

Ilya Rozanov is Now Live

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Ilya Rozanov is Now Live

by [Itsallfine](#)

Summary

Post-cottage, Shane and Ilya quickly discover that hiding sucks, so they launch their friendship via a series of chaotic Instagram Lives. It predictably spirals out of control.

Ch 1: Friends!

Ch 2: ...Uh, friends?

Ch 3: Definitely not friends.

Notes

This fic is set during the 2017-2018 season, Ilya's last season in Boston. Shane and Ilya decide to stop hiding and start appearing on each other's social media as friends, so of course Ilya decides to be as chaotic as possible and do it via livestream. Each Instagram Live is posted as a reel afterward and any excerpted comments shown are from those posts.

Ignore what we know of hyper paranoid Shane in TLG and suspend your disbelief. Let him do this. It's fun, okay? We're having fun here.

Thank you to poading for the beta!

Chapter 1: Friends!

Chapter Notes

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

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya stares straight into the camera, gives a mischievous smile, and winks. His curls are damp from a shower and his voice is lowered to a whisper.]

Ilya: Hello everyone, would you like to join me in ambushing my good friend Shane Hollander? He is making us a post-game snack right now. Here we go.

[The camera rotates, showing a dimly lit apartment. The image bobs as Ilya walks past a large brown couch and approaches the kitchen island. Shane Hollander stands at the counter, plating up some chicken and rice.]

Shane: You wanna grab drinks? This is pretty much... why are you pointing your phone at me?

Ilya: No reason, don't worry about it.

Shane: Are you videoing me? I'm just making food, why is this interesting?

Ilya: Oh, I think people are very interested.

[Shane's eyes narrow, then go wide in horror.]

Shane: ...is this *live*? Are you live streaming right now?

Ilya: Maybe?

Shane: Ilya, what the *fuck*?

[Shane lunges for the phone. The image shakes as Ilya quickly takes several steps back, then whirls around and sprints into the living room. He's tackled onto the couch, and the whole room seems to spin. The camera rotates several times between the ceiling and the chaos of wrestling bodies. Voices are still audible from off-camera. Shane sounds dead serious. Ilya is laughing.]

Shane: Give me the fucking—

Ilya: But the people want to *see*—

[The image stabilizes. Shane is laying on top of Ilya on the couch, his forearm propped on Ilya's chest near his throat while his other arm reaches up toward the camera. Ilya looks

delighted.]

Ilya: Save me, internet!

[The livestream abruptly cuts off.]

-

hollanova: he calls him ILYA

bostonbb14: why are they having dinner together after a game wtf

luludelulu: are they...friends????

whatandwhy: can i be on that couch too?

ScottHunterOfficial: Is this the first sign of the apocalypse?

↔ **IlyaRozanov81:** you lived through the death of the dinosaurs, you'll probably survive this somehow too. the cockroach of hockey.

↔ **ScottHunterOfficial:** You are exhausting. Hollander, blink twice if you need help.

↔ **ShaneHollanderMetros:** It's okay, I know how to handle him.

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya props the phone up against something on a table, revealing he and Shane sitting side by side in a booth at a bar. They each have a sweating beer glass in front of them, Ilya's nearly empty and Shane's about halfway full. They're sitting close enough that their shoulders occasionally brush.]

Ilya: Hello! I am here to declare victory! I have successfully convinced Shane Hollander to have a single beer during the season. You may now clap for me.

[Shane rolls his eyes. Ilya's grin is huge and bright as he gets closer to the camera, his eyes darting around the bottom of the screen. After a moment, he leans back and bumps his shoulder against Shane's, jostling Shane as he picks up his beer.]

Ilya: Chat is saying that I have corrupted you! Please, I corrupted you a long time ago.

Shane: You did not *corrupt* me.

Ilya: I'm pretty sure I did.

[Shane and Ilya turn to look at each other.]

Shane: Ilya.

Ilya: Shane.

[Ilya looks directly into the camera.]

Ilya: I am right about this, but he will not let me tell you why.

[Shane huffs.]

Shane: Obviously.

Ilya: But I *will* tell you that we were eighteen—

Shane: Nineteen.

Ilya: I am counting the night of the draft.

Shane: Nothing happened the night of the draft!

Ilya: Ah, but your thoughts were impure, were they not? Corrupted, one could say. And then the next summer...

[Shane's stares him dead in the eye, then reaches out and ends the livestream.]

-

virgovibes: Anyone else DYING to know what happened when they were 18 and 19???

its_21_pucks: I'm betting Ilya got him drunk underage

hollanova: 🙄🙄🙄🙄🙄

thefingmetros: Have they secretly been friends since they were 18? This whole time???

thereshewent: WHAT A LORE DROP

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya Rozanov sits with a seatbelt across his chest, his back turned a bit so Shane is also visible in the driver's seat. Out the window, verdant countryside zips by.]

Ilya: Hello everyone, we are... somewhere in Vermont? Supposedly Hollander has found some hiking trail we have to try, so I have been forced into his terrible car—

Shane: It's a *normal car*. Just because I don't spend all my money on fucking Ferraris—

Ilya: Hey, I am going to be selling that one to fund our charity and I miss her already, it's too soon.

Shane: Oh, so sorry for your loss. Thoughts and prayers during this difficult time. Also, we haven't announced the Foundation yet, asshole, so shut up. If you're gonna be my passenger princess you could at least get me a protein bar from the bag in the back seat.

[Ilya leans into the back seat and rummages around for a moment, then returns with two protein bars, which he holds up for the camera. One is in sleek modern packaging in white and silver, and the other is more colorful. He flips to the other camera and holds each one up in turn, with Shane in the background, shooting him an annoyed look every few seconds.]

Ilya: Ah yes, we've packed two kinds because *this* is the nasty one Shane eats because it's "healthier" or something, and *this* is my favorite.

Shane: Yeah your favorite is full of sugar, shocker.

Ilya: It is full of joy and sunshine. Yours is full of sadness.

[Shane signals and changes lanes, carefully checking his mirrors.]

Ilya: Look at him, he is such good driver, using his turn signals and everything.

Shane: Everyone should use their turn signals all the time. *Everyone*.

[Shane shoots Ilya a significant glare.]

Ilya: Turn signals are a suggestion.

Shane: They're literally the law. Also it's fucking annoying when people don't use them.

Ilya: Shane Hollander, are you calling me fucking annoying?

Shane: Literally every day of my life, yes.

Ilya: I don't think he loves me, chat.

Shane: Oh, don't you dare pull that shit.

Ilya: It is so sad to be so unloved. See, Shane, chat is demanding justice!

Shane: Can I have my protein bar yet?

[The bar disappears from view as Ilya brings it to his mouth and presumably rips open the package with his teeth. He holds out the open bar for Shane, then pulls it back when Shane reaches for it.]

Ilya: Ah-ah, what do you say?

Shane: Please.

Ilya: And?

Shane: ...I'm sorry?

Ilya: And?

[Shane heaves a put-upon sigh, and levels a flat look at Ilya.]

Shane: ...I love you.

Ilya: There it is, chat, we did it! Victory is ours! Okay, more later, bye bye!

[Ilya hands over the protein bar and the livestream ends.]

-

dontmindme: Foundation?? They are starting a charity together?

pucksinnetsplz: Why Vermont?

↔ **hollanova:** Look, I'm not starting any rumors, but it IS kinda the halfway point between Boston and Montreal...

bluelineboy: both teams have a three day break at home right now... are they spending their break together?

ohyesshedares: "I LOVE YOU"

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[The camera bounces as a sweaty Ilya trudges along a wooded trail, wrapped in a puffy coat and wearing a beleaguered expression.]

Ilya: We have a rare day off and this is how you want to spend it? I do not understand this impulse. What is the point?

Shane: Quit whining, city boy. Don't break an ankle because you're livestreaming instead of watching where you're going.

Ilya: The people want to see the view!

[The camera flips, showing a perfect view of Shane's ass. The fabric of his pants pulls tight as he scrambles up an incline.]

Ilya: (whispering) You're welcome, chat.

[Shane reaches back to offer Ilya a hand, helping him up the steep bit as the image bobs. Their hands stay linked a second longer than is truly necessary. Shane has a small smile on his lips.]

Ilya: Surely we are getting close to the top. I'm starting to think you have brought me deep into the woods to bury my body.

Shane: Mm, maybe I'm secretly luring you up to this beautiful scenic overlook so I can push you off and finally be free of your bullshit.

Ilya: No, you would miss me too much.

Shane: Or I would finally have peace.

Ilya: Mm, I do not think this is what you want. I think you like it.

[Shane pauses, turning to look at Ilya for a long moment, chewing on the inside of his lip.]

Shane: Race you to the top!

[Shane takes off running up the trail.]

Ilya: Hey! You see this cheater! Hollander!

[The image bounces wildly as Ilya takes off after him. The livestream ends.]

-

shanesazz: ilya rozanov the service you have done

hollanova: oh we are feasting

thereshewent: okay but a beautiful scenic overlook is so romantic

↪ **puckboy34:** cant two bros go hiking without you people making it weird

berry_berry: not rozanov admiring that view

ShaneHollanderMetros: Ilya take this down.

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** No ♥

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[A seatbelt crosses Shane's chest as he angles his body so Ilya can be seen in the driver's seat behind him. The car is flying down a tree-lined highway.]

Shane: Hi everyone. Ilya wants you all to see him driving his Ferrari because he thinks it needs a "proper goodbye" or something before he sells it. So. Here he is. Driving his Ferrari way too fast. If I die in this car, tell my mom it was all his fault.

[The camera swings around, aiming out the back windshield of the car. There are flashing blue lights behind them.]

Shane: Are we seriously getting pulled over right now?

Ilya: We seriously are.

Shane: Chat, I really want to say it. I think I'm gonna say it.

Ilya: Yes, yes, I know, you told me so. Shut up and look pretty while I talk my way out of this.

[The camera flips around so we just see Shane shaking his head in exasperation. The livestream ends.]

-

pucksinnetsplz: One last speeding ticket. Pour one out for the Ferrari.

hollanova: shut up and look pretty

hollaathollander: shane is all milhouse.gif i'm in danger

bluelineboy: it just me or are these guys spending... a LOT of time together?

↔ **katkatkatkat:** you're not wrong, a few months ago we didn't even know they were friends and now it's like they spend every possible minute together, considering they live 5 hours apart

↔ **bluelineboy:** yeah but they sorta said in a different live that they've been friends since they were like 18. maybe they just hid it so people wouldn't freak out?

↔ **katkatkatkat:** which, valid, because have you seen some of the pearl clutching articles coming out of the hockey news sites?

↔ **bluelineboy:** yea you'd think they were single handedly dismantling the mlh the way they talking

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya and Shane are walking shoulder to shoulder, their hair still wet from the showers, the Bell Centre visible in the background. It's dark outside, but the parking lot lights keep it bright enough to see the boys' faces. Ilya is grinning. Shane is giving him a wary side-eye.]

Ilya: Hello everyone, guess where we are going tonight!

Shane: Ugh, this is you convincing me to go out, isn't it?

Ilya: You don't want the internet to think you're *boring*, do you?

Shane: Relying on the peer pressure of the internet is a cheap trick.

Ilya: But it's working, isn't it?

[Shane looks over at him and licks his lips.]

Shane: Since when have you needed help convincing me of anything?

[Ilya grins even wider. Shane sighs and hands over his phone.]

Shane: Fine, just put in the address.

[Ilya types in Shane's passcode without asking for it and scans the screen for a moment.]

Ilya: Your mom texted the group chat. She said great game, she loves us, and I am still her favorite child.

Shane: Let me guess, my dad said "proud of you, sons."

Ilya: Word for word.

[Shane unlocks his Land Rover and the boys stash their bags in the back, then get in the front seat and buckle in. Ilya angles himself so Shane is in the shot, giving a little nose wrinkle as he stares down at Shane's phone in his other hand. Shane moves in closer, leaning around to try to get a better look at Ilya.]

Shane: What? What's that face? (A pause.) Let me guess, Rose texted, too.

[Ilya's nose twitches before he forces his expression into careful neutrality. When he speaks, his voice is flat.]

Ilya: No. Why would you say that?

Shane: Your *face*.

[Ilya sighs.]

Ilya: She said "great game bestie, that goal in the second was nasty. Tell your boy—" Ugh, how dare she.

Shane: What? Tell you what?

Ilya: No, I am not reading this. This is slander.

Shane: Was it about your fight with Comeau? Because—

Ilya: SLANDER.

[Shane bites back an amused grin and shoves at Ilya's shoulder.]

Shane: Can you just put in the address so I know where you're dragging me?

Ilya: I don't know if I even want to go out with you anymore. I think you hate me.

Shane: Oh, don't start this again.

Ilya: Maybe we should see if *Rose Landry* is available to—

Shane: That's it, I'm taking us home.

Ilya: No, Shane, wait, let's go out, pleeeeeease—

[Shane, with an amused smile, wraps his arm around Ilya and reaches for the phone. The livestream ends.]

-

weighted_blankett: Home??????????

cozywithrozy: SON. The hollanders call rozanov SON.

putmeinthesinbin: He knows his phone passcode?? And hollzy trusts him to read his texts??

its_21_pucks: Why does he have a face he makes about rose landry?

↪ **russianmenace81:** that is a jealous face if I have ever seen one. boy has serious beef

↪ **its_21_pucks:** 🙄

hollanova: YOUR BOY.

starriskies: They fold so quickly for each other, why do they even bother trying to argue

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[Ilya looks soft and sleep rumpled, with messy curls and a pillow crease still on his cheek. He gives a little crooked smile. The camera bounces a bit while he descends the stairs.]

Ilya: Good morning, everyone. I hear cooking happening, let's see what Shane is making.

[The camera flips, showing Shane standing at the stove, staring down at a pan, spatula in hand. He's wearing joggers and a black shirt that looks a little too big for him and his hair is messy. Shane looks up as Ilya approaches. His smile is soft and adoring... right up until he catches sight of the phone pointed at him. His expression flattens into vague amusement.]

Ilya: Shane, what is the trick to perfect scrambled eggs?

Shane: Fuck you, I'm going to eat all these eggs myself if you don't turn that off.

Ilya: No, you won't. Would throw off your macros and you would whine about it all day.

Shane: Ilya, no one cares about watching me make eggs.

[Ilya flips the camera around and stares straight into it with a disbelieving expression. He steps forward and pastes himself along Shane's back, propping his chin on Shane's shoulder and holding the phone out far enough that they can both be seen. Shane's mouth tugs up at the corner, but he fights it.]

Ilya: See? Look at the flood of hearts you are getting. The people want to see you! Everyone say hi to Shane! (A pause.) Aw, see, look at them all, they love you!

[Ilya plants a big smacking kiss on Shane's cheek and Shane breaks out into a big grin, giving a soft laugh. They look at each other for a long, quiet moment, then Shane reaches out to end the livestream.]

-

hollzyballzy: HE SPENT THE NIGHT????

↪ **its_21_pucks:** calm down my guy friends stay over all the time when we go out

hollanova: Okay um I swore I wasn't going to do this but uh... I'm starting a ~rumor~

starriskies: Look maybe it's just me, but... did it look like he was leaning in for a kiss right before the stream ended?

↪ **hollanova:** YOU ARE NOT WRONG HOLY SHIT

↪ **its_21_pucks:** they're probably fucking w you guys chill out

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Ilya gets more brazen and the people start to have doubts.

Chapter 2: ...Uh, friends?

Chapter Summary

The theme of the summer is razor-thin plausible deniability!

Chapter Notes

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

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[A shirtless, sleep-soft Ilya holds a finger up to his lips, a small smile curling at the corner of his mouth. He flips to the back camera and starts to creep forward, quietly humming the *Jaws* theme. He creeps up a short set of stairs toward an open door.]

Ilya: Dah-dun. Dah-dun. Dah-dun dah-dun. Dah-dun-dah-dun-dah-dun-dah-dun—

[He darts through the open doorway into a bedroom with windowed walls. Shane Hollander lays sprawled under the covers on the right side of the bed, shirtless and covered by a sheet from the waist down. He is dead to the world, head tipped to one side, lips lightly parted. The other side of the bed is rumpled, with the impression of a head on the other pillow and the sheet shoved down where it looks like someone recently got out of bed.]

Ilya: Dah-nah-nuh!

[Ilya takes a flying leap onto the bed, right on top of Shane. Shane flails and the camera tips wildly as the two wrestle.]

Shane: What the *fuck*—

Ilya: (singsong) Good morning!

[The wrestling and expletives continue until Ilya is eventually pinned to the bed with Shane on top of him. Shane stares down at the camera, sees his own face, and scowls.]

Shane: You absolute *asshole*. I fucking hate you.

Ilya: (off-screen) No you don't.

[Shane's expression visibly softens. He rolls his eyes.]

Shane: You're making breakfast this morning.

Ilya: But Shane, you know if it is up to me we will have donuts and bacon for breakfast.

[The camera shakes a bit as Shane appears to press Ilya's wrists harder into the bed.]

Shane: We don't *have* donuts and bacon. You will make a normal fucking breakfast or I'm kicking you out of my house.

Ilya: Low blow, Hollander. So rude to your houseguest. Whatever would Mama Yuna say?

Shane: That you're fucking annoying and you eat like a five-year-old.

[Shane somehow looks irritated even with a growing smile on his face.]

Ilya: I have redeeming qualities.

[The camera tilts a bit, showing mostly the ceiling and just the top half of Shane's face as his eyes fall shut.]

Shane: Okay, enough, turn that fucking thing off.

[The phone tilts toward Ilya's grinning face. The livestream ends.]

-

its_21_pucks: A+ prank, well done

corsicat81: Isn't this Hollander's summer cottage? Rozanov is there with him?

puttinuppoints: yo Rozanov what's with you not resigning with Boston???

↪ **corsicat81:** obviously planning to go somewhere else in free agency

↪ **puttinuppoints:** yeah but WHY

hollanova: Look, I'm just gonna say it. It looks like two people slept in that bed last night. I'm just observing facts and drawing no conclusions.

↪ **bluelineboy:** that doesn't mean it was Rozanov.

↪ **hollanova:** Just. observing. facts.

↪ **bluelineboy:** He probably had a girl over last night.

↪ **dontmindme:** Right cuz we hear about Hollzy out with girls all the time

↪ **bluelineboy:** The dude is private, so what?

starriskies: Boy he sure stayed on top of him for what felt like years.

↪ **russianmenace81:** fr this video is ten hours long

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya stands at the base of the same short set of stairs again, looking very serious. He speaks in a low voice.]

Ilya: Internet, you are about to thank me. Prepare yourselves.

[He creeps slowly up the stairs, then darts into the bedroom. Shane stands there with his pants on but unzipped, revealing black boxers, and he is in the middle of putting on his shirt, leaving his full torso exposed. The shirt covers his eyes at first, and he seems completely unaware of his audience. His arms, abs, and pecs all flex as he pulls the shirt on. He brushes his hands down his front to smooth out the shirt before doing up his button and fly, then finally looks up. His eyes go wide.]

Shane: Are you fucking serious right now? I don't even get privacy while I'm getting *dressed*?

Ilya: You're literally a model. People on the internet can just google you and see you in your underwear any time they want.

Shane: Don't remind me, I try not to think about it.

Ilya: So you're saying you only take your clothes off when you're sponsored, yes? Perhaps we should do, what is it... Kickstart? I think your fans would be happy to contribute.

Shane: Absolutely not.

Ilya: Oh well, sorry chat, I tried. I guess it is all for my eyes only.

Shane: You asshole!

[They grapple over the phone for a moment, their words unintelligible through the scuffle. Eventually, the livestream ends.]

-

hollanova: Thank you for the food @IlyaRozanov81!

bostonbb14: seriously bro stop fucking around and tell us why are you leaving Boston, we deserve answers

shanesazz: I want to lick his abs

↪ **hollanderhole:** I want to bite his arms

↪ **hollzyballzy:** I want to squeeze his pecs

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** I have made a mistake

↪ **ShaneHollanderMetros:** Enjoy the consequences of your actions.

↪ **shanesazz:** not the actual shane hollander replying to my thirst comment 🙄

pucksinnetsplz: what does this have to do with hockey?

↪ **katkatkatkat:** yeah it's so weird, almost like hockey players are human beings with lives outside of the sport. 😞

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

Ilya: Hello everyone, we are at the airport, waiting to board our flight back to Boston so we can go pack up my house. I am bored and Shane is grumpy—

Shane: Fuck off.

Ilya: Such language, golden boy. *Anyway*, please distract us, internet! Ask us some questions!

[Both of them lean in a bit, their eyes scanning the bottom of the screen as questions roll in. Shane flushes, presumably at something that came through the chat.]

Ilya: So many, slow down, people!

Shane: Here, this one is good: “What is your best moment together from your career?”

Ilya: Getting drafted number one over Hollander.

Shane: Winning Rookie of the Year over Rozanov.

[They look at each other and seem to have a silent conversation, then speak in unison.]

Shane & Ilya: All-Stars 2017.

Shane: It was really fun to get to play together for once.

Ilya: We were un-fucking-stoppable together, other teams were terrified.

Shane: Truly some of the best hockey we've ever played, I think.

Ilya: Let's find another one.

[Ilya reaches out with one finger, scrolling through the chat.]

Ilya: “What is your favorite non-hockey thing to do together?”

Shane: Think before you speak.

Ilya: I am not an idiot!

[Shane levels a skeptical look at Ilya, who shrugs.]

Ilya: I love just driving around together, talking and listening to music, but Shane always complains that it's "bad for the environment" and "a waste of gasoline."

Shane: I like it, too, but I do always feel bad about the environmental impact of needless driving. We already fly so much. (A pause.) I like just crashing on the couch and watching terrible TV together.

Ilya: You and your real estate shows.

Shane: You and your car shows.

Ilya: You and your Great British Bake Off.

Shane: You and your weird reality TV drama.

[They have a brief stare-off, then turn back to the questions on the screen.]

Shane: Let's see if we can find another hockey-related one. Um... okay, "you both had the biggest slumps of your career in December 2016"—oh.

[Shane grimaces and Ilya purses his lips.]

Ilya: Maybe not that one.

Shane: Yeah. Sorry. Again.

Ilya: No, no, is fine. In hindsight that whole... thing was necessary.

Shane: Still sucked, and I still feel bad about it.

Ilya: It's over, Hollander. I won in the end.

Shane: Yeah you did.

Ilya: My greatest win of all time.

[An unintelligible voice comes over a loudspeaker, and both Shane and Ilya perk up.]

Shane: That's our flight boarding.

Ilya: Thank you for the distraction, chat. Sorry we didn't get to all your questions! We'll do this again sometime.

Shane: Bye!

Ilya: Goodbye!

[The boys stand and grab their bags as the livestream ends.]

-

bostonbb14: packing up the house. He really is leaving Boston. Guess we'll find out where soon...

hollanova: uhhhh guys you know what happened in December 2016? Rose Landry. Shane dated Rose Landry in December 2016. Just facts. That I am observing.

↪ **starriskies:** I am truly trying to think of what else it could be but uh

↪ **hollaathollander:** so uh, that ~rumor~ you were starting.....

↪ **cozywithrozy:** One of us! One of us!

dontmindme: Ilya Rozanov being a fan of trashy reality tv, fork found in kitchen, more at 11

ItsCliffMarlow: We do not speak of December 2016.

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** oh fuck off marly

↪ **SaintVicky:** we do NOT speak of it.

↪ **TheHammersmith:** we DO NOT speak of it.

↪ **ConnorConnors:** WE DO NOT SPEAK OF IT.

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** I hate all of you

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[A sweaty, slightly winded Shane smiles at the camera. His muscled shoulders and arms are visible thanks to his workout tanktop. The whole image bounces slightly as he runs.]

Ilya: Why did you want my phone?

Shane: I didn't bring mine, need to text my mom.

Ilya: What, did you—oh my *god*, look at all the puppies!

[The camera flips. Ilya, dressed in running shorts and a black tank top, is sprinting up the park path toward a person walking six dogs at once. In the background, Shane snickers.]

Shane: (off-screen) I saw the dogs coming and knew this would happen. Wanted you all to see how the big scary Russian Menace melts around dogs. Listen to how he talks to them.

[Shane jogs closer, carefully keeping the dog walker out of the frame. Ilya is crouched down on the ground, greeting each dog individually and giving them all ear rubs and head scratches.]

Ilya: Oh my god, yes, you are so fluffy aren't you? What's this one's name? Lulu? Oh, Lulu, you are so so good. And this one is? Charles? Of course, for such a distinguished gentleman. Yes, very fitting, little sir.

[The largest dog forces his way to the front and tips Ilya backward with the force of his cuddle. Ilya catches himself with one hand planted behind him, the other hand providing vigorous pets.]

Ilya: Okay, okay, I have enough love for everyone, no need to get all demanding! This one is... *Shane*? The dog's name is *Shane*? Oh my god, Shane, look, you have to see, you have a twin! See, he's all over me too, can't get enough—

[The dog shoves his nose into Ilya's crotch and nearly tips him over again. Ilya bursts out laughing.]

Ilya: He is so like you!

Shane: (off-screen) You're the *worst*.

Ilya: Okay, okay, I have to get back to running or else the other Shane will make us add another mile. Was so nice to meet everyone. Thank you for letting me pet dogs. Have a nice day!

[They walk away, and Ilya stares after them longingly.]

Ilya: I want a dog.

Shane: (off-screen) I fucking love you

Ilya: I fucking love you too. (A pause.) I also love fu—

[The livestream abruptly ends.]

-

katkatkatkat: Rozanov being a giant sap for dogs is exactly the content I needed today

hollanova: THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

↔ **bluelineboy:** can't a bro just tell his bro he loves him anymore

↔ **its_21_pucks:** seriously I tell my friends I love them all the time. because they're my friends.

↪ **hollanova:** Okay.

shanesazz: You also love WHAT SIR

ohyessedares: “he is so like you” he says after the dog dives between his legs. OKAY.

hollaathollander: Oh no I fear I am overly invested in them now

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya sits on the floor of his kitchen surrounded by open boxes, looking slightly disheveled.]

Ilya: We are packing up my Boston house for my move to Ottawa! The kitchen is pretty much done here, so let’s go see how Shane is doing.

[Ilya stands and flips the camera around, starting up the stairs, but pauses when Shane walks out of the bedroom with two boxes stacked up in his arms. He can barely be seen peeking out from behind the boxes. One is labeled “Closet” and the other is labeled “Bedside Table.”]

Shane: (unintelligible) —freakier than average but I’m still surprised we have an entire box devoted to—Ilya fucking tell me you aren’t live right now. Jesus Christ.

Ilya: I hope you didn’t pack up the—

Shane: I will actually end you.

[The boxes hit the stairs with a thunk as Shane leaps over them, one hand on the railing as the other reaches out, presumably to wring Ilya’s neck. The camera shakes as Ilya whirls around and runs away, feet thudding on the stairs.]

Ilya: (sing-song) I’m in trouble!

[The very last frame of the video is of Shane’s flushed, murderous face appearing over Ilya’s shoulder just as the livestream ends.]

-

bostonbb14: Still don’t understand this move to Ottawa. It makes no sense.

luludelulu: I’m sorry WHAT

pucksinnetsplz: Why Ottawa, Rozy? TELL US.

weighted_blankett: Devoted to WHAT, @ShaneHollanderMetros? DEVOTED TO WHAT???

virgovibes: Did he say “freakier than average?” The audio wasn’t clear. Was he talking about Rozy? I feel like we knew this. Like, instinctually. Spiritually.

↪ **hollzyballzy:** Or... a counterpoint... it could be BOTH of them. Together.

↪ **puckboy34:** I really fuckin doubt it Hollander seems like the purest vanilla

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** 😂😂😂

↪ **hollzyballzy:** SIR???

hollanova: No no he said WE though. “WE have an entire box” I am ascending

↪ **thefingmetros:** He probably just meant “we” like “we are packing up this house together” don’t read into it

↪ **putmeinthesinbin:** I dunno, man, I think I’m starting to see it...

ShaneHollanderMetros: I can’t believe you actually saved this one.

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** 😇

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya sits in the passenger seat of Shane’s Land Rover, the back seat behind him piled high with boxes, bags, shirts on hangers, and loose odds and ends. He’s looking bright eyed and happy, his curls worn loose and flopping around as he bobs his head to the music. The song “I’m Gonna Be (500 Miles)” by The Proclaimers is loud and clear in the background. He turns to sing the words toward the driver’s seat.]

Ilya: "When I come home, oh I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you. And if I grow old, well I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you."

[Ilya leans over and sings the next few lines a few inches from Shane’s cheek. Shane is barely biting back a grin.]

Ilya: "But I would walk 500 miles, and I would walk 500 more, just to be the man who walks a thousand miles—"

[Ilya flops backward over the center console so his head lands in Shane’s lap. He keeps his arm fully extended so the phone captures Shane’s face above him, too.]

Ilya: "—to fall down at your door."

[Shane laughs and joins in, much more on pitch than Ilya. He keeps his left hand on the steering wheel and lays his other hand on Ilya's chest, sneaking little glances down at him every few seconds.]

Shane & Ilya: "Da da da! Da da da! Da-da dum diddy dum diddy dum diddy da da da~"

[Ilya is absolutely glowing, grinning from ear to ear. When Shane peeks down at him, his expression is soft. The song continues to play in the background as he ends the livestream.]

-

cenz1fan: Ottawaaaaaaaaaaaa here he comes!!

thereshewent: He's not even scolding him about road safety

hollanova: Oh no this is EXTREMELY cute send help

puckboy34: me and my boys rocked out to this song on our last road trip too it's required

cozywithrozy: Hollanov road trip!

berry_berry: "I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you" 😭😭😭

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya grins at the camera, then flips the view to show the room he's standing in. Yuna and David Hollander are at a big kitchen island, making tea and chopping salad ingredients. Shane sits at the dining table nearby, staring down at his phone.]

Ilya: Hello, everyone! Meet my very favorite people in the world, the Hollanders!

[Ilya walks closer and focuses in on David, who is adding thin sliced bell pepper to a bowl of greens.]

Ilya: David, tell the internet what you're making!

[David chuckles to himself and meets Ilya's eyes past the camera.]

David: Son, I love you dearly, but I don't want to talk to the Internet.

Ilya: Boooo!

[Ilya flips to the front camera and props his chin on Yuna's shoulder. She fights a little smile, looking over at him from the corners of her eyes.]

Ilya: What about you, Mama Yuna, do you have anything to say to the internet?

Yuna: Literally never, my dear. Here, take your tea. I already put jam in it.

Ilya: You are too good to me, Mama. Thank you.

[She kisses him on the forehead. He gives her a big smacking kiss on the cheek, then picks up his mug of tea.]

Shane: (off-screen) Stop harassing my parents, Ilya.

[The image tilts for a moment as the phone is stolen out of Ilya's hand. Shane's face appears for a moment before he flips to the back camera and aims it at Ilya. Ilya stands there sipping his tea, the picture of innocence. The phone gets obnoxiously close to his face.]

Shane: Here, how do you like having a phone shoved in your face all the time?

Ilya: Are you asking me how I like being the center of attention?

Shane: (A pause.) Well, this was a mistake.

Ilya: You'll learn one day, lyubimyy.

[Ilya holds the camera against his chest to block the view for a moment. There's a soft smacking sound, then Ilya reappears, grinning widely.]

Shane: (off screen, fondly) You're a menace.

Ilya: You love me anyway.

[Ilya winks at the camera. The livestream ends.]

-

russianmenace81: wait what was that word he called him? Loo-bi-mee or something like that?

↪ **underwaternow:** Любимый, which means like beloved or darling, but it doesn't sound old fashioned like that in russian

↪ **berry_berry:** look it's just me and my friend google here, but isn't that... a pet name that gets used between romantic partners?

↪ **underwaternow:** yes

↪ **hollanova:** I can't BREATHE

bostonbb14: I don't understand why he knows the Hollanders so well?

hollanova: WAS THAT WHAT I THINK IT WAS

↪ **its_21_pucks:** Almost certainly no

↩ **starriskies:** WHAT ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN

↩ **hollaathollander:** IT SURE SOUNDED LIKE IT

↩ **shanesazz:** I AM HYPERVENTILATING

putmeinthesinbin: Okay yeah I definitely see it now. Do as the username says.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Plausible deniability? We're done with her.

Chapter 3: Definitely not friends.

Chapter Summary

Fuck it, there is no heterosexual explanation for this.

Chapter Notes

Almost all the songs referenced in this chapter are from popular HR fan edits because I know fuck all about music otherwise. Thanks, fan editors!

Reminder from last chapter that Ilya has now moved to Ottawa and his signing with the Centaurs is public. Most of this takes place in July–September 2018.

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

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya grins mischievously at the camera and puts a finger to his lips. When he speaks it's in a whisper.]

Ilya: One of Shane Hollander's best kept secrets is that he actually has very nice singing voice. Come with me and I will show you.

[Ilya flips the camera around and creeps through the bedroom toward the en suite bathroom. As he draws closer, the sound of the shower and a softly crooning voice become more and more audible. Inside the bathroom, the glass shower doors are completely fogged up, obscuring Shane's body inside. His motions suggest he's washing his hair as he sings "18" by One Direction. His voice is quiet, but sweet and on-key.]

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

[Ilya makes a small, adoring sound in the back of his throat, apparently loud enough for Shane to hear.]

Shane: Ilya? We don't have time for you to join—

[The shower door slides open just enough for Shane to poke his head out, hair soaked and face dripping. As soon as he sees the phone, his expression goes full wet angry kitten.]

Shane: Are you *live*?

Ilya: (off-screen) The people deserve to hear your beautiful singing!

Shane: Turn that off so I can come out there and kill you.

Ilya: (off-screen) That's not a very convincing argument.

Shane: I'm going to dump all of your fancy curl conditioner down the drain if you don't turn it off right now.

Ilya: (off-screen) No, don't threaten the curls! Are you trying to get yourself canceled on the Internet? (A pause.) They think it's very sweet that you were singing One Direction.

Shane: Yeah, well they should know that *you're* the one who introduced me to that fucking song in the first place.

[Shane puts on a terrible fake Russian accent.]

Shane: "Listen to this, moya lyubov, it's us!"

Ilya: (off-screen) Shane, you are ruining my reputation—

Shane: Well, I think the whole internet should know what a giant mushy sap you secretly are.

Ilya: (off-screen) Okay, okay—

[The livestream ends.]

-

hollanova: JOIN??????????

underwaternow: МОЯ ЛЮБОВЬ means "my love"

↪ **russianmenace81:** UM???

putmeinthesinbin: oh so they aren't even trying to hide it anymore

luludelulu: "SINCE WE WERE EIGHTEEN" I may never breathe AGAIN

hollaathollander: Our boy can SING!!

Cozywithrozy: Ilya Rozanov: secret softie unlocked!

its_21_pucks: You all are going to feel very stupid when it comes out that they're fucking with you

↪ **ohyessedares:** I don't think that's what's going to be coming out...

↪ **hollzyballzy:** And I don't think it's us they're fucking...

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya goes live just as the chorus of “If U Seek Amy” by Britney Spears comes on in the background. He bops along and enunciates *very* clearly so it’s impossible to miss that he’s singing an altered version of the lyrics.]

Ilya: “Love me, hate me, say what you want about me, but all of the boys and all of the girls are begging to F-U-C-K me.”

[Ilya comes up behind an exasperated Shane and slings the arm that’s holding the phone around Shane’s neck. They’re both in the frame as Ilya’s other hand comes up to rest on Shane’s chest.]

Ilya: “Love me, hate me, but can't you see what I see? All of the boys and all of the girls are begging to F-U-C-K me.”

[Shane reaches over and turns off the bluetooth speaker.]

Shane: You’re such an asshole.

Ilya: What? Is my bisexual anthem! Don’t be biphobic.

Shane: I’m not *biphobic*—

Ilya: We could put on your anthem next.

Shane: No.

Ilya: But you won’t let me because it’s too filthy.

Shane: ILYA.

[Ilya looks into the camera.]

Ilya: It’s Big Ole Freak by Megan Thee Stallion by the way.

[Shane shoves Ilya away.]

Shane: ILYA FUCKING ROZANOV.

[Shane makes a grab for the phone as Ilya starts reciting random snippets of lyrics.]

Ilya: “Big ole freak, big booty, big ole treat.”

Shane: Fucking give me—!

[Ilya holds the phone as far behind him as he can reach to keep it away from Shane. Shane tries and largely fails to cover Ilya's mouth as he continues.]

Ilya: “Shit, I'm on the way, ride on that dick, I'm like ‘Yay—’

Shane: ROZANOV.

[Shane and Ilya grapple, the image shaking wildly, until the phone flies through the air, landing on the bed, presumably propped up against a pillow. At the foot of the bed, Ilya laughs, grabbing Shane around the waist to hold him back from diving for the phone.]

Ilya: "Usually I like to fuck, but tonight, we gon' make love cause you bae."

[Shane dips his shoulder and flips Ilya, bodily throwing him down on the bed. Shane scrambles over him toward the phone as Ilya recovers, still reciting lyrics.]

Ilya: “Nobody know, I fuck with him on the low, we never show up together, but I text him when I'm ready to go!”

Shane: Not any-fucking-more, I don't, asshole!

[Ilya wiggles out from under Shane and drags him backward by his legs, Shane scrabbling for the phone, until Shane's ass is right up against his hips.]

Ilya: “Ain't nobody freak like me, give ya what you need like me.”

[Shane and Ilya both make a dive for the phone. Ilya lands on top of Shane, pressing him into the mattress. He grabs Shane's wrists as he struggles toward the phone.]

Ilya: Don't be ashamed of your theme song, Hollander!

[Shane flops face first onto the bed, appearing to give up. He tilts his head to the side so he can talk.]

Shane: Why the fuck do I put up with you?

[Ilya grins widely.]

Ilya: I know of one very big reason.

Shane: You're the fucking *worst*.

[Shane bucks Ilya straight off the side of the bed. His face is burning bright red as he ends the stream.]

-

russianmenace81: OUR BISEXUAL KING!!! 🏰💖💖💖🏰

katkatkatkat: So they just... straight up confirmed that they're fucking, right?

its_21_pucks: Yall are getting trolled so hard by Rozy is2g

↪ **bostonbb14:** seriously these people are delusional. they clearly have no idea how male friendships work

starriskies: Congrats on coming out, bicon! 💜

shanesazz: The way Shane just fully threw that man on the bed DID THINGS to me

cen1fan: tbh this is the messy af representation we need and deserve

hollzyballzy: finding out our golden boy is a secret freak might be the highlight of my year. GOOD FOR YOU HOLLZY, GET IT.

puckboy34: I don't understand what's going on here, why is everyone freaking out over a joke

berry_berry: Did... did he just imply that the "one big reason" was his dick

hollaathollander: I can't believe we're getting Hollanov freak4freak today this is a FEAST

luludelulu: Wait so @ShaneHollanderMetros what song would YOU pick for Rozy?

↪ **ShaneHollanderMetros:** The Giver by Chappell Roan

↪ **russianmenace81:** The service top anthem. This feels right and true and good.

↪ **luludelulu:** Oh my god he actually responded and it's perfect

cozywithrozy: WE LOVE YOU ROZY 🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈

hollanova: Oh my god there's so much here I'm going to need 2-3 business years to unpack it all

↪ **thereshewent:** For real, just the coming out would have been enough but then there was All That

putmeinthesinbin: This is the most chaotic coming out of all time we are blessed 🙌

↪ **russianmenace81:** It's Rozanov, it could never have been any other way 🙌

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya stands in front of a mirror, the camera capturing his reflection. He's dressed in perfectly tailored jeans and a black shirt that's unbuttoned nearly to his navel. His curls are perfectly

styled.]

Ilya: Fit check, everyone. I have convinced Shane to go out to a club with friends tonight. It's rare occurrence so I must look hot.

[He turns, keeping the camera faced toward the mirror, to show off the back of the shirt, which is sheer. Shane's reflection appears in the mirror as he walks in wearing jeans and a tight black T-shirt. His eyes immediately travel south.]

Shane: You are not wearing that shirt.

Ilya: What? Why? This is great shirt!

Shane: We'll never make it to the club.

Ilya: What, is it too sexy? You cannot stand it?

[They make direct eye contact for a long, silent moment.]

Shane: You could at least do up some more buttons.

Ilya: Oh, would that help?

Shane: Yes.

Ilya: I will do one more button.

Shane: Two.

Ilya: One.

Shane: Two. Unless this is you saying we can stay home after all.

[Shane reaches around from behind Ilya and does up the two buttons for him, letting his hands skim up Ilya's sides when he's done. His heated gaze trails up and down Ilya's reflection and he licks his lips.]

Shane: Well, it's better than it was, but there's only so much you can do.

Ilya: I think it's working, chat. (He winks.) See you at the club.

[The livestream ends.]

-

Shanesazz: oh Hollzy looks like he wants to EAT him

ilyastiddies: I have been summoned

puckboy34: See Rozy's going out to a club like old times everyone can calm down now

↪ **bluelineboy**: seriously rozy is gonna pick up like crazy tonight

↪ **pucksinnetsplz**: I dunno man... i'm starting to have doubts

hollanova: Can't believe the bros are still trying to straightwash THIS 🙄

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[It's later that same night. Ilya and Shane are pressed together, Ilya's front to Shane's back. The music in the background is so loud that it's impossible to tell what song is playing. Shane and Ilya move together in perfect rhythm, eyes half-lidded, Ilya's left hand running up under Shane's shirt to skate over his abs while his other hand holds the phone out in front of them over Shane's shoulder. Ilya shouts, barely audible above the music.]

Ilya: Everyone who thinks Shane Hollander can't dance is wrong. Get one drink in him and he can absolutely dance. (A pause.) With *me*, at least.

[Ilya presses a kiss to the spot where Shane's jaw meets his neck. Shane's eyes fall shut briefly.]

Shane: Are you seriously taking shots at Rose right now? It's not like it was her fault.

Ilya: Yes, not her fault you are too gay to know what to do with a woman.

Shane: Fuck you.

[Shane tips his head sideways against Ilya's, smiling. Ilya says something inaudible in his ear that makes Shane's smile widen. He turns his head toward Ilya and they kiss, deep and slow. The livestream ends.]

-

RealRoseLandry: These are strays I don't mind catching. 🙄 Love you both sm!

↪ **IlyaRozanov81**: I won.

↪ **RealRoseLandry**: My guy, no one is taking him from you, calm down 😏

russianmenace81: Remember a few months ago when I said Ilya was jealous of Rose? Remember that?

cozywithrozy: KISS!! 🥹🥹🥹

↪ **thereshewent**: KISS!! 🏳️🏳️🏳️

↪ **cenz1fan:** KISS!! 🙄🙄🙄🙄

↪ **putmeinthesinbin:** KISS!! 🙄🙄🙄

starriskies: The bros are suspiciously quiet tonight

↪ **berry_berry:** I mean, this straight up confirms Shane is gay, and Ilya already came out as bi, and they KISSED, so like... what can they even say?

↪ **starriskies:** You underestimate the powers of heteronormativity I fear. tbh I am waiting for someone to be like “what I kiss my bros sometimes too so what”

↪ **puckboy34:** I mean I’m still not convinced this isn’t all a huge prank

↪ **starriskies:** of course you aren’t sweetie

↪ **pucksinnetsplz:** I admit defeat

hollanova: WE LOVE YOU SO MUCH HOLLZY! 🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈

shanesazz: Me 🍷 THE Shane Hollander
Too gay to know what to do with a woman

hollzyballzy: I am unexpectedly crying real tears 🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Same night again, an hour later, in a quieter corner of the club. Ilya’s shirt has ended up unbuttoned back to where it was at the start of the night and his curls have escaped their careful styling. Ilya opens his mouth to start talking but is interrupted by J.J. Dagenais.]

J.J.: Hey, you and Capitaine heading out?

Ilya: Yes, soon as I find him. This place isn’t that big, where could he—

[The camera tips back, help at hip height, showing the ceiling and underside of Ilya’s chin as he looks around.]

Ilya: There you are. Ready to go?

[Shane steps into the frame, throwing an arm around Ilya’s shoulder and pulling him close so they’re touching from hip to forehead.]

Shane: Yes. We either go *right now* or we make use of that single stall bathroom back there.

Ilya: Uhhh...

[Ilya glances down at the phone with a grimace. Shane follows his gaze and sighs.]

Shane: You're live right now, aren't you?

Ilya: ...maybe?

[Shane takes the phone from his hand and holds it up at eye level.]

Shane: Sorry everyone, we have to go home now. Have a good night.

[The livestream ends, cutting off Ilya mid-laugh.]

-

hollzyballzy: Confirming the Big Ole Freak allegations

hollaathollander: Golden boy shane hollander was ready to fuck nasty in a club bathroom, okay, so they are made for each other

ohyesshedares: Hope you had a fun night guys 😊

puckboy34: wait I don't get it what's the big deal about him wanting to use the bathroom?

↩ **shanesazz:** Oh sweet baby honey child

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya's face is very close to the phone as he carefully balances it up against something, then sits back, revealing a bedroom. Shane is laying in the bed, watching Ilya with a wary expression. Ilya is straddling his legs.]

Shane: What are you doing?

Ilya: Saving this moment for... what is word, when you want people to remember in the future?

Shane: For posterity?

Ilya: Yes, that's it. Very important moment. Needs to be remembered.

[Ilya leans over the edge of the bed. The camera picks up the sound of a drawer opening, followed by some rummaging. Shane sits up a bit, propping himself up on his elbows.]

Shane: Should I be worried?

Ilya: Of course not. You know me.

Shane: That's why I'm concerned.

[Ilya moves back into the frame and lays on top of Shane, resting his folded hands on Shane's stomach. After a moment, he moves his hands, revealing a small black velvet box. He opens it up and grins up at Shane.]

Ilya: Shane, moya lyubov... will you marry me?

[Shane blinks in shock and is silent for a beat too long. Ilya snickers.]

Shane: Ilya, I already proposed to you last week!

Ilya: Yes, so would be very awkward if you said no right now.

Shane: But we're already engaged!

Ilya: Yes, and I have your beautiful ring on my finger now.

[He leans over toward the phone, holding out his right hand to show off the ring on his finger. It's black with polished gold edges. He pulls his hand away and turns back to Shane, wiggling the ring box back and forth.]

Ilya: Now is time for me to give you *your* ring.

Shane: You're ridiculous.

Ilya: Is that a yes?

Shane: Of course it's a yes, you idiot. Because again, *I already proposed to you*. The yes is implied.

Ilya: Is nice to hear anyway. I love you.

Shane: I love you, too, you ridiculous man. Let's get this ring on my finger.

[Ilya sets the box aside and slides the ring on Shane's finger. They both stare quietly down at their hands for a moment. Eventually, Shane brings his left hand—with the new ring—up to Ilya's face and draws him in for a kiss.]

Shane: You were right, it's nice to have one, too.

Ilya: I'm so glad this is recorded and saved to the internet forever.

Shane: Ilya—

Ilya: The whole internet just heard you tell me I was right.

[Shane rolls his head toward the phone with a resigned expression.]

Shane: There goes the sweet moment.

[Ilya grins.]

Ilya: Yes, and now we get to have super hot engagement sex *again*, lucky us!

Shane: ILYA.

[Ilya cackles and flops over Shane's lap to end the livestream.]

-

hollanova: THEY'RE GETTING MARRIED!!!! 😭😭😭 THIS IS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE!!!!

SvetlanaVetrova: Of course THIS is how you announce your engagement. Can't believe he let you get away with it. Love you, Ilyusha.

↪ **ShaneHollanderMetros:** "let" as if Ilya isn't just a thing that happens to me

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** we will do boring post with boring statement approved by agents and managers too I GUESS

cozywithrozy: CONGRATULATIONS SHANE AND ILYA! 🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈

RealRoseLandry: Good job, Ilya, he deserves a ring too after how hard he stressed picking out yours 😏

↪ **ShaneHollanderMetros:** Gee THANKS

↪ **RealRoseLandry:** Just keeping it real bestie 🙄

↪ **IlyaRozanov81:** I almost like you, rose landry

↪ **RealRoseLandry:** Shut up you love me.

puckboy34: Rozanov, don't you think you're taking this prank a bit far?

↪ **bluelineboy:** Seriously like it's not funny anymore, find a new bit

↪ **berry_berry:** Guys they literally confirmed they're in a relationship in an interview with ESPN two weeks ago. I don't understand what's difficult about this. It's real. You lost. Get over it.

russianmenace81: MARRIED!!!!!!!!!!!!!! 🏳️‍🌈🏳️‍🌈💍🏳️‍🌈

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[Ilya and Shane sit side by side on a couch. Shane is wearing a gray-blue hoodie that looks a little too big for him, his hands pulled up inside the sleeves. Ilya wears a black hoodie with the Ottawa Centaurs logo on the chest. He leans back after starting the livestream and puts an arm around Shane, pulling him into his side.]

Ilya: Hello, everyone! Sorry it's been a while, new season and all, we are busy. But now that I've had my fun and the news of our relationship is out, we thought we would do a quick... what is it called?

Shane: An AMA?

Ilya: Yes, a quick AMA about our relationship. Just a few minutes. We know you have questions. Go ahead and ask them.

[Their gazes drop to the bottom of the screen where questions must have been pouring in. Shane quirks a smile.]

Shane: Well, this is probably one of the most popular questions we get: How long have we been together?

Ilya: Depends how you count it.

Shane: We went exclusive in January of 2017, and made things official that summer. But we were together casually for...

Ilya: Years. The whole time.

Shane: "When was your first kiss?" July of 2010. So yeah. The whole time. Before we were rookies.

Ilya: I see some people asking if Shane is the reason I moved to Ottawa. Yes, is obvious, being five hours apart was terrible. Two hours, still not great, but much better so far. (A pause.) "When are you getting married?" Next summer, during off-season.

Shane: We might do the paperwork part sooner, but the whole party and guests thing will be in the summer.

[They lean forward to look for more questions. Ilya shoots a silent look at Shane, who flushes and shakes his head.]

Ilya: Come on, everyone, you must ask questions Shane will actually let me answer!

Shane: Oh, here's one I'd love for *you* to answer: "Did you plan to come out this way or are you just this messy?" Well put.

Ilya: Okay, okay, look, when we started this a year ago we originally planned to just come out as friends so we could be seen hanging out together without it being so crazy. But then being more open got sort of...

Shane: Addicting, I guess?

Ilya: Yes. And I just wanted to share more and more. We thought about stopping while we still had... what?

Shane: Plausible deniability.

Ilya: That. But we talked and decided we may as well just fully come out. I've been working with immigration lawyer and felt safe, and we are getting married soon anyway, so. Here we are.

Shane: Our managers and agents were good sports about it. It actually worked out pretty well, PR-wise. So, thanks for that, everyone.

Ilya: Was fun way to fuck with our teammates, too. Ease them into it. I got to fuck with both Boston *and* Ottawa. A perfect goodbye for my old team and a fitting hello for the new one. Important to set expectations, you know.

Shane: You made that Centaurs group chat pure chaos from the day your signing got announced.

Ilya: I did. They love me for it.

Shane: Yeah, our teammates give us tons of shit about it, but, you know. Lovingly, for the most part.

[Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple. Shane's eyes fall half-shut as he leans into it.]

Ilya: Anyway, I know this was short, but we must get to dinner with Shane's parents in a few minutes.

Shane: We just wanted to thank all of you for your support. Well, most of you. Some of you are...

Ilya: Oblivious to the point that you should be worried about yourself.

Shane: For real. We're the ones who get concussions for a living. What's your excuse?

Ilya: Oh, one last treat for you!

[Ilya turns Shane's face toward him and dips down to capture his lips in a fierce kiss. When they part, both their cheeks are tinged with pink.]

Ilya: Okay, bye!

Shane: Bye everyone.

[With a burst of sudden movement, Ilya picks Shane up and throws him over one shoulder. Shane kicks and squawks in protest as Ilya, shit-eating grin in place, ends the livestream]

-

hollanova: I would die for them

weighted_blankett: THE WHOLE TIME

↪ **hollzyballzy:** It is October 2018. That means they had their first kiss over EIGHT YEARS AGO. I am unwell.

russianmenace81: This is so on brand for them to start out with a plan and fully devolve into chaos gremlins

starriskies: Your honor I love them

russianmenace81: What a blessed year we have had with all these lives. I hope they keep doing them.

puckboy34: congrats guys. Sorry for being an asshole.

↪ **hollanova:** CHARACTER GROWTH

↪ **shanesazz:** proud of you man

↪ **cozywithrozy:** What an arc

IlyaRozanov81 is now live!

[The livestream begins with a view of a completely wrecked bed, shot from the perspective of someone laying in that same bed. A completely nude Shane Hollander is walking away from it, bare ass on full display as he heads for the en-suite bathroom.]

Ilya: (off-screen) Oh, shit, no no no no—

[The screen goes mostly black except at the corner where some light bleeds in. It looks like it's been shoved under a blanket.]

Shane: (off-screen) What happened?

Ilya: (off-screen) NOTHING!

[The livestream ends. It is not saved to Ilya's grid afterward.]

Chapter End Notes

And that's it! Would love to know what you thought of it. Your comments and kudos mean everything to me. ♥

I hope you'll give my other HR fics a try! If you liked this one, you might enjoy Shane Hollander, Pro Level Cowboy or The Real Scoop the best.

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