

Celebrity Status

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Celebrity Status

by [ashes2ashes15](#)

Summary

"U-haul lesbian?" Scott parroted. He was getting too old to keep up with all these new terms.

"You own gay sports bar, yes?" Ilya was looking at him like he was an idiot again, "isn't that where all the lesbians go? Shouldn't you know these things?"

Scott opened his mouth to reply but it was quickly intercepted by a yelp when a foot caught him sharply in the shin.

"Shit sorry!" Shane bolted upright looking more alert than he had in the last 30 minutes, "I meant to kick Ilya". He then kicked Ilya under the table,

Notes

Yes, this is named after a Mariana's trench song. Yes, it is my duty as a Canadian to push the Canadian agenda.

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

The only people who took All-Stars seriously were the young ones who had something to prove. The rest of the more veteran players tended to treat the weekend like one long family reunion. It was nice in a way to re-connect with old traded teammates, and give each other friendly ribbings over beers.

Some years they lucked out and got to go somewhere warmer, like Tampa. If it had been one of those years Scott would have brought Kip, but some arena in the middle of bum-fuck Minnesota was nothing to miss.

The weekend was wrapping up nicely, everybody would be headed home in the next day or two, and Scott was excited to see Kip again. His husband was the more social of the pair, and Scott had gotten used to having him at his side in settings like these. Things had settled down after their initial - and widely televised - coming out.

So far nobody had said anything outwardly negative to him this all-stars weekend (which would be the first one yet). Scott wasn't naive though, he knew it was more likely to do with the *new* couple of the hour.

Rozanov and Hollander, the first husbands of hockey, as the internet had dubbed them, were still at the top of the league - now both playing for the Ottawa Centaurs. It was hard to be homophobic when the two men who typically dominated the top spots of the scoring race (by a mile) were gay. With each other.

Scott surveyed the bar that most of the players had been terrorizing for the last few hours. He found Hollander in a corner booth, looking equally awkward and alone.

"Where's your husband?" Scott slid a beer across the table to the boy - no, man. It was hard to see Shane as anything but that bright eyed rookie who had called him 'Mr. Hunter' the first time they met.

Shane took the beer with a polite 'thanks' and nodded his head towards a particularly rowdy game of darts occurring across the bar. Ilya Rozanov, unsurprisingly, was the center of it all, noisily refereeing a game that Scott thinks they might have made up.

"Not a big darts guy?" Scott prodded. Making conversation with Hollander had always felt like pulling teeth. He still didn't understand the dynamic of the former rivals; they were near exact opposites in every category Scott could dream up. The only common ground between them was their constant battle for the top of the league. The draw of it he could see, rivals to lovers, clandestine hotel hookups... it could be hot for a while, but husbands?

Scott was curious himself, but it was Kip who had demanded that he bring back all the gossip about the *it* couple. Despite their very unfortunate and public outing - thanks to Hayden Pike - the two remained very private. Much of their story was left to imagination, and it was the topic of many lengthy discussions at the Kingfisher.

Beyond their wedding Scott had never seen them touch, or interact in a way that would suggest they were in love. He'd expected them to drop the 'coworkers' act this weekend once

the cameras were put away, but by their final night in Minnesota Scott was even more confused about them than he was before.

“Bars aren’t really my scene” Shane replied.

“Me neither” Scott could sympathize with the socially awkward guy in front of him.

“Don’t you co-own a bar with Eric Bennet?” Shane cocked his head, confusion splayed openly on his face.

“Oh yeah” Scott felt immediately stupid for forgetting that. If Shane thought he was weird he didn’t make it known, only laughed a bit.

“So the Centaurs....,” Scott eventually brought them into common ground once the silence between them felt too unbearable, “how's that going?”.

With the topic of hockey to fall back on the conversation flowed easily. They went through a few more drinks as Hollander talked about the team, and his plans to get them up to speed. A few of NHLers came by to drop into their discussion, occasionally coaxing Scott and Shane into something a bit heavier, like a shot.

But as the night drew on, the younger ones made their ways to clubs, and the veterans started to make excuses and head to their rooms. Leaving the two slightly drunk and slumped together in the same booth - this time about the Kingfisher.

Shane’s face was flushed now, and he had a lazy smile on his face that suggested he was bordering on something beyond tipsy. He even committed to visiting the Kingfisher next time the Centaurs were in New York. Relaxed, and comfortable with each other now, Scott decided it was the perfect time to start prodding him for some of the details about his relationship.

He had just opened his mouth to ask, 'so how did it all start', when he noticed Rozanov approaching the booth from his dispersing dart game. Scott had to hold himself back from complaining, Rozanov was always showing up when he was least wanted. There was no way Scott would get a straight answer now. Not with the impending string of chirping from the Russian.

“Ah, who won?” Scott schooled his tone to something casual. He didn’t really care but he was keen on setting the precedent for their conversation.

“You can see all the way over there? With those prehistoric eyes?” Rozanov looked a bit agitated.

“Big word,” Scott teased. It was impossible not to let himself get reeled into Rozanov's antics.

“Yes, I read about dinosaurs as Admirals game prep” the retorted chirp was only half hearted because Rozanov had arrived at the table and his attention (for the first time this evening) was directed mostly at his husband.

Scott watched as the blonde tucked two fingers under Shane's chin and tilted his head up towards him. It was the first contact Scott had seen them make in person since their wedding. If Kip were here, and they were both as tipsy as the three hockey players were now, Scott would've had his hands all over him by this time of the evening.

"You are drunk," Rozanov said plainly. He turned to stare down Scott, "Hunter, you got my husband drunk".

"Ilya" Shane bristled, "don't be a dick".

Shane's arm fumbled along the back of the booth so it could wrap its way around Ilya's waist and pull the man's large body closer. It was odd to see them pressed together like this, Shane's head resting slightly above the other man's hipbone as he stood looming over the table.

"Hollander you are clinging" Ilya looked rather surprised at the contact his husband had initiated, but he made no move to leave the embrace.

"Why are you drinking? Is mid season still" Rozanov's brow furrowed deeply.

Scott frowned at that. Ilya had been drinking all night - as had most of the other all-stars. He wasn't being very fair, or kind to his own husband.

"It's good to let loose every once and a while. You've earned it after that win" Scott directed to Shane pointedly. The boy didn't look too bothered. He in fact looked rather satiated watching Scott and Ilya argue in front of him.

"Yes we beat you very badly, you should be embarrassed" Rozanov's accent curled thickly and meanly over his r's. It reminded Scott of his lonely trips abroad before he met Kip, and all the foreign letters and noises those men made. The memories made his stomach twist.

Above him Rozanov was still talking, "-and I don't care that he's drinking, trust me, I love drunk Shane - very fun, *very enthusiastic*" Ilya winked, "but *you* are not the one who will have to hear him whining tomorrow morning"

Rozanov put on a poor Canadian accent, "do you know how many carbs are in single beer? Blah blah something about macros! Will ruin my gut micro-biology. Why did you let me let Scott Hunter get me drunk? Is all your fault Rozanov"

"I do not sound like that" Shane (who did sort of sound like that) was muffled by the fabric of Ilya's shirt from where he had begun pressing his face into Ilya's abdomen. "And it's a gut micro-biome" he added.

Ilya gestured dramatically as if to say 'do you see what I mean', but Scott would rather die than ever agree with Rozanov on anything.

"I can see you asshole" Shane untucked his face from Ilya's torso and pushed him hard enough to make him stumble a few steps away from the table.

Scott watched the scene unfolding in front of him with a great deal of interest for two reasons; (1) Shane Hollander - notoriously put together, always hidden behind a layer of media training - was irrefutably drunk, (2) he and Rozanov argued with the same ferocity that Scott had assumed they played up for the media - but with a domestic and fond edge?

“You are smiling” the way Ilya stated it at Scott makes it seem like he is doing something wrong. The alleged smile is quickly replaced with a frown - Scott fucking loathes this guy. He has no idea how anyone, especially Hollander, willingly puts up with him.

“I just don’t think I’ve seen Hollander drunk before,” Scott shrugged. He felt a little drunk himself now that their latest beer was kicking in. It didn’t take much to get him these days, but he didn’t need Rozanov to know that and add it to his never ending list of chirps about his age.

“Actually,” Scott remembered, “we hit the bar together once when you two were still rookies. It would’ve been the NHL awards... 2010, 2011?”

“2011” Rozanov gritted out rather quickly. There was a flash of emotion over his face, but Scott couldn’t decode what it meant.

“Still mad you lost rookie of the year to this guy?” Scott jutted a thumb towards Shane who was still silently observing and splayed across the back of the booth. Scott was mostly teasing, but Rozanov was obviously miffed about it.

“We share trophy room, is basically mine now anyways” Ilya scoffed. Whatever brief conflict he had let show was quickly covered by what Scott could see now was a false bravado.

Ilya snatched the beer that Shane was reaching towards with a patronizing clicking of his tongue, “ah, ah, ah, you have had enough”.

Scott was certain that if he ever told Kip what to do like that he’d be sleeping on the couch. He raised his eyebrows, waiting for the couple to start bickering again, but Shane didn’t snap at him. He only let out an uncharacteristic noise of displeasure and rolled his eyes.

“He doesn’t like that night - the awards that year. He was mean to me” Shane slumped back towards Rozanov, who affectionately carded a hand through Shane’s dark hair.

“Yes,” Ilya nodded, “some stupid Canadian who was slurring his words, had too many questions for me” he shot Scott another one of his icy glares, “so is Hunter’s fault after all”.

“How is it my fault?” Scott threw his hands up in exasperation. He didn’t even know *what* he was at fault for! A few people in the bar turned to see what the noise was about, and he had to fold his hands carefully back into his lap. They were not on the ice, he did not need to let Rozanov get to him like this.

“You got him drunk at awards, yes?” Ilya’s eyebrows raised in question. He still hadn’t stopped standing, despite Shane’s insistent tugging on the bottom of his jacket in a poor attempt to get him into the booth.

“Your boy is a bit of a lightweight Rozanov,” Scott changed the topic and nodded towards the practically non-verbal man between them. Shane, to his credit, looked like he was in a state of meditative bliss.

“Yes I know,” Ilya grinned down, and for the first time Scott could actually see a nauseating fondness overtake his features. He continued looking down at his husband in a way so sweet that it made Scott’s stomach flip suddenly with homesickness.

“Feels better now too,” Rozanov’s tone shifted back into playful arrogance as he finally looked back at Scott, “I can blame you for our first fight”.

“We fought lots before that” Shane sounded annoyed.

“About me being better than you at hockey only” Ilya’s insult was lost in the way his hand was gently caressing the back of Hollander’s neck. Scott wondered if either man knew he could see the rare public and caring contact between them.

He was too caught up in their display of affection to put all the pieces together quickly. It took another few moments before the gravity of what they were talking about weighed on him.

“Wait” Scott felt a sudden acid rise in his throat, “your rookie season? You were already...”.

“Don’t be so nosy Hunter,” Rozanov teased.

He couldn’t help himself, not with the reality of what this information meant. “Thats... thats...” he couldn’t think of what to say next.

He should ask: *when, how, but didn’t you have a girl in every city back then?* The couple had been notoriously quiet about the specifics of their relationship. They hadn’t done any press on it, and replied in a flurry of ‘no comments’ and ‘lets keep this about hockey’ to reporters until most of them had eventually given up on getting the full scoop.

“You’ve been together for over a decade?” Scott’s brain finally managed to connect the words to his mouth, and he also had the sense to lower his voice as he said it. They had been together longer than Scott had even known Kip.

“No, of course not” Ilya scoffed at the same time Shane let out a drunken snort, like Scott’s suggestion was ridiculous.

“Right silly me” Scott said wryly. He watched the couple communicate through a series of eyebrows and non-committal noises. It reminded him of how it felt to talk to Kip in their own special way. It made sense now, with the context of their decade doing... whatever it was together, that they were so in tune - on and off the ice.

While they normally both centered the first and second line of the Centaurs, at All-stars Ilya took right-wing and Scott would be a fool to admit that facing off against the duo this weekend hadn’t been terrifying. The general consensus in the locker room before the game was that they were fucked against Hollander and Rozanov together on the ice, and they were

right. The two played like they shared the same brain. Long story short, the game was brutal, and much to Scott's dismay and Ilya's delight - indeed a tad bit embarrassing in the end.

"Not all of us u-haul lesbian our way into a relationship" Rozanov finally pressed his way into the booth, which made him feel slightly less domineering. That and the way he let out a contended sigh when Shane rested his head on his shoulder.

"U-haul lesbian?" Scott parroted. He was getting too old to keep up with all these new terms.

"You own gay sports bar, yes?" Ilya was looking at him like he was an idiot again, "isn't that where all the lesbians go? Shouldn't you know these things?"

Scott opened his mouth to reply but it was quickly intercepted by a yelp when a foot caught him sharply in the shin.

"Shit sorry!" Shane bolted upright looking more alert than he had in the last 30 minutes, "I meant to kick Ilya".

He then kicked Ilya under the table, evident by the way the other man hissed and flinched.

Then the indignant man narrowed his eyes at Rozanov, "be nice".

To Scott's surprise Rozanov actually bit over a small guilty smile before apologizing, "sorry Hunter" he said in a way that felt far too genuine.

"I am sorry that you are bad at being gay," ah there it was, "is okay though, so is my Shane, we form support group or something".

"If anyone here is bad at being gay it's you" Shane elbowed his husband, not overly rough, but the pair still jostled against one another the way players sometimes did as they were bending down to take a face off.

"Not my fault that I like both," Ilya shrugged nonchalantly. Scott could see him throw his large leg over one of Shane's legs so it dangled between his thighs.

Neither seemed too aware of their very public touching, but it was so strange for Scott to see.

"Certainly made it easier for you to fuck your way through Boston's finest" Shane muttered.

"Ah, is true, I am a slut" the blonde leaned back into the booth, wrapping an arm possessively over Shane's shoulders.

"Retired now of course" Ilya added, "speaking of retirement. Hunter-"

Scott cut him off, "it was really hard to be closeted and meet people" he said to Shane, who he assumed had similar issues (of the non-slut variety).

Shane nodded in agreement, "did you manage to... date much before Kip?"

Scott knew what he was asking, but he didn't mind. It was actually sort of nice to be able to talk openly about his struggles with someone who understood.

"Not much" he said honestly, "in the off season I could maybe find someone... not usually in New York. But nothing ever serious".

"Yeah," Shane nodded, "same here. It was always too risky".

The question had been buzzing around in his head for a while but Scott hadn't been ballsy enough to ask it.

"So..." Scott pretended to be very nonchalant, "what about that whole Rose Landry thing?"

Shane groaned and flopped forwards so his forehead hit the table. Maybe it wasn't the right time to ask. Scott could tell by the annoyed huff that Ilya let out that the actress was still a sore point between them.

"I was... I was confused" Shane whined. He pulled himself upwards, only slightly, so he could prop up his head on his elbow. The usually controlled man, turned surprisingly floppy with a few drinks in him.

"Shut up" he complained before Rozanov had even tried to say anything, "she sort of helped me figure things out".

"Sort of?" Ilya snorted an obnoxious laugh. "She had to come out for you, to you, she literally held your hand and said: Shane Hollander you are gay man".

"Seems like you owe a lot to Rose Landry then" Scott ribbed at Ilya.

Neither member of the couple seemed to care about what he said because they were busy glaring at each other. Whatever was passing between them reminded Scott of their expressions before a face off - he would know, he had come head to head with both of them on multiple occasions.

Shane bristled, "well you tried to come out to me by telling me about all the girls you were fucking"

"Is not how that went"

"It's definitely how it went"

"You are just dumb and cannot tell when people are trying to flirt with you"

"Or maybe you're terrible at communicating your feelings"

Scott felt like he was caught between a domestic dispute, and he was considering leaving the table. It was starting to feel uncomfortable - especially with the way Ilya was still half draped over Shane as they argued with gusto. Should he step in? Or.... *holy fuck*. Beneath their stern expression was an undeniable hint of amusement. Did they get off on this? Ew. Scott was definitely watching their weird foreplay.

“English is not my first language”

“Uh hey guys I’m gonna-” Scott knew Kip would never forgive him for leaving but he was not willing to stick around and watch these two bicker to completion.

He edged his way out of the booth only to be stopped by Rozanov. The irritating man leaned over the table, a smug grin on his face like he was about to enjoy watching the reaction to what he said next.

“I take back what I said about you being bad at being gay. Worst gay goes to Shane by far. This one had to come out to me after 7 years of fucking”.

“I fucking hate you” Shane mumbled. He flushed so red that his face was matching the leather of the booth behind them.

“No, you loved *hate fuckin-*”

Ilya’s crude remark was shut down in an instant by Hollander’s terse uttering of his name. It was the same way you would talk to a child, or an out of line rookie. Scott had to smother a laugh into his hand, at how easily Rozanov had been shut down.

As if to prove a point Shane took the previously confiscated beer bottle back and took a long swig.

Ilya let out an annoyed groan, “I can already hear tomorrow morning” his eyes were dark and fixated on where Shane was gripping the beer bottle.

“*Blah blah blah gut-microbiology boring, boring, more boring science*, all your fault Rozanov” the Canadian accent came back.

“Micro-biome” Scott supplied before Shane could correct his husband again.

“Stop doing that, you do not sound like me” Shane huffed. He finished the last of the beer and rolled his eyes.

“Better than your russian accent *моя любовь*” Ilya practically purred out the russian words. The couple in front of him had seemed to forget about his existence again, their eyes locked together in something heated and private.

Scott really wanted to get to his hotel room and call Kip. His loving husband would press him for details and tease him gently, then when their eyes would start feeling too heavy they would mumber sappy loving praise at one another and fall asleep on facetime to the sound of each other's distant breathing. He wondered if Shane and Ilya ever did that, let themselves be soft to one another.

When the news had broken about their relationship it had shocked everyone, even Scott - despite his gaydar leading him to have suspicions about the sexualities of both players. There had been outcry about professionalism, and the reality of their rivalry. He wasn’t proud to admit it, and he never would outloud, but Scott had briefly wondered if the two *had* been lying for years, and used the rivalry narrative to bolster their respective careers. It was

evident to any person who spent more than a minute of conversation with them that the competitive tension was in fact real. So real that it was sort of annoying to witness.

“Oh please” Shane was slurring his words slightly (he really was an incredible lightweight), “you’re easy”.

“Yes, I am slut. We’ve been over this” Ilya gestured towards Scott for confirmation.

“Retired” Scott grinned and Ilya returned it. For once they were on the same team, if only to rile up Ilya’s husband.

“Shut up,” Shane blushed, “that’s not what I meant”.

“Of course not,” Ilya was still grinning, but it lost some of its edge when he looked back at Shane, “you were going to show us your terrible terrible attempt at sounding like me”.

Shane crossed his arms over his chest, looking almost...pouty? It only took a few goading noises from Rozanov for him to roll his eyes and sigh; “I am number one hockey player. I am a massive asshole” Shane imitated his husband in an admittedly bad accent - not that Scott thought he could do much better.

“Je suis Shane Hollander. I play hockey and talk about hockey, and read about hockey,” Ilya began to imitate back. The two squabbled for a moment, throwing phrases at one another, making Scott feel like an unwilling third wheel *again*.

“Hollander you have weak backhand” Shane was smiling the widest that Scott had ever seen him as he half slumped over the table.

“I drive boring car” Rozanov continued to list things in a Canadian accent that was getting worse and worse as they got faster.

Shane kept going, sounding more French than Russian as he got more worked up trying to get his quips over Rozanov’s naturally loud voice.

“Hollander you are so boring, Hollander speak to me in French, Hollander get on your knees, Hol-”

Scott choked on his beer and Shane sputtered like he was choking as well. The smile was wiped clean off his face, replaced instead by a mouth held open in a devastated ‘O’. While they stared at one another equally mortified at what they had heard/said, Ilya only laughed, boisterously.

“Oh this is amazing” he gasped, slapping a hand on the table, “oh I love you моя любовь”

“I’ve had too much to drink,” Hollander steels himself.

Scott watches with a knowing sort of pain as the boy straightens his shoulders and subtly shifts away from his husband's grip. Just as suddenly as it had crept in, the easy domesticity and playful tone was sucked out of the booth. The pair looked like co-workers again. Ilya’s jaw was tighter. Scott watched as he twisted the ring on his finger.

“I should get to bed actually,” Scott decided it was time to take his leave. He hoped Hollander and Rozanov would follow by example and let themselves feel comfortable again in privacy.

He knows Ilya is bothered by Shane’s withdrawal when he doesn’t make a jab at Scott’s age. It was low hanging fruit. Scott could practically hear the chirps make themselves; something about a curfew at the nursing home, or bedtime for grandpa. Instead the blonde nodded and scooted out of the booth.

The three started an awkward exit from the bar. Scott had a brief moment of panic at the consideration that people might assume things from the three of them leaving together. Again, Ilya didn’t comment on it.

By the time they hit the elevators Shane was back in his husband’s arms, leaning heavily and sleepily against his chest. It looked like he was having trouble staying upright by the way he was swaying at the elevator’s smallest jolts.

Scott made accidental eye-contact with Ilya, but the man didn’t shy away from it. He looked contemplative and unguarded, something he never let Scott see on the ice.

“Can be hard sometimes for him,” Ilya spoke softly while clutching Shane’s head to him in a tight grip - like Scott might try and pull them apart.

“It was hard for me too at first,” Scott hated the deep sympathy uncoiling in him. He was perfectly fine despising Ilya Rozanov.

“But...?” Rozanov looked pleading, desperation mixing with a youthful hopefulness.

“It got easier with time, to be out, to be seen,” Scott couldn’t hear it but Shane was mumbling something into the collar of Ilya’s shirt.

The elevator dinged and they all got out. “Mhm” Ilya grumbled, he was holding most of Shane’s weight now, his arm slung around the shorter man’s waist. “Always good to get advice from the town elder, you’d know all about time Hunter”.

Somehow the chirp was endearing. Similar to the constant back and forth bicker he had with Shane. Maybe that was just how Ilya Rozanov showed he cared about you. Maybe the evening had softened Scott to Ilya. Only a little.

“This is your room?” Scott furrowed his brow when Ilya stopped at the door ahead of him.

“Yes?” Ilya didn’t spare him a glance as he and Shane muttered at each other. It culminated in Shane rolling his eyes and reaching into his pocket for the key card.

“We’re neighbours” Scott shook his head trying to look annoyed. The weekend had been so busy he hadn’t noticed that he was sharing a wall with the famous couple. Granted, these walls were thankfully thick.

The tendrils of a memory tickled at the back of his head, like a strange déjà-vu.

“Not again” Shane groaned loud enough for it to echo through the empty hotel corridor.

“Again?” Scott muttered more to himself as he struggled to unearth the cause of the sudden feeling that he was forgetting something.

Their hotel door finally beeped open, just as Ilya looked guiltily up at Scott. And oh, *oh*, everything clicked into place, time lines and all-stars games of the past. Scott remembered the last time they shared a wall with a newfound clarity.

They really had been doing this for a fucking decade.

The realization must have been evident on his face because Ilya shrugged and said a very non-apologetic “sorry”.

“Fuck you guys for that,” Scott opened his own door. All he heard was the echo of Ilya’s smug laugh as they both headed into their separate hotel rooms.

It was past midnight, far too late to call Kip, so Scott slid into bed letting himself mull over the interesting turn of events that evening.

He also felt like an idiot for not putting everything together nearly 11 years ago when Rozanov had skated by the all-stars bench, leaving his room number in his wake.

End Notes

Been sitting on this for a while. I sort of hate the writing style, also the tense is all over the place but a03 needed a new outsider POV. Please people write more, I am a slut for a good POV.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!