaCens 

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

Okayyyyy, Ilya! Hockey star AND YouTube star

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 

Replying to @TheOttawaCens

i learned from the best 🤔

Shane Hollander @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer ✓

@IlyaRozanov81 come downstairs and we can watch the video together.

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer

of course my love on my way

ilya rozanov's #1 fan @rozanovfanatic

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

oh you want me dead this is crazy this is amazing this is everything oh my god OH MY GOD

hollanov's tie @pikefannothethefish

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

ILYA ROZANOV YOUTUBE ERA

Cliff Marlow @MarlyMarlow ✓

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

yes, brother!! diamond play button incoming

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @MarlyMarlow

i do not know what this means

Cliff Marlow ✓

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

the stanley cup of youtube kind of

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @MarlyMarlow

oh yes i will win this

Hayden Pike @HaydenPikeOfficial

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

Like the world needs more Rozanov 🙄

Ilya Rozanov @IlyaRozanov81 ✓

Replying to @HaydenPikeOfficial

and yet you are subscribed 🙄

shane's lawyer @hollandefense

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

shane is a literal grown adult man and still he looked so fucking cute with his little garden this is SICK

hockey husbands @hollanovlovechild

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

this is the best thing ever, notifs on immediatelyyyy it's ilya's influencer time now

Ilya looked at the overwhelmingly happy comments and smiled to himself, pleased with what he's done. This channel was a fun project for him, but it was nice to see others appreciated it as well. He pocketed his phone and joined Shane on the couch to watch the video, even though he'd seen it already. He dropped down onto the cushions, lifting an arm as Shane easily slipped against his side and cuddled up with him. Shane kissed Ilya's jawline and pressed on the remote.

For a few seconds, they stared at the loading screen.

Then, an error message came up. *Sorry. We are unable to play this video at the moment. Please refresh to try again.*

Shane frowned and tried again, and again, and it still didn't work.

"I think you broke the internet," Shane said, irritated.

"No, impossible." Ilya countered. He looked at his phone – at his Twitter mentions – and had to bite back his amusement when other people seemed to be encountering the same problem. He really had, apparently, but he wasn't going to admit that to Shane.

"Maybe we save the video for later. We can swim and fuck and then watch it?"

Shane sighed. "It's broken, isn't it?"

"Yes, pretty much." Ilya admitted.

Shane grumbled and stood and Ilya watched him until Shane offered a hand to Ilya. "Well? Thought you had a pretty good plan."

Ilya grinned and leapt up from the couch, taking Shane's hand. It *was* a pretty good plan.

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