

high on hockey

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high on hockey

by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov: I do not understand why you are being like this but you look very pretty when you are annoyed so I do not mind.

Shane Hollander: [awkwardly] Oh... um. Thanks, I guess, Rozanov.

Ilya Rozanov: Is true. You are so beautiful. I cannot believe you exist. So pretty. And I get to have you and love you and be your boyfriend-

[Shane slams his hand over Ilya's mouth, his expression panicked.]

Shane Hollander: This interview is over! Cut the cameras, now!

(the players at all-stars 2018 eat spiked brownies. cue a chaos + a hollanov reveal)

Notes

inspired by the greys anatomy episode where someone gives them spiked biscuits (even tho i haven't even seen that episode lmao)

enjoy!! <3

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

Jack Saad: Hello, everyone, and welcome to All-Stars 2018! I have with me today fellow co-hosts John Cook and Patrick Colt, who are with me to give a play-by-play of the All-stars match this afternoon. We've already had the accuracy shot competition and the speed skating yesterday, the latter of which was naturally won by Montreal's own Shane Hollander-

John Cook: Yes, and naturally Ilya Rozanov wasn't far behind!

Patrick Colt: [laughing] Too right! It seems that their off the ice friendship hasn't cooled off their competitiveness, even in the All-stars, which is commonly seen as a nice, relaxing, fun week by most.

Jack Saad: Yep. Clearly Rozanov and Hollander just can't help themselves. They've both got to the best!

Patrick Colt: And they most certainly are. I can't wait to see those boys back on the ice together... it's nothing short of magic.

Jack Saad: Yes, well I think the organisers probably saw the reaction to last year's game and decided they had to put Hollander and Rozanov back on the same team.

John Cook: You're probably right, Jack.

Patrick Colt: [laughing] Almost makes you feel sorry for the other team.

John Cook: [laughing] Almost.

Jack Saad: Well, that other team is not too shabby! They've got the legendary Scott Hunter, who led his team to victory last year to win the Stanley Cup Championship for the first time in what-

Patrick Colt: Almost twenty years, I think-

Jack Saad: Yes. For the first time in almost twenty years, the New York Admirals hoisted the MLH Stanley Cup, thanks to Scott Hunter. So I wouldn't count team Hunter out yet! Not to mention they have Carter Vaughn, Hunter's assistant captain, Montreal's J.J. Boiziau, Los Angeles' Vincent Lemaire, Vancouver's Will Dillan, and goaltender Tanner Richards from the Pittsburgh Penguins.

Patrick Colt: Not a bad roster to have.

Jack Saad: Not a bad roster at all. But they've got to compete with the opposing team, lead by Captain Shane Hollander. His assistant captain this year is Ilya Rozanov, and then they have Ottawa's Wyatt Hayes in goal, Montreal's Hayden Pike, Winnipeg's Daniel Jameson, and Boston's Cliff Marlow!

John Cook: A very good roster to have.

Patrick Colt: Yes. A dream team, you could call it. Still, I wouldn't count Hunter's team out just yet!

Jack Saad: No, definitely not. And here they come now, filing into the stadium and into their respective benches.

Patrick Colt: Rozanov's clearly up to his normal antics!

John Cook: Oops, it looks like Winnipeg's Daniel Jameson just took a tumble off the bench after something on the floor appeared to catch his eye.

Patrick Colt: [laughing] I told you not to count out Hunter's team just yet!

Jack Saad: Yes, well-

John Cook: Ha! It seems there's something in the air, because Montreal's J.J. Boiziau almost just tripped over... are his skates *unlaced*? [sounding shocked] They're about to go on the ice!

Patrick Colt: It seems that everyone has taken the relaxed approach to All-stars all too literally this year! Is anyone even awake on that bench?

John Cook: It appears that they are, but barely! New York's Carter Vaughn just yawned and appears to be resting his eyes for a moment!

Patrick Colt: Jesus. Is he... yep, he's sleeping on Hunter's shoulder!

Jack Saad: What is going on with everyone today?

Patrick Colt: I guess they all had a late night last night!

John Cook: [laughing] Yep, I would guess maybe vodka or beer is the culprit here!

Jack Saad: Well, it's going to be a long game for them. I just hope no one falls ill on the ice or damages themselves too badly! [a pause] Oh dear. It seems Montreal's Hayden Pike seems to be suffering a particularly bad hangover because he apparently seems to have started crying to his captain and best friend, Shane Hollander, who looks pretty alarmed-

John Cook: [shocked] They're about to play, why is he *crying*?

Jack Saad: Okay, and both teams are now filing onto the ice. Hopefully they can all shake off whatever -

Patrick Colt: Oh, Jesus Christ.

John Cook: For [bleep]'s sake! Ilya Rozanov immediately takes a nose-dive onto the ice after slipping.

Patrick Colt: Wait, what is Cliff Marlow doing?

John Cook: Is he... Yep, he's hooked his stick through the gap in Rozanov's skates and has begun dragging him across the ice while Rozanov... is just laying there laughing? Wait, no... he's doing snow angels -

Patrick Colt: Oh, [bleep], what is happening *now*? Wyatt Hayes, Ottawa's star goaltender, has gone behind the net and appears to be shouting through the plexiglass at a fan wearing a Batman top.

John Cook: Well, I don't see the empty goal being a problem considering the state of the rest of them. Especially since opposing goalie, Tanner Richards, has decided to sit down in his goal and have a [bleep] lie down! He is literally going to bed on the ice of the crease!

Jack Saad: What on earth?

Patrick Colt: This has got to be the worst showing at All-stars since... God, maybe ever!

John Cook: I think you're right. And nobody seems to know what to make of it, either. The fans seem either amused or confused, but I think they've realised by now that they're not going to see any good hockey here today.

Jack Saad: Unfortunately the only two who seem to be awake and on the ball are Hunter and Hollander!

Patrick Colt: Wait... uh. Is Rozanov... did Rozanov just-

John Cook: Um, yeah. It appears Ilya Rozanov just unclipped Hollander's helmet and pushed it off straight onto the ice-

Patrick Colt: Hollander doesn't seem to know what to do, he didn't even react-

Jack Saad: Is Hollander about to drop gloves?

John Cook: At an all-star game?

Jack Saad: That would certainly be unprecedented-

John Cook: And it's not exactly Hollander's style.

Patrick Colt: Yeah. Not to mention, he's not really... he doesn't exactly look angry? There doesn't seem to be any aggression in what he's doing-

John Cook: [hesitantly] Wait, is he...

Jack Saad: It appears that Rozanov is... patting Hollander on the head? And... stroking his hair...

John Cook: [slowly] Huh. Wait... what's he saying? He looks upset...

Jack Saad: [faintly] I'm not sure. Can we get sound from the ice?

[a beat passes]

Jack Saad: [uncertainly] Right. Well, I've just heard from the sound guys, who have informed me that *apparently* Rozanov is... talking about how much he loves Hollander... [he pauses] and his freckles...

Patrick Colt: Um.

John Cook: Huh.

Patrick Colt: Well... I'm honestly speechless.

John Cook: Very strange.

Patrick Colt: [letting out an incredulous laugh]: You can say that again!

Jack Saad: What has gotten into everyone today?

2 hours before the game

Wyatt Hayes had one eye on the door and one eye on the men in front of him. He was at his very first All-stars, and as such, should probably be trying to make a good impression on the guys who were like the fucking superman and batman of hockey - legends Shane Hollander and Scott Hunter - but he was too damn hungry to focus on anything other than the door from which the catering staff appeared to be coming from.

Apparently when the game was in the afternoon, they were treated by the All-star organisers to a morning of schmoozing and free-food for lunch, something which Wyatt would never turn down, being on an Ottawa Centaurs salary. It was something his new captain apparently also never turned down, despite his million dollar contract.

Unfortunately, he hadn't realised the food would be these tiny trays of mini canapés; which was not exactly a fit lunch for a grown man, let alone a fucking hockey player. So far he'd inhaled a mini beef burger that had barely been the size of half a normal burger, six mini spring rolls, some weird tiny cracker thing with green paste and a prawn on top, and ten mini chicken skewers.

Finally the door swung open again, revealing a woman carrying a tray of fancy bite-sized brownies with strawberries on top.

Oh, fuck yes.

Wyatt usually stuck to a pretty strict diet, the con of being both a professional athlete and married to a doctor, but this was All-stars. He was going to let his hair down and have a fucking brownie. Or maybe two.

Wyatt tried to catch the girl's eye, but she went straight to the other cluster of players. He watched as Vaughn, Jameson, Lemaire, and Richards all gratefully picked up a mini brownie. Ugh. He tried to use his mind to will her to come closer, but unfortunately he was no Jean Grey, nor was he a Professor X.

Finally the woman with the brownie tray headed in their direction.

Wyatt immediately picked up a napkin and took two. "Thank you."

She held the tray around for the rest of the group. Only Hunter and Hollander refused.

"No, no, not for Hollander. He is too boring-" Roz instantly started teasing Hollander.

Hollander rolled his eyes. "It's called being *healthy*, Ilya-"

"Hey, he's not boring!" Pike interrupted, apparently indignant on his best friend's behalf.

"Da, he is. Is all hockey, hockey, hockey." Roz made a face. "He would probably get high on hockey if he could, smoke it like cigarette or drink it like vodka. His only vice is hockey. Very boring."

"Okay, where the fuck did you learn the word *vice*?" Hollander shot back.

Roz grinned and immediately latched onto the opportunity he'd been given. "I cannot have big vocabulary because I am Russian? You are very rude, Shane Hollander, and I am going to tell Yuna on you-"

Yuna? Since when was Roz close enough with Hollander to be speaking to Hollander's mom by himself? Wyatt knew of the charity, but most people thought the friendship was more of a PR situation, or that they were simply friends for the convenience of it all.

If they could see the soft look in Roz's eyes when he looked at Hollander, Wyatt privately thought they might change their minds.

Still, he wasn't going to mention his suspicions to anyone. His keen-goalie eyes were not a superpower he would ever abuse!

"Oh, fuck *off*." Hollander looked annoyed, but Wyatt noticed there was a hint of a blush on his cheeks as he lowered his head and sipped his ginger ale, his eyes flickering back to Rozanov every other second.

Hm.

Very interesting.

Pike scoffed, and Wyatt's gaze flickered around the group.

Pike looked annoyed, but it was mostly directed at Rozanov. However, there was a hint of 'why him' that Wyatt could pick up from Pike's expression to Hollander.

Wyatt's brain filed that away for later.

Hunter didn't seem too surprised by the pair's comfortable banter - of which was almost a little too close to flirty. But that didn't necessarily mean he knew anything. Wyatt supposed he could suspect something similar to Wyatt's own theory, but there was every possibility that he was like Boiziau: oblivious.

The man didn't look anything but blank faced as he hid his hangover behind a pair of large sunglasses, despite being inside.

Privately, Wyatt was grateful that J.J wasn't on their team this afternoon.

Another woman approached them, unfortunately without a tray of food.

"Sorry to break this up but I just need to let you know that this is your one hour warning before you're expected in the arena for the game, so you might want to get changed and ready to head there soon!"

The guys all nodded and began to disperse out the room, shaking hands with various organisers and managers and sponsors.

Wyatt hurried with them; he was not going to be late and fuck up his very first All-stars, no fucking way.

@katewatcheshockey

guys this all-star game is a mess already lmao i'm sat right at the front and these guys are fucking out of it lol

@katewatcheshockey

so much is going on boiziau, jameson, AND rozanov have all eaten shit in the last five minutes its like watching multiple Bambi's on skates

@katewatcheshockey

okay apparently hayden pike is now crying because, and i quote, "one day his kids are going to be older than him and they're going to abandon him and jackie (his wife) to go and have their own families"

@katewatcheshockey

LMAO hollander just shouted "Ilya what the fuck are you doing, get up and start your warm ups, now!"

@katewatcheshockey

honestly i cannot imagine what kind of night out led to this chaos but i'm here for it

@katewatcheshockey

omg what is happening now roz just unclipped shane's helmet and started PETTING HIS HAIR WHAT IS HAPPENING

@katewatcheshockey

omg it gets worse... lemaire just puked into his own helmet

@katewatcheshockey

I REPEAT... WHAT IS HAPPENING?????

Jack Saad: Okay, I've just heard from the organisers and I think it will surprise no one when I say they've cancelled the game, and will shortly be escorting both teams off the ice and straight to medical.

Patrick Colt: Well... I'm not surprised.

John Cook: Probably for the best. Either they're all hungover as [bleep] or they're all sick, but either way, we're not seeing any hockey today!

Patrick Colt: Either one is certainly possible! And it would certainly explain some of the behaviour we've seen here on the ice today.

John Cook: Well, most of it. I can't imagine how a hangover would explain Ilya Rozanov stroking Hollander's hair and saying he loves him...

Patrick Colt: [pausing] Maybe he has a fever?

John Cook: [hesitantly] Yeah... maybe.

Jack Saad: Who knows? We'll just have to wait and see what the medical report says.

@iloveapril20th

lmao how has no one realised they're all high as fuck

5 minutes after the game

Wyatt

Wyatt couldn't remember the last time he'd blinked.

He tried to blink, but found he could not take his eyes off of the needle that was in his arm.

Wait, was it possible to forget how to blink?

It was freaky to watch the tube fill up with his stolen blood, going fuck knew where.

Fuck, how do people blink?

It was weird. What if they secretly used his blood for something bad? What if they put it at the scene of a crime and he was locked up for something he didn't do!

He looked up from the needle, feeling uncomfortably paranoid.

Around the medical room, all the other players were having similar tests done to them. Well, everyone except Lemaire, who was puking again. Luckily he'd been given an emesis bag this time, and so his helmet was spared a second round of spewing.

Carter Vaughn spoke suddenly. "Has anyone else ever thought... like, hockey is a fuckin' *weird* sport, right? Like we all run around on fucking knives, basically - and hit each other and basically try and give each other concussions... just to put a little round thingy into a net..."

"Damn, bro... that's fucking *crazy*." Marlow said slowly, miming having his mind blown. "I've never thought about it like that but--"

He was interrupted by the sound of Lemaire puking again.

Gross.

Wyatt turned his gaze to Hayden Pike, who was apparently still bawling his eyes out to the paramedic who was attending to him.

"My babies. One day they're going to be old and grey... and I hate it! They're not allowed." He slurred. "MY KIDS ARE NEVER ALLOWED TO GROW UP! I forbid it! They're gonna stay babies forever!"

The paramedic patted Pike on the arm stiffly. "Okay, bud. It's alright. You're alright."

“Has anyone ever thought fingers are weird?” Jameson said. His voice was spacey and slow. “Like, look at them... just lil sticks on the end of our arms... freaky...”

Someone sighed, loudly.

Oh, there were Hunter and Hollander. They both looked tired, though Wyatt wasn’t really sure why.

Wait, where the fuck was Roz?

Olivia Williams: Good afternoon, viewers I’m here with Ottawa’s Captain Ilya Rozanov at the 2018 All-stars game! Anyone watching will have seen that something was off on the ice this afternoon. Rozanov, do you have any explanation for the actions of your fellow players this afternoon?

[She puts the mic up to Rozanov’s face, who stares at her blankly. He reaches up and prods the mic with his index finger, making a sound.]

Olivia Williams: Rozanov, care to comment?

Ilya Rozanov: Uh... I think... no. I have a tingle in my cheeks, is very strange feeling.

Olivia Williams: Do you have anything to say about your performance? Any explanation for taking off Hollander’s helmet on the ice?

Ilya Rozanov: [looking emotional] Is like constellation. From the sky. So beautiful.

Olivia Williams: [hesitating, her eyes flickering between Rozanov and the camera trained on them both] Um...

[Shane Hollander enters the media room and immediately spots Rozanov. He reaches up to push the microphone down.]

Shane Hollander: We’re done here.

Ilya Rozanov: [brightening] Shane! You are here!

[Shane Hollander begins pulling the other man away from the camera.]

Olivia Williams: Rozanov doesn’t seem to have any explanation as to what happened out there on the ice, Hollander, care to comment instead?

Shane Hollander: [pursing his lips] I have no comment except that my teammates are with the medical team and are currently being treated. Which is where Rozanov should be, *not* being interviewed when he’s... [he pauses] unwell.

Olivia Williams: What does that mean, ‘unwell’?

Ilya Rozanov: [looking upset] Why are you calling me Rozanov? I do not understand. Sweetheart, I am sorry [frowning]. Did I do something bad?

Olivia Williams: [sounding shocked] *Sweetheart?*

Shane Hollander: [with wide eyes] Come on, Rozanov, you’re not well. We need to get you to medical.

Ilya Rozanov: I do not understand why you are being like this but you look very pretty when you are annoyed so I do not mind.

Shane Hollander: [awkwardly] Oh... um. Thanks, I guess, Rozanov.

Ilya Rozanov: Is true. You are so beautiful. I cannot believe you exist. So pretty. And I get to have you and love you and be your boyfriend-

[Shane slams his hand over Ilya’s mouth, his expression panicked.]

Shane Hollander: This interview is over! Cut the cameras, now!

Olivia Williams: [loudly] Shane, is Ilya Rozanov really your boyfriend?

Shane Hollander: This interview is over!

[He pushes the camera away and drags Rozanov down the corridor and away into the medical room.]

[cut]

10 minutes after the game

Wyatt

Wyatt nearly jumped out of his skin as Hollander and Roz burst through the doors. Roz was being dragged in by his bicep, looking like a dog who was about to get in trouble with his owner for chewing up the sofa or something.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Ilya, what the fuck is wrong with you!” Hollander shouted. “What the fuck is wrong with all of you-“

Hunter interrupted him. “They’ve been spiked, Hollander.”

The fight left Hollander’s body in a second. “*What?*” He asked, aghast.

“Yeah, their bloods show that they ingested large quantities of marijuana, apparently.”

”Oh.” Roz said slowly, nodding seriously. “This makes sense now.”

”*All of them?*”

“Yep. Everyone except us.”

“What the fuck. This is...”

”Yeah.” Hunter said, rubbing his brow. “Not a good look.”

”Fuck.” Hollander still looked panicked but didn’t seem to know what to do about it. Wyatt thought privately that Hollander could do with a little of the shit they’d been given.

“Oh, fuck, the brownies at the event. We were the only two who didn’t eat them!”

Ooo the brownies. Fuck, he’d kill for another one, he was *starving*.

He pulled the nurse tech aside. “Hey, do you have any food?”

She smiled, as if trying not to laugh. “I’ll see what I can get for you, okay?”

Jameson suddenly shouted. “Why are people texting me saying you two are gay, what the fuck?”

”What?”

Numerous people in the room let out exclamations of shock.

“There’s an interview of Roz saying he’s Hollander’s boyfriend!”

Wyatt immediately looked at Roz and Hollander, who both looked panicked.

Oh, *fuck*.

His suspicions had finally been confirmed, but this was the worst possible way this could have been revealed.

“Is this real?”

“Course it isn’t, Roz is high as balls right now bro!”

”Jesus, I’m too messed up for this right now.”

Pike was the only one who didn’t look surprised in the least. “Oh yeah. I knew that, actually.”

"Hayden!" Hollander said sharply. "Shut up!"

"*What?*" Boiziau shouted.

Marlow jumped up off the chair he was sat in, and pointed at Shane with wide eyes.
"Montreal Jane!"

"Fuck." Hollander said.

His face was paler than Wyatt had ever seen it. He looked younger, all of a sudden. Wyatt had never seen him like this; he'd come to recognise Hollander's focused face as he furiously skated towards the net, but this - this *visceral* fear - this was new.

It wasn't exactly had to understand why, however.

Immediately proving his point, Lemaire pipped up. "This is so fucked... man, this is like a fuckin' fag conspiracy or something..."

"Hey!" Hunter shouted. "Watch your mouth."

"Right, but surely this is, like, tampering or something?" Richards said slowly.

Hollander looked like he was about to pass out.

"I think weed is making you crazy." Roz said viciously.

"Ha!" Marlow laughed. "I don't know about Hollander, but Roz was always fuckin' feral when playing Montreal, so I don't think they were throwing games for each other."

"Yeah, the competition actually seems to be some kind of fucked up foreplay." Pike added.

Hollander hung his head in his hands, letting out a long sigh.

Marlow was now laughing hysterically.

"Gross." Lemaire complained, his nose wrinkling.

"LOVE IS LOVE, FUCKER!" Carter Vaughn shouted from the corner of the room. "Wait, did you know about this, Scott?"

"Why, because I'm gay?"

"Yeah, like the radar thingy you guys have."

Hunter chuckled. "Honestly, I never would have known, except at the 2011 All-stars, I overheard Rozanov giving Hollander his fucking room number! On the ice! As he fucking skated past!"

Carter cracked up. "No fucking *way*."

"Woah, get it Cap!" Marlow cheered.

"I am too fucking high to be hearing about this, Jesus." Pike added, before grabbing at his phone with clumsy fingers. He pressed a few buttons before bringing the phone to his ear. "Jackie, baby, thank God. You have to tell the kids they're not allowed to get any older, they can't--"

"Sorry, but... what the fuck is happening?" Boiziau interrupted. "Shane, *criss*, explain this to me, please, because I do not understand!"

"Back off, Boiziau." Ilya glared, though it was slightly undercut by his dopey, red eyes.

"Oh, fuck you, Rozanov--"

"Hey, hey! Calm down, fuck--"

"I'm sorry, J.J, that I didn't tell you, but me and Ilya, well, it's true. We're... together. And we have been for a while."

"How long?"

Hollander scratched his neck awkwardly. "Since rookie year, actually."

"Summer before!" Roz chirped in.

Wyatt couldn't stop the gasp that escaped him. "Since 2010?!"

Boiziau looked like his brain was exploding. "This is fucking crazy, Shane! Why him? *Why*? He's an asshole!"

Pike snorted. "I ask myself the same question everyday."

"I know it seems like a lot to understand right now, but I... I love him." Hollander seemed to be pleading with J.J to understand him. "I didn't plan for it to happen, it just did. And I tried... with Rose, but he's it for me. No one else."

The fight seemed to leave J.J's body. "Wow."

"Hollander, fuck." Roz said. His voice was thick with emotion. "You will ruin my reputation, stop saying these things."

"Russians don't blush, Russians don't cry, my ASS." Marlow jeered.

Roz flipped him off. "Fuck you, Marly."

"Why'd you tell Hayd and not me?" J.J asked slowly. "I was trying to set you up with guys, for fuck's sake!"

Hollander looked awkward. "I'm sorry. I wish I'd told you but... it's hard to know who to trust with a secret that's not just yours. And besides, we haven't actually told anyone on purpose yet. My dad... walked in on us at my cottage--"

Marlow whooped. "Roz, you *dawg*!"

Hollander coughed. "Right. And Hayd just got a lucky guess."

"Hey!" Pike interrupted. "It was not a lucky guess, it was hard core detective work!"

"Shut the fuck up, Pike." Roz shouted back.

"Okay." Boiziau nodded.

"We're good then?" Hollander asked.

Boiziau only hesitated for a split second. "Of course, *mon ami*."

Well, thank fuck for that. Wyatt was in no state to start a fight. And he was a goalie and a comic book nerd, for fuck's sake, he had about zero experience throwing a punch.

"Fuckin' pussy!" Lemaire slurred. "How the fuck is everyone okay with this? They can't be trusted, we should fucking boot them out the league!"

Honestly Wyatt had forgotten about the others.

"Hey!"

"Woah!"

"Shut the fuck up, Lemaire!" Boiziau shouted.

"You are just jealous, Lemaire, because we are better players than you." Roz added with a lazy smirk.

"Fuck you, fag-"

"Fucker!" Marlow stood, swaying slightly but nonetheless he cut an intimidating form.

"Sounds a lot like discrimination to me, Lemaire." Hunter cut in smoothly, his arms crossed. "You sure you want to choose this path?"

"Right!" Carter said. "Say anymore and we'll... wait what's the word for like beefing with someone but like with the suits and the gavel and shit-"

"Sue?"

"Yeah, that! We'll fucking sue your ass!"

Wow.

It was like the avengers but for battling homophobia.

Awesome.

“Whatever!” Lemaire said. He turned away from them and back to the nurse who was by his bedside, who was very obviously trying to make herself look busy and as if she wasn’t listening. What a professional lady.

God, his wife was such a good doctor, probably. So professional and smart. And hot as fuck.

Jesus, he was still so fucking high.

Hollander’s phone started buzzing in his hand. “Fuck, it’s my mom.”

”Yuna!” Roz grinned dopily. “She is the best, let me talk to her, *please!*”

“Hi, honey.” Hollander’s mom’s voice filtered loudly through the screen. “Have you.. have you been on twitter in the last hour? Because if not I’ve already got a statement ready to go, though preferably I’d like to add a bit with some information on whatever the fuck is wrong with everyone... I mean, what was Ilya thinking?”

Roz stole the phone off Hollander and proceeded to shout into the phone that, “It was not my fault Yuna, it was the drugs!”

“It was the *what?!?*”

End Notes

i wrote this in a fuege state without editing and am now goinf to post before going to sleep so lmk if i fucked up anything lol

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