

It's A Nice Day For A ... Fake Wedding?

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It's A Nice Day For A ... Fake Wedding?

by [fishcollective](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov is getting married! But it's to be able to stay in the country if something happens (or so he says). He invited his teammates on the Centaurs to the wedding.

"So, I am getting... how you say? Marriage of convenience,"

"Alright... so who's the poor lady stuck with you then?"

"Shane Hollander."

Evan Dykstra's POV (yes I chose a random teammate)

Notes

Setting this in fall 2020 and basically ignoring everything that is The Long Game except the names of Ilya's teammates on the Centaurs. Troy hasn't joined yet though.

This was just a funny thought shared with a friend and then it snowballed. For the sake of this fic, Shane isn't keeping his sexuality a closely guarded secret but hasn't made a big deal of it publicly. Also let's pretend the NHL isn't super homophobic and that them coming out wouldn't be a problem. This is just for fun.

Also don't come at me with how visas and citizenship work in Canada. I did some very light googling okay?

And I've gone with book teams and terms. For fun. I also remember nothing about Ilya's teammates tbh.

Practice had gone well. They were really gelling as a team now, and Ilya Rozanov was a good captain whom Evan thought could take the Centaurs to the playoffs this season if they kept the upward trajectory they were currently on. And their newest player, Luca Haas, had some real good promise too. Yeah, this would be a good season, Evan could feel it. He had just changed into his regular clothes when Rozanov took to the centre of the locker room.

“Listen up! I have an announcement to make,” he exclaimed. “I’m getting married!”

The room erupted in cheers.

“Congratulations Roz!” Bood shouted from where he was buttoning up his shirt.

“Who’s the lucky lady? And why is this the first we hear of her?” Evan asked. Cause this really was coming as a big surprise. The WAGs of the Ottawa Centaurs were very involved in the social events of the team. Lots of barbecues and holiday parties, not to mention all the official events they attended with their wives and girlfriends on their arms. But Rozanov never had anyone join him. Ever.

“Okay, huddle up dingdongs,” he said and they all moved in closer automatically, some of them only half dressed. “Here’s the deal. Shit is not looking so great in mother Russia, and coming here I’ve started over on the whole citizenship timeline. You never know when we get hurt too bad and have to be sent home, just look at poor Quinn!”

Patrick Quinn, formerly of the Brooklyn Scouts, had recently had to retire early because of a really gnarly hip fracture. At least he just moved back home to Iowa, and didn’t have to get deported or anything.

“So, I am getting... how you say? Marriage of convenience,” Roz concluded.

“Alright... so who’s the *poor* lady stuck with you then?” Boyle asked, correcting Evan’s optimistic assumption.

“Shane Hollander.” Roz grinned, looking very pleased with himself as all around him jaws dropped.

“What the fuck Rozanov?” Evan blurted out. Shane Hollander, three time Cup winning captain of the Montreal Voyageurs, was a *wild* choice for a fake spouse. Even disregarding the gayness of it all, and he assumed this was Roz’s way of saying he’s gay or bi or something?, marrying a rival player to secure an RP card was *a lot*.

“You’re joking right?” Hayes looked taken aback by the news. And if Evan remembered correctly, he knew Hollander from working at his and Roz’s summer hockey camp, so that was interesting.

“Hey! We’re friends, he’s gay, we’re business partners. And none of you fuckers are single. Except you, rookie. Would you marry me so I could stay in Canada?” He pointed at Haas

who had joined them this season, fresh off the draft. The poor boy looked terrified, and blushed up to his ears.

“Thought so. Anyway, Hollander is a good friend. We will be wed. And we have to make it look real for the officials. So none of this leaves this room. Okay?”

“Sure thing cap!” Chouinard did a mock salute.

The others joined with affirmations of secrets to be kept. At the back of the room Evan could see Coach Wiebe shake his head while smiling.

“Okay good. It won’t be a big fancy thing. But you’re my family now. You can come.”

The somewhat confused, but overall excited, huddle dispersed and went back to their respective stalls to finish getting dressed.

“November 21st, I will send you all the details tonight,” Roz added before heading to Wiebe’s office. “Let me know by Monday next week. Yes you can bring your wives. No kids though. And I won’t be mad if you can’t make it.”

Evan sidled up to Bood as Rozanov left the room. “Can you believe that? A fake wedding with Hollander of all people?”

“Crazy. But hey, maybe it will be like a movie and they’ll fall in love!”

Evan shook his head. “Has Cassie gotten you into romcoms Bood?”

“The other way around,” Bood said and winked. Then he turned around to face their goalie. “Hey Hazy. What do you think? You’ve worked with them together. You think they’ll kill each other or fall madly in love or what?”

“Shut up Bood,” Hayes replied.

“Wanna bet? Twenty says they fall in love within a year.” Bood laughed, but Evan knew he’d be good for it come next winter.

“Sure. I’ll take that bet.”

“I’ll leave the betting to you two.” Hayes shook his head.

“No but really Hazy. What’s he like off the ice? Hollander.” Boyle joined them, ready to head out.

“Shit coach, but nice guy. Good with the kids. He and Roz seem fine together. Friendly.” He shrugged. “They leave the fight on the ice.”

“Sounds like it will be a fun spectacle anyway. I look forward to it,” Bood said and gathered his things. “See you tomorrow guys!”

Evan wasn't far behind, but he couldn't stop thinking about this whole thing with Rozanov as he drove towards home. He guessed it made some kind of sense. The NHL had become far more tolerant in the past decade, with some players coming out publicly, not the least among them Scott Hunter in a very grand display of affection at his Cup win a few years back. And it might not even be so bad with players on rivaling teams. He knew that over on the women's side there had been married rivals playing against each other ruthlessly. And if it was okay for the NHL he could see how it was actually a smart thing to marry another player for your permanent residency. You wouldn't have to live together when playing for different cities after all. Yeah it was a decent plan, assuming they could pull the relationship off convincingly.

They didn't talk about it much during the following month or so. There were a few jokes here and there as would be expected, and Rozanov did confirm that he is in fact bisexual. No one cared whatsoever about that though. Evan did however notice that a ring had joined the gold crucifix around Roz's neck. He hadn't thought about it before but he did think it was new. And it would make sense. But wow, the guy was really going all in, wasn't he? There were of course lots of extra ribbing when they met Montreal on their home ice. Rozanov had just smiled when they told him to not go easy on his future husband, and he hadn't. Not one bit. They went *hard*, but Evan could have sworn he saw Roz wink at Hollander after a check into the boards.

And so the big day rolled around. Nine of Evan's teammates had accepted the invitation, plus Evan of course, and the coach. Rozanov had made sure to tell anyone who regretfully declined that it was absolutely fine and he wasn't offended. Some of the guys brought wives and some went stag. Evan and Caitlin had managed to convince Caitlin's mother to take their daughter for the evening. To be honest it hadn't taken that much convincing, she was thrilled to get some grandma bonding time with their little one. So with Caitlin on his arm he entered the private countryside venue. Just like Roz had said, it wasn't some fancy lavish celebrity shindig. But the venue was still beautifully decorated with tasteful florals in off white and sage green, with pops of deep burgundy and burnt orange. It was a lovely colour combination. Caitlin had excitedly pointed out the choice of chrysanthemums. Apparently they meant loyalty and longevity, which was a nice touch. But overall the way the venue was set up seemed to be mainly focused on people having fun together rather than some ceremony. And yeah why not use this thing to throw a proper party? Wedding guests were milling about and he could pick out some of Hollander's teammates from Montreal. Boiziau and Pike for sure, he thought maybe he recognised someone else but couldn't quite remember a name. He was sure there must be more of them around. It was clearly a hockey wedding though. Cause not only were some of the "couple's" respective teammates there, but he easily recognised Scott Hunter from the New York Admirals, with a guy who must be his boyfriend. Talking with Hunter was a man and a woman Evan thought must be Max Riley and Leah Campbell. Both had played together on Team Canada in the Olympics before Max had come out as trans. He remembered a lot of press about that. And he had heard they did the camp with Roz over the summer, so it would make sense they were invited. And then there was

Ryan Price, towering above a lot of the guests. On his arm was one of the most beautiful men Evan had ever seen. How queer was this sham hockey wedding exactly?

The ceremony itself wasn't anything special really, but beautiful nonetheless in its simplicity. There were no chairs, so everyone just stood in a rough semi circle in front of the officiant and the happy fake-couple. The grooms looked handsome in matching but opposite suits. Roz was wearing a burgundy suit with cream accents (*It matches the flowers!* Caitlin had whispered to him), and Hollander in the reverse with a cream suit and burgundy details. They honestly made a beautiful couple, and that thought messed with Evan's head. The officiant welcomed everyone, then read a poem that Evan wondered who had picked. Was Rozanov a secret poetry lover? Or was that more Hollander's thing? Vows were exchanged, and Evan was sure he heard Roz's voice crack on some of the words. And even if this was a sham wedding, Evan found himself tearing up a little as they said their *I do*-s. He really was a sucker for weddings, but would never admit it to anyone.

"You may now kiss to celebrate this union," the officiant declared.

Rozanov was beaming as Hollander grabbed his lapel and pulled him in for the kiss. Hollander's fingers tangled in Roz's hair as their lips met, with Roz's hand gently cupping his new husband's jaw. *Damn okay*, Evan thought. That was a proper kiss alright.

Coming apart they turned to the crowd, and lifting their clasped hands into the air as if in victory, Roz exclaimed, "We're married!" He looked truly elated.

They took a step forward, and then Rozanov scooped Hollander towards him and dipped. Just a full on classic romantic dip ending with a kiss. And a long one too (*a perk of having hockey muscles*, Evan mused to himself. *Being able to hold that.*) When they pulled back up Hollander almost melted into Roz's embrace before they both started laughing.

"Alright, let's party!" Rozanov shouted. And as they started moving through the crowd, Evan noticed that he hadn't let go of Hollander's hand.

Everyone cheered, congratulations were offered, and hugs given. A couple Evan figured had to be Shane Hollander's parents were both crying as they embraced their son, and now he guessed, technically son-in-law.

Evan turned to Bood who was standing next to him, also looking a bit stunned.

"That looked... very sincere," he said.

"Very," Bood answered. They both shook their heads slightly in disbelief.

"Why wouldn't it?" Caitlin cut in. "They look so beautiful. I'm going to go say hi."

They, of course, hadn't told their wives anything about Rozanov's plan. He said the secret stayed in the locker room, and so it would.

"Well," Bood said. "This *is* still a wedding. Let's have some fun!"

So they mingled. It felt very similar to an awards party. Just a lot of hockey people and their significant others with a few parents thrown into the mix. Evan made small talk with people for a bit while sipping pre-dinner champagne. He hadn't introduced himself to the Montreal left winger Pike yet, but he couldn't help but notice the way the guy was staring daggers at Rozanov. Clearly Pike didn't like him, or that he was getting hitched to his captain and, Evan assumed, good friend. Evan might just have to give him an extra hard time on the ice next time they played, just cause.

Evan had lost his wife in the crowd at some point, but she was probably having fun catching up with other WAGs so he wasn't worried. He spotted Rozanov with his arm around his technically-husband's waist, just wrapping up a conversation with a curly haired woman Evan didn't recognise. As she left, Evan took her place.

"Congratulations, I guess" he said, and got a kind of weird look from Hollander. Lowering his voice he leaned towards Rozanov. "Hey Roz, can I talk to you for a sec?"

"Sure. I'll be right back, *moya lyubov*," Roz said and gave Hollander a quick kiss.

"Don't be too long." Hollander winked, and strode off in the direction of Wiebe who was chatting with the actress Rose Landry of all people. *Holy shit Rose Landry is here?* How had he not noticed? But that was beside the point right now.

He steered Rozanov around a corner to hopefully get out of earshot of the rest of the party. He thought the music and overall chatter should help a lot too, because he needed to talk to this man.

"Yes Dickie, what you want?" Roz looked at him with some curious impatience. "I have a husband to kiss some more."

"That's why I wanted to talk to you," Evan almost hissed. "Are you not laying it on a bit thick?"

"What do you mean?" Rozanov actually looked a bit confused.

"You said you were getting married to Hollander because you wanted a sure way to stay in the country." Evan purposefully kept his voice low. You never knew who might be close by. "And yeah of course you want it to look good for the press and the government but damn."

Roz laughed. Just... laughed.

"Look at your face! So confused. Horrified maybe? I'm kissing the enemy, yes?" He smiled.

"Kinda?"

It had been some really good and convincing kisses too. Evan wasn't sure if he felt bad for Hollander, or oddly jealous.

"Would it be so bad? If me and Hollander were together?" Roz asked.

“You *are* on rival teams, but...” He didn’t really know where he was going with this. Would it actually be bad? Not really. But it sure would be surprising.

“But what? He is boring? He has a weak backhand? I tell him this every day.”

“What? His backhand is...” Hollander definitely didn’t have a weak backhand. Not the strongest in the league maybe, but he was pretty high up there. Wait, *every day*?

Evan didn’t have time to finish his sentence before Shane Hollander himself came around the corner. And he looked... angry? But also maybe amused, it was hard for Evan to really tell. He didn’t know the guy after all.

“Ilya! There you are! Did you tell your team you were marrying me for a PR card?!” Hollander was definitely not keeping *his* voice down.

“Shane...” Rozanov put up a placating hand while also doing a small side nod towards Evan.

That made Hollander look straight at him and Evan felt like sinking into the wall he was leaning against.

“What exactly did my *dear husband* tell you guys?”

Evan sputtered “Uh... that he needed to get married to secure his stay in Canada. And that you were friends and business partners and that you were going to have to make it look real for the press?”

Hollander whirled on his... husband. “The fuck Ilya?! Why would you prank your teammates as a fucking wedding invite?”

Prank? ... *prank*? Oh god.

“I thought it would be funny!” Roz protested. “They didn’t know! Well Wiebe knew.”

We didn’t know what?

“Oh my god I hate you.” Hollander pinched the bridge of his nose.

“No you don’t. You looove me.” Roz straight up smirked, and tried to cup Hollander’s cheek, but his hand was swatted away.

“I can’t with you...” Hollander turned back to Evan and held out a hand which Evan took, stunned. “Hi. I’m Shane. We haven’t been properly introduced. You’re good by the way, at hockey I mean. My *husband* on the other hand, is an asshole.”

“Uh... Evan. Dykstra. Nice to meet you too... so uh, not a marriage of convenience?” He was trying to catch up here. Fast.

“Did he use that word? Where did you learn *that* you big Russian idiot?”

“Your dad,” Rozanov muttered. Clearly amused but trying not to fan any flames too much.

“No. This is *not* a marriage of convenience. We’ve been—” he wiggled his hand in the air “—together, for ten years. But maybe I should consider divorce, hm?” At the last word he pointedly stared at Rozanov.

“Noooo. I’m sorry.” Roz wrapped his arms around Hollander from behind while planting a kiss right below his ear. *Oh wow, okay. Okay.*

“Apologise to poor Evan here.” Hollander didn’t try to get out of the embrace this time. Instead he leaned back into it.

“Dickie. Sorry. I lied. This is actual wedding,” Roz said over Hollander’s shoulder.

Holy shit.

“Holy shit...” Oh oops, he said it out loud. But this was a lot. Hollander smiled — a little bit pityingly maybe but now definitely also amused, at Evan. And Evan still couldn’t think of him in any other way than as Hollander, even if he was now... the real life, not fake at all, husband of his captain.

“You are the actual worst,” Hollander murmured into a kiss on Roz’s cheek. “I’m going to go back to our party and talk to some guests before dinner.” He extracted himself from Roz’s arms and took a small step towards Evan. “It was great to properly meet, and not just be body checked by you. Go get yourself another drink. You probably need one.” And with that he left.

“Sooo...” Evan said, barely looking at Rozanov.

“Surprise? Sorry. But it *was* fun. Your face. Worth it.”

Evan sighed.

“Ten years? Really?”

Roz shrugged and smiled.

“And I betted against you... damn,” Evan muttered under his breath.

“What was that?” Roz asked.

“Oh nothing.”

“You should probably go tell the others. If they didn’t already figure it out. I did kiss him *really good*.”

Evan groaned. But yeah, Roz was right. He really needed to find his teammates before dinner. Or the speeches would probably be very confusing for them.

Rozanov patted him on the back and left without another word. Probably to go kiss his actual for real husband that he had been in a relationship with for a decade. Yeah, this was going to

take some time for Evan to wrap his head around. He took a deep breath, shook his arms, and went back to the party.

Dillon had apparently realised what was going on before the ceremony even began, simply by talking to other guests. And he wasn't bothered one bit. But not much could shake that guy to be honest. He had in turn told Boyd who was a little bit more surprised but delighted.

Evan found Bood by the bar as people started to move to where the dinner was being set up.

"Hey, did you figure it out yet?"

"Figure what out?" Bood asked.

"That this isn't a sham wedding." He smiled, hoping the news might hit his friend like they had him.

"I mean, the kissing did clue me in that Roz might've been messing with us." Okay fine, he didn't seem *that* taken aback by the reveal, but at least Evan was the first person to confirm it for him.

"Apparently he thought it would be a fun prank!"

"I mean... he wasn't wrong," Bood conceded, and then he seemed to realise something.

"Hey, you owe me 20 dollars!"

"You bet me they would fall in love within a year. Apparently it's been going on for ten! I would say that bet is null and void."

"Come on Dickie, love is love!" Bood protested.

"I think *I* will take those 20 dollars." Rozanov surprised them both by coming up behind them and placing his arms around their shoulders. "I fell in love with that man twelve years ago. The moment I saw those freckles... I win."

He slapped their shoulders and winked as he headed to the big room that would shortly contain his real, for love, wedding dinner.

Twelve? They would've been teenagers. Not even rookies! Fucking hell. This dinner and its speeches sure would be interesting. Their next game against Montreal would be even more so. Evan couldn't wait.

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