

#janegate

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#janegate

by [deadmemewalking](#)

Summary

zuko nation *@yaoionice*

tell me why the rozanov leaks have me sobbing into my pillow ... god i see what you have done for others

oh captain my captain *@jimothykirk*

Replying to @yaoionice

RIGHT like i think love might be real

dani *@danisqueerbar*

Replying to @jimothykirk

we found love in a hopeless place (rozanov's dms)

Or, the internet reacts to leaked messages between Ilya Rozanov and the mysterious Jane.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

inspired by how hollanov keep getting their shit leaked in canon AND fic

show compliant (haven't read the books but i think technically could take place between them?) and real world-compliant if you pretend a) hayden finds out a year earlier, b) sidney crosby could exist in the same universe as shane hollander, and c) stick season came out by 2018

also, attempts at realistic hockey were made but apologies for inaccuracies i'm still learning!!

tysm to [chuyasexual](#) for the beta

more citations/credits in end notes

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

January 2018

nina *@mrsrozanova*

ilya rozanov lover boy confirmed ????

nina *@mrsrozanova*

Replying to @mrsrozanova

been thirsting after him for years and now i'm daydreaming about taking him on a cute picnic date in boston commons ...

nina *@mrsrozanova*

Replying to @mrsrozanova

still want him to **** ** ** **** ** ***** **** don't worry

red line enthusiast *@raiddeeznuts*

what the fresh hell is oomf talking about

Medical Melpractice @MelKing

Replying to @raiddeeznuts

Have you seen this? [reddit.com/r/hockey/comments/81rzh2...](https://www.reddit.com/r/hockey/comments/81rzh2...)

r/hockey

u/MontrealMetrosFTW

Are Ilya Rozanov's playboy days over?

Listen I hate this guy as much as the next (sane) hockey fan but for the good of the community, consider this a public service announcement for all the rozanov groupies

Jane: Can you do something for me?

moya lyubov, i would move heaven and earth for you

Jane: Maybe start with moving your socks from the floor to the hamper.

it is very cold in montreal?

Jane: Not much colder than usual. I'm pretty used to it by now. Why?

[This attachment has been deleted.]

so red

moy pomidor

Jane: Ilya! Delete that!!

if you need warmer coat i will buy for you. am very rich and famous hockey player you know

maybe russian fur coat. brown like your pretty eyes

with big collar to keep ur face warm

Jane: If you buy me a fucking fur coat

Jane: I won't touch your dick ever again.

lies

Jane: You sure you want to test that theory? Ok then.

noooooooooo baby come back

your food came here

did you put wrong address?

Jane: It's for you. You should eat healthier when you're sick

i am russian we do not get sick

Jane: You are the least subtle man on the planet

Jane: I could hear you sniffing through the phone

did you send me witch potion???

i thought you loved me

instead you try to poison me

Jane: I know they have soup in Russia, don't even try with me.

why is it green

Jane: It's lentil soup

Jane: The internet said it's rich in nutrients and immunity-boosting

Jane: Did you try it? Is it helping?

yes

thank you lyubimiy

[Jane loved a message]

[Image attachment: Bouquet of stargazer lilies]

Jane: The card says Happy Anniversary?

yes, is today

Jane: What no, our anniversary is in July

Jane: Two weeks at the cottage? Meeting my parents? Any of this ringing a bell?

not that one

our first anniversary

*polite canadian with beautiful freckles tells me i cannot smoke and shakes my hand twice.
very important date to remember*

day that changed my life

Jane: Ilya

are you blushing moy pomidorchik?

Jane: Shut up

Jane: Ya tebya lyublyu

ya tozhe tebya lyublyu

need help

Jane: ?

send stupid canadian wolf bird sound

Jane: Fuck off I'm busy

very urgent send now

Jane: I can't just make loon calls at work what is wrong with you

(((

Jane: Oh my god fine

[Audio message saved]

cliff also thought was wolf

told you

Jane: Are you fucking kidding me

Jane: Of course he did, you city boys wouldn't know the difference between a swan and a goose.

not true

there are many swans in boston. they do not howl at night and scare innocent humans

Jane: Really?

we will go see them next time you are here

i will take your picture in tulip gardens like silly teenage couples and kiss you under crying tree

Jane: Weeping willow?

yes

Jane: I'd like that. One day

one day

zuko nation @yaoionice

tell me why the rozanov leaks have me sobbing into my pillow ... god i see what you have done for others

oh captain my captain @jimothykirk

Replying to @yaoionice

RIGHT like i think love might be real

dani @danisqueerbar

Replying to @jimothykirk

we found love in a hopeless place (rozanov's dms)

ily(a) rozanov @ouimacherie

Ok but who is this diva Jane and how does she have THE ilya rozanov wrapped around her finger

howl 🏰 @hollzystick

Replying to @ouimacherie

idc about rozanov I just wanna queen out with her

quinn h. 🖋️ @rozalicious

what we know about ilya rozanov's secret girlfriend

- name is Jane
- has brown eyes and freckles
- canadian (specifically montreal 🤔)
- can do a loon call???

Jennifer @HockeyMom

Replying to @rozalicious

I don't think Jane deserves him. Obviously she doesn't appreciate him at all, since she's so rude and always swearing at him

marly roz sandwich 🙌 @marleausbunny

Replying to @HockeyMom

and isn't it kind of bold to assume Jane is his girlfriend? he's never mentioned a long-term relationship before and lowkey he's kind of famous for being papped with a different girl every other day

trinity @dr_allonsy

Replying to @marleausbunny

me when i'm jared, 19

quinn h. 🖋️ @rozalicious

Replying to @dr_allonsy

frrrr like are we reading the same messages rn????

red line enthusiast @raiddeeznuts

listen i'm happy for @Rozanov81 and all but did he have to pick someone from ❌ montreal
❌

Latest NHL Rumors

NHL Rumors: Twitter Leaks Expose Messages between Raiders' Ilya Rozanov and Secret Girlfriend "Jane"

NHL Rumors: Mohn Injury Fallout, Hayes to Centaurs & Kent Controversy after Fan Interaction at CVS

Shane wakes up searching for Ilya's body heat amidst his cool sheets, before the pleasant vestiges of his dream fade and he remembers that Ilya is back in Boston for a home game. On mornings without scheduled practice, Shane has started indulging in morning runs at 9 am rather than 7 — he tells himself it has nothing to do with the extra time afforded before bed, for phone calls or anything else. So, with half a REM cycle still left before his alarm, Shane locates the culprit: his phone lies inches from his face, screen lit up and buzzing.

He rubs his eyes and scrolls through the notifications. At the top, a message from Hayden reads, *"Maybe stay off twitter today buddy."* Ominous enough on its own, a text from his mother joins it: *"Have you seen this?"* with a link to a Reddit post. And to cement the dread pooling in the pit of Shane's stomach, a new notification from his Google alert for Ilya's name pops up every few seconds, almost too fast to read.

Shane presses the phone face down on his bed and sucks in shallow breaths until the vibrations against his palm grow so distracting that he flips on Do Not Disturb. Then, guilt already creeping in on the panic, he turns it back off.

His finger slips against the screen and clicks on the alert for an article with "Ilya Rozanov" and "Jane" in the title. The words blur as Shane flicks through it, too frantic to even reach for his reading glasses, fixated on finding one damning name in the pages and pages of breathless speculation on Rozanov's newest paramour. When he reaches the end, Shane scrolls back to the top to read the article properly.

Only a few paragraphs in, he's already bristling at the picture it paints of Ilya — arrogant and sex-obsessed, not a romantic bone in his body, incapable of these obviously fake messages — when his phone buzzes with an incoming call. Shane accepts without thinking.

"Shane?" Ilya's voice is low and echoes a little through the receiver. Shane imagines him hunched over on a bench in the Raiders' locker room, hand cupped protectively around his mouth. *"Shane, I didn't know. How did this happen, I can't —"*

“Ilya...” It rushes out of Shane on an exhale. He takes a deep breath, then another, pulling in and holding for several seconds. On the other end of line, Ilya echoes him.

“I was reading the article from The Hockey Writers,” Shane starts, interrupted by Ilya’s derisive scoff. “Yeah, I know. But I didn’t see my name anywhere. Or on Twitter, or in the Google alerts. Just ... Jane.”

Ilya makes a soft questioning noise. *“Is good, yes? They believe I am texting anonymous woman because their tiny minds do not imagine I am in love with Shane Hollander, second best hockey player in the world.”*

“Fuck you,” Shane chokes out a laugh. “I’m not second best.” He wishes he could see Ilya right now, wishes he could press his thumb into the small furrow between his brows and watch the rest of him melt under Shane’s touch. The urge never goes away, doesn’t even dim after days spent in only each other’s company. It beats like a second pulse under his skin. “Don’t read the articles. They’re saying horrible things about you.”

“Hm, nothing new,” Ilya says. *“Twitter is being very funny. They think I am like Mr. Darcy. I should tell them, no, obviously I am Mr. Rochester. Corrupting my sweet Jane.”*

“Please do not start shit on Twitter.” He sits up straight, a realization crashing over him like ice water. “Oh my god, do you have to make a statement? What will you say?”

After a long pause, which Shane spends twisting the sheets around his fingers and biting his tongue into stillness, Ilya says, *“What would you have me say?”*

“Ilya, it’s your statement —”

“No, is our statement. Whoever did this, maybe they have even more. Messages about you, Shane Hollander, about your games, your team. If one day, they decide to post...”

The same fears had already percolated into his temporary calm. He’s been texting Ilya as Jane for their entire careers in the NHL, seven years’ worth of poorly veiled flirting and sexual tension and now this tenderness, even more damning than the rest of it. Shane knows better — has known better this whole time — but he just can’t help it. Not when it comes to Ilya.

They should deny it. His mother, his agent, his coach, they would all tell Ilya to call the leaks fake; then the world could go back to admiring and censuring, in equal measure, the NHL’s resident playboy. Cocky, yes, and he probably deserves to be, but also cold-hearted. Loveless. The thought makes Shane’s stomach churn, almost as much as it would hurt to read a statement where Ilya refutes the evidence of his love.

Shane wants to hide under his covers. He wants to put his head down and play hockey and pretend nothing else exists. But Ilya would tell him to be brave.

“Don’t deny it,” he blurts out. He hears Ilya’s sharp intake of breath, but barrels on. “You don’t have to make an official statement, I doubt Boston will make you. But if anyone asks... don’t deny it.” He considers what this would mean, for the plans he had laid out in the middle

of the night, sketching the shape of their future. “And maybe we start working on Canadian citizenship a little sooner?”

Ilya makes a low noise, clears his throat. When he finally speaks, his voice is thick and wet sounding. Shane smiles to himself. “*Ok, moy solnyshko. We will do that.*”

national hoe league @samira_gretzky

lowkey still can't believe this is the real timeline. i figured roz was the type to sext absolute filth just pure freak shit 24/7 but NOPE it's the kind of sweetness they warn u abt at the dentist

all eyes on admirals @puckpuckgo

Replying to @samira_gretzky

I mean... how do we know these are even real? tbh those texts don't sound like him at ALL

national hoe league @samira_gretzky

Replying to @puckpuckgo

ah yes, twitter user puckpuckgo, known authority on ilya rozanov's inner life 🙄

steve @killing_steve

Replying to @samira_gretzky

Hate to say it but they might have a point. For all we know OP faked the “leaks” to slander rozanov. We should just ignore them and stop speculating until he makes a statement

national hoe league @samira_gretzky

Replying to @killing_steve

respectfully i will Not be doing that

ASG 2017 cheek kiss @hollanover

ok but why is nobody talking about how roz uses the masculine form of lyubimiy... ilya rozanov bi confirmed methinks

will @good_hunting

Replying to @hollanover

maybe it's just hard to transliterate? I mean her name is literally Jane lol

ASG 2017 cheek kiss @hollanover

Replying to @good_hunting

hear me out. "Jane" is a codename for his boyfriend. like anonymous Jane Doe! plus all the secrecy and vagueness on roz's side... i'm connecting the dots!

will @good_hunting

Replying to @hollanover

dude you aren't connecting shit

nina @mrsrozanova

NOOOOO THE REDDIT POST GOT DELETED 😭😭 NOT THE ORIGINAL TEXTS

reputation era tour ! @shaydenation

Replying to @mrsrozanova

it's giving the leaks were fake and we should respect hockey players' privacy

nina @mrsrozanova

Replying to @shaydenation

u literally ship sh*yden

Ilya blinks as another camera flash goes off inches from his face. He can feel every drop of sweat sliding down his face, the matted curls sticking to his skin. A bruise purples on his bare ribs, where he caught an elbow from one of the Admirals' second-rate defensemen. He desperately wants to shower off this shitshow of a game and reward himself for the win by reading whatever live commentary Shane sent him, but alas. The press.

"Rozanov, how are you feeling about the Raiders' chances to make the playoffs again this year, and are there any other teams you're keeping an eye on to make the playoffs as well?"

Stupid question, he thinks. Ask me instead how I wrangle a team of monkeys with their hockey sticks up their asses into beating last year's cup champions. After a miserable first two periods and a rousing captain's speech on getting their minds off whatever the internet is saying and onto the fucking rink, they managed to pull one goal ahead of the Admirals in the last four minutes of regulation. Disappointing, maybe, but still a win. He's making those fuckers bag skate until their feet fall off tomorrow.

"Not the Admirals. Obviously," he says instead, cocking a single eyebrow. He knows Shane hates that expression, that it pisses him off, gets him so hot. "We are done here?"

From the back of the swarm of reporters, a woman's voice calls out, "Just one more, Mr. Rozanov!" He can't make out her face or the outlet she represents, but he nods curtly anyway.

"With all the rumors and speculation online, people want to know, are the leaked messages real? Who is Jane? Are you finally settling down?"

A dozen more flashes, capturing the pure incredulity as it spreads across Ilya's face. "Now? You ask me this, now? After I hand the Admirals' asses to them on their home ice?" Exaggeration, maybe.

But Ilya has been waiting for this question. His coach, his teammates, his agent — an old friend of the family whose interest in Ilya's career died along with his father — none of them had asked quite so directly, either chirping him or avoiding the topic altogether. But the truth burns like a small sun in his chest, light bursting out from the spaces between his ribs. He wonders how the whole world hasn't seen it written across his face, since that morning after the photos leaked, when Shane gave him a gift Ilya hadn't even known how to ask for.

Every moment feels like a thrilling escape, suffused with the childlike glee of getting away with something, of getting to keep it. Ilya can't believe he's allowed this; part of him still expects Shane to change his mind. He carries this half-terror, half-hope around his neck, nestled beside his mother's cross.

The reporters grow restless in his silence, shifting feet and low whispers. They don't deserve the truth, not even a crumb of it, but Ilya can be magnanimous. On occasion.

"I don't know of any leaks, I am too busy winning at hockey." He shrugs as a wave of laughter ripples through the crowd. A pack of hyenas, mouths frothing for the juiciest bite. He stares directly at what he hopes is a camera, drops it a wink and his very best smirk. "But sounds like Jane is very lucky, no?"

poulin x stacey @mesvictoires

guys is it just me or was that not a denial

marci @francisforever24

Replying to @mesvictoires

it's ilya motherfucking rozanov when has he ever taken the media seriously

i'll dunk ur donuts @loveisloveislove

in light of roz's last post-game interview can we put this back on the tl? i haven't moved on
i'm still here

am bored

entertain me

Jane: You came to the wrong place to escape boredom.

bzzzzzzt wrong answer

send pics

Jane: I'm reading in bed, I don't look particularly hot right now

Jane: And I'm not sending nudes if you're in public.

you are wearing glasses?

Jane: Yeah

send pics

now

i want to see sexy glasses

[Image attachment: a pair of glasses perched on an open book]

brat

what is that? boring hockey book?

Jane: Fuck you it's not boring!

Jane: It's literally your job. You might actually like reading about it

why would i read when you will tell me anyway

sounds better in your voice. like sexy podcast

Jane: You listen to podcasts?

yes helps with english

ok am home now

Jane: Wait what, did you leave early? I thought the team was out celebrating

wanted to see you

i call now

Jane: Yeah. Yes please

 @bellahollander

Replying to @loveisloveislove

Never knew I needed to hear rozanov say brat until now. New kink unlocked I fear

stan lee cup @skip_kiss_cam

wait does this mean Jane is a hockey fan? one of us, even?? 🤔

(hockey) stick season @shaneaday

Replying to @skip_kiss_cam

nah no way. if I was Jane I'd be shouting that shit from the rooftops

roz pr manager @luca_draws

not Jane becoming the internet's favorite WAG and we don't even know what she looks like

~*~ **freckles** ~*~ @hollandersgf

Replying to @luca_draws

The people's princess frfr

bri @strikerpiker

Replying to @luca_draws

put some respect on my queen jackie's name!!

roz pr manager @luca_draws

Replying to @strikerpiker

why tf is there a pike stan in my mentions

Liked by Ilya Rozanov

tea @teaonrice

out of the club and straight into her dms, man is so whipped

When he finally catches his breath, cum drying in sticky streaks on his stomach and Ilya curled around his back, Shane finds himself saying, "Jane is trending on Twitter."

Ilya grumbles into Shane's neck before propping himself up on an elbow to face him; the movement shifts the angle of Ilya's cock, half-soft and still buried deep inside of him, making Shane twitch with oversensitivity. A smug little smirk curls at Ilya's lips as he slides his hand up to squeeze Shane's pec. "Oh, really?"

"I know you've been liking the tweets, asshole." Shane rolls his eyes, even as he presses back into the cradle of Ilya's hips. "Some of the guys were talking about it in the locker room."

"Hm, yes, I am very popular, of course my mysterious girlfriend will be also."

Shane frowns. "You don't have a mysterious girlfriend."

Ilya rolls his hips hard, shocking a gasp out of Shane's throat and wiping away every trace of worry for a moment. Of course, he ruins it two seconds later, leering down at Shane.

"Marly has not stopped chirping about how I soft-launched my Montreal Girl." Shane can hear the capitalization in the way he says it. "Keeps asking for her number to add to Raiders WAG group chat."

"If you give Marleau my phone number, I'm blocking both of you."

Shane feels as though something sharp has lodged itself in his chest, piercing his lungs with every breath. He wishes he never mentioned the whole thing, can't even remember why he did in the first place. Ilya has always been able to fuck him into incoherency, take Shane up to the edge of the cliff only to knock him cleanly off; and in the plummet, his mind goes

finally, blissfully silent. But today, apparently, the words were simply hiding under his tongue, lying in wait for the moment Shane loses hold of himself.

Tears prickle at his eyes. Shane squeezes them shut, flushed hot with shame, his whole body tense with the effort of fighting its own stupid reactions. Ilya notices, of course.

“Shane? What’s wrong?” Ilya’s palm comes up to rest on Shane’s throat, long fingers curling around his neck, a hint of pressure. The familiar gesture, the heat of his skin — Shane doesn’t know how to earn any of it. “You are upset.”

It’s not a question, but Shane shakes his head back and forth in silent denial, eyes still closed. Ilya squeezes tighter in warning. “Tell me.”

He doesn’t want to, but the words spill out anyway. “This whole Jane thing. It got so much bigger than I expected. Everyone knows, or thinks they know and I — I hate it.”

The pressure on his throat eases; Shane’s body arches up to follow it. His eyes blink open at last, and through blurry vision he watches as Ilya’s whole face shutters. He pulls free from the clutch of Shane’s body, straightening up and out of reach. Worse, he looks away from Shane, eyes fixed on the bare wall, his jaw working.

“Okay,” he says. “Okay. Is not too late. I can still deny everything. They will believe me, I think.”

His voice is flat. Affectless, like his blank stare, as though he’s gone somewhere Shane can’t follow. Panic alarms sound off in Shane’s brain, drowning out everything else, and his hands reach out without his telling them to, scrabbling for purchase on Ilya’s upper arms.

“No, wait, hold on, that’s not — I didn’t —”

Shane cuts himself off, frustrated, sucks in a noisy, shallow breath, but at least Ilya turns back towards him. A small furrow appears between his brows as he looks down at Shane. Almost subconsciously, his thumb strokes along Shane’s collarbone.

The words, once he finds them, come out haltingly. Drawn up from the ugly depths of him, one bucketful at a time.

“The whole world — the whole internet or whatever — thinks it’s Jane you’re in love with. And yeah, I know. Jane is me. But to them she’s this, I don’t know, this mysterious woman who finally got you to settle down and they love her so much and they’re so happy for you, but the second they find out it’s me...” Shane’s voice falters. “Well, it wouldn’t be the same. Obviously. They would hate me. Us.”

Ilya stares at him for a minute, face hard and unreadable. Then his chin wobbles. The corner of his lip twitches. Shane realizes, half a second before it happens, and then Ilya bursts into laughter.

“Fuck you, asshole!” Shane swats him in the chest, eyes still wet, gets two good hits in before Ilya catches his wrist in a firm grip. When Shane tries to squirm away, Ilya’s other hand

comes up to grab his chin, fingers digging into Shane's cheeks and smushing his lips into a pout. He forces Shane to meet his eyes.

"You are jealous? Of Jane?" Ilya raises his eyebrows, incredulous, shoulders shaking with mirth. "Jealous of yourself, yes? Only you, Hollander."

Shane glares up at him, even as his whole body relaxes under Ilya's weight pressing him deeper into the mattress. "She's not *me*." It comes out muffled with the way Ilya's holding his face, but it doesn't matter anyway.

"Good," Ilya says, and all the air rushes out of Shane's lungs. Like a sudden drop in cabin pressure; the moment before the fall. "They don't get to have you. Only me."

He pushes Shane onto his front, one large hand splayed across the back of his neck, fingers digging into the sweaty hair at his nape. Shane tries to get his knees under him, but Ilya puts all his weight onto the hand wrapped tight around Shane's hip, thighs locked tight around Shane's legs, and he collapses back down, helpless. Pinned.

Little sounds escape Shane's open mouth, the pillow growing damp beneath his face. Before he can start whining in earnest, Ilya lays flat on top of him, every inch of their skin pressed together. He grinds against Shane's ass, the tip of his cock catching on Shane's swollen rim. Then Ilya replaces the hand at Shane's nape with his teeth, and bites down hard. Shane's body jackknifes, caught, suspended in pleasure-pain, before going completely limp.

When Ilya finally slides in — a tight fit, at this angle, but Shane surrenders so willingly for him — Shane's voice cracks around his long moan; speech has left him almost entirely, but for the noises punched out of him with each thrust and a steady stream of "*Yours, yours, yours...*"

dani @danisqueerbar

@Rozanov81 blink twice if you need help

Jane: I think the point of hockey is to get the puck INTO the net

Jane: Don't tell me you missed Lehner favoring his right knee.

Jane: Nice shot!

Jane: Tell your second line to clean up their fucking act.

Jane: Ouch. That's what you get for chirping Price for 90 minutes straight

Jane: Don't forget to ice your ribs tonight. I'll know if you don't.

moy dushnila please

did you like my hat trick

i dedicated to you

Jane: I'd be more impressed if it wasn't against Buffalo

touche

i will score u another one in montreal next week))

Jane: Not a fucking chance

Liked by Ilya Rozanov

snei @stereks

Replying to @danisqueerbar

leave him alone he's exactly where he wants to be

go penguins!! @crosbysgirl

the way Jane just ended the buffalos whole career omg who is She

poulin x stacey @mesvictoires

Replying to @crosbysgirl

and not their goalie's injury getting outed by ilya rozanov relationship drama on twitter
... did I go through the looking glass or something

fran @frannypack

ew. wouldn't have pinned rozanov as the type to go for a puck bunny

roz pr manager @luca_draws

Replying to @frannypack

puck bunny???? if anything he's dating his mfing COACH

yuzuru domination 2018 @skaterg1rl

ms. Jane whoever you are, if you ever live tweeted a game i would eat that shit up

Transcript excerpt from Rocky and Roman Talk Hockey Podcast @ 1:05:43

Rocky: And now for some other news in hockey...

Roman: C'mon dude, I thought we weren't gonna do this bit. Off-ice player drama doesn't count as stats, strats, or spats! AKA the big three!

Rocky: Um, it does when the drama is Ilya fucking Rozanov getting hitched.

Roman: I'm pretty sure he didn't get married.

Rocky: My darling baby brother —

Roman: We're literally twins.

Rocky: — have you seen the screenshots? This is like DEFCON 2 for Raiders fans. Rozanov's gone soft! What if this affects his play? His reputation on the ice? His commitment to the team? It's our job to break this down for the listeners.

Roman: Well my professional opinion is that it's not that big of a deal. Rozanov is aggressive and he's always played aggressive. No way that "Jane" is gonna change that.

Rocky: Ok, first of all, you actually did read the leaks! Didn't know you had it in you. And second, I'd argue this feels like a departure from Rozanov's usual strategy, with respect to the media and his personal life. It's like if Shane Hollander or Scott Hunter got caught in one of those typical "sex, money, drugs" scandals. It would make a lot of fans really nervous.

Roman: You just wanted to mention Shane Hollander.

Rocky: Can you blame me?

Roman: Speaking of Hollander, this all sounds familiar to those conversations last season, during his fling with Rose Landry. And Hollander's game was still great, before, obviously, the injury. The Metros were projected to make the playoffs for a third year in a row!

Rocky: Sure, I hear you, but a Rose Landry situation makes sense for the NHL's resident boy-next-door. Not for a player with Rozanov's reputation. And, to call out the elephant in our recording booth, the Rozanov-Hollander rivalry is famous for a reason. They're polar opposites!

Roman: I'm stopping you there, before we end up with another episode on the epic saga of Hollander vs Rozanov.

Rocky: Well, before I move on: if you're listening, Jane — we'd love to have you on the show.

Roman: What he means is Jane, if you're real, please come shit on Buffalo with us.

Liked by Ilya Rozanov

laila @blackcatgf

“please please please” yes girl, walk him like a dog

Jane: You left your hoodie here again

is for you

i know you like to wear my clothes, moy vorishka

Jane: I'm not a thief!

Jane: No way I'm wearing a fucking raiders hoodie

are you wearing it right now?

Jane: Fuck off

you are, aren't you

send me a picture please please please

i bet you look so pretty in my colors

Jane: It smells nice. Just like you

lyubimiy you are killing me, i am dead

Jane: If you want to see me in it, guess you have to wait until next time you come over

ok i book tickets now

Jane: Ilya NO you have a game!

national hoe league @samira_gretzky

Replying to @blackcatgf

omg 🤔 he liked this laila are you alive

laila @blackcatgf

Replying to @samira_gretzky

NO I AM NOT

stan lee cup @skip_kiss_cam

ilya rozanov liking every tweet that calls him a simp... either this is the funniest long con in NHL history or he's actually down THAT bad

Mike @MikeHockeyFan

All these leaks and not one filthy sext? Rozanov is Jane even putting out bro

to boldly go @spocks_socks

Replying to @MikeHockeyFan

wow you're a perv

zuko nation @yaoionice

Replying to @MikeHockeyFan

kinda gay to be so invested in roz's sex life. bro

quinn h. 🍷 @rozalicious

ok can we all agree that rozanov liking Jane tweets is basically a confirmation?

pats to the superbowl ! @wlvahoo

Replying to @rozalicious

babe this is ilya rozanov you can't trust him

quinn h. 🍷 @rozalicious

Replying to @wlwahoo

if this was a pr stunt surely he would be pushing the narrative instead of the famous person equivalent of vagueposting

~*~ **freckles** ~*~ @hollandersgf

Replying to @rozalicious

Tbh he's prob just being a menace for the shifts

In the locker room, surrounded by exuberant chatter and hollering after a 7-4 win against Metropolitan's all-stars, Ilya's eyes seek out Shane. Having already dumped the top half of his gear somewhere on the floor, he watches Shane methodically undress: his jersey first, folded neatly and placed in his bag, then the elbow and shoulder pads. He watches him sit on the nearest bench and unlace his left skate, roll down his left sock. Right skate. Right sock. Shane's black compression shirt stretches tight across his shoulders and chest with each careful movement.

The thrill of playing on a line with Hollander has yet to wear off; Ilya doesn't expect it ever will. He'd netted a downright filthy goal — flicked the puck into the vee of space between the goalie's left arm and torso — off a backhand assist from Hollander. Under about fifty layers of gear, Ilya's cock starts to swell just from imagining how he'll reward Shane tonight.

His line of sight is suddenly blocked by Carle, mediocre defensemen from Tampa sent up to replace an injured player. Ilya couldn't remember a thing about him if he tried.

"Rozanov!" Carle bellows, thumping Ilya's shoulder with a gloved hand. "Nice playin'!"

Ilya nods at him. The other man doesn't fuck off, instead leaning in conspiratorially, though his voice doesn't drop from maximum volume. "Hey, so, the only thing the rags talk about these days is your secret girlfriend. Care to share?"

"Whoa, really?" Ilya raises a single eyebrow. Over Carle's shoulder, Shane stills, his head only just tilted in Ilya's direction. He doesn't look up from his shin guards, with all the appearance of being focused on his post-game routine; but Ilya sees right through him. The rest of the locker room is much less subtle about where their attention now lies.

Carle just laughs obnoxiously. "C'mon man! Your exploits are famous! A woman in every port, right?" He leers, showing off the gap in his incisors. "So this girl's gotta be somethin' crazy."

“You cannot get your dick wet, Carle? No woman in Tampa wants to fuck you? So you must live, uh —”

“Vicariously,” Shane suggests, voice dry.

“Yes, thank you, Hollander. You must live *vicariously* through me?”

Half the other players laugh, the rest rolling their eyes at his audacity, while Carle splutters and finally takes his hand off Ilya’s shoulder. But with the dam now broken, another player approaches their corner of the locker room. Isak Hellerud, Detroit’s right winger, rookie of the year in 2017. Ilya takes a moment to worry if he’s turned into Shane, rattling off stats in his own head.

“I must ask, Rozanov, is Jane real?” A frown creases his round, serious face, voice dipping down to a doleful register. “Because no woman likes to be kept secret.”

Ilya doesn’t know if Hellerud says anything else. Halfway across the room, Shane catches Ilya’s gaze as his hand rises slowly to his own chest. He massages his left pec, as though working out the tension in a sore muscle — then his thumb presses down, hard, directly over the bruise Ilya left last night.

Blood roars in Ilya’s ears. He had tasted that skin, barely twelve hours ago, teeth sinking in deep while Shane had ridden him into the cushions; on the couch, because they hadn’t made it to the bed, Ilya’s pants still tangled around his ankles. A pretty flush rises to Shane’s cheeks before he finally lets up the pressure, and then his thumb digs in again. And again. And again.

Ilya’s dick pulses in time with Shane’s rhythm. His heart thuds: *yours, yours, yours*.

He must black out; when Ilya comes back to himself, the rest of his gear is shoved into the gym bag at his feet, his gym shorts and wrinkled tank clinging to his sweat-damp skin. Carle and Hellerud seem to have started arguing with each other, and they turn to Ilya simultaneously, faces expectant.

“Sorry you are both having girl troubles. Not my fault I can’t relate.”

Shane snorts under his breath as he passes them on his way to the door, and Ilya saunters out not even ten seconds after him.

July 2021

Ilya Rozanov @Rozanov81

summer with Jane 🍷💍

[Image attachment: Ilya taking a selfie from the front of a canoe; behind him, Shane is wearing swim trunks and holding an oar, squinting at the camera.]

Chapter End Notes

end credits:

- russian pet names from here: www.tumblr.com/situation/806260610828582912
- the fur coat bit entirely inspired by [clear to a hedgehog](#) by magneticwave, fic of all time
- www.thehockeywriters.com is a real (and apparently ill-refuted) site including latest nhl rumors
- hollanov asg goal inspo: www.youtube.com/watch?v=ykpUdif_YNs&t=35s
- me & chuyasexual share custody of many of these twitter handles (go read [shane hollander boy kisser confirmed!](#))
- spot the boston references :)

thank you for reading!!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

thank you all so much for the lovely response to part 1!! i'm terrible at responding to comments but know that i read every single one and they all made me smile <3 i also loved seeing y'all catch my little references

this part is officially NOT book series compliant! (mostly bc i think many fans would make the jane <=> shane connection before ilya's tweet and i love #shockfactor)

also; it's important to me (thematically) that all the tweets are inaccurate representations of ilya and shane and ilya&shane. the world's picture of their relationship will always be a little askew, some parts colored in wrong, because what they have is private and personal and only their own <3

[chuyasexual](#) thank u love u mwah

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

July 2018

red line enthusiast @raiddeeznuts

OTTAWA?? fucking OTTAWA

red line enthusiast @raiddeeznuts

Replying to @raiddeeznuts

ms. Jane Can You Fight

quinn h. 🍷 @rozalicious

i can watch the centaurs ... i guess ...

soph @boltcutters

Replying to @rozalicious

ilya rozanov leading massholes to places they wouldn't even go with a gun

yuzuru gold medalist! @skaterg1rl

Jane walked him like a dog all the way across national borders 😭

comrade #81 @whatthepuck

at least it's not montreal!

national hoe league @samira_gretzky

Replying to @whatthepuck

alhamdulillah 🙏

dylan @inthecrease

Replying to @whatthepuck

as if hollander and rozanov could survive on the same team. surely not even Jane could talk roz into that

roz pr manager @luca_draws

there's only one centaurs right ????

roz pr manager @luca_draws

Replying to @luca_draws

im going to ocmbust

Shane watches Ilya's eyelashes flutter against his cheek. Eyes twitching beneath his eyelids, soft exhales escaping his slightly parted lips into the scant inches between their faces. In his worst moments, Shane used to dream of capturing every last one of Ilya's breaths in his own mouth; he wanted — wants — to keep everything Ilya gives him and more, tucked inside of himself forever.

In some ways, Shane's own capacity for greed shocks him, almost as much as when those desires are realized. An unsettled feeling has followed him around all day, through the hours

spent packing up Ilya's life in this sleepy Boston suburb into neatly-labelled cardboard boxes and hefting furniture down flights of stairs — and then working up a sweat in other ways. Ilya had collapsed into bed, still damp from their too-rushed shower, and dragged Shane down with him, passing out between one blink and the next. Hours later, Shane lies across from him, still wide awake.

They had started in the kitchen, where Ilya seems to spend half of his time and also where most of his clutter accumulates. Nestled behind an unopened bag of rice and at least twenty cans of beans, Shane found a stack of dinner plates. Individually wrapped in faded newspaper, half of them bore hairline cracks or chipped edges, the other half proud yellow stains. Shane counted them out as he unwrapped them on the marble countertop: five dishes, not even a full dinner set. According to Ilya, he came home with them after herding the Raiders' entire roster out of some dive bar in South Boston, in the early morning hours after some past home game. Slipped into his hand by the old slavic lady who tended the bar and refused to accept his three hundred dollar tip for nothing in return. Why keep them, Shane had asked. Why bring them with you? They weren't fit for use or even to display, not that Ilya cared for those sorts of decorations. But Ilya insisted on packing them, and then he interrupted Shane's attempt to keep arguing with his warm hands and even warmer mouth.

As he tracks the rise and fall of Ilya's rib cage, Shane finally recognizes the buzzing feeling settled just under his skin. Sometimes hours or even days after a botched social interaction, where he hadn't caught what the other person really meant or responded in quite the right way, the flood of embarrassment and self-pity catches up to him. Much of Shane's life outside of hockey — and now, Ilya — feels like that: off-center, half a beat late. He thinks about what people are saying online, despite himself. Then he thinks about Ilya's expression, when Shane unwrapped those plates. How gently his fingers traced the flower pattern around their borders.

"Ilya," he says, cutting through the silence. "Ilya, I need to ask you something."

"Whaaaa...?" Ilya grumbles. He squints at Shane, bleary-eyed. "What is happening?"

The words stick in Shane's throat, equal parts terrified and desperate to hear the answer. "Are you sure you want to leave Boston?"

"*Moya lyubov*, what are you talking about?"

Even in all his catastrophizing, Shane can barely fathom leaving Montreal. He's given almost a decade, would give a decade more, to winning games, awards, Stanley Cups in her name; sometimes, he thinks he exists to be her champion. For years, Shane has dreamt of his jersey up in the rafters of Bell Centre, the retired number twenty-four raised beside Morenz's seven, Plante's one. And Ilya, who has sacrificed and struggled and endured so much for this city that will never even know the depth of his devotion, is leaving it all behind.

"Are you sure you won't miss it? Won't... regret it?"

Ilya snorts, eyes starting to slide shut again until Shane jostles his shoulder. "What, miss traffic on 93 north?"

“I mean, yes, but — it’s not just the city you’re leaving behind. It’s your team and the chemistry and...” Shane winces. “The cup window.”

“Ah, I see. You will not love me if I am not winning anymore.”

“Ilya, I’m being serious.”

With an amused huff, Ilya tugs Shane towards himself, rolling onto his back so that Shane sprawls half on top of him, cheek pressed to Ilya’s bare chest. His fingers thread through the too-long strands at the back of Shane’s head, and Shane presses a kiss to the skin where Ilya’s cross rests. For those long, silent moments, he wonders if Ilya needs time to collect his own thoughts without Shane’s eyes on him.

“This city has been good to me. The team, the fans. She is not easy, she made me work for it, but she was like home.” Shane peeks up at Ilya’s face, but his gaze is locked on the ceiling. “Maybe I will be sad about leaving. Maybe I will be sad about losing... but I am best hockey player in the world, so maybe I will bring Stanley Cup to Ottawa in one season.”

He meets Shane’s eyes, then. “I do not know these things. But I know I will be closer to you. I know how to leave one home to find a new one. Everything else, we will figure out together.”

Shane’s hand comes up to cup Ilya’s jaw; he wants to tuck Ilya’s face into his neck, keep him there forever. “I just don’t want to force you into something that makes you miserable,” he whispers.

“Force me? Was my idea, Hollander, stop stealing credit.”

“Hey,” Shane protests, readjusting so he can face Ilya properly. He digs his chin into Ilya’s pectoral muscle. “This whole thing was my plan, remember?”

Ilya waves his free hand flippantly. “No, no, I said I could trade to Canadian team first. You are in second place.”

“Fuck off,” Shane can’t help laughing. He surges forward to catch Ilya’s lips in a kiss, loses himself in it. Breathes the next words into Ilya’s mouth. “I am sorry you’re going to a shit team.”

Ilya tugs on Shane’s lower lip with his teeth, looking into Shane’s eyes, and bites down hard enough, long enough, that Shane starts to get hard. His hips twitch involuntarily, dick rubbing against Ilya’s abs. The large hands on his waist keep them pressed tightly together.

Finally, he releases Shane’s lip to say, “Will be fun to have a challenge for once. Prove I can beat you with any team.” Then he smirks, flipping them over to bear Shane down into the mattress and smother his protests with his mouth.

January 2019

Joy Kwon @JoyKwon

Chatted with Ottawa's newest centaur Ilya Rozanov on shifting priorities, shaking up the Centaurs' game, and meeting him at a "very Canadian time of [his] life." Read more at bit.ly/ott0119shdr...

oh captain my captain @jimothykirk

Replying to @JoyKwon

"even boring Canada has some things to love" JANE MENTION WE'RE SO BACK

lily 🌸 @backbaybe

Replying to @JoyKwon

am i the only one crying when he talks about boston like a second home?

pats to the superbowl WE'LL GET EM THIS TIME @wlwahoo

not rozanov saying he misses the weather, like what the fucking nor'easters?

fran @frannypack

Replying to @wlwahoo

he's russian

huddy @princeofwasia

Replying to @wlwahoo

he's concussed ❤️

zuko nation @yaoionice

is now a good time to bring back the ancient texts

Jane: Told you the Avalanche would take this one

Jane: Tally is at 49-48

not true

i finished mini crossword already

49-49

Jane: Fuck

and i made you come first this morning. twice

49-50

Jane: Shut the fuck up that doesn't count!

oh you are sore loser now?

Jane: Fine.

Jane: What do you want for your prize

gimme kiss

Jane: Like, a sexy kiss?

if you like. i just want kiss

Jane: I would have given that to you anyway

i know

come downstairs i want my prize

Jane: Coming

puck mommy @thegirlaquarium

Replying to @yaoionice

they're so fucking competitive akaksjjkfdkf somehow this makes perfect sense

dani @danisqueerbar

a guy outlasting his girlfriend ? twice ?? in this economy ??

ASG 2017 cheek kiss @hollanover

so Jane is from ottawa but works in montreal, has brown eyes and freckles, and is obsessed with hockey ... wow sounds a lot like shane hollan — GUNSHOTS

stan lee cup @skip_kiss_cam

Replying to @hollanover

it's me. im holding the gun

TSN Live Coverage, 6:58 PM EST

At the back of the conference room, a camera starts recording, its blurry feed sharpening into focus: a large hall with rows and rows of folding chairs, almost every one of them filled, facing two figures at a long table at the front of the room. The camera zooms in to reveal Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov seated side by side with matching serious expressions as they face the crowd of assembled reporters. One staff member tests the microphone in front of Hollander, another fiddles with the collar of Rozanov's button-down. Rozanov's stoic mask cracks as he leans around her to gesture at Hollander's own loose collar with a smirk; neither the microphones nor the camera pick up what he says next, but it makes Hollander roll his eyes, the corner of his mouth twitching.

Then, someone off to the side signals to Hollander. He straightens; the whole room holds its breath.

"Thank you all for being here today. Over the last decade of our acquaintance and the entirety of our professional careers, Ilya Rozanov and I have developed a mutual respect for one another as players and individuals, despite our rivalry on the ice. Together, we are proud to present the Irina Foundation, a charitable organization raising money and awareness for mental health initiatives — a cause we both care deeply about. The Irina Foundation will also oversee annual youth hockey camps, coached by myself, Ilya, and others in the league, to help raise funds for this cause."

After a brief pause, Hollander repeats the announcement in French. All the while, Rozanov keeps his gaze trained on the audience; only once Hollander finishes do Rozanov's eyes flick up to his right. Before the questions can form or hands start shooting up, he finally speaks.

"My mother, Irina Rozanova, died when I was twelve. She lost her battle. This foundation is for her."

Rozanov swallows, eyes fixed somewhere above the cameras lining the back of the room. Then, as though pulled back to the present, he turns his head towards Hollander, who's already looking back at him; for that handful of seconds, the entire conference room is silent.

When Rozanov faces the crowd again, that blank, serious expression has resettled over his features. “We will answer questions now,” he says.

Dozens of hands shoot into the air, each waving around placards for their respective news outlets like avid fans at a concert. Hollander points at the woman with an ESPN sign, and she jumps to her feet, voice carrying over the low hum of whispering throughout the crowd.

“Mr. Hollander and Mr. Rozanov, the two of you have been competing for cups, accolades, and records for the past decade, even before joining one the most storied rivalries in sports. How did you set that animosity aside and how will this new partnership affect your play for the rest of the season?”

Something like amusement flickers over Hollander’s face. “I think I speak for both of us when I say the rivalry has always been about what happens on the ice, not off of it. Any... animosity is on behalf of the fans and the team — it’s not personal.” He tilts his head in Rozanov’s direction. “And I have no intention of going easy on Rozanov. We’ll always play hard against each other on the ice.”

Rozanov chuckles into his microphone, earning him a sharp look from Hollander; in that moment, they seem to slip back into a version of Hollander-and-Rozanov far more familiar to the media, the league, the fans. “What he said,” Rozanov drawls, then nods at Ottawa local Joy Kwon’s raised hand.

“The Irina Foundations looks like a real labor of love, for both of you, and seems to have been in the works for a while now. Ilya, how much did this project influence your move to Ottawa and, conversely, how has leaving behind the mantle of the Boston-Montreal rivalry facilitated your cooperation with Mr. Hollander?”

The smirk on Rozanov’s lips softens into a thoughtful expression, though some mirth lingers around his eyes as he levels an even look at Kwon. “Always asking me tough questions, Joy. Is true, I have much shorter commute to Montreal now. Maybe even less *animosity*. But there are many reasons to move to Canada. I know,” he adds conspiratorially, eyebrows high on his forehead in affected astonishment. “I was surprised too.”

He shrugs lightly as laughter ripples through the crowd. “I am closer to friends and family now. Close enough for running this foundation with Hollander. Is not so bad here, yes?”

“Except for the loons,” Hollander quips.

This, for some reason, makes Rozanov scowl down at the table while a smile tugs at Hollander’s lips. The microphone just barely catches him muttering under his breath, “Stupid *loons*.”

i really did not have “shane hollander homewrecker” on my 2019 bingo card

give me some shaneshine @givemesomerain

Replying to @blackcatgf

how exactly is my man a homewrecker

laila @blackcatgf

Replying to @givemesomerain

oh you must be new here! let me enlighten u on janegate

comrade #81 @whatthepuck

how tf does shane know about the loon thing lol

gwen @huntersaurus

Replying to @whatthepuck

Maybe he introduced roz and Jane? If she works in Montreal/is from Ottawa

ASG 2017 cheek kiss @hollanover

Replying to @huntersaurus

ah yes. Shane Hollander, the well known woman-enjoyer. definitely the most likely explanation

stan lee cup @skip_kiss_cam

Replying to @hollanover

nurse she's out again

aerin frankel if u are free on thursday @vampylesbian

rozanov be like: relationship ended with Jane, now shane hollander is my secret lover

quinn h. 🍷 @rozalicious

everyone say thank you Jane for dragging roz to canada and gifting us with unlikely duo ilya & shane

chiron's wine aunt @censational

Replying to @rozalicious

and for bringing rozanov to the cens!

quinn h. 🍷 @rozalicious

Replying to @censational

no.

nina @mrsrozanova

ngl I was devastated when ilya left boston after following his career there for 8 years but seeing him open up about his family for the first time ever, I'm glad he's finally in a place where he feels comfortable and safe <3

zuko nation @yaoionice

Replying to @mrsrozanova

oomf is dragging me back into the parasocial trenches

give me some shaneshine @givemesomerain

i've only had Jane for a day and a half but if anything happened to her i would kill everyone in this room and then myself

Jane: I have a surprise for you

lyubimiy i am with team right now

Jane: Not that kind of surprise.

Jane: Maybe later

Jane: You know how you're always complaining that we don't have any older pictures together

yes?

i want to remember how cute you were, always blushing when i flirt with you

Jane: Shut up

Jane: Anyway, I asked my mom and she was able to get ahold of this

[This attachment has been deleted]

so pretty

thank you i will treasure forever

Jane: In your locked folder right?

of course moy dorogóy

Jane: I was so flustered that day, that's why I couldn't stop laughing

Jane: No one had ever made me feel the way you did

Jane: I wish I could tell myself from seven years ago that one day we get to have more than just stolen nights together

Jane: Ilya?

i don't have words in english

to say what you do to me

Jane: You can tell me in Russian

yes. i call

puck mommy @thegirlaquarium

Replying to @givemesomerain

another lost opportunity to see the beautiful the perfect the incomparable Jane 💔

steve @killing_steve

Replying to @thegirlaquarium

ngl it seems kind of icky to want pictures of her when obvs she cares a lot about her privacy

puck mommy @thegirlaquarium

Replying to @killing_steve

brother we are dissecting ilya rozanov's leaked text messages on twitter it's a bit late for that no?

poulin x stacey @mesvictoires

Jane i did not know of your lovergirl game

i'll dunk ur donuts @loveisloveislove

GUYS. SEVEN YEARS

i'll dunk ur donuts @loveisloveislove

Replying to @loveisloveislove

i think im losing my mind like wdyam they've been together longer than ilya's NHL career

marci @francisforever24

Replying to @loveisloveislove

fuck that, i can't believe Jane stuck around through his hoe phase 😭😭 like girl get up

July 2021

Ilya has Shane backed up against the kitchen counter, caged in by his arms and trembling as Ilya's lips ghost up his neck, when the doorbell rings.

"*Fuck,*" Ilya breathes, dropping his forehead to Shane's shoulder.

Still holding himself completely still and shaking with the effort of it, Shane whispers, "What? Who is it?"

One of Ilya's hands comes to rest between Shane's shoulderblades, drags a warm path down to the small of his back, finally granting him permission to move. Shane collapses against him, a puppet with its strings cut. Ilya rubs circles into his back, on his hip, as he shudders and blinks the glassiness from his eyes and comes back to himself.

"Sorry, *lyubimiy*. Team meeting today, I forgot."

Leaning back a few inches, Shane meets Ilya's gaze with panic cutting through his dazed expression; Ilya immediately mourns the loss. "Wait, the whole team is here?"

"No, no, just — "

The doorbell cuts him off again, a long and pointed sound that Ilya would normally find funny and in this moment makes him want to rip the speakers off his walls. He sighs, brushes an apologetic kiss over Shane's open mouth. "I should go. You want to leave? Or you can wait upstairs?"

He hopes Shane chooses the latter but he never knows quite for sure what he'll do in these situations. And yet, this time, Shane manages to shock him even more.

"No, I'll stay." He untangles himself from their embrace, steady on his feet — now, Ilya's the one feeling off-balance. At Shane's impatient gesture, he makes his way to the front door while Shane ducks into the sitting room. On total autopilot, Ilya half-scolds Wyatt for the abuse of his doorbell and leads the three Centaurs players into his house; he expects the room to be empty, Shane having disappeared like a mirage, but they find Shane perched in his usual spot on the loveseat. He gives the three men behind Ilya a little wave.

"Hollander!" Wyatt exclaims, collapsing onto the rug with his legs splayed out in front of him. Ilya has long since given up on getting him to sit on furniture like a reasonable person. Troy and Luca follow more hesitantly, each settling on an armchair and leaving the space beside Shane free. "You here for the camp meeting too?"

Shane tilts his head in confusion, like a bird. Ilya wants to take a bite out of his cheeks.

"Haasy and I want to start coaching at the Foundation camps this summer," Troy says, and Shane's expression clears. Slowly, Ilya lowers himself onto the couch, the way one might approach an easily-startled animal. He feels a bit like he's fallen into a strange dream.

"Oh yeah, Ilya mentioned. That's awesome, we're really excited to have you guys."

They turn to Ilya, four expectant pairs of eyes. The scene before him flickers into a fantasy of his locker room before a game, of finding his fiancé's face among his team's resolute expressions, and he blacks out for a second. But he does manage coherency, and maybe even productivity, during the meeting, despite how often his gaze lingers on Shane's face, on his teammates, cataloging every last detail.

After, he and Shane walk their guests to the door together. Just as Ilya thinks he's somehow survived the whole thing, Wyatt says, "To be honest, Cap, I'm surprised you're still here. Not spending this summer at *Jane's* cottage?" His eyebrows jump up and down on his forehead.

He feels Shane stiffen at his left but Ilya ends up watching Luca's expression; his brows furrow and eyes flick back and forth between Ilya and Shane, and then they go wide, face flushing red as he drops his gaze to the floor. The display doesn't fill Ilya with confidence.

"Ha ha," Ilya drawls, pushing all three of them over the threshold. "Maybe think more about hockey, less about gossip, if you want to win Cup this year."

Before he can slam the door shut, Wyatt's voice filters through, "Whatever, man. We gotta meet her eventually."

Ilya turns around slowly, but he finds Shane wearing his concentration face: brows drawn together, chewing his lip to pieces. Silently, Ilya approaches, hands rising to cup Shane's jaw and release his lower lip from his teeth. Shane's gaze stays fixed somewhere around his collarbone, but Ilya waits, lets Shane's thoughts collect themselves into articulable boxes. In the meantime, he replays the last hour in his mind and wonders what exactly will make it past Shane's brain-to-speech filter.

"I don't think I can take it anymore," he finally admits, voice low. "The whole *Jane* thing. What are we even waiting for?" Shane finally looks up, eyes wet. "It felt almost real, just now, like meeting them as your fiancé."

"Shane." Ilya's tongue unsticks from the roof of his mouth. "*Shane*. Shane."

He crashes their mouths together, hands sliding to the back of Shane's head and holding him close, even as Shane gasps wetly into the kiss. His hands grapple at Ilya's shoulders before sliding up to clutch fistfuls of his curls. Ilya starts pawing at the back of Shane's thighs, and not even a second later, they come up to wrap around his hips so Ilya can walk them back to the sitting room. Even depositing Shane roughly on the back of the couch doesn't break the kiss, not until Ilya pulls back, ignoring Shane's low whine to turn him around and bend him over the backrest. Ilya magnanimously feeds him his first two fingers, just to keep Shane's mouth occupied.

An embarrassing torrent of filth and affection pours from his mouth, almost tangibly spilling over Shane's skin as Ilya licks over every knob of his spine, works his way up to set his teeth into the back of his neck. *Beautiful, perfect, so good for me*, he says in Russian, and then, *such a slut for attention, so greedy*.

"Imagine them sitting there, watching me do this to you," he grits out, pulling his fingers free from Shane's lips and popping them into his own mouth. His fingers, soaked in both of their spit, slide into Shane's athletic shorts. Shane dutifully cranes his neck up to face the two armchairs, just recently occupied. "You want?"

Shane chokes around a long, keening moan, head falling back forward when Ilya's hand finds its destination. *I'll give you anything*, Ilya promises. *Everything*.

ASG 2017 cheek kiss @hollanover

IS THIS HOW CASSANDRA FELT

stan lee cup @skip_kiss_cam

Replying to @hollanover

sigh. what is it this time

Ilya Rozanov @Rozanov81

summer with Jane 🍷💍

[Image attachment: Ilya taking a selfie from the front of a canoe; behind him, Shane is wearing swim trunks and holding an oar, squinting at the camera.]

red line enthusiast @raiddeeznuts

Replying to @Rozanov81

i take it all back, i too would move to ottawa for Shane fukcing Hollander

soph @boltcutters

Replying to @raiddeeznuts

you say with a medium iced regular in hand

(hockey) stick season @shaneaday

Replying to @Rozanov81

THATS MY JANE #MYSHANE

go penguins!! @crosbysgirl

Replying to @Rozanov81

i didnt think i could possibly love Jane more and yet!! hollanov im so proud of you

trinity @dr_allonsy

Replying to @Rozanov81

the hickeys on shane 😭 ilya you animal no one's taking him away from you

quinn h. 🍷 @rozalicious

of course Jane knows puck. number one puck knower in the nhl even

hollander hat trickster @hollylovebot

broke: how did Montreal Jane pull ilya rozanov?

woke: how tf did he pull shane hollander

Liked by Shane Hollander

dani @danisqueerbar

Replying to @hollylovebot

don't let roz fool you he got exposed as the world's biggest lover boy 3 years ago

~*~ **freckles** ~*~ @hollandersgf

this is the man withholding sexts and chirping as foreplay, i believe it!!

[Image attachment: gif of Shane from a post-game interview in 2013, the subtitles reading "I'll listen if he actually catches up to me."]

howl 🏰 @hollzystick

Replying to @hollandersgf

hollander's been That girl this whole time

Liked by Ilya Rozanov

alyssa @shanes_socks

not to ruin hollanov's moment but does this mean Mr. Shane Nice Canadian Boy Hollander actually drops the f bomb like every other word 😭😭

how klance can still win in 📌 @katiekitkat

big day for rivals to lovers enjoyers

pooja @kanthonydaughter

Replying to @katiekitkat

big day for reformed rake enjoyers

shark patrol!! @willmackattack

Replying to @katiekitkat

big day for nhl rpf enjoyers

how klance can still win in 📍 *@katiekitkat*

Replying to @willmackattack

...yknow what just this once ill let yall have it

My Little Bronies 🐾

Hazy: Holy shit Cap

Hazy: I mean, it's not a prank right?

Not a prank no

Hazy: Damn

Hazy: Super proud of you, man! That was really brave

Hazy: But holy shit

Bood: What the fuck are you talking about it's 8 am

Harris's Boytoy: Check twitter man

Harris's Boytoy: Congrats, Roz. And fucking finally.

Hazy: WHAT DO YOU MEAN FINALLY

Hazy I hope you do better job noticing puck than my personal life

Prodigal Son: Congratulations Captain! I am very happy for you and Mr. Hollander

Bood: Roz?? Don't tell me you secretly married Shane Hollander and didn't even invite us

Bood: But happy for you dude! I'm glad you told us (through twitter)

Thank you. All of you

Not married yet but soon

Whole team invited

Prodigal Son: If I am honest

Prodigal Son: I already knew also

Hazy: Oh my god

Hazy: Is that why Hollander was at your house!?

)))

Transcript excerpt from Rocky and Roman Talk Hockey Podcast @ 0:03:57

Rocky: Let's get started — Sorry, Roman, I think we have to open with this one.

Roman: For once I agree with you.

Rocky: As you may know, this week, Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander came out as... husbands?

Roman: I guess it's not super clear. Ilya's tweet included the ring emoji, but that could also mean engaged. All we know, and even this is technically speculation, is that Jane from the leaks a few years ago is actually... Shane Hollander.

Rocky: No comment on the speculation bit, but yes. The picture and caption do suggest a serious, long-term, *romantic* relationship between the two. This reveal comes four years after Scott Hunter came out himself at the 2017 Stanley Cup finals, and three years after Rozanov's out-of-left-field trade to Ottawa.

Roman: It definitely puts a lot about the last few years in perspective. Especially those leaks, and why Rozanov never confirmed or defined them. But aside from — I guess it's called 'janegate' on twitter? — these are two of the NHL's most famous faces and its most publicized rivals. I mean, it's been, what, eleven years at this point?

Rocky: And Hollander's and Rozanov's impressive records against each other for those eleven years speak for themselves.

Roman: For sure. We want to make it really clear that we support both of them, one hundred percent.

Rocky: For myself... It's really incredible to see more representation in your sport. Especially for a league with this kind of reputation. And especially when it's your personal heroes.

Roman: Bet you're jealous you didn't get to Hollander first.

Rocky: Shut up, Roman. Anyway, the questions we want to dive into: why now? And what happens next?

October 2021

snei @stereks

me and @teaonrice watching bridgerton in the public gardens and it looks like ilya rozanov is here ??

30 min from alewife @onceandfuture

Replying to @stereks

rare roz in boston sighting omg can y'all ask for his autograph

tea @teaonrice

Replying to @onceandfuture

nah looks like he's here with someone, we don't want to make them uncomfortable

snei @stereks

Replying to @teaonrice

wait a second is that ...

Liked by Ilya Rozanov

tea @teaonrice

HOLLANOV KISS UNDER THE CRYING TREE: ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED

re: canon divergence, consider it reader's choice -- how did the intervening years play out in this universe? does mtl still trade shane after the reveal? does he go to ottawa? up to you <3

footnotes:

- nhl draft day 2018 (when luca signs w ottawa) was late june vs free agency opening july 1st
- en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bell_Centre#Retired_jerseys
- no way ilya's house is in boston proper. a former bruins player used to live in my neighborhood so i shamelessly made ilya live in my suburb and suffer taking I-93 up to TD garden
- learned about nhl beat writers from this awesome series: [The Cens Beat Reporter](#)
- knowyourmeme.com/memes/you-met-me-at-a-very-chinese-time-in-my-life
- ilya exclusively texts shane in lowercase bc he knows it annoys him. luca uses auto caps in the gc to impress the Elders

hope everyone asking for the reactions enjoyed! love u goodnight

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