

In Homage

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77533121) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77533121>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Kip Grady/Scott Hunter
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Kip Grady
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Future , Stanley Cup Playoffs , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Coming Out
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-12 Words: 1,683 Chapters: 1/1

In Homage

by [sunnyfreeze](#)

Summary

Scott and Kip watch Shane and Ilya jointly win the Stanley Cup. They get a little shout-out from our boys.

Notes

FYI this fic is the future but based on my headcanon for after Heated Rivalry and season 1, NOT on The Long Game &etc

“They’re actually gonna do it,” Kip said, sidling up to his boyfriend at their Stanley Cup watch party. Ottawa was up 4-1 and there was less than a minute on the clock. Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov had each won the Stanley Cup at least once before, but they were about to win their first Cup since they had each, separately, come out. “The second and third openly queer NHL players to win the Cup.” He smiled at Scott and bumped their shoulders together. “In a way, you did that.”

Scott smiled, yanking Kip into his arms and kissing his cheek. “Yeah.”

“Even though you also totally didn’t do that, since you only came out after winning and were eliminated early this year...”

“Okay, now,” Scott said, pushing Kip back to look at his cheeky grin. “You have been spending way too much time with hockey players if you’re chirping me like that.”

Kip scoffed. “Please. Just because you all have a cute name for it does not mean you invented sass. Think about the people I was spending time with far before we met.”

“Yeah, fair.” Scott turned back to the game as the buzzer blew and the Ottawa team piled onto their goalie in celebration. It was impressive but not surprising to see what Hollander and Rozanov had done with the Ottawa team once they had somehow finagled themselves onto the same team. This was Hollander and Rozanov’s first year playing together, but of course they swept the conference, including knocking the Admirals out of the playoffs early on.

Scott wasn’t too angry though. The boys had each come out individually in the years after Scott’s coming out, before Hollander joined Rozanov in his hometown. Scott, and, via proximity, Kip, had gained a strange friendship with them in that time. He was proud of them and they were grateful to him for opening the door. Well. Hollander was openly grateful. Rozanov was Rozanov.

“Do you think they’re gonna announce anything?” Kip whispered.

Although Hollander and Rozanov were both out and on the same team, their relationship was still a secret. Even though Hollander was more friendly and less reverent than he used to be with Scott and Rozanov still professed hatred for Scott but clearly sought him out at events to catch up, Hollander and Rozanov’s relationship was still technically a secret from Scott and Kip. But Scott had suspected for years, and nothing new he saw now that they were friends made him doubt his suspicion. Even Kip thought there was something between them, without Scott telling him his theory.

Scott shrugged. “I don’t—what are they doing?”

The commentators were wondering the same thing. “What is going on down there?” one of them asked, as the dogpile on the Ottawa goalie had ended and now Hollander and Rozanov seemed to be bickering on the ice.

“Looks like the Captain and Hollander are arguing? This is unexpected,” another commentator responded.

“Certainly not a common occurrence after winning a Cup. Used to see Rozanov and Hollander arguing all the time back in the day, of course, but not so much since they joined the same team.”

“Can’t imagine what there is to argue about now.” The camera zoomed in as the commentator continued to speculate.

Kip frowned at the screen. “Maybe they were going to announce and one of them changed their mind?”

“No, I don’t—”

Neither Hollander nor Rozanov seemed angry or scared. Rozanov was smirking and poking at Hollander with his glove, and in turn Hollander was rolling his eyes and batting Rozanov’s hand away. Finally, Hollander threw his hands up and skated away.

“This isn’t normal, right?” Maria asked Scott, turning to face him from the couch.

“No, I don’t know what’s going on. Why is he—?”

Hollander had reached the boards by the penalty box and climbed into the penalty box. He stood there, arms crossed, and the camera cut to Rozanov who started putting on a show, looking around the stadium as if he lost something. Then, he seemed to find Hollander, pointed to him, and motioned for him to come. Hollander, meanwhile, had lost some of his look of annoyance and now looked like he was suppressing a laugh. He made a “who, me?” gesture and—

“Oh my god.”

“Oh my GOD.”

The room burst into laughter.

“Are they doing us right now?” Kip asked, half-laughing in wonder.

“The little shits!” Scott said. “I think they are!”

“They definitely are,” Elena said, amused.

Hollander was back on the ice, skating to Rozanov who caught him and swiftly brought him in for a passionate kiss. The watch party erupted into cheers and whoops.

“Bringing back good memories, boys?” someone asked.

“Yeah,” Scott murmured, watching Kip grin at his friends. When Kip turned his smile to Scott, Scott leaned in and they kissed to more cheering in the room.

“You know what’s unfair, though?” Kip said after. “They’re both wearing skates, so one of them doesn’t look unusually tiny while they’re having this romantic moment.”

Scott shrugged. “You’re right. You should have planned that better. Wear different shoes next year.”

On screen, Hollander and Rozanov had finished kissing after being surrounded by their cheering, seemingly unsurprised, but definitely amused teammates. The Cup was brought out. But the folks in Scott and Kip’s apartment weren’t paying much attention anymore.

“Sounds like a plan,” Kip said. He kissed Scott. “You made that possible.”

“Because of you.”

In the background, Hollander and Rozanov kissed, each with one arm up holding the Cup.

**

The party had emptied but Scott was still idly watching the tv while he and Kip cleaned up when the post-game interviews started. Specifically, the joint post-game interview with Rozanov and Hollander. They stood shoulder to shoulder in their undershirts, Rozanov with a backwards Stanley Cup Champions hat and Hollander with his hair sweaty and flat.

“So what was that celebration between the two of you?” a reporter asked.

Rozanov frowned mockingly. “Was kissing. You don’t know about kissing? You should look into it. It’s fun activity.”

Hollander rolled his eyes and poorly suppressed a smile. “Just our little tribute to Scott Hunter.”

“As the grandfather of gay hockey.” Rozanov winked.

Scott sighed and turned to Kip, who grinned, familiar with that ongoing joke.

“The hottest, youngest, gay grandfather ever,” Kip said, half-laughing before kissing Scott on the cheek.

“Oh, so it was just a bit?” the faceless reporter asked.

“A bit?” Rozanov asked, turning to Hollander.

“Like a joke,” Hollander explained.

“Ah, no, not a bit. It was homage, but also we wanted to celebrate with kissing because we are lovers.”

Before the reporter, or Scott, could react, Hollander responded, turning to his teammate and elbowing him, “[Beep] off, Rozanov! You know that word is banned.”

Rozanov grinned evilly.

“So...wait, was it a joke?”

Rozanov opened his mouth to respond, but Hollander batted Rozanov’s shoulder, which did not lessen his grin at all, but did stop him from talking. Hollander turned to the reporter with his typical steady demeanor. “No, not a joke. Actually, Ilya and I have been in a relationship for several years. We live together. We have a dog together. Our team already knew, and so we’ve decided to stop hiding it and celebrate just like everyone else.”

“For years? When did it start?”

Hollander and Rozanov looked at each other. Hollander answered. “We’re going to keep the exact timeline private, but suffice to say, it started before I joined the team. We used to joke about kissing after Stanley Cup wins, but,” he grinned, looking at Rozanov. Scott had rarely seen a smile like that on Hollander’s face. “The argument was always who would be celebrating and who was not—”

Rozanov mouthed, “Me,” at the camera before making eye contact again with Hollander, who was still talking. His eyes softened.

“—because we never imagined we’d be able to be here on the same team. Because of that, more than anything else, this win still doesn’t feel quite real.”

There was a pause as they just looked at each other, smiling softly.

“Wait, they’re so cute,” Kip said.

A reporter cleared his throat and they snapped back to the front with typical blank post-game interview expressions. “Uh, what were you arguing about before you kissed?”

“Oh,” Hollander laughed. “We were arguing about who had to get off the ice.”

“Wait—” Kip said, turning to Scott, half-laughing. “Does he—?”

Rozanov interrupted. “We had decided it would be based on series points, but then we were tied, so.” Rozanov shrugged, cocky. “I am captain. Shane had to go.”

Hollander shook his head. “It should have been you.”

“You should have gotten more points.”

“I got a hat trick! In the final!”

Rozanov clicked his tongue. “Should have gotten four.”

Hollander shook his head, and then abruptly said, straight to camera, “No offense, Kip!”

Kip’s mouth hung open as he watched.

“No, we like Kip,” Rozanov said. “Just don’t understand why he’s with a dinosaur. If you like hockey players, there are other options.” He raised his eyebrows suggestively.

“Hey!” Scott cried, as if Rozanov could hear him.

Hollander dryly responded to his boyfriend, “Well, you’re taken.”

“So are you,” Scott said, pulling Kip towards him as Kip laughed in shock.

“Babe. What is my life?” Kip let himself be kissed as Rozanov soothed Hollander with less physical PDA on the tv behind him. “What is our life?”

“You’re a cultural icon, babe.”

“How do you feel?” Kip asked, pulling back to look at Scott.

Scott paused. In the background, the reporters were being told to bring the questions back on topic, to the Stanley Cup. “I don’t know. A couple things. Proud of them. Proud of us.” He touched Kip’s cheek. “You made this possible as much as I did.”

Kip smiled. “Love you.

“Love you.” Scott leaned in for a kiss. “Also?”

Kip nodded as if to say, go on.

“I’m gonna crush those assholes next year.”

**

Group Text with Scott, Shane, Ilya

Scott: Congrats on the Cup, you little shits

Shane: Thanks!

Ilya: 🐈

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