

shane hollander versus the girl scouts

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shane hollander versus the girl scouts

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Summary

shane hollander just needed to run to the grocery store to pick up some ginger ale and snacks before his next few days in boston with his team. it was simple, and as long as he didn't get side-tracked, it would be quick.

but when does a grocery store trip ever end up with only a few things?

OR

shane hollander faces off against a group of little girl scouts and ends up buying over fifty boxes. (but at least he gets to see ilya!)

Notes

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

Shane Hollander just needed to run to the grocery store to pick up some ginger ale and snacks before his next few days in Boston with his team. It was simple, and as long as he didn't get side-tracked, it would be quick.

But when does a grocery store trip *ever* end up with only a few things?

Shane was walking across the parking lot, careful not to get hit by a car, or *worse*, slip on ice (because what could be more embarrassing than hurting himself before the big game by slipping on a patch of ice?). He grabbed a stray shopping cart, too, making a mental note *not* to leave it roaming free in the parking lot as someone else has.

He's within five yards of the front door when he hears the voice.

"Girl scout cookies!"

He would've frozen in place if it wasn't for the fact that he was actively in the middle of the parking lot still with cars driving around across the icy surface.

Shane knew he couldn't just walk by these little girls selling their cookies. He'd feel *horrible* if he did, knowing he had all of this money and not spending it on the little girls in the blue vests and sashes.

He really tried to ignore them on his walk in, speeding up slightly as he got closer. But it was if the little girls could read his thoughts, because one of the little girls approached him with wide, puppy dog eyes.

"Please, sir," she begged with those stupid eyes, "buy our cookies. They're only five dollars a box."

Ahh, fuck.

"Um, I don't have cash on me," Shane muttered quietly, eying the parent behind the kid nervously. It was technically a lie; he had an emergency three hundred on him at all times, plus whatever else he had in his wallet.

For a split second, the girl's eyes saddened, and Shane's heart skipped a beat. He felt his own eyes widen as he began to panic. He did *not* need to be Shane Hollander, first MLH player to make a girl scout cry.

"But- But I'll go get some in there right now," he added quickly, forcing a brief smile.

The little girl's eyes widened as she nodded. "Thank you, sir!"

As he pushed his way into the grocery store, one thought pushed through his mind: *What the fuck did he just do?*

Shane

Anyone want girl scout

*cookies? There's a booth
at the grocery store.*

Within five seconds, his phone was blowing up, a constant vibration in his back pocket that was starting to overstimulate him. Not to mention the cheap lights burning into the back of his eyes.

Fuck, did this really have to be happening? Not to mention, he was supposed to see Ilya tonight-

Ilya.

He opened his phone to his texts and found Ilya's- or rather Lily's- number

Jane

*Do you like girl scout cookies?
I can bring some tonight.*

He slid his phone away, continuing to ignore its buzzing as he made his way to the drink cooler.

He ended up leaving the store with a twelve-pack of ginger ale (now with only eleven closed cans, because he held one opened as he drank to calm some of the buzz of nerves), a box of Ritz crackers (he and Hayden could eat these easily in one day), a bag of chips (again, easy work for the team to get through), and sixty dollars in cash back so he could buy cookies.

He looked over the list of responses on his phone, only seeming to grow by the minute. It was actually starting to overstimulate him. Every single player on the team wanted a different box of cookies, and Shane was *certainly* not a math guy- at least, not when it came to cookies.

"Thin mints... Peanut butter..." He muttered, trying to remember, but nothing stuck other than the stress headache this whole affair was bringing him.

He finally reached the cookie table, now being watched by not one but *three* little girls that somehow *all* have perfected the puppy dog eyes.

"You came back!" The girl who had hassled him earlier exclaimed, just loud enough to impact his overstimulation even more. "Do you have cash now?"

"Yeah, yeah," he said with a nod, making sure to ground himself with another sip of his ginger ale. "Um, let me see what my buddies want."

"Yay!"

He tried to read over the texts again, but it was as if the numbers went in through his eyes and out his ears, swimming in the air around him in a mess of numbers and names.

Focus, Hollander, he told himself, but it didn't seem to work.

Another text came in as he stared at the screen, making his throat close up.

Except it wasn't from a teammate. It was from Lily. *Ilya*.

Lily

I like mint ones.

Then another:

Lily

*And peanut butter
with chocolate.*

A smile turned up the corners of his cheeks, alleviating some stress. Not enough to get rid of his headache, but enough for him to unclench his fist around the cart handle a little more and for his chest to loosen up ever so slightly.

"How many boxes do you want, sir?" One of the little girls asked.

"Um..." He looked down at his screen before just shutting off his phone and sliding it into his back pocket. "How much do you have left?"

Shane pulled up to the hotel in his rental car with almost seventy boxes of cookies (which were all of the cookies the booth had left when he got there) and his wallet hundreds of dollars lighter. He had finished his ginger ale can by the time he got into the car- which took a while, having to lug a ton of cases of cookies to his car.

Hayden met him at the front entrance, and when Shane opened his trunk, his eyes widened.

"Dude, what the *fuck*?" He laughed, not even trying to cover it up. "You bought... *Geez*."

"I panicked, okay?" Shane said, running a hand through his hair. "I'm not good with numbers."

"Dude..." Hayden ran a hand down his face, trying hard not to laugh now that he saw Shane's stress. But... It was kind of hard, seeing all of the cookie boxes. "Okay, let's bring these up. The guys will be *siked*."

And they were. Everyone took two boxes each, if not more, practically shoving money at Shane as they did so. In the end, they were only left with a few boxes, which Shane decided to give to their staff as a gift.

"You're gonna have to do this more often, Hollander," Hayden muttered through his half-eaten peanut butter sandwich cookie.

Shane smiled, too nervous to eat any cookies of his own but with yet another ginger ale in his hand. He anxiously fiddled with the tab, thinking of the boxes of cookies in his car, waiting

for later that night.

Later that night, Shane snuck out to his car, with only one comment to Hayden: "Need some fresh air, I'll be back soon."

Of course, he was met with a snide remark from the man of "Go enjoy some Boston Lily, huh?", but he ignored it and slipped out silently anyway.

He pulled up to Ilya's house with a rush in his veins. He was finishing his second ginger ale, but he knew when he was inside, when he was with Ilya, all of the stress would fade away and it would just be him and Ilya together.

He knocked on the door gently. He listened intently for the footsteps on the other side, then the door flew open to reveal Ilya Rozanov.

God, did Ilya look good tonight, illuminated by the moonlight and wearing dark sweatpants and a wife beater. Shane could've kissed him right there, outside, for everyone to see.

"Like what you see, Hollander?" Ilya teased, smirking that stupid smirk that only made Shane weak in the knees.

"Shut up," Shane replied, entering with Ilya's invitation. He held up the plastic bag in his hand, setting it on Ilya's kitchen counter. "I brought you your cookies. Two boxes of each flavor. Figured we could eat some together tonight after..."

Ilya smiled, somewhere between teasing Shane for the idea and looking excited to do exactly what Shane said. He dug through the bag excitedly, like a kid opening a present on Christmas, when-

"What is this?"

Ilya extended the light blue box of shortbread cookies towards Shane with furrowed brows. Shane smiled sheepishly.

"That's, uh- That's mine. They're my favorites."

"Shortbread?" Ilya looked up, a smirk settling onto his perfect, pink lips. "Really?"

"Yeah, they're a *classic*."

"They're boring, that's what they are," Ilya chastised, but he was smiling as he set them aside his own boxes on the marble counter. "But you need to share them for me to try anyway."

"Ilya-"

But Ilya was dragging him away towards the bedroom, already fiddling with Shane's shirt buttons and pressing quick kisses to his face.

End Notes

2nd work published!! i was eating girl scout cookies today and it inspired me ig (i literally never stop thinking about heated rivalry, it's beginning to get unhealthy). dw shane has that money to spend on gs cookies, that rolex brand deal will carry him.

anyways hope you enjoy!! i will try to post again soon but i'm getting knee surgery tmr (not to info dump lmao) so we'll see what happens.

(also i genuinely love posting, idk i was so scared the first time)

thank you all for reading!!
xoxo soph <3

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