

Will they carve their names together?

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Will they carve their names together?

by [Cinderella323](#)

Summary

The 2017 all stars.

The first time they were teamed up together.

And where their fellow hockey players became fearful of the idea they could be on a team together.

But it's never gonna happen, right?

Notes

Please enjoy i finished and edited this all while high, eating cookies, drinking coffee and watching 13 going on 30.

Ps if you think I'm missing tags please tell me I went through the Tage several times.

At the 2017 All star game, no one could deny that watching Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander, play side by side on a line, was the most beautiful thing they ever saw.

The most terrifying as well.

Cliff Marleau is praying to every god on earth that he never faces those two on the ice.

The crowd themselves is giddy watching the chemistry, watching the assists and banter.

Both benches wince in sympathy after a quick body check from Rozanov, a player from San Francisco slammed into the glass.

He never had a chance to cross Hollander's path.

Troy Barrett is watching with heavy fear, alone they're terrifying on the ice, together? Lethal.

“Mon dieu.” JJ never thought he would want Rozanov in the same town as him, but he seriously wishes they would trade to get Rozanov.

They watched an amazing play as Hollander with an assist from Rozanov, scoring their fourth goal together.

Skating at each other, Rozanov grabbed Hollander and pressed a kiss to the side of his helmet.

They smile exchanging words, as they head back to their positions.

Carter Vaughn looks at them, watching as Hollander gives Rozanov a look.

The second the puck dropped, it was shot to Rozanov and he had it halfway across the ice before anyone knew what they were doing.

Hollander catches up with first they only passed the puck twice but it seemed more like they were mocking the other team as Rozanov shot it in the unguarded upper left corner.

This time Hollander tosses his stick aside to grab Rozanov's helmet with both hands, planting a kiss on the top.

Vaughn could make out the words spoken.

‘Brave.’ A cheeky smile given to their captain.

Holy shit is Hollander blushing? He thinks watching the pink bloom dark on his cheeks.

Wyatt Hayes is losing his mind watching the 2 legends.

When the game was over the west coast was humiliated with a 5-0 loss.

At the handshake lineup, Hollander and Rozanov brought up the tail.

Laughing with each other as they shake hands, as if they shared inside jokes.

In the locker rooms.

The West Coast knowing the win or loss doesn't count towards anything, but still licking their wounded pride and plans to drown their sorrows.

The East coast making plans to go out, there's a beach bar nearby and for the first time in weeks, both Rozanov and Hollander agree to go out with the team.

That's when everyone realizes how in sync they really are.

They played pool against Carter Vaughn and Zane Boodram, they didn't know what hit them until Shane sunk the black eight ball.

Rozanov hands a can of ginger ale to Hollander.

"What the fuck is going on?" Marleau watches Hollander lean against the table as Rozy pokes him gently with a pool cue.

Laughing as he yells across the table, "Asshole," as they play against each other, enjoying the competition.

"Dude I'm scared, " Wyatt Hayes mutters into his beer.

"Are you kidding? I'm downright terrified. What if they get traded to the same team?" Nick Chouinard groans, thinking that whatever team manages to do that, will have the cup until those two retire.

"Did you see Rozanov's face? That man was on a mission." Marleau knocks back the rest of his drink.

Winching as he remembers when the massive enforcer attempted to check Shane away, but was surprised when they flawlessly switched places and Rozanov had him on the ground as they skated past.

No one could touch him either. Anytime someone tried to cross Rozanov while he had the puck, they were laid out by Hollander.

"Hollander oh my god you are so boring." Rozanov groans as Hollander leans over for the third time trying to get just the right angle, to shoot at his second to last striped ball.

What no one notices is Ilya slyly leaning against the wall, looking at the curve of a certain Canadian's ass.

Shane sinks his ball.

"Good one, Hollander." Shane's lips quirk up at the teasing tone.

"Thanks." He turns around to look at Rozanov.

Shane's phone rings. Ilya pouts as Shane perches himself on the table to take it, pausing their game.

"Hayden what's up man?" Ilya rolls his eyes, huffing as Shane becomes more interested in his best friend.

J.J. watches Rozanov, with wide eyes, pluck the phone from Hollander's grasp, "Pike it is rude to interrupt game, I wish to beat your best friend before sunset." Hollander makes a grabby hand towards his phone, but is kept at arm's length by his Assistant captain.

"Ahh Pike if you wished to have night with me, should have asked sooner, I am spoken for." The mocking tone has his Russian accent thickening, ending the call.

"I do not know how you stand him for so long, Hollander. He is almost as boring as you." Ilya smiles as Shane's cheeks start to blush, his freckles against a pink canvas.

Hayes watches Hollander quickly sink his last striped ball and the black eight ball, turning to give Rosanov a triumphant smile.

Hayes has never seen that look on Hollander.

When Rosanov stiffened, turning to look at them, staring them down. All eyes divert away from them, terrified at the look he gave them.

But when Shane turns around to head to the bar, the guys don't notice the smile still there.

Which is what Ilya wanted, if they stared, it would not have stayed.

He wants it to stay.

Following Hollander through the crowd, keeping close and constantly talking.

"Shut the fuck up." He pushes him away after someone bumps Ilya into him, slyly gripping his waist for a moment.

Ilya grins as they make it to the bar, ordering a ginger ale and a coke.

Hollander's smile fades for a moment and then says something about going to the bathroom.

Rozanov heads back to the pool table probably hoping for a rematch.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes pass.

Ilya abandons the untouched drinks, heading outside looking frantically.

Marleau, who followed to take a smoke break, watches his Captain's shoulders tense but release upon seeing Hollander down further closer to the water.

Nick Chouinard comes out to join him as Ilya sits with Hollander.

"They'll have so many cup wins together the hall of fame is going to carve their names in the walls."

Marleau huffs a laugh agreeing, just hoping he'll be on the same team.

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