Web's Most Searched Questions (hollanov edition)

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Web's Most Searched Questions (hollanov edition)

by loulovehome

Summary

Why does Shane Hollander stare at Ilya Rozanov?

Shane clears his throat hard, panic rejoining his bloodstream. “But I don’t like stare *stare*. It’s just professional awareness. Team situational awareness. Hockey reasons.”

“Yes,” Ilya nods gravely, eyes glinting. “Very serious hockey staring.”

Shane groans.

(The one where Shane and Ilya take on Web's Most Search Questions about them.)

Notes

i am SO obsessed with them. hope you guys enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more notes

(Bright white backdrop. WIRED logo to the corner. Two tall director chairs, placed far too close. A crew member quietly whispers, "We should've added another six inches." Another replies, "There is no safe distance with these two.")

They sit sideways to the camera, turned slightly in so their shoulders angle toward each other. The director chairs are tall enough that their knees bump every time one of them shifts.

Neither of them are shifting away.

Shane Hollander is holding the big WIRED question board against his thigh, one hand resting lightly over the covered strips. It looks harmless in his hands. It absolutely isn't.

Ilya Rozanov lounges like he's in his living room, one elbow casually hooked over the armrest of Shane's chair rather than his own. Not touching him.

Hovering.

Within gravity range.

The producer claps once, too optimistically. "Okay, we're rolling! Energy up, just introduce yourselves normally, mention Ottawa, and then we'll jump in."

Ilya squints suspiciously. "Again with this 'normally.'"

Shane nudges his knee against his. "You'll be fine. Try not to threaten anyone in the first thirty seconds."

"No guarantee," Ilya replies.

The red light blinks on.

Instantly, Shane's face brightens into that media-trained, polite-boy charm that somehow never looks fake. He turns toward the camera.

"Hi! I'm Shane Hollander."

"And I am Ilya Rozanov," Ilya follows, voice smooth, posture lazy, like the interview came to *him*.

"And we," Shane continues, and something like warmth slips under his tone, "play for the Ottawa Centaurs."

There's a beat.

Just enough time for the universe to appreciate the absurdity: two former rivals sharing a team, a city, a life that no one would've predicted a few years ago.

Ilya tips his chin toward Shane, lips curling. "Very unfortunate situation. I am deeply suffering."

Shane doesn’t even bother to look offended. "You say that, but you keep showing up early to practice just to sit next to me."

"I show up early to intimidate other players, plus, I wear the capital 'C'," Ilya argues with a cocky smile.

Shane turns slightly in his chair. Their knees bump again. "Right. Of course. My mistake."

Camera 2 zooms.

The boom mic catches what might be the sound tech snorting.

"We’re really happy to be in Ottawa Centaurs," Shane says then, more sincere, almost shy about it. "It’s been… really good. Kind of surreal. Kind of amazing."

Ilya glances at him.

There’s a small, unguarded moment.

"Yes," he agrees quietly. "Good team. Good city." Then he forcibly pushes the softness away with a scoff. "Short annoying forward, but… is manageable."

Shane laughs, a little helpless. "He’s so kind to me."

The board shifts slightly as he balances it on his knee again. The studio lights reflect off the glossy white surface. Questions wait underneath those strips.

He looks into the camera, suddenly fully WIRED interview mode, which for Shane Hollander is somewhere between enthusiastic student and smug hockey gremlin.

"So today," he says, tapping the board with two fingers, "we’re answering the internet’s most searched questions about us."

"Yes," Ilya nods solemnly. "We are ready to expose ourselves."

Shane closes his eyes. "Please. Please don’t say it like that."

"Why?" Ilya asks innocently. "What is wrong phrasing?"

Producer: quietly screams into clipboard

Shane shakes his head and grins anyway. "These are going to be really normal and respectful questions, right?"

Ilya leans closer, shoulder brushing Shane’s for the first real time. "Internet is never normal. They are… passionate."

"They’re something," Shane mutters.

(Camera note: Zoom slightly. If they scoot any closer they will technically be in one chair.)

The studio is quiet for half a breath, tension warm and playful and absolutely alive.

Shane curls his fingers under the first paper strip.

He glances sideways instinctively.

Ilya’s already looking at him.

Like always.

"Ready?" Shane asks, voice softer than WIRED probably intended.

"Yes," Ilya replies instantly. "Together."

Producer, whispering to assistant: "Yeah. This one’s getting eight million views in twenty-four hours."

They finally peeled the first strip.

"And our first most-searched question is-"

Where is Shane Hollander from?

He smiles, easy. "Ottawa."

Is Shane Hollander half-Korean?

Shane blinks at the board. Then at the camera. Then at Ilya, like maybe this is his fault somehow.

"No. I am half Japanese. My mom’s side."

He nods politely toward the camera like he’s explaining basic geography to a confused child.

"I love Korean fans. I love Korean culture. But…" He gestures helplessly.

"I am simply not Korean. Please stop writing this on Wikipedia."

"There was whole argument about it online," Ilya says helpfully, like a man who absolutely read every second of it. "Very dramatic. Many threads. I was entertained."

"Ilya," Shane says, scandalized.

"What?" Ilya shrugs. "Your fans are passionate. And occasionally wrong."

Shane sighs but he’s smiling.

He removes the next strip.

How old was Ilya Rozanov when he won his first Stanley Cup?

He barely finishes before he turns his head, eyebrow raised.

"Do you want to answer this one yourself, or?"

"I was twenty-three," Ilya replies smoothly, like he's announcing something only mildly relevant, not a defining world achievement. "Very young. Very talented. Very humble."

Shane laughs abruptly. "Yeah. That last one especially."

He glances sidelong at Ilya, and there's this tiny flicker of something warm. Admiration. Pride.

"Are Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander friends?"

Shane glances sideways. "This feels targeted."

Ilya looks profoundly offended on behalf of friendship as a concept between them.

"Who is searching this?" he asks the ceiling.

"The world," Shane supplies.

"Well, I do not hate you," Ilya says, with the solemnity of a confession. Then, ruinously smug: "You are… tolerable."

Shane chokes on a laugh. "You said that in an interview once."

"Yes. And I was liar. He is-" Ilya stops, reconsiders, makes a face like he is offended by his own sincerity. "…fine."

Shane beams like someone just just handed him the Stanley Cup again.

(Camera note: Camera 1 catches the exact second Ilya softens and immediately hides it. Save for promo.)

Ilya rips the white strip to reveal the next question.

Who is actually better at hockey?

Shane makes the mistake of inhaling, clearly prepared to approach this academically.

Ilya puts his hand up in the air and answers:
"Me."

Shane blinks. "You can't just-"

"Yes I can. Is video. It is permanent."

Shane sets his card down very gently, like he is about to commit a crime but wants to be polite about it. "Statistically speaking-"

"Statistically," Ilya interrupts, leaning closer, "I am better."

Shane's expression does that fond-exasperated thing that half the internet has made into gifs. "You literally just said you don't hate me thirty seconds ago. You can't follow that up with emotional damage."

"I can," Ilya says. "Watch me."

(Producer whispers, "We're not cutting any of this." The editor nods reverently.)

Why does Shane Hollander stare at Ilya Rozanov?

The printed question sits bold and unapologetic on the board.

He freezes.

The camera zooms in because of course it does.

There is a very particular kind of silence that follows:
not awkward
not empty
just… charged.

Shane clears his throat. "I don't."

His voice cracks on the word.

Somewhere behind the camera, someone chokes back a laugh.

"I don't," he repeats, firmer this time, except his ears are bright red and his neck is flushing and he won't look anywhere near Ilya's direction.

Ilya slowly turns his head and looks at him.

Not subtle.

Not merciful.

Predatory curiosity wrapped in affection.

"Really?" he asks, voice velvet-smooth. "You do not?"

Shane does not look at him back because that would make it worse. He stares very passionately at the middle distance instead.

"I mean, I look at you because you're there," Shane says, flailing in slow motion. "You're just… you're on the ice. And you're… visible."

Ilya blinks. "I am visible."

"Yes," Shane says weakly. "That's how, um… eyes… work."

The producer’s pen stops moving halfway through a note.

Camera 2 tightens shot on Shane’s face: wide eyes, mortified, trying desperately to crawl out of his own body.

"So," Ilya continues thoughtfully, leaning a little closer in his director chair, knee nudging Shane’s. "You are saying… you stare because I exist?"

"Don’t say it like *that*," Shane groans.

"I am only repeating," Ilya shrugs, all false innocence and sharp delight. "You stare because I am real. Because I am… there."

Shane finally risks glancing at him.

Mistake.

Ilya is looking at him like the question is the funniest, sweetest gift the internet has ever delivered.

Shane swallows.

"You’re," his voice softens without his permission. "You’re kind of… loud. Visually."

Ilya’s eyebrows rise. "Visually loud?"

Shane gestures vaguely at all of him, helpless. "You’re… a lot. You’re, look, Ilya just exists in HD, okay?"

The crew loses it.

Someone definitely snorts.

Ilya goes still.

Not offended. Not mocking.

Just quiet.

"I exist," he repeats, very gently. "In HD."

Shane laughs a small, self-conscious laugh. "Yeah. Like. You walk into a room and it’s just suddenly everything’s sharper. You’re hard not to look at."

He realizes what he’s said.

He stops breathing.

Ilya’s mouth curves. Slowly. Carefully. Soft in a way nobody prepared the audience for.

"So," he murmurs, leaning just a fraction closer, not touching, too close anyway. "You look."

Shane doesn’t even bother lying this time.

"Yeah," he says, barely above a whisper.

Camera 3 captures it.

Unavoidable.

Unedited.

Ridiculously sincere.

The producer fans himself with the clipboard.

Shane clears his throat hard, panic rejoining his bloodstream. "But I don’t like stare *stare*. It’s just professional awareness. Team situational awareness. Hockey reasons."

"Yes," Ilya nods gravely, eyes glinting. "Very serious hockey staring."

Shane groans.

Ilya sits back in his chair finally, smug and fond in devastating equal measure.
"To answer the question," he says to the camera, entirely unhelpful, "Shane Hollander stares because he has good taste."

Shane covers his face with the question board.

"Also because I am visually loud," Ilya adds. "In high definition."

"I'm never doing press with you again."

"Yes, you will."

The editor watching the footage back will need a minute.

Shane has barely finished recovering from the staring question when he reaches for the next strip.

He peels.

He reads.

He *dies*.

Is Shane Hollander actually as perfect as he looks?

Shane makes a noise that is not human and immediately tries to hand the board to Ilya like it’s radioactive.

"Nope. No. Absolutely not answering that. Moving on."

"We cannot," Ilya says, delighted. "Board has asked. Internet demands truth."

Shane looks at the camera desperately. "I would like to officially apologize to society for- for existing in a way that caused that question."

"Do not apologize," Ilya says, eyebrow lifting. "They are simply correct."

Shane freezes.

Ilya doesn't hesitate.

"Yes," he says calmly, confidently, with the same tone he uses to discuss game strategy. "He is actually that perfect."

Someone in the crew muffles a scream.

Shane splutters. "No I'm not! Oh my god, Ilya, don't-"

But Ilya is already rolling.

"He wakes up early," he counts on his fingers casually, "he works harder than anyone, he refuses to quit even when it is stupid to keep going, he is kind to every single person from rookies to arena staff, he remembers birthdays, he eats terrible granola bars,"

Shane looks like he might literally walk out of the studio.

"Please," Shane begs him, face blazing, eyes too bright, "stop it, I'm going to- evaporate."

Ilya ignores him.

"He thinks being good is default and not… special," he continues, softer now. "He does not understand how rare he is. So yes. He is… close to perfect."

That hangs there.

Longer than it should.

Too sincere. Too real.
Not for WIRED.

"Wow," the sound guy whispers. "Okay."

Shane swallows, throat tight. "You're being nice to me. Publicly. This feels like a trap."

Ilya blinks like he genuinely doesn't understand why that's shocking.

"It is not trap," he says, shrugging. "Sometimes I say true thing."

Then, just when the room feels like it's floating too high, he tilts his head thoughtfully and adds:

"But also he snores a lot these days."

"There it is," Shane mutters.

"He cries at dog commercials."

"They’re very emotional!"

"He panics if we are missing one matching water bottle on the bench."

"It throws off the *system*," Shane argues weakly.

"And," Ilya finishes grandly, "he cannot fold a fitted sheet if his life depended on it."

Shane throws his hands up. "No one can fold fitted sheets!"

"Mom can." Ilya replied.

Shane turns back to the camera, still flushed but smiling helplessly, like he’s been emotionally tackled and has decided not to get back up.

"So," he sighs, defeated. "There you have it. I am… apparently perfect, except Ilya has compiled a PowerPoint of flaws."

"Yes," Ilya nods solemnly. "But they are charming flaws. I keep them."

"You keep-" Shane repeats, breath catching on the word, laughing because anything else would be too much.

"Of course," Ilya shrugs, like it’s obvious, and then quick, casual, like it's the most natural thing in the world he leans over and kisses Shane's cheek.

Shane goes completely still.

"Ilya," the producer says weakly.

Ilya sits back, utterly unbothered. "What? I am being affectionate with my boyfriend. Is problem?"

"We talked about this," someone mutters off-camera.

"You said no inappropriate touching," Ilya counters reasonably. "Cheek kiss is very appropriate. Grandmothers do this."

"Your grandmother doesn't look at people like that when she does it," Shane says, finding his voice again, pink from his collar to his hairline.

Ilya just shrugs, entirely unrepentant. "Is because I am not grandmother."

Producer note: **WE NEED TO CUT SOME OF THIS.**

Shane finally buries his face in his hands.

"Next question," he mutters. "For my sanity."

Ilya smiles.

He reaches for the next strip like he's enjoying every second.

And the internet, statistically, loses its mind.

Is Ilya Rozanov good at flirting?

Shane doesn't even wait a second.

"No," he says flatly.

Ilya turns slowly to stare at him, like Shane has just committed an act of treason.
"Excuse me?"

Shane shrugs, too casual to be anything but defensive. "You're blunt. And annoying. And not smooth. At all."

"I am extremely smooth," Ilya says, offended on behalf of himself. He gestures loosely with the board still in his hand; it nearly slips out of his fingers and he fumbles it before catching it again.

Shane raises an eyebrow. "Yeah. Really smooth."

That earns him an unimpressed stare. "You are saying I am bad flirt because you were too stupid to understand I flirted with you."

"I understood!" Shane sputters.

"Mm-hm." Ilya looks very much like he does not believe him. "Hollander," he adds, smug and challenging at once, "tell the class one example."

Shane blinks. Immediately regrets this situation. His ears are pink again.
He looks toward the camera. "See? This is what I'm talking about," he mutters. "He just, he does this thing where he… glares affectionately? And insults me. It's confusing."

"I was not confusing," Ilya argues. "I was obvious. You just refused to see it because you were too busy thinking you hated me."

Shane opens his mouth to protest, then closes it. His jaw works for a second like he might confess something deeply embarrassing, then he decides against it.

The producer coughs. Loudly. Possibly to see if they remember they are, in fact, being filmed.

Ilya shifts, draping his arm across the back of Shane's chair. He turns to face Shane fully, and something in his expression shifts, goes warm in a way that's never once been safe.

"Okay," he says softly. "Then let me flirt properly."

Shane freezes.

Ilya tilts his head, studying him like something precious he’s pretending is ordinary.

"You know the problem, Hollander?" he murmurs. "Every time you’re around me, you look like you’re trying very hard not to stare. But then you do anyway. Like you can’t help it." His mouth curves, not smug, fond. "Makes a guy feel pretty powerful."

Shane blinks. "I- that’s- I do not-"

Ilya keeps going, relentless in the gentlest way possible.

"And you’re cute when you get defensive," he adds, voice dropping even lower. "You pretend to be annoyed, but your ears go red and you smile even when you’re trying not to. You think I don’t notice, but I do. I notice everything about you."

There is absolute silence.

The crew has collectively forgotten how to do their jobs.

Shane looks like someone's unplugged his brain. "Ilya," he manages, voice strangled. "You're on camera."

"I know," Ilya says, unbothered. "That is why I am being clear this time."

He leans back like he didn’t just change the atmosphere of the room.

Shane stares at him. Color absolutely destroying his face.

"Okay. Fine. Maybe you’re… decent at it."

"Decent?" Ilya looks genuinely offended.

Shane clears his throat, eyes darting everywhere except Ilya's face. "You're good. Okay? You're good at it. Happy?"

Ilya beams, victorious. "Very."

"Next question. Please. For the love of god."

But he's smiling.

And Ilya's arm is still across his chair.

Someone behind the camera quietly whispers, "Jesus Christ."

Are Shane Hollander and Rose Landry dating?

Someone behind Camera Two whispers, "Oh no."

"Oh yes," Ilya corrects, looking absolutely delighted.

Shane shoots him a look that is half *please save me* and half *why are you enjoying this.*

Ilya offers absolutely zero help.

"They're not dating!" calls someone from the crew, like a sports fan ethically obligated to heckle.

"That is literally the whole point of the question," Ilya replies dryly, not looking away from Shane. "They do not know that."

Shane breathes in, collects himself, and then easy confidence slips into place like a practiced move on the ice.

"Okay," he says, nodding. "No. Rose and I are not dating. We're really good friends. She's a great friend, one of my best friends. But no, we're not together."

"Is very disappointing for many people," Ilya says solemnly. "You would make cute couple in alternate universe."

Shane elbows him lightly. "Ilya."

"In this universe, however-" Ilya lets his hand drop onto Shane's thigh. Not high, not inappropriate. Just possessive enough to make his point. "He is very taken."

"Ilya," the producer says carefully, "remember what we talked abo-"

"I am remembering," Ilya's expression is perfectly innocent. "I am simply providing context for search results."

He squeezes.

"See?" Ilya adds mildly. "Very respectful colleague support."

Shane swats his hand away. "You are ridiculous."

"Rose would also kill him," Ilya continues, unmoved. "She told me this. Said if Shane looks at anyone else the way he looks at me, she will- how did she say? 'beat his ass.'"

"She did not say that."

"She did. Was very threatening. I like her."

Shane turns to the camera, shaking his head. "For the record, Rose is great, we're friends. Also my boyfriend is a menace."

"Is part of my charm," Ilya says, finally removing his hand.

"That's definitely getting cut," someone mutters off-camera.

"Shame," Ilya says, not sounding sorry at all.

Shane peels off the next sticker and squints at the board. "Oh, come on." He angles it toward Ilya with a grin that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

Shane Hollander trade rumors

Ilya's jaw tightens immediately, his expression going flat in that way that means he's pissed but trying not to show it on camera. "Next question."

"Ily-"

"Next question," Ilya repeats, reaching for Shane's board.

Shane pulls it back, laughing. "We can't just skip it. That's not how this works."

"Is stupid question."

"It's literally what people googled most." Shane turns to the camera, his media smile sliding into place even though there's something sharp underneath it. "So, for anyone wondering, I'm not getting traded. I signed a six-year extension with Ottawa last summer. I'm a Centaurus for the long haul."

"Should be obvious," Ilya mutters, arms crossed.

Shane bumps his shoulder against Ilya's. "You know what the best part about those rumors was?"

"What?"

"You, at two in the morning, reading Reddit threads and getting progressively more Russian about it."

Ilya's ears go pink. "I was not-"

"'Shane is not going anywhere, these people are idiots, why do they think Ottawa would trade best goal scorer-'" Shane's doing a truly terrible Russian accent now, and the crew is cracking up behind the cameras.

"I do not sound like that."

"You kind of do when you're mad," Shane says, softer now, his real smile breaking through. "It was cute. You went full Caps-lock in the group chat."

Ilya looks at him for a long moment, something tender crossing his face. Then he turns deliberately to the camera. "Shane is staying in Ottawa. Anyone who writes trade article can-

" He pauses, clearly reconsidering his word choice. "Can stop."

"Very diplomatic," Shane says, grinning.

"I am professional."

"You threatened to fight a TSN reporter on Twitter."

"He was wrong."

Shane dissolves into laughter, and Ilya's trying not to smile but failing completely.

Are Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov married?

"Not yet," Ilya says immediately, deadpan, and Shane's head whips toward him so fast it's a miracle he doesn't get whiplash.

"*Yet?*"

Ilya shrugs, utterly unbothered. "Is accurate answer. We are not married now. Maybe later." He looks directly at the camera. "I am not proposing in WIRED video. Would be lazy."

"Oh my god." Shane's covering his face with the board (which he seems to be doing a lot), but he's grinning so wide his cheeks must hurt. "You can't just-"

"What? Is true." Ilya plucks the board out of Shane's hands. "We have been together for years. Is normal progression."

"You're talking about marriage progression on YouTube right now."

"People asked." Ilya gestures at the board. "Is literally most searched question."

Shane drops his hands, and yeah, he's definitely blushing. "So for everyone Googling this, no, we're not married. But apparently my boyfriend has decided to announce our... future plans? To the entire internet?"

"You are surprised?" Ilya raises an eyebrow. "You left tabs open on your laptop. Three different jewelers in Ottawa."

"You weren't supposed to see those!"

"Then close tabs." Ilya's smirking now. "Or use private browsing."

Shane looks torn between mortification and laughter.

"I hate you," Shane says, no heat in it whatsoever.

"No, you don't." Ilya leans back in his chair, completely relaxed. "You love me. Is why you are looking at rings."

"I'm never proposing now. You've ruined it."

"Yes, you will." Ilya sounds absolutely certain. "You are romantic. Will be very nice proposal. Probably cry."

"You'll cry."

"Yes," Ilya agrees easily. "Will be good day."

Shane stares at him for a long moment, something soft and overwhelmed crossing his face. Then he turns to the camera. "Can we cut this part?"

"No," Ilya says before anyone else can answer.

"No," the producer confirms, audibly grinning.

Shane groans, but he's holding Ilya's hand now, their fingers laced together between the chairs.

End Notes

hypothetically speaking, if i wrote a marriage of convenience au, would you guys read it?

i am @okg0atsu on twt! you can retweet the fic post here !

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!