Shane Hollander Can Pull

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Shane Hollander Can Pull

by orphan_account

Summary

The MLH starts live-streaming a Mic'd up player every week. Unfortunately, Ilya forgets he's being streamed live to half a million people. Meanwhile, Shane Is gearing up to punch the next person to say he can't pull.

Notes

ello lovelys ! im back with another Hollanov fic. Got the inspiration for this watching Shoresy and crying thinking about Ilya saying half the shit Shoresy says. please go watch it, Jacob Tierney made that too so you know it's good. God Bless Crave and God bless the Canadian Tax payers.

The team had a running joke about their captain Shane Hollander. They say he couldn't pull to save his life.

There wasn't any particular malice in the joke. It wasn't that they had clocked onto the fact that he didn't particularly have an interest in women, full stop– They just owed it up to the fact that he was an awkward guy.

He was a person that took what everyone said at face value, who didn't ask too many questions and could only have a long deep conversation if it was about hockey. The women that ran in their circles were only interested in talking about hockey for so long. After a while it was “do you want to go to the club” and Shane would answer “Oh no, I'm okay I've got training in the morning”.

The last three Players on The Voyagers had found their wives In the audiences of the hockey matches. They were beautiful women that had come and sat on the front row of the boy aquarium, occasionally bringing a sign or a foam finger.

It was a usual staple for hockey. The guys would skate pass and knock their backs against the glass to signal to the others ‘I like this one’. They'd stick around after a game hoping the players would come back out to see them after changing out of their gear. And on the voyagers they usually did.

Some of the guys met plenty of women this way. They didn't really care if they all knew each other. Or if they were sleeping with a woman that had slept with somebody else in the team. They travelled so much it was hard to find women naturally and if the ladies wanted a bit of them then who were they to deny.

Hollander was the player that usually had the most Ladies in jerseys waiting for him. As he skated by they waited for him to nod or show interest. They'd knock on the glass and ask for a puck. Shane only ever threw a puck over the boards if was a kid asking. He didn't want to send the wrong message.

At a game in late December there's a woman on the front row that's making all the Voyagers laugh and chuckle amongst themselves. Hollander had gotten used to letting his eyes glaze over that section of the arena so it takes a while to figure out what they're laughing at. There's a woman sat on the front row in a christmas sweater that looks like a wrapped gift and holding a sign that says:

ID LET #24 UPWRAP THIS PRESENT

Hayden glides his way over to Shane and says “well, she sure looks awfully interested”

Shane shakes his head. “Hayden. No”

“I'm just saying, if you have a hard time introducing yourself to women… I’d understand going for one that already knows who you are and is already interested”

“I can pick people up just fine, Hayden. Im not resorting to the woman that I know drapeau fucked last season”

They both look over to drapeau who's looking at the sign like he wants to curl up into a ball and die. Pike sighs and skates back over the guys doing their pre-game stretches on the ice.

“The fish isn't taking the bait” and they all sigh disappointed.

The team grab dinner together sometime in early January to celebrate the New Year. Having played a game on New Year's Day, they didn't get to fully enjoy the festivities. They booked out half the floor of the restaurant and sat around two long tables. Shame was pretty happy with how the team was looking this year. They were coming off the back of two cup winning seasons and had new blood in the mix that seemed to be integrating well into the team.

While he was happy with the standard of the Voyagers hockey playing he wasn't happy about lack of ability to hold a fucking drink.

They were only three rounds in and already getting a bit too annoying for his liking. Especially as he wasn't drinking tonight – Not that he ever really drank. Drinking means that he can't go back and have a long sexy phone call with Ilya that he's fully lucid for.

“I'm just saying Captain…” One of his players is articulating his words with a pointed finger from a hand that still has a cup in. “Two stanley cups now. You should be pulling so many chicks”

This again. “Who said I'm not?”

The players clocked into the conversation and laughed at his words. “No offence cap but you are like the most awkward guy around women”

“That's not true.” He replied frowning “I just don’t want to lead on someone. I don’t think its fair”

“Lead on? If you actually pulled them then it wouldn't be leading on”

“I’m just not interested in seeing anyone right now”

As if the universe was trying to punish him for the crime of not wanting to fuck a woman, he feels a hand tap at his shoulder. He turns to see a beautiful blonde haired woman, with her phone clutched in her hand.

“Oh my gosh, Hi!” She grins wide at him and he returns a smile.

“Hello,” Okay fuck. He does sound awkward.

“Hi,” She replies and just smiles back at him in silence. Okay well never mind, she's actually really annoying.

“Everything okay?” He asks.

“Yeah, oh my gosh sorry. I'm like… bothering you so much right now,” He wants to say she's not, but, that's a lie and Shane has enough lies he's juggling right now. When he doesn't say any he can hear Hayden start to giggle. Shane kicks his leg swiftly.

“I’m a really big fan. I was just coming over here to see if I can get your number.”

He can feel every team member's eyes on him. He laughs awkwardly.

He has two options. He can go along with her request, prove himself to his teammates watching and look pretty fucking cool. But, his chest twists and aches at the thought of doing anything to slightly betray the faith that Ilya has in him. He knew he'd be sad to know that Ilya had given anyone his number, even if it is just to prove a point – so he turned down the request. “Ermmm. I’m sorry, my agent says I can't give my number out anymore”

It's the shittiest excuse ever but it might just work. She looks really disappointed as though nobody had ever said no to her ever in her life. Shane feels bad enough that he points to the closest player next to him without looking and says “My boy here is single though”

He takes a swig of his ginger ale and tries not to cringe as he hears Couillard next to him speak, “I'm sorry. I'm not single, I've got like 5 kids. And a wife. Who I love.”

After she walks away with a huff, their eyes fall back on Shane.

“Dude, what the fuck. You were a groomsman at my wedding,” Couillard chokes out.

“I think… I think that I just blacked out for a moment”. Shane responds letting his head fall into his hands, his elbows resting against the table.

Pikes lips are upturned smugly, “You cant fucking pull”

Mid February the Voyagers played a game against the New York Admirals. Shane had been pretty pumped about it. Just as planned months ago, Ilya was joining him for a weekend in the city. While he didn't exactly expect that they would get up too much sight seeing – given the obvious – He was excited to spend a few days in bed with Rozanov. It had been two weeks since they'd seen each other last, And the novelty of phone sex after ten days straight of it wears thin.

All in all he was feeling good. Really good. By the end of the game they were up by three and Shane had managed a hat-trick and an assist. He changed out of his gear and grabbed his phone to text ‘Lily’

This isn't the only hat-trick I'm scoring tonight. Guess who I'm making cum three times tonight?

Gee i hope its me

Very sexy goals

Im watching In hotel, they say your interview is soon

Oh fuck i forgot

I will watch with cock in hand

Gross

Nevermind thats hot

They find Shane for his interview about five minutes later. He's showered and changed and ready to get the fuck out of there. His interviewer for the day was a new member of the broadcasting team. He tries to recall her name – thinking maybe it's jenny or june or something. He'd never talked to her before but had seen her Interviews withHis teammates pop-up when watching Reruns of the hockey broadcast.

She was great at her job. She was professional but funny at the same time. You could tell the men in the studio didn't quite have respect for her, yet. They've made one too many jokes about her and her role in the locker room Interviews postgame. Shane didn't find it amusing.

He smiles and nods to her in greeting as she introduces herself. Her name is Jennifer.

She explains It's gonna be an easy interview. She just needs a few generic answers about the game and then they'll have a few fun questions in there. He's a bit confused about the rundown considering it's coming up to a decade of him being in the sport. He's fairly clued in with the media thing but was grateful for her kindness.

With the camera trained on him as they count down to being live on air he thinks of Ilya's comment. He thinks about the Russian in the hotel bed about to see his boyfriend's face blushing on the screen while he strokes at his cock and it makes him smile to himself as the interview starts. She asks him the basics –

How do you feel about today's win?

I'm feeling really good about today's win. Lots of goes at the net. But, uhhhhh…Youre going to miss 100% of the shots you don't take. Like I always say, we've just got to get them pucks in the net and uhhh lets win some hockey games out there.

Do you think the Voyagers can go all the way this year?

I'm pretty confident in our ability to get us all the way there. We played a hard game in Montreal. We've just got to keep smashing through the competition till the end. I mean like i always say, get them pucks deep… uhhh get them pucks in the net and uhhh lets win some hockey games out there.

You've had quite a roster shake up this year with the new rookies and player trades. Do you still have a good relationship with the team despite all these changes?

Yeah, no, me and the boys are always gonna get on. They'll always like to rib me about different stuff being captain and stuff that's just the territory. The important thing is at the end of the day is that we're getting them pucks in the net and uhhh winning some hockey games out there.

Hollander, we were just talking to your alternate Captain Hayden Pike earlier. He told us that you are the best player in the league right now is something you believe?

No, I know there's better than me in this league. I'm always in the mindset that just gotta get our heads down and get stuck in there. Just never giving up, just really ringing all our potential out on that rink. You just gotta suck the potential outta every opportunity. That's how you get them pucks deep in the net and uhhh win some hockey games out there.

Pike was telling us that you are so committed to your role as captain that you refuse to date all through Hockey season. Does that not get lonely?

He said what?

You refuse to date all through Hockey season

Umm

Is that like by choice or?

What does that even mean…?

Does being Captain of the Voyagers hinder your ability to pull women, do you think?

What is happening right now?... I can pull, Jennifer.

No, im sure you can

If I wanted to pull… I could pull, Jennifer. The important thing is at the end of the day is that we're getting them pucks in the net and winning some hockey games out there.

You heard it here first. Back to you guys up in the studio.

He calls Ilya on speakerphone as he drives through the packed city. The Russian is still laughing by the time he picks up and reads aloud his favourite tweets about the interview.

"I just think I'd be less offended if they thought I wasn't pulling anyone because I was gay. They just think I have no game, Ilya. I have game"

"Моу Любимый, You have so much game" He cooed through the phone.

"Oh stop lying. We both know I'm useless with women"

Ilya scoffed, "Why are we bothered about you having flirting skills with women now? You want to get another girlfriend? Rose Landry was not enough? You want to murder me, Shane?"

"Stop being dramatic, silly boy," Hollander sighs as he looks out to the row of cars he was sitting behind. "I'm just getting a bit tired of this joke. Doesn't make me feel great about myself. I'm terrible at being flirted with when it's not you. I mean I'm terrible at being flirted with when it is you. But I'm not completely socially inept. I do have some social skills. I can pull, Ilya"

"You can pull on me whenever you want, Дорогой. If you want, I can write press statement about how good you are at fucking. Maybe they will be quiet then?"

"Ilya, no," He laughs, but feels relieved by Ilya's support.

"Okay well new plan. You sit in an hour of traffic now. Then we fuck for three days like bunnies. And when we next play the Montreal and Ottawa game, I make Pike and the rest of the Voyager team feel like dog shit yes?"

"I mean like i always say, we just gotta get them pucks deep… and uhhh get them pucks in the net and uhhh win some hockey games out there."

At the start of the regular season the MLH had introduced a new ‘fan engagement’ endeavour.

They had begun live streaming a new mic’d up channel every few games. They'd take inspiration from the f1 radio channels where you can listen in–unfiltered–to interactions between the driver and their engineers. The clips had been going viral for years and made great content for f1 fans.

Of course the hockey fans had their heavily edited “Mic’d up” videos from the teams, but this way the MLH could monetise on the fan interaction themselves and keep the players accountable knowing that fans would be listening at all times on the ice–or bench.

More so on the bench these days. The teams weren't happy about the MLH stepping on their toes content wise. And this new stream where you can forgo the normal commentary and listen in to a selected players' words only during the stream was annoying for the PR offices. Most teams figured out they could just give the mic to a wormbrained-benchwarmer and get away with it.

Until the responsibility of being the week's Mic’d up game came to the Centaurs for the Ottawa Montreal game. Harris contemplates telling the broadcast team it's going to be Hayes in goal knowing he’ll speak all game but decides against it. At the end of the day this is a great opportunity to get some great content that the centaurs page can piggy back off of for weeks, so Harris nominates Rozanov. He was well aware of Ilya's reputation for being a brutal chirper. The team had a great time repeating them amongst themselves post game.

In the locker room, before the game Harris brings Chiron –the team dog– for Ilya to play with while he connects the mic to Ilya pads. The Ottawa captain forgets about the mic about twenty seconds after it's connected to his gear as he continues to murmur in Russian to the puppy. God he wants a dog so bad, he’ll have to beg Shane a bit harder.

Harris posts a graphic to twitter and instagram advertising Ilya being the Mic’d up player on stream for the game. Fans are ecstatic. They had begged the Boston social teams years to Mic Rozanov up for a game- eager after hearing snippets of his chirps on the main broadcast. By the start of the game there were 548,000 people on the YouTube stream, the most popular one since they'd started the channel. People would rather watch the game with Ilyas commentary any day.

It quickly became the best piece of hockey media in the last decade.

Fans listen to Ilya giggle through the Canadian anthem as he sings along passionately. He’d learned all the lyrics to make Shane laugh one night before they went to bed.

It's clear to the audience who gets the brunt of Ilya's jabs. In the first shift Hayden and J.J. laugh at the rookie that misses a pass from Rozanov and it's like Ilya's eyes lock onto his prey.

“Fuck you, Pike. Your mom carved her name into my bed post last night, now how am i supposed to explain that to Boiziau’s mom tonight”

“Shut the fuck up, Rozanov”

“Fuck you, Boiziau. Your mom just liked my instagram post from two years ago from the Florida all star game. Tell her I’ll put my swim trunks on for her any time” He's away with the puck and as he shoots, he puts the puck in the net.

Shane sighs. Ilya is on fire.

Ilya tried to not talk much to Shane during these games. He’ll have all the time in the world to tease his boyfriend when they're in bed tonight. So he focuses on chirping the Montreal team trying to make Shane laugh. Anything to take his own mind off the fact that his new team still sucks and probably will for a while.

Hayden knocks into him at some point and tells Ilya to watch it.

Ilya snipes back, “Fuck you, Pike. Everytime I hit your mom from the back it sounds like someone running in flip flops”.

After Comeau misses a shot, he cruises past again with “I'm so mad at your mum right now, Comeau. She wanted to role play Dog and Owner last night but made my dick soft when she started dragging her butthole across the carpet. Why did it leave a shit streak”

That one was Shane's personal favourite.

Shane scores twice in the first shift and as the second shift begins, his line sits on the bench next to J.J. and Hayden. With Shane off the ice, Ilyas has a much easier time and equalises with Shane's goals. He skates up to the Voyager bench, staying just out of reach of where they can hit him with a stick.

“You see that, boys? This is real hockey”

“Rozanov, be quiet you bum” Hayden's reply is much quieter on the stream but you can still hear the shout.

“Fuck you, Pike. Tell your mom she has to travel by herself over to my place tonight. I've double booked with Boiziau’s mom”

“Im going to kill you, Rozanov.” J.J. snarls in his Québécois accent.

“Fuck you, Boiziau. Your mom shot cum straight across my room last night and killed my siamese fighting fish – She’s fucked the PH level in my aquarium”.

Shane's eyebrows furrow. Ilya doesn't even have an aquarium.

At some point they both come back onto the ice to face off. The comments light up:

Oh my god hes gonna tear Hollander apart

Please lets hear some Holzy trash talk

Captain please avenge your team

Cpt boring coming to put Rozanov to sleep mid game - amazing

hollander can't even talk to women and im dying to see him face to face with the prettiest face in the mlh

– dont make me gag wdym ROZANOV is the prettiest face… SHANE is the prettiest face

– sybau

– hes played so many fucking games against this clown what are ypu even talking about are you a 3 day yr old fan…. Like… huh?

As they find themselves face to face, IIya can't help the smile that grows.

“We meet again, Rozanov.” Oh, Shane's joining in on the fun.

Ilya replies, “You come here often?”

“Not as often as I'd like. What's a guy like me to do on a cold Ottawa night?”

“Well, I have some laundry you could fold for me”

“Laundry?” Shane repeats after him, returning Ilya's smirk. “I could be down to fold for you”

Rozanov's mind flashes an image of Shane's legs folded and pressed up against his chest as Ilya presses into him. The puck drops and Shane has it before he can shake the image away.

They're midway through the third shift in the Ottawa v Montreal game when at all comes to a head.

“Lovely sign your moms made for me up there, Pike”, He nods his head toward the crowd where a fan stands with a large sparkly sign that reads:

RO- RO- ROZANOV - RUSSIA'S

GREATEST ** MACHINE <3**

It's the straw that breaks the camel's back. After a full game of abuse from Ilya, Hayden finally finds the end of his patience and drops his gloves. He reaches in an attempt to grab Rozanov. Ilyas too quick, sidestepping out the way and laughing loudly as he goes. Dykstra comes forward to defend his captain and bashes Pike down to the ground, and pins him to the ice. When Boiziau joins the scrap against Dykstra, another centaur player, Chouinard takes his chances in holding back the 6ft 5 hulk of a man.

Ilya in the chaos finds Shane who's looking at the fight in exasperation. He’s found some free space on the other end of the rink as he watches his friends scrap with the Ottowa team. He’d been watching them get more and more angry as the game has gone on and decides to let them fight out the anger for a few moments before he intervenes.

Ilya skates up to his boyfriend, “Hello Moy Kotik, you are playing so well tonight. I'm so proud.”

“Hmmm. Thank you, Ilya." Shane responds with a small smile. On the broadcast, the camera swaps back and forth between the punches being thrown, the ref blowing their whistle and the two captains leaning against their sticks a bit away from the chaos.

“You are doing much too good for me to win. Can I tempt you to fake an injury and sit out the game? I will exchange sexual favours”

Shane laughs. “Why would I do that when you'll happily suck my dick for free, huh?”

“Carefull, Hollander. You will make Pike’s and Boiziau's mum jealous”, They both look back at the two fighting. Pikes not faring well against Marlow.

“Your awfully chipper today, Rozanov. I've barely even heard from you all. I've been getting a little jealous”

The russian’s head tilts as he glances away from the fight briefly “Jealous? No, it is better this way I think.”

“Not talking to me?”

“Well, you’re so fucking hot. I can't look at you and focus on the game at the same time”, He replies, not looking at his boyfriend.

“I think you should try for me, ‘*Russia's greatest fuck machine*’. I miss it too much when you're not chirping dirty shit at me”. This makes Ilya smile.

“I will pay attention but don't get mad when I look like I want to be underneath you – also think it means ‘*Russia's greatest puck machine”*”

“Dont make me laugh, Rozanov”

Ilya turns to face him, he bends his knees to get to the same eyelevel, ducks his head down and looks into Shane's eyes.

“Oh my God”, He smiles. “You ever look at someone so pretty you want to say ‘NO WAY’”

“Rozanov…” Shane scoffs.

“What? You ever look at someone so hot you wanna say ‘ALL RIGHT!’ and pump fist like American?”

Shane, charmed by the Russian, is staring right back with a smirk, and happy that everyone's still too distracted to skate in their direction, “Yeah, I know that feeling, Big boy.”

Ilya laughs loudly and skates himself towards the mayhem happening across the ice.

“Hurry up and finish this, boys! Pikes mum is still waiting for me to come back to bed with a warm wet towel!”

Shane pushes off the wall towards the fight ready to pull his friends out of the pile that was apparently happening now. He loved these small pockets of banter he got to have with ilya. It made him feel alive getting to interact with Ilya in public, and today he was happy to take advantage of the cheeky mood Ilya was in–flirting back with a smile. It's more brazen than he ever lets himself be in public but it's not like anyone can hear him.

Of course, he was wrong to believe this. Unbeknownst to him, clips of this interaction were already being clipped and uploaded onto social media.

When the game finished 5 - 3 to Montreal, Shane had four goals and one assist. He's feeling fairly good about himself as the team filters into the locker room post game.

He hums to himself as he removes his gear ready to shower, laughs along loudly with the guys as they recall and joke about Ilya's chirps for the day.

It's all very funny, until Schneider opens up twitter on his phone and laughs out loud.

“Guys, no wonder Rozanov was so fucking annoying tonight. He was the Mic’d up player this week. I didn't even know they were doing this game.”

Shane's face drained of all colour. “What?”

He tries quickly to recall all of the interaction they'd had during the game, but so much had happened in game that the specifics of their words weren't coming back to him but he knew he was flirting though. Fuck. He needed to get out of here. He grabs his phone and sees there's a text from ‘Lily’

3hours ago – i dont havee media today,, ill head straight to mine. Meet there

2 mins ago– FUCK FUCK FUCK SHANE I HAD MIC

2 mins ago– IM SO SORRY

1 mins ago– SHANE RUN

Now – typing ...

He doesn't bother waiting for the new one. He drops his phone into his locker and bolts over to the shower with his towel in hand. It's only a one minute blast to remove the layer of postgame stink and sweat but it's better than nothing. He would've just run out the door back to Ilyas but It's a post game suspicion that he has the shower here – and at the end of the day, Hockey is life for Shane. The warm water does nothing for his heart beating out his chest.

When he heads back into the locker room only three minutes have past but they've obviously all seen something that has stunned them into a stupor. Shane sweeps his eyes over the team as they all sit in their lockers stunned. Some horrified, some amused, some disgusted.

He had just left when they had found the clip of the conversation between the two captains during the six man pile on mid game.

“Well…” He stood there with the posture of a kid about to tell their mum they threw up on their covers. “Ermmmm…”

“Shane fucking Hollander. Are you fucking Rozanov?” Hayden asks, the only one that can find the words.

He smiled, “I just think... that at the end of the day... I did tell you all, I can fucking pull. Dudes though... I guess..."

Before they can respond, the locker room door bangs open and Ilya stands in the doorway. The voyagers stare at the Russians as he eyes scan the room to find his boyfriend. When he sees him he doesn't smile, but lets out a heavy sigh. “Hollander, quick grab your stuff… Boiziau and Pikes moms are waiting for us."

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