

Shane Hollander's Unofficial Fan Club

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Shane Hollander's Unofficial Fan Club

by [rachelrae](#)

Summary

Harris had an unofficial poll on a whiteboard in the media team's office: Team Hollander vs Team Rozanov; something that apparently was never allowed to be revealed to the general public according to Harris's strong warning the first time Wyatt had seen it. He had promptly and dramatically signed his name under Team Hollander, though he had to write small in the little space left. He had obviously landed up at the best team possible - at least when it came to being a fan of Shane Hollander.

Then Ilya Rozanov was traded to Ottawa.

Suddenly, Shane Hollander went from a Hockey God, whose presence Wyatt was graced with a few times a year, to the most talked about figure in the Centaurs locker room.

Ilya Rozanov was not Shane Hollander, but he might as well be the second best thing. Who else knew Shane Hollander better than his rival? Here was a live, captive source of information. A practical Shane Hollander encyclopaedia.

Or

The Ottawa Centaurs accidentally end up being the Shane Hollander Unofficial Fan Club. And now, with Ilya on the team, Shane Hollander is always there! Wow!

Notes

Hello hello you lovely folks!

Going back to uni post Cottage has been rough, but the hold these boys have on me is too strong. I wrote this instead of my essay and I stand behind that decision.

Mild spoilers for The Long Game and slight canon divergence/you could just view this as extra behind the scenes - something to hold us over until book 3!!!! AHHH!!!!

Also, I know nothing about hockey, so like, please just ignore any mistakes/inaccuracies about that. Thanks!

If you notice any spelling mistakes, please feel free to let me know!

This work has been translated into Russian by CreateWorldsWithWords!!

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授翻】Shane Hollander非官方粉丝俱乐部](#) by [Krisha0101](#)

(Wyatt)

When Wyatt had been traded to the Ottawa Centaurs, he had mostly just been excited to actually have a chance to play in NHL games. If you had told him then, just a few years later, that his favorite part of playing in Ottawa would be the team's love for Shane Hollander, he would have never believed it.

He wasn't even sure when it all started. Well, that's a lie. He knows when it started for him.

2009. NHL Draft.

Seeing a young Shane Hollander on ice was electrifying. Wyatt was already in love with hockey. He knew what skills went behind looking that graceful and deadly on two blades. He had grown up with posters of former NHL players plastered on his childhood bedroom walls. Yet, there was something about Hollander that drew him in. Mesmerized, he had watched the entire draft at the edge of his seat, wishing, hoping, dreaming of ending up on the same team as him.

And then some arrogant, Russian asshole had beaten Hollander out for first draft pick. An arrogant asshole that Wyatt now loved and very much admired as his captain, but that was another detail he would have never believed before.

Wyatt may or may not have ordered the first, original print Hollander posters. For collectors sake. And a few more after that.

Many years later, posters since rolled up and cluttering up his attic, Wyatt still had a special love for everything Shane Hollander. Of course, his favorite moments were the games he played against Montreal. Being on the same ice. But he never missed a game. There were plenty of times he was not able to watch Montreal's games live, but thanks to the wonders of modern media, there were always plenty of ways to watch post game. If he was really on a time crunch, he was quick to go to @hollzsbestmoments on youtube for the game highlights. He followed that account on his second youtube profile for privacy sake. He's not stupid. Just a fanboy.

The Ottawa Centaurs had welcomed him with open arms when he'd been traded and Wyatt had long grown out of hiding parts of himself. Screw anyone who told him he couldn't support other players in the league. Being a NHL player did not exclude him from being a NHL fan. So when Harris had asked for his favorite player in his opening 'Meet our new goalie' clip for the team's instagram, Wyatt had smiled wide. "Shane Hollander!"

No one on the team had given him any shit for that. The Centaurs weren't like that, Wyatt was quick to discover. In fact, he seemed to fit right in. Harris had an unofficial poll on a whiteboard in the media team's office: Team Hollander vs Team Rozanov; something that apparently was never allowed to be revealed to the general public according to Harris's strong warning the first time Wyatt had seen it. He had promptly and dramatically signed his name under Team Hollander, though he had to write small in the little space left. He had obviously landed up at the best team possible - at least when it came to being a fan of Shane Hollander.

Then Ilya Rozanov was traded to Ottawa.

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Wyatt had tried to remain subtle at the beginning. "I wonder if Hollander's going to the All Star Games this year." He pretended to ponder, leaning closer to Roz as he peeled off his gear post practice.

Roz had sent him a bewildered look. "Hollander, not at the All Star Games?" He had reached over and laid a much too sweaty hand against Wyatt's forehead. "Are you feeling ok?"

"I'm just speculating!" He had tried to defend himself, but Roz hadn't let it go. It wasn't until the team medic had checked his temperature that Roz let Wyatt go home.

He gave up on subtly after that.

"What's Hollander's favorite beer?" He asked one break during a long day of training.

"Beer? Hollander? No." Roz had given him a similar worried look as that day in the locker room.

"Huh." Wyatt hadn't known what to say to that. What wouldn't send Roz into over protective captain mode again.

After a longer pause, "Ginger ale." Roz wasn't looking at him, but given the answer, Wyatt perked up. "He likes ginger ale. Canada Dry, is favorite."

Wyatt was sure he was smiling like a lunatic all of practice afterwards.

"Did you know Hollander comes from a hockey family?" He asked during warm ups in a game against New York.

"Yes. His dad played for McGill." Roz had giggled to himself at that answer. Like, a full, channeling his inner teenage girl giggle.

Wyatt had been too shocked to question it. Or ask what position Hollander's dad had liked to play.

"How does Hollander even do that?" Wyatt had ranted, breathless and amazed post loss to Montreal. Shane Hollander having seemingly inhumanly bending himself on the ice to get a shot past Wyatt.

"Yoga." Roz didn't even look up from his phone, beer forgotten in front of him. "You saw him. We watched his documentary last time at Bood's."

Huh, Wyatt had forgotten that part.

“Is Hollander a dog or cat person?” He wasn’t even really meaning to ask Roz specifically here. It was one of the first times Harris had brought Chiron around to meet the team and the locker room was full of half undressed hockey players all trying to pet him at once.

“Hollander is dog.” Ilya had declared from the center of the puppy cuddle crisis.

“Huh, I could see him more as a cat person.” Dykstra had made the mistake of believing this to be a team conversation.

“No.” Roz had clutched Chiron close to him, shock and outrage twisting his features. “No.”

Wyatt had quickly changed the subject at that.

“Hollander’s favorite food?”

“Bird food.”

“Hollander’s favorite color?”

“Blue. Like lake in the mornings.”

“Hollander’s best friend?”

“Jackie’s husband.”

“Hollander’s favorite...”

Roz always knew the answers. And Wyatt always believed him.

(Coach Wiebe)

When he had received the confirmation that he was the new coach in Ottawa, Brandon Wiebe had pictured one thousand ways his first year would be difficult. How would the NHL fanbase react to the news that he, an almost forgotten hockey player, was going to coach the Centaurs? How would the team react, especially given that he didn’t feel all that much older than some of the players? What stress was Roger Crowell sure to stir up? Could he even properly coach an NHL team?

Yet, the issue that kept him up at night had nothing to do with those questions. His brain was too focussed on the bigger question:

Why had Ilya Rozanov asked for a trade to Ottawa?

Getting the position had been a dream come true, but Brandon truly had to pinch himself when the news of Rozanov’s trade was presented to him. It had hurt, but surely a pinch would also hurt in whatever alternate reality he seemed to have fallen into.

The possibility of delusion had haunted him all the way up to watching Ilya Rozanov waltz into his (new) office.

“Is nice place.” Rozanov had offered instead of a greeting, eyes practically sparkling as he shook Brandon’s hand.

“We’re glad to have you here.” Brandon had managed. “The Centaurs are honored to have the best player in the league.” Woah. Tone it down, Wiebe. Too hard.

Yet, instead of whatever cocky response Brandon had watched Rozanov give reporters hundreds of times over the years, Ilya Rozanov had shot him a confused glance, head slightly tilted, eyebrows furrowed.

“Best player? No. I’m Rozanov, not Hollander.”

Brandon hadn’t known what to do with that response. He must have said something, or one of the sponsors in the room must have introduced themselves. Somehow the conversation had moved on, but Brandon had never forgotten those words. That look.

As the season had begun, he watched his players tiptoe around mentioning Hollander the first few weeks of practice. The fear in their eyes when someone accidentally mentioned the H-word. Yet, every time Brandon caught a glimpse of that same, first reaction. Rozanov caught off guard, confused.

It wasn’t until Wyatt Hayes had broken free of the collective team shyness that Brandon saw Rozanov really light up on the ice. It was almost like it was a magic word. Just one mention of Hollander and any darkness swirling around Rozanov was whisked away.

Brandon Wiebe was not a betting man. But if you asked him, the likelihood of a certain decade long rivalry being a farce was rising every day.

And then Ilya Rozanov stopped by his office after practice one day. Had explained, without making eye contact, that he and Hollander - together! - were starting a charity. A summer camp to raise money together for suicide prevention. Had stuttered through a wild, outrageous, undoubtedly truthful confession of his friendship with his oh so public rival.

Brandon had believed him up to the point Rozanov made about this all just starting the past year.

Because he had known better.

He had remembered that face, that first day in his office.

Suddenly, a new question entered his thoughts, and Brandon knew he would not be sleeping tonight.

Had Rozanov asked to be traded to Ottawa to be closer to Hollander?

(Zane)

Look, Zane was no stranger to playing against modern Hockey Gods. Sure, he'd had his fair share of foolish moments his rookie season. Everyone has to adjust to suddenly being on the same ice as those very same players that inspired thousands of little boys and girls to pick up a hockey stick. Everyone lets Scott Hunter steal the puck once a game for a whole season. Everyone obsessively marks every piece of gear *that* player touched. Zane was normal.

He would say, with a small matter of pride, he handled Rozanov's trade to Ottawa with grace. He was extremely normal about it. Only Cassie knew the truth.

There may or may not be a certain video of him hyperventilating and babbling love poetry about Roz on ice as blackmail on his wife's phone.

But, if the team asked. He was cool. Ice cool. Sure, he had spent the week in between the announcement and first practice back trying to learn Russian. And failing. Sure, he had barely slept the night before and had played horribly at practice that day. Sure, he would describe himself as a Rozanov fan. His name was one of the few under Team Rozanov behind Harris' desk - a whiteboard hastily covered up with an old team poster that first practice back.

There was something to be said, though, about playing on the same ice. Day for day, Zane found it harder to keep Rozanov up on that pedestal.

Rozanov was, arguably, the best player in the league. Roz was a mess every morning, showing up just minutes before practice would begin with a McGriddle half shoved in his mouth. Rozanov was an All Star Player; an All Star Captain. Roz was his captain, who refused to sit alone on team flights, forcing player after player to watch Fast & Furious with him on his iPad. Rozanov was a beast on blades. Roz got cuddly when he was drunk.

Ilya Rozanov was Shane Hollander's biggest rival. Roz was Hollzy's biggest fan.

And best friend, somehow.

Roz was Zane's friend too. By some miracle.

Roz didn't hang out with the team often, claiming conflicting plans most evenings, but the few evenings Zane had convinced him out were covered in a magical haze. Cassie called it a 'man-crush'. The way he behaved around Roz. The way he talked about Roz after such nights.

The worst part was, he couldn't even argue with her. There was something special about the feeling of those times out with Roz and the team, watching Russia's greatest hockey player pretend to lose a game of darts against Haas. Something special, almost familial, that tinted those evenings where their team felt whole. Zane wished for a thousand more of those evenings. Don't tell his agent, but he loved those evenings more than hockey sometimes.

So the first time Shane Hollander had shown up on one of those evenings, post a game against Montreal, Zane had felt a little threatened.

Sure, he and Roz were ‘friends’ now. Why the fuck did that need to mean Hollzy was coming out with them and not his team? Roz had barely paid attention to anyone else that evening, either. Hadn’t even looked at another person in the bar, if Zane was being truthful. He had watched from a booth over as Hayes chattered Hollander’s ears off, a few other guys from the team crowded around the booth, hanging off every stuttered response from the Montreal player.

Stupid Team Hollander.

It wasn’t until the summer, an evening after a day of Roz’s summer camp, that Zane really talked to Hollander for the first time off the ice.

“God, he’s an asshole.” Hollander had started. Zane startled. He hadn’t even realized Hollander had come to stand beside him next to the rink until he spoke.

Yet, he knew exactly what Hollander was talking about as they watched Rozy bark and yell, forcing the other professional former and current NHL and NWHL players to run a suicide drill over and over again. All the kids were gone for the day. No one had any reason to remain on the ice, yet part of Zane itched to lace his skates back up and join in.

“A crazy asshole.” He offered Hollander in response. They hadn’t been working directly together that week, but Zane had still been surprised to see Hollander in Ottawa. On the ice not for a game. Working with Rozy.

Zane had felt himself thawing with every laugh from Roz. With every argument made kid appropriate between the two biggest rivals in the league. With every moment of pure friendship and admiration between them.

“Thank you.” Zane found himself saying before he could overthink it. At Hollander’s furred brow, he offered up: “Thank you, for organizing this for Roz. With Rozy. It’s really good for him.”

Hollander seemed to take a moment to process the words, before he relaxed, leaning forward on the outside wall of the rink. “Thank you, for being here. And for being there for him on the team.” There was a pause, then, quieter, “Ottawa has been good for him.”

Zane shifted his gaze back to Rozy on the ice, the man laughing madly now as the others collapsed on the ice around him. “It’s an honor to be on the team with him. He has so much love to give.” Zane wasn’t sure what made him say that. But the second the words left his mouth, he knew they were true.

There was a shaky breath from Hollander. “Playing on the same ice as him is my favorite thing in the world.”

“Mine too.” Zane let that confession hang between them.

At some point, Rozy noticed them standing there and skated over, heckling them before they both stepped back out onto the ice. The whole team working camp missed their dinner reservations that day. Zane was ok with that.

So it was safe to say after that, Zane was a little bit more open to hanging out with Shane Hollander. He may or may not have snuck Hollzy's name on the Team Rozanov white board. He hung up the poster after, don't worry.

And now that there was no jealous hatred - or at least that's what Cassie called it - clouding his vision, he had to admit Hollzy was pretty cool. Hell, just the connections the man had were insane. Zane knew they were all professional NHL players, but not all professional NHL players were close, personal friends with Rose Landry!

It was after a game in Montreal, so close to the playoffs that Zane was surprised Hollzy had even met up with the Centaurs. The rest of his team was also at the same bar, but so far Hollzy and Roz had been the only ones to cross the great divide that was the one empty table between the two teams.

Zane had been looking to get to chirp Hollzy. Roz was currently leading in goals this season and this game had only widened the divide. But all thoughts of ragging on Hollzy flew out of his mind when he watched Rose Landry - Rose Landry! - pull Shane Hollander into a hug. And then, with startling familiarity, hug Roz as well.

"She's here for reshoots." Dykstra had barely breathed next to Zane. They were crowded around a standing table with Hayes and Barrett and Zane could practically feel the table vibrating with the combined tension between them.

"Holy shit." Hayes seemed to also be struggling to be normal. Zane could only nod in agreement.

Only Barrett seemed somewhat normal. God, if only Zane could be that cool.

Of course, that also happened to be the moment Hollzy decided the divide was stupid and next thing Zane knew, he was standing at a table with Dykstra, Hayes, Barrett, Roz, Hollzy *and* Rose Landry.

To say it was crowded was an understatement. But Zane would have rather cut off his arm than leave. His said arm currently pressed against Rose Landry.

"Hi." Rose smiled, leaning in slightly to be heard over the commotion of the busy bar, "I'm Rose."

There was a half second where Zane was sure he was going to black out, but Hollzy's amused face over her shoulder pulled him back down. "Zane Boodran. But everyone just calls me Bood."

"Rose knows hockey." Ilya blew a raspberry, leaning half over Hollzy. This happened so often, no one even blinked anymore. Zane was amused to see the same fond glint in Rose's eye at the gesture.

"My brothers play." She offered up. "Which is also why I can say great game and actually mean it."

Zane knew it was foolish that he was blushing, but also knew Cassie would kill him if he chickened out of this conversation. “Was a close one, yes.” God, now he needed something else to say. What did one even say to Rose Landry? Why was she still talking to him and not Shane?

Well, he could answer that second question. Roz and Hollzy had disappeared, the glint of Roz’s curls near the bar.

“Ah, well, that was fast.” Rose huffed out a laugh at the freed space beside her, yet she only leaned in more to add, “Doesn’t it just drive you crazy how they always do this?”

This. This, Zane could do. “Oh my fucking god, yes.” He felt the familiar ridiculousness of Rozy and Hollzy take over. “It’s like, we get it. You guys are friends. But like, you do know you can speak to other people?”

Rose was nodding sagely. “It’s almost like they forget we are here. Not like Shane had promised to be my wingman or something tonight.”

A shocked laugh bubbled out of Zane. “Oh my god. Yes. See, I’m on the other side. My wife made me promise to be Rozy’s wingman tonight.”

There was a calculating glint in Rose’s eye, before she raised her glass to clink with his. “To failed wingmans. And hockey *rivals*.”

In the middle of a sip of his beer, a wild idea popped into Zane’s head. “Say, if your wingman has abandoned you, and my boy has left me, what would you say to a remix of teams here? Hollzy can take Roz, I could help you? Introduce you to some of the guys? Only the cool ones, I promise.”

Rose’s laugh was bright and Zane was shocked to find himself shaking her hand. “I like the sound of that, Bood.”

Fuck, this was so cool. Being friends with Shane Hollander was so fucking cool.

(Harris)

Harris loved his job. He really did. Some games he still felt the urge to pinch himself, just to remind himself that yes, this is real.

And then there were the days when he had to deal with resistant child, loving captain, Mr. doesn't know what no means, Ilya Rozanov. Those were the days he had to take a lot of deep breaths and work on not throwing something.

He loved Ilya, really! The man was just a handful. And absolutely oblivious - or uncaring - for the fame that followed him and his name. Harris had learned to not look at any of Ilya’s tweets past 10pm or he wouldn’t be sleeping. Lord forbid try to get the man to make a concrete Instagram post. Explaining social media to Russian superstars was technically in his

job description, if one was to read between the lines, but Harris had grossly underestimated how much that aspect would dictate his time.

Sometimes, the only thing that would save his day would be a coffee. Brought in by a certain hockey player, who was also hopeless on social media. But Harris could forgive him for that. Ilya was not forgivable.

This unforgiveness was determined, at the bright and early hour of 9am on Monday morning, when Harris' door swung wide open to reveal the grinning Ilya Rozanov.

"Harris!" It was 9am. Did Harris mention this already?

"Ilya. Good morning." Harris tried to keep the worry out of his voice, but this unplanned meeting was sure to bring more stress. Practice wasn't even supposed to begin for another hour. Harris had been hoping for a visit from Troy. Alone. Instead,

"Harris. I have wonderful idea." Ilya had moved fully into his office now and was smiling down at Harris as he towered in front of him on the other side of his desk.

"Shoot." Harris knew better than to say no, now. Better he try damage control from the get go than have to clean up a mess post Rozanov social media attempt.

"So, I saw wonderful video this weekend. Most perfect video. Perfect opportunity for the team." Ilya was practically bouncing in place. Harris had to stifle a sigh. He loved any input from the players, it was just, well, Ilya's last couple of ideas hadn't been the most feasible. "My idea, my very good idea..." Ilya placed both hands on Harris' desk and leaned in close. "Ottawa Centaurs Puppy BuzzFeed Interview."

Harris blinked slowly. "Buzzfeed?"

Ilya nodded, still leaned in. "Puppy Interview. I saw, on Youtube. Is perfect."

"Ilya, I can't just call up BuzzFeed and ask if you can pet puppies." A small voice in the back of his head was telling him, yes, that's actually your job.

Ilya released his hold on Harris' desk and crossed his arms across his chest. Harris ignored how good his biceps looked. "Why not?"

Harris took a second to think. This actually wasn't the worst idea. Still, saying a direct yes, especially to Ilya, was dangerous. "We've never made content with BuzzFeed before. I'm not even sure they'd answer my email."

When met with a contemplating look, Harris struggled to come up with more excus- uh, reasons, to say no. Or, at least, maybe.

But before he could come up with something that didn't just sound like an outright lie, Ilya froze. Harris watched, apprehensively, as the man's gaze shifted to something over his shoulder and as Ilya's mouth fell wide open.

For several, long moments, the silence between them rose. Harris watched as Ilya's eyes flickered back and forth. Pure shock radiated from his features and Harris got the distinct impression Ilya had forgotten he was there.

This could not be good. As improbable as the BuzzFeed Puppy Interview was, it looked like whatever had just occurred to Ilya was only going to be so much more trouble. Harris needed to put a stop to this.

"Look, Ilya." The man jumped, his blue eyes finally shifting back to Harris'. He couldn't name the emotion he saw in Ilya's eyes but Harris pushed forward. "I can email BuzzFeed. Propose a video. Even try to link it to local shelters here in Ottawa. It's not a bad idea. I just can't make any promises that they'll even answer. Or have any interest in coming all the way up here."

Ilya's gaze was flickering the entire time, but before Harris had even finished speaking, a wide, breathtaking smile had taken over.

"You are the best, Harris. I love this team." Was all Ilya said before he practically ran out of the room, the sound of his fading footsteps echoing through the same open door.

Harris had to remind himself to not try to rationalize anything that came with Ilya Rozanov. It wasn't until hours later, when he stepped back into his office after a lunch break with Troy, that Harris realized what would have been perfectly in Ilya's line of sight.

Behind his desk, a very specific and special white board was mostly revealed, the old team poster he had hastily hung up over a year ago hanging on only by one taped corner.

Team Hollander and Team Roza- were clear and readable, as well as most of the signed names.

Oh my, what if Ilya had seen this? Had Ilya seen this? Harris couldn't remember if the white board had been visible when he walked in this morning. When had the poster fallen?

At the end of the day, it wouldn't be the end of the world if Ilya saw the white board. The pure, signed proof of his new team's devotions to hockey's greatest rivals. It wasn't supposed to be a big secret. Harris would like to say that he and all the guys had gotten a lot more normal about playing with (or in his case, working for) the same team as Ilya Rozanov.

But, oh no, what if he had seen how the statistics fell? The difference between the both sides. Almost the entirety of the team's names being under Team Hollander. Harris wasn't ready to explain that.

He pulled out some fresh tape and rehung the old poster. Covered the evidence back up.

Maybe he hadn't seen. Maybe Harris was overthinking things.

But when he walked into his office the next morning, there could be no further doubt. Ilya had seen it. The old poster was completely taken down, folded neatly on Harris' desk. Behind

his desk, the whiteboard hung, new bright, large, red letters printed bold and overlapping every name under Team Hollander: Ilya Rozanov.

(Troy)

All Star Games always made Troy nervous. Even now, he knew the league wasn't stupid and would do something like invite Dallas Kent to this weekend, but there were bound to be players from his old team. Hell, there were bound to be players who knew him from his days with Kent. Who judged him, rightly so, for those years of friendship.

Troy really hadn't wanted to accept the All Stars invite. But then Harris had been so excited for him. And then Roz had made a big deal at practice about what an honor it was to get this chance to represent the team. And so Troy had found himself packing a suitcase instead of enjoying a free week off.

He would willingly admit, he was still a little grumpy about the whole thing. This meant a week away from Harris now, too.

That was, until he saw the team roster. If he had said no to this, Troy was sure he would have hated himself forever.

Roz, Hayes and Troy were all invited. And while Troy knew there was a chance that the teammates could be split up, he hadn't thought about the possible further consequences of that. Hadn't considered the possibility of another Hollander versus Rozanov year. Hadn't expected to not land on Roz's team.

He'd only been playing with the Centaurs' for a few months, but Troy was surprised to realize how quickly he'd adjusted to existing in Roz's bubble. How the fame and stardom had infected his own world. How he still forgot, sometimes, about what also came with being associated with Ilya Rozanov.

Troy was not emotionally prepared to play on the same team as Shane Hollander. Especially not with Hollander as his temporary captain.

Roz had laughed, hard, when the news broke. Had made some comment about the look on Troy's face being cute. Troy had been too busy processing the sudden realizations of what the locker room might look like to really hear it. He had only felt the sympathetic hand on his shoulder from Hayes, who had been stuck with Roz, before Roz's laughter had drowned out any further thoughts.

And here Troy was, on the flight back from the All Star Games and already dreading landing.

He had gotten lucky, taking a later flight than Roz and Hayes back to Ottawa. A few more hours before the conversations were bound to start. God, this was going to be so embarrassing. Troy wasn't sure he could even look Roz in the eye.

Troy didn't even remember which team had won, really. Or, come out on top. However you wanted to put it. All he knew was that he hadn't personally played that horribly in years. If ever.

The All Stars Games weren't serious. Troy knew this. No one was expecting him to play the best of his career here. But like, they were at least expecting him to remember how to use a hockey stick. And how to skate.

Even now, hours and hundreds of miles removed from the games, Troy was still struggling to grasp where he had gone wrong. Had he just started the week off on the wrong foot? Was his right knee still bothering him from their last game? Did the famous rivalry finally get to him?

A part of him knew the real answer. The real reason. The embarrassing reason.

If you were to ask Troy to pinpoint a moment where everything had fallen apart, he could tell you. Recite perfectly the moment in the locker room, when a shirtless Shane Hollander had come up to shake his hand. To thank him for standing up to Kent. To thank him for supporting Roz in Ottawa. And then he had gone and given the most adorable and nervous starting speech as captain, not like he hadn't been an All Stars Captain what felt like countless times before. All the while, still shirtless.

Troy was too gay for this.

He could handle Shane Hollander on the other side of the ice. He could handle Shane Hollander after a game, annoyed by Roz at the bar. He could handle Shane Hollander at various media events. Which is why he thought he could handle this week, playing on the same team.

Troy had never been more wrong.

He'd felt like a duckling, flopping around on the ice, the entire time on the ice with Shane Hollander.

What he couldn't pinpoint was why, exactly. He'd shared the ice with Hollander enough times over the years to be familiar with the graceful way Hollander moved on two blades. Yes, he's always been a big fan of the way Hollander played. Yes, for the most part more than that of Roz, he had admitted as Harris had teased him into signing a hidden whiteboard in his office weeks ago. But he thought he was past his days of being starstruck by Hollander.

Maybe it had something to do with a certain circulating rumor. The possibility of knowing that Shane Hollander was attracted to- no. That wouldn't matter to him. Troy wasn't even interested in Hollander. He needed to figure out his shit with Harris. That's what was important.

But still, he couldn't deny the electricity that was flowing through his veins as he skated in line with Shane Hollander. The swoop in his stomach when he got his shit together enough to facilitate a successful pass to Hollander. The way he lost any semblance of concentration when Hollander was shirtless in the locker rooms. Which was much too often, if you asked Troy.

And it had all affected his play. Which crossed a level of personal that Troy was unprepared to deal with.

Roz's smirk the entire week had let him know that certain fact hadn't escaped his notice, either.

When Troy walked into practice, the next day, he still didn't have a better excuse prepared. What could he even say?

"There he is! Team Hollander in the flesh!" Boodman was yelling, swinging a shirt over his head. Troy immediately felt his cheeks flush. After Roz had found the whiteboard two weeks back, the team had become a lot more open about throwing around the two team names. Especially in the context of the All Star Games.

"The betrayal." Roz was leaning back against his locker, next to Troy's, clutching a hand over his chest. "Betrayed by my own teammate."

"Roz, you knew I was playing on the other team." Troy tried to keep his voice level.

"Ah, playing! Yes, that is a good word for what that week was." Roz wiggled his eyebrows to the laughter of their teammates.

Troy was surprised that the word stung less than he thought they would. The laughter didn't hurt as much either. "Shut up." He still said, but there was a blend of humor and relief in his words.

Roz leaned in close as Troy slowly unpacked his bag. "It is difficult, no? Playing with a god." At Troy's shocked gaze, Roz had just laughed and then whispered, "I forgot which goal post was mine, 2017. When we got put together. Hollander got so mad."

Troy didn't know what to say to that. He didn't remember that moment, on the ice. Maybe the cameras hadn't picked it up. He could only nod slowly, feeling the words from Roz wash away the last of the tension in his shoulders.

That wasn't to say the teasing comments were over. Practice barely went five seconds without one of Troy's teammates calling out something at him. But he could tell most of them were also just as in awe as he had been. And jealous. Not that he could blame them. Shane Hollander was a God on the ice.

(Luca)

Luca knew that this was wrong. He had kept this a secret for years now. No one was ever supposed to know. But how was he supposed to be normal about this? How could anyone be normal about this?

When the video, the zoomed in version of Hayden Pike's original, had first made its rounds on social media, Luca hadn't believed it. They say seeing is believing, but his brain couldn't process the image in front of him. He knew Roz. Heck, he would even say he knew Hollzy after the past year on a team with Roz. Yet everything in him screamed the video was fake.

Because Luca Haas, secret Hollanov tumblr shipper, was not sure how he was supposed to feel about his all time teenage ship going canon. If that's even what you called this?

He hadn't even posted in years. But in the days following the video, his tumblr blew up and his DMs were full of people asking how he, apparently one of the original Hollanov fan artists, knew what was going on all those years ago?

Luca hadn't answered a single message. In truth, he hadn't known what was going on. He had just been a young hockey player in Zürich, admiring the NHL from across the Atlantic. He had created a tumblr account mostly for the anonymous factor. It became a place where he could practice his English, post his hockey fan art and interact with other hockey fans. Other queer hockey fans.

Of course the Rozanov Hollander Rivalry was big on tumblr. Luca remembered the first post he had seen, years ago, where someone had theorized the potential Enemies to Lovers possibility between two of the world's biggest hockey players. How that thought had grabbed him and held on strong over the years.

The first few posts he made of the two of them together were purely hockey based. Renditions of their face offs at center ice. But as the years had gone on, Luca had received request after request to depict the two men in other situations. And then he had made the mistake of honoring one request and suddenly he had hundreds of new followers overnight.

He never posted anything too graphic. He had been too embarrassed for years to even indicate that they would even kiss in his artwork. And still, people ate it up. King of domestic Hollanov, some of his followers took to calling him.

And then he was actually drafted into the NHL in 2018. And just a short two years later, he was playing on the same team as Ilya Rozanov.

He had already slowed down his posting after the draft, but there was suddenly no way he could continue posting now. What if the team were ever to find out? What if someone hacked his account and Roz saw it? Or, worse, what if Hollander saw it? Luca would rather die.

But he still couldn't bring himself to delete his account. He rationed with himself that as long as he didn't post anything new, nothing would happen.

And then that one shitty fan posted his fanmail video on Twitter. And suddenly Hollanov was trending. Was mainstream.

Luca felt like he was living a double life. One half of him was an Ottawa Centaur. Roz was his friend and captain. He was in awe of discovering the man he looked up to was apparently now also queer. His heart also hurt for the pain of the reveal of their relationship being taken from them. The other half of him was screaming. Internally. Stuck in an endless cycle analysing old videos and social media posts for any hint of this. The part of him that was a Shane Hollander fan was also screaming at the possibility of there now being not just one, but three queer captains in the NHL. The thought that he might not have to keep that part of himself a secret forever.

From what Luca could tell so far, he had really lucked out by being drafted by the Centaurs. The online discourse over how the two NHL teams were handling this delicate situation only confirmed what Luca already knew: The Montreal Voyageurs were all assholes and they don't deserve Shane Hollander.

And while the general media presence from Harris and the rest of the team was overwhelmingly positive, Luca was still nervous that first practice after. What was going to be said?

Luca was uselessly early. Which was stupid of him. What was he supposed to do now? Sit around in his car in the parking lot?

But when he pulled into the lot, he was surprised to see most of the other guys' cars already there. Pointedly, Roz's jeep wasn't there yet.

Before he could talk himself out of it, Luca pulled his bag and a manila folder out of the back seat and headed in the direction of the locker room.

The hallways of the stadium were quiet, but Luca could hear the laughter and chatter of his teammates through the cracked door as he approached.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed open the door slowly, taking one step in before the sight in front of him froze him.

"Hey Haasy!" Hayes called, balanced up on one ladder holding one end of a handmade banner.

"Haasy! Perfect. We need an artist's touch." Boodman clapped a hand on his shoulder and pulled him further into the room.

Luca managed a half nod, eyes still stuck on the banner, which read (in much too cramped handwriting) Captain of Team Hollander. Hayes and Dykstra were currently attempting to hang it over Roz's locker.

It still took Luca an embarrassingly long minute to process what was happening here. What the banner, smuggled in confetti and streamers now hanging from the locker room ceiling meant. When it did finally hit him, he had to struggle to swallow down the lump in his throat. To push down, ever so slightly, how much this flashy show of support for Roz moved him.

"Give me that." Luca shoved all his stuff in his locker and gestured for Bood to pass him the tape and streamers in his hands.

"Let's go!" Bood cheered, moving on to spread more confetti across the floor of the locker room. Luca ignored the fact that confetti was supposed to be thrown in the moment and the certain fact that they would have to clean this all up later and concentrated on the rainbow colors surrounding him as he climbed up on the benches to hang further streamers of various colors around the locker room.

Hayes and Dykstra had finally just gotten the banner somewhat straight (which really, wasn't that so representative of their team) when Barrett sounded the alarm. "Here comes Roz!" a hissed whisper.

Frantically, the ladders were shoved in the showers and hand held confetti canons were passed out. Then, quiet. The sound of hesitant, slow footsteps getting louder and louder.

Luca held his breath as he watched the door to the locker room swing in, Roz shouldering his way into the room, gaze oriented towards the floor. Luca had a split second to take in his turned in shoulders, the flash of fear in his eyes, before Bood led the team.

"Woohoo!" The pop of the confetti cannon was much too loud in the enclosed room, but Luca pulled on the string of his in time with Barrett. And then he got to take in Roz's shocked face, rainbow confetti raining down all around them.

"What is this?" Roz's voice was so small.

Hayes took a step forward and made a sweeping motion with his hands towards Roz's locker. "We had a team meeting, without you, sorry, but thought it would be very important, following some recent events, to vote on a team captain."

"I am captain." Roz was still speaking slowly, head rotating as he took in the entire, decked out room.

"Yes, of the Centaurs." Hayes went on with bravo, "But we didn't have a captain for Team Hollander. So we voted, and well, ta da!"

Luca put two and two together, remembering the frantic text he had received from Harris last night. *Roz is top of Team Hollander, no?* His confused *yes???* had apparently counted as a vote.

Roz took an unsteady step forwards, seemingly reading the banner for the first time. "Oh."

"We all think it was really shitty, what happened." Barrett was standing next to the banner, the Ottawa pride night t-shirt bright across his chest. "But we didn't want you to ever think we would be shitty about this."

Roz's lost look was breaking something in Luca. He didn't think he'd ever seen his captain this small.

"So this is just a little sign of our support." Bood took a step forward and placed a hand carefully on Roz's shoulder. "And a sign of defeat. You have officially won Team Hollander, Rozy."

"What do I win?" Roz's voice was still gruff, but he was smiling now. Eyes wet.

There was an awkward pause, then Hayes offered up, "Well, I mean, man, you get to go home to Hollander every day. We didn't really prepare any other prize."

Roz laughed at that, the scared look finally fading, yet Luca still couldn't help himself. "Um, I might actually have something." He cringed as all his teammates turned their surprised gazes to him. He grasped blindly for the manila folder behind him, where he had shoved it into his locker, fingers grasping it just as the silence began to get awkward. "It's not much, but um, well, it sort of fits. Captain of Team Hollander and all that." He was proud of the minimal shaking in his hands as he passed the folder over to Roz.

He could barely watch, stomach twisting as Roz carefully pulled open the folder and slid out the printed drawing within.

Luca remembered the almost feverish haze that had overtaken him, that first night after the fanmail video was released, as he had channeled all the feelings of that moment into lines and colors.

It was a rendition of one of his favorite real-life moments. The All Star Games of 2017. Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander on the same team, Hollander making a goal off an assist from Roz, leading to Roz kissing him on the cheek in celebration. Luca had already been slowly distancing himself from tumblr back then and had never taken the time to draw the moment until now. And something in him had led him to print it out and bring it with him to practice today. To, seconds ago, passing the print over to Roz himself.

"Holy shit, that's really good." Boody was leaning over Roz's shoulder unashamedly. More of their teammates leaned in for a closer look, but Luca was only worried about one person's opinion. One person, who had yet to say anything.

Luca chanced a glimpse at Roz, shocked to find tears running down his cheeks. Roz's hand holding the print was steady, holding it far enough away from his body so that none of the tears landed on the paper.

"Thank you, Haasy." Roz's broken voice nearly took Luca out. "Thank you."

"It's nothing, really. Just a copy of a photo." Luca found himself blabbering.

But Roz cut him off with a sharp look. "Not nothing. This is everything. Thank you."

To that, Luca had no reply. The locker room filled with the sounds of the guys pushing for their turn to look at the artwork before, suddenly, from Hayes, "Wait a fucking second. Are you that Domestic Hollanov fan artist on tumblr, Haasy?"

The very breath in Luca's lungs stopped. Shit.

"Um." He started. Then stopped. Shit. What could he say? How the fuck did Hayes recognize his style? Wait, why the fuck did Hayes recognize his style? Was Hayes on tumblr? Was Hayes on Hollanov tumblr?

Before Luca could come up with something, Roz met his eye with a confused look. "What is a Hollanov?"

(Ilya)

This was the best day.

“Barrett. Clean out your locker.” Ilya had to fight down a smile as the team froze.

It was the second practice back after a summer break and Ilya was soaking in being amongst his team again. It had been a wonderful summer. Between the wedding and their much too short honeymoon, Ilya would be pressed to find something that could top that. But this moment might be it.

The horror filled looks of his teammates just increased the fluttering in his stomach. Butterflies, Shane called them.

“Rozy, no.” Bood was pale next to him. “Not Barrett.”

He knew what they were expecting. What they thought was happening here. Really, he was going about this all wrong. If Shane was here, he would have never let the tension build like this. Somehow, the knowledge that moments like this were fleeting, was what made his smile break. He tried his best to keep it unhinged. Insane. Teasing. He was teasing.

“It’s an order. From team captain.” Oh god, he was going to break. This was too good. Hayes looked like he was going to cry.

“Fuck that!” Dykstra was yelling, loud. Ilya felt his stomach turn over as the half cracked locker door revealed a concerned Harris.

“What’s going on?” Ah Harris. Poor, innocent, sweet Harris. Ilya hadn’t planned on him finding out this way, but so be it. He was in too deep now.

“Roz is saying Barrett is traded!” Hayes was alternating between glaring at Ilya and sending Harris worried looks.

“What?” Harris was fully in the locker room now.

“No. I said, clean out your locker.” Ilya repeated himself, but no one was listening anymore.

“Fuck this!” Dykstra was still yelling.

“I hadn’t even heard anything!” Harris also looked close to tears.

“There’s nothing online!” Hayes was frantic.

Across the room, Ilya felt eyes on him. Luca Haas.

“Everyone, shut up.” Ilya raised his voice, sending Hayes a faked glare when the verbal threat didn’t work. “Our rookie has something.”

The room was unnaturally still. Multiple players were breathing loud, uneven. Haas was blushing.

“What is it?” Ilya was really not holding back his smile now. Ah, he did love Haas.

“You said the orders come from you, as team captain.” Haas started slow. At Ilya’s slow nod and confused mumbling of the other players, he continued: “From you. Not from coach.”

“Yes.” Ilya drew the word out, grin too wide to fake being bored.

“You don’t decide if a player is getting traded or not.” Haas was still speaking carefully, but his words were getting louder. “You would tell us if Barrett was traded.”

Ilya couldn’t hold back his chuckle. “Yes. That is not what I said. No one is traded.”

“Jesus fuck, Rozy!” Bood fell forward, leaning heavily on Dykstra’s shoulder. Multiple expletives followed.

“What the fuck, Roz?” Barrett finally spoke, now slumped back against the locker in question. “Why are you like this?”

Ilya ignored both questions. “What? Is this language thing?” He couldn’t help but tease. “Who said trade? Not me!”

He received more than one middle finger at that before Haas spoke up again. “Why else would Barrett need to clean out his locker?”

Ah, here it was. The question Ilya had been waiting for.

“Because that locker doesn’t belong to Barrett anymore. I want to be next to my favorite player.”

A beat, then, “Fuck you too, Roz. Like I even want to be next to you anymore.” Barrett was still sitting but looked ready to fight.

Ilya shifted back on his feet but before he could come up with further teasing comments, footsteps sounded in the doorway.

The team did not pause in their glaring at Ilya as Shane Hollander walked into the Ottawa Centaurs locker room. Ilya was so proud. He had prepped them so well. His little Team Hollander fans were so mad at him that even their favorite player wasn’t distracting them.

Shane, however, was not distracted. Was not amused. There was a long, suffering sigh as Ilya watched Shane take in the angry faces and balled up fists in the locker room. “What did you do, Rozanov?”

Ilya started bouncing on the balls of his feet, the extra energy coursing through him.

Before he could figure out a way to get Shane in on the charade, Hayes beat him to the punch.

“Your husband is an asshole, Hollzy.” Hayes was looking less like he was seconds away from crying but his eyes were still wet. “Made us all think Barrett had been traded.”

Harris had moved to stand beside Barrett, shooting Ilya the meanest look he had ever seen the man make.

“Asshole.” was all Barrett had to add.

Ilya swept a look across the locker room, taking one last moment to soak up the memory before he met Shane’s matching glare. “What did you say?” Ah! His angry kitten was back.

“Barrett needs to move lockers.” Ilya offered up as explanation.

“Move lockers?” Haas’ question got lost in the general murmurs of the team. Ilya wasn’t listening to them. He was waiting, watching Shane take in the situation, the position of Barrett’s locker.

“No. He does not.” Shane’s hand had come up, half covering his blush. So he got it.

“Yes he does.” Ilya shot back. He could feel the looks from the team ping ponging between them. God, was this what this was always going to be like? His bouncing picked up speed. “I am team captain. I can choose who is next to me.”

“Did you ever take into consideration I don’t want to be next to you?” Shane shot back, eyes glinting. Fucking hot. Ilya needed to make him angry more often.

“I am team captain-” Ilya started again when suddenly Hayes screamed.

“Oh my god!” Hayes’ hands waved frantically in the air at the both of them. “Oh my god!”

There was a long second of nothing, then, Shane, his beautiful Shane: “Wait, Ilya, had you not told them I was joining the team?”

Pandemonium. Chaos. Revolt. The noise in the locker room was deafening, but Ilya could only hear Shane, now much closer and pushing a menacing finger into his chest.

“Ilya, what the fuck? You know what, just for this I will be taking the locker furthest away from yours. In fact, I’ll find something outside of this room.” Shane kept going and Ilya let it wash over him.

Nothing could hurt him right now, anyway. He and Shane were finally on the same team. Together. They had taken one car to the rink today. They would be driving back to their shared house tonight. There would be no more seasons spent apart.

Ilya was so in love with him.

And his team was too. He had been shocked, when he had first joined, at how just about every member of the Ottawa Centaurs had favored Shane over him. How full the list of names under Team Hollander was. And he loved it. He fit in. Ilya knew, more than anyone, what it was like to idolize Shane Hollander. And Shane deserved this. Being on a team that loved him, supported him, no matter what.

Ilya was shocked to find himself crying, Shane's cold hand coming up to wipe a tear off his cheek.

"Hey." Shane was quiet and all too far away in the chaos. "I know."

Ilya could only manage a nod, the lump in his throat being too large for words. Could only laugh as the large sweeping figure of Bood barreled in, pulling Shane into a hug with a still too loud screech. Could only watch as his team mates pushed and shoved for their turn to shake his husband's hand and welcome him to the team. Their team.

It was such a good day. And Ilya knew what would make it even better. He bullied his way into the mass of hockey players and pulled Shane close with an arm around his shoulder.

"Harris!" He called, "Is your office open?"

"Oh, fuck you, Rozy." Barrett was first to answer, to the laugh of multiple guys. "Let us enjoy this before you make him make some instagram post or something."

Shane was nodding, shooting Ilya a confused look at his reply of "No, no. Yes, we do that later. But this is important."

"It's open?" Harris was matching Shane's look but Ilya didn't let that deter him.

"Good. Good. Now, Hollander." He felt that same surge of energy shoot through him. "You need to sign something. Very important."

"Ilya, I literally just came from signing my contract."

"Oh my god, I play on the same team as Shane Hollander." Hayes was full on sobbing now.

Ilya leaned in close, face inches away from Shane as he spoke. "More important than contract. Now that you are Centaur, you must choose. Team Hollander or Team Rozanov."

"What?"

Ilya had to resist the urge to kiss his husband. He was strong. This was beautiful.

Grinning, Ilya moved a hand to Shane's lower back and began to push him towards the door. "Now, Team Hollander is very full. I don't think we have room for more. But don't worry. I'm sure there's plenty of space on Team Rozanov for you."

Ilya and Shane walked out of the Centaurs locker room, shocked silence left behind them.

Silence, until Bood: "Fuck! The whiteboard! Roz, no!"

End Notes

Ilya had been too focused on adding his name under Team Hollander to see that Bood had already filled in Shane's name under Team Rozanov. Shane maybe cries when he sees that.

Ilya offers to get the whole whiteboard framed.

Honestly this was just an excuse for me to try to formulate my love for Shane Hollander into words. Gwah!

Thank you for reading! All comments and kudos are greatly appreciated!! <3

If you want to chat all things HR & this fic, my tumblr is: rachelrainy

Works inspired by this one

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