

we could be pro fortnite (hockey) players

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we could be pro fortnite (hockey) players

by [icicledust](#)

Summary

The sounds of gun fire filled the living room as Ilya grunted and cursed as he chased someone down in Fortnite. He had discovered a love for the game about a year or so ago when the Cens did one of their children's hospital outings and found himself playing in his spare time. And being out on a rather nasty ankle injury, he certainly had the spare time.

Or, Ilya is going stir crazy and Fortnite gives him a reason to be a little bit of a menace.

Notes

Some quick notes before going in. This is a loosey goosey version of Chapter 2, season 8, because the Imposters mode didn't have like, party chat, just a quick chat/emotes... but this isn't real life so PLOT DEVICE. No, there are no NHL skins, but this is a type of thing Fortnite does do (defaults in sports gear) and the thought hit me and this would absolutely be Ilya's reaction.

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

“You already unlocked the chimp?”

“I have been stuck in the house for *two weeks*, Hollander.”

The sounds of gun fire filled the living room as Ilya grunted and cursed as he chased someone down in Fortnite. He had discovered a love for the game about a year or so ago when the Cens did one of their children’s hospital outings and found himself playing in his spare time. And being out on a rather nasty ankle injury, he certainly had the spare time.

“OH COME ON,” Ilya’s shout reverberated through the space causing Shane to jump and try to make sense of his husband’s rapid fire Russian.

“Do I want to know?” he asked over the top of the book he was reading, an eyebrow raised.

“Some little shit got me with the fucking rail gun...” the response was clipped as Ilya raised his hands in the air, waving his controller around. He grumbled as he returned to lobby and hoisted himself up on a crutch to slink into the kitchen.

Shane looked at his watch and shrugged as he looked over his shoulder as his husband popped the top on a can of Coke. “It’s almost seven, so you’re dealing with all the kids done with homework,” he pointed out.

The thunk of the crutch and Ilya’s staggered steps echoed as he returned to the couch with a sigh. “I just want to get my quests doooooone,” he whined, glaring as Shane laughed.

“It’s a game for kids.”

“Is fun.”

Shane raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment further. He had barely settled back into his book before Ilya made an annoyed noise. “Hm?” it was a non-committing sound, enough to coax Ilya without poking the bear. At least Shane had hoped.

“Hockey player skins!” he said, gesturing toward the TV. “None of the defaults look like *me*, is a crime!”

Placing his book down Shane sat forward as he looked at the Fortnite item shop as Ilya scrolled through the different default skins, decked out in non-descript jerseys, the models cycling through different color choices. “I mean, I’d imagine they’d have to get a license if one of them looked too much like an actual pl—“

“Bullshit!” Ilya cut him off as he landed on one of the skins. “Looks just like you, super boring! No freckles though...”

Shane swallowed and bit his lip. He had to admit the “token Asian” default looked similar enough to him, especially as the color choices switched and one very closely resembled the Centaurs’ colors. “Okay, fair,” was all he could manage to avoid laughing.

His lips pressed into a tight line as Ilya gave him a side eye, but it was too late. Shane choked out a laugh as he got out of swinging distance, Ilya blindly swiping with one hand as the other fiddled with the controller. “What are you doing?” Shane asked.

“If I can’t play as me, might as well play as you, yes?” Ilya said with a matter-of-fact tone. Shane watched as he went through the process of purchasing a V Bucks bundle, immediately grabbing the skin and accessories and diving into the locker to set it up. A sense of dread filled him.

“Ilya...”

“Shane...”

“You’re not...?”

The wicked grin that spread across Ilya’s face was answer enough, Shane pulling his glasses off to rub the bridge of his nose. He knew it was going to be a waste of breath but he turned to face his husband anyway. “Do I really need to tell you not to impersonate me to terrorize children?”

“I do not use voice chat, gives me away. Besides, no friendly fire.”

“That’s not the point.”

“Seems like the point you’re trying to make.”

Shane’s brow furrowed as he stood rolling his eyes before kissing the top of Ilya’s head. “Okay Rozanov,” he murmured. “I’m gonna go walk Anya...”

“You worry too much,” Ilya said as he switched his focus to his phone. Shane wanted to make a comment but he pressed his lips together as he tried to calm Anya (she heard the word walk!)

“And you’re a menace,” he finally decided on as he got his jacket. “I love you...” because of course Shane did. It didn’t matter if Ilya was an asshole or a menace. He was still *his*, and he was just as mushy for his husband as his husband was for him.

“Love you, sweetheart!” Ilya called out after him, reaching for his laptop and headset before glancing at the notification on his phone.

Harris 🍎: I mean, it sounds like a fun idea but... did you ask Shane what *he* thought?

Ilya: You know him. He is a wet blanket, we have to show him how funny it is before he’ll accept it.

Ilya’s fingers tapped against his thigh as he watched the three little dots appear and disappear, bouncing on his screen as Harris typed out a response.

Harris 🍎: 🧑

Harris 🍎: Okay. You do your thing and then send me what you have when you’re done. I’ll throw something together, but we HAVE TO get Shane to okay it. Because it

really does look like him...

Ilya: 😈

Harris truly was Ilya's favorite part of the Centaurs (not counting Shane or Chiron, of course), especially when it came to letting him bounce ideas for the team's social media accounts. So, with the light okay, Ilya pulled up his recording software and set everything up, grinning as his face filled the corner of the screen when the webcam switched on.

This wasn't the first time he had done something like this, as captain he was always willing to let Harris bounce ideas off of him for the team's accounts, and found that doing little videos of him playing games was fun to do and always did good numbers according to Harris. Being out on injury he had been making more than usual to make sure the fans knew the "best part" of the Centaurs was still doing very well.

Hitting record he took a second to get himself hyped up before giving the camera a large grin. "Long time no see, yes?" he said with as much enthusiasm as he could give. "I think you're going to like the video I have for you guys today..."

Landleopard24:ok tht skin rly looks like hollander

MTLBBY35: no ***** way hollander would play fortnite

Anonymous[619]: idk, plays this like he would...

The rounds of the Impostors mode Ilya had chosen were going quickly, people quickly taken off guard by how much the skin looked like Shane, but also because of how long they had been together Ilya knew how Shane would play.. even if he wouldn't touch the game.

Every time he ended up as an Imposter he was quick and efficient. He had the timing down right for sabotages and snuck through the map as if he was a ghost. It was honestly fun just to do that and his original plan to play Shane in the chat had fallen to the wayside as he simply just answered a list of fan questions Harris had drawn up as he played.

Anonymous[1221]: :)

He grinned at the webcam as he trolled the party chat, just a bit. "Always keep them guessing," he said in a serious tone, his head turning as he heard the door open. "Ah, the second best player has come home!!" Switching from his game layout to a full screen camera, Ilya looked over his shoulder as Shane came into frame and raised an eyebrow. "Say hi to our fans, Hollander~"

A groan escaped him, causing Ilya to light up and Shane's face softened a bit. "Hello everyone..." he muttered, giving Ilya a side eye before looking back at the camera. "I feel like whatever he recorded for you guys I am going to hate."

“I am an angel, moya lyubov.” Ilya planted a kiss on Shane’s cheek, beaming as the red flush crawled onto the freckled flesh and tips of his ears.

“Now I definitely know he was a menace. I keep telling you all to stop encouraging him!!”

Ilya just winked at the camera in response and waved his hand up for his sign off.

“Annnnnnyway. I should be back on the ice next week Centaurs,” he said with a grin. “Sad for Hollander, yes?” Shane’s face fell flat and Ilya let out a laugh.

Ilya stopped the recording and moved the laptop out of the way as he turned the PlayStation off and opened his arms wide. Shane quickly obliged, slotting himself into the empty space at his husband’s side, sinking into him quickly. “So. How were you a menace?” he asked softly.

Rolling his eyes as Ilya clutched his chest dramatically, Shane pressed a kiss to his temple. “Actually, I just played the game,” Ilya admitted. A soft laugh escaped him as Shane’s eyebrow raised. “Is not a lie. I played the Imposters one, easy to just... be you. Answered fan questions Harris put together.” As he spoke he leaned over and pulled up the raw video before getting comfortable next to Shane. As they spent the next thirty minutes watching the video Ilya had made Shane felt his heart overflowing with affection and deep love for the man next to him.

As he answered questions, playful and thoughtful all at once, not once losing focus on his goal. To channel the love he had for Shane into this silly kids game, even if he had such dramatic outrage that there wasn’t a skin that looked like him. Because there was one that could be his other half, and that was more than enough. Tangling his hand into Ilya’s, Shane even found himself laughing as he watched the game chat in the corner, largely forgotten by the Ilya on the screen. The outrage at how *good* he was, truly making people wonder if it was Shane. Feeling Ilya’s eyes on him, expression questioning and Shane found himself laughing more.

“What?”

“Just... this is actually really amusing,” Shane said simply, idly gesturing at the computer.

“You actually end up missing half of the chat because you’re so focused. Like, you’re trolling without even trying and it just makes it even better.”

This caused Ilya to lean forward, really watching the video, now focusing on the game and the game chat. Every voting phase the chat flew, censored cursing and accusations and questions filling the screen. He chuckled as she stopped the video and uploaded it to Google Drive before grabbing his phone. Shooting a text off to Harris that the video should be on the team’s drive soon, he nuzzled against Shane.

“See. Not a menace.”

“No, you are. Just... this time wasn’t intentional.”

“Asshole.”

“Nope, still you.”

They were inches apart now, grinning at each other as they bantered. They closed the distance at the same time, kissing lazily and sweetly.

Hollanov Enjoyer @censfan812469

sweet jesus i love this man (and his husband) so much. this is amazing 😂

🏒 @Rozanovsleftsock

The fact that he literally just shapeshifted into Hollander. Iconic!

Pike's Princess 🏒👑 @MTLBBY35

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?? I WAS IN THAT LOBBY! 😡😞

End Notes

...I won't lie. I lost steam at the end, but the idea was still too funny to not post in some capacity. Any chance to have Ilya and Shane chirp at each other and also be so sickeningly cute.. I'm not gonna pass up the chance to do that.

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