

The Couple Quiz

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The Couple Quiz

by [guanabeer](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane are the stars of Centaurs' social media when Harris needs a video testing the athletes' knowledge when it comes to their dynamic as hockey's hottest couple.

Notes

It's just my imagination running a little wild and imagining what a Couple Quiz video with Ilya and Shane would be like.

Harris was already waiting for the stars of that day to arrive, accompanied by Chiron lying at his feet, his paws stretched out showing how comfortable he was in the Centaurs' Media Center.

Shane and Ilya usually arrived early at the team's facility, largely due to Shane's punctuality. That way, Harris wasn't too worried, focused on getting the recording space ready so the two players wouldn't waste too much time on that activity. Lights, chairs positioned in front of the backdrop with the (ridiculous) team logo, and wireless lapel microphones waiting to be used. Everything was okay.

Chiron's excited barking announced the couple's arrival, and Harris watched Ilya bend down to scratch the dog's ears, who wagged his tail, so excited he got every time he saw the Russian athlete. Shane was more reserved when he met the dog, but still offered affection by scratching his head.

"Good morning," Harris greeted them, reminding them that there was someone else in the room. "Ready?"

"No, to be honest," Shane confessed, his posture revealing how tense he remained every time he had to record content for the team's social media.

"Super excited!" Ilya said with a broad smile, still bent over petting Chiron.

"Let's record quickly so we don't take up too much of your time."

Harris attached the microphones to each of their Centaurs shirts and asked them to sit in chairs positioned at an angle so they were almost facing each other, but still able to film them clearly.

"The video is quite simple: I'm going to give you some cards with questions to test your knowledge of each other," Harris explained, handing over the personalized cards he used for those types of videos. "There are four questions for each of you to answer, alternating."

"It's not personal information about our relationship, right?" Shane asked as he passed the cards.

"These are questions about your careers, with some personal ones that I asked you for suggestions on this week, remember?"

"Harris didn't ask me how big your dick is, Shane," Ilya joked, making his husband's cheeks turn red.

"You're such an asshole, Ilya," Shane replied, trying to control his smile at the joke.

"We don't want the video to be taken down for inappropriate content," Harris assured, laughing. "Can we start?"

"Yes," Ilya confirmed.

“You introduce yourselves and follow the script I sent you, okay?” They both nodded in confirmation that they understood, and Harris sat on the bench behind the camera. “Okay. Recording.”

“Hello. I’m Shane Hollander.”

“I’m Ilya Rozanov.”

“And today we’re going to test our knowledge of each other with the Couple Quiz.”

“And prove who’s the better husband,” Ilya added with a mischievous smile, and Shane rolled his eyes.

“We won’t. It’s just a friendly game, no competition, okay?” he retorted, glancing at his husband.

“Someone’s afraid of losing...” Ilya said, feigning seriousness. “You can start, moya lyubov.”

“First question: what’s my favorite drink?”

“That’s easy: ginger ale,” Ilya smiled as he answered, a mix of pride for knowing the answer and also for still finding Shane’s obsession with that drink cute.

“If you got that wrong, I’d file for divorce,” Shane joked, relaxing a little in his chair.

“What’s my favorite hand pie flavor?” Ilya asked. “Bonus points if you say from where.”

“Cherry from France’s Bakery,” Shane answered, and Ilya pretended to be upset that he got it right. “That’s two points.”

“Shane’s questions are too easy,” Ilya complained to Harris, who shrugged behind the camera.

“What was the type and the name of the only pet I had as a child?”

“Turtle with food name...” Ilya thought for a moment to remember the correct answer.

“Pudding!”

“Correct” he confirmed. “I still can’t believe she ran away...”

“If you still think that...” Ilya murmured, and Shane’s eyes widened in surprise. “We’re not going to discuss this in front of cameras.”

“Pudding is *dead*?” Shane insisted on the subject.

“No. Yuna gave her to child from street where you lived,” Ilya confessed.

“Why?”

“I don’t know!”

“I can’t believe it...” he was still stunned by the revelation. “All these years thinking Pudding had run away in the backyard.”

“Your mother will tell you the truth later.”

“Okay...”

“Continuing the game: I prefer to tape my stick with 1-inch or 1.5-inch tape?”

“1.5?” Shane answered with hesitation, and Ilya smiled mischievously.

“Wrong!” he celebrated and looked directly at the camera. “I thought Shane knew how I take care of my stick after all these years together”

“Jesus *fucking* Christ, Ilya,” Shane covered his blushing face with his hands while listened to his husband’s laughter. “You’re going to cut that out of the video, Harris.”

“If you want, I’ll cut it,” Harris replied, but praying that Ilya would convince Shane to leave that part in.

“What’s my skate size?” Shane asked, taking a deep breath to focus again on the game.

“10,” Ilya replied without much thought. “How many ribs have I broken playing hockey?”

“Two, in the 2017 playoffs.”

“You really know me well” Ilya joked and winked at Shane.

“Let’s see if you can guess this one: how many points did I score at the 2008 World Junior Championship?”

“*Fuck...* Sorry,” Ilya quickly apologized for the swearing. “I think it was 5, three goals and two assists?”

“Nope,” Shane smiled at Ilya’s mistake. “It was three goals and three assists. One of the goals was even in the final against Russia.”

“And we beat Canada,” Ilya made sure to remind him. “What’s my habit that annoys you the most?”

“Jesus, there are so many...” Shane joked and tried to think of something specific. “Is it something you do at home or at work?”

“At home.”

“Leaving the doors and drawers of the cabinets open?” Shane guessed, and Ilya threw the card at him. “Did I get it right?”

“Yes,” Ilya replied, grumpy with the result. “Harris asked easy questions for you.”

“Those were the questions you suggested,” Harris defended himself. “Anyway, it’s a tie.”

“We need to know who won,” Ilya demanded. “More questions.”

“This isn’t a competition, Rozanov,” Shane retorted. “It’s just a silly video for social media.”

“Hey, these videos have feelings,” Harris retorted. “And it’s not over yet. There are still the questions with your face signs.”

“Face signs?” Shane asked, confused.

Harris went to a chair in the front row of the audience and picked up two signs with Shane and Ilya’s faces printed on both sides, handing one to each of them.

“I’m going to ask quick questions and you answer who is more likely to do so by showing the sign,” he explained as he returned to the chair behind the camera.

“Does that decide winner?” Ilya wanted to know.

“Maybe,” Harris simply replied and pressed the camera button. “Recording. Who wakes up first?”

“Shane,” Ilya turned the sign with his husband’s face at the same time as Shane did the same.

“Who snores more?” They both showed Ilya’s face while laughing. “Who takes longer to get ready?”

“Ilya, always,” Shane replied, showing the sign.

“Looking good takes time,” Ilya explained.

“Who cooks better?”

“Shane makes better healthy food, I make better breakfast,” Ilya said, showing both sides of the sign.

“You think my healthy food is good?” Shane asked, surprised by Ilya’s statement.

“I didn’t say good, I said better because my food is really bad. Yours are less bad.”

“Fuck off!” Shane flipped him off, forgetting they were recording a video.

“Who forgets their keys or cell phone before leaving the house?” Harris brought their attention back to the questions.

“Ilya!” Shane showed the sign without much thought.

“Not always.”

“More than me, that’s a fact.”

“Last one: Who is more competitive?”

“Shane.”

“Both of us,” Shane answered at the same time Ilya said his name. “We’re competitive in different ways.”

“You cry more when you lose.”

“You were crying because you lost a stupid trivia game two minutes ago!”

“The video turned out great!” Harris interrupted them before the argument escalated. “Now it’s just recording the outro and you guys are free to go”

Ilya and Shane exchanged a furious look and took a deep breath before turning their attention back to the camera.

“Well, that was the Couple Quiz,” Shane said with a serious expression.

“I hope you enjoyed the video more than Shane enjoyed losing to me,” Ilya joked, knowing it would only annoy his husband even more.

“For more videos like this, subscribe to the Centaurs channel and follow us on social media.”

“And I swear we still love each other,” Ilya added, pulling Shane by the arm to kiss his cheek.

“Cut!” Harris announced, standing up.

“People are going to think we fight all the time,” Shane grumbled, standing up and waiting for Harris to pull the microphone from his shirt.

“They’ll think it’s our form of foreplay,” Ilya retorted, laughing.

“It doesn’t make the situation any better!”

“Some couples really enjoy arguing to make sex hotter...” Harris commented casually.

“Not helping!” Shane glared at Harris.

“Shane would rather die than have people know what our sex life is like.”

“I’m out” Shane announced, leaving Harris and Ilya behind.

Arguing might not have been Ilya’s favorite foreplay, but irritating his husband was undoubtedly the best way to get Shane “heated” all day until the two of them were alone at home.

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