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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya Rozanov  @ilyarozanov81

hockey players always say they are so grateful for fans. well, for valentine's month I will put my mouth where my money is. you are welcome in advance

Harris  @centaursharris

@ilyarozanov81 I'm afraid to ask. Also, it's put your MONEY where your MOUTH is.

Ilya Rozanov  @ilyarozanov81

@centaursharris eh in this case I think my version is more accurate

--

Or: a hybrid social media fic in which Ilya decides to spread the love amongst hockey RPF fans.

Notes

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

To be fair, Ilya has been thinking about doing it for a while. He just doesn't have the chance—not until February rolls around and Shane gets knocked out of play for two weeks with a cracked rib. Yuna immediately fills Shane's newfound free time with Foundation obligations, leaving Ilya living like a bachelor again. In other words: bored out of his mind with too much time on his hands during the most romantic season of the year.

And, look, what's he supposed to do? *Not* have some fun?

Ilya Rozanov ✓ @ilyarozanov81

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Harris ✓ @centaursharris

@ilyarozanov81 I'm scared

hollanov nation @luvgayboys

@centaursharris I'm wet

Harris ✓ @centaursharris

@luvgayboys Off to a great start, I see.

The first post is innocuous enough. A trio of photos: one of Hazy from the Centaurs' last game, mid-lunge in a heroic save that ended up cementing a win for the Cens. A picture of Hazy in the hallway after the game, grinning and holding up the saved puck. And a shot of Hazy standing in front of his stall, laughing as Ilya presses an obnoxious kiss to his cheek.

Ilyarozanovofficial ✓ you can guard my goal any day, baby 🏒

The comments are predictably filled with fans having meltdowns.

Ilyaaaaazgurl I love you, king

wyattgout on my knees begging for Wyatt to come in my goal

hockeygaymes ilyaw Wyatt content in the year of our lord 2025?? It's more likely than you think

ilyattshipper no im normal im normal im normal IM NORMAL

wyattthayespussy the amount of fic im going to get out of this like this just made my YEAR. My YEAR. yes I know its February shut the fuck up

Ilya won't deny that the reaction is nice. It's mostly hyperbole, of course, he knows that, but he also knows that some people are genuinely very excited and happy just because he shared a stupid little appreciation post for Wyatt. Wyatt himself comments with a string of heart emojis and 'best captain in the league!' which sets everyone off again and warms Ilya's Russian heart like a good bowl of borscht. And the whole thing took a whopping fifteen minutes.

He goes to sleep very satisfied with himself, despite the emptiness of his bed.

—

After the success of his first post, Ilya does a little digging. He's been in the public eye for over a decade, and he doesn't live under a rock, so he's very familiar with the vernacular of rabid fans. The most popular "ship" online is him and Shane, obviously, because people have taste and also eyes. The second most popular ship, horrifyingly enough, is him and Scott Hunter.

"The people think I like old men," Ilya groans. He's pan-frying cod and FaceTiming Shane; Shane is ironing a shirt that got wrinkled in his luggage. "They think I would date a fossil. A —what is the word? Geriatric."

"Where you'd get that one, the New Yorker?"

"Fuck you."

Shane frowns down at his shirt in concentration. He's been ironing that fucking button-up for at least ten minutes already. If he doesn't burn a hole through the fabric before he's done, it'll be a miracle. "It's not that crazy. At least he's gay. Not like you and Hazy."

Ilya presses a hand over his heart. "Hollander, are you saying you don't think I could turn Hazy?"

Shane tries to tamp down a smile. It doesn't work. "I'm not sure anyone could turn Hazy," he says. "Maybe Lisa in drag."

Ilya tilts his head, considering. "Now *that's* an idea."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Watch your fish, it's probably burning."

Ilya would argue, but tragically, Shane is right, and Ilya gets distracted enough wafting smoke out of their kitchen that the topic is dropped.

Still, when the Centaurs' play the Admirals the next night, Ilya makes sure to approach Hunter while the teams are warming up on the ice. He looks slightly wary when he sees Ilya coming towards him, the way he always does, like he thinks Ilya is either going to punch him or insult his slapshot. Which Ilya wouldn't do, because he was taught as a child to be kind to elderly folks nearing death, and also because he's not about to get banned from play for a little pre-game fisticuffs.

"Don't worry, that is not a baseball bat in my pocket," Ilya says, and relishes Hunter's exhausted sigh. "No, really. I just want to ask for small favor."

"If you're here to ask for a foursome—"

Ilya gasps in delight. "You dirty old frog! No, I do not share my Shane, I am sorry, you will have to find some other hot young thing to keep your husband satisfied. No, I want to ask for picture."

Hunter squints at him suspiciously. "A picture?"

"Yes, you are so old you may not have heard of it, there is this thing called a camera—"

"Fuck off," Hunter says, rolling his eyes. "I mean, what do you want a picture for?"

"For publicity," Ilya says. "You know, like social media, we are all good friends—"

"Oh, for like the camps?"

"Yeah," Ilya agrees, very carefully not lying. "Like that."

Scott Hunter may be a million years old and lame as fuck, but he's always been very supportive of the foundation. He gamely stands back and lets Ilya pose him for a few shots of just him, then wraps his arm around Ilya's shoulder and smiles at the camera for selfies.

"Thank you," Ilya says, because his mother did teach him some manners.

"Tell Hollander if he ever gets sick of your ass, Kip and I are available," Hunter says, and skates away before Ilya can reply with more than a delighted laugh.

—

Posted to Instagram February 2, 2025, 7:57 p.m. EST

[Image ID: Scott Hunter and Ilya Rozanov stand in full game gear off to the side of the hockey rink. The image is a selfie, presumably taken by Rozanov. Hunter is smiling at the camera, flashing the camera a thumbs-up with one hand, the other arm wrapped around Ilya's shoulders. Ilya sticks out his tongue at the camera, using his free hand to make bunny ears behind Hunter's head.]

Ilyarozanovofficial  me & my sugar daddy

scilyaaaa THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE

pluckypucky it's cool, I'm fine. my decades-long ship posted a picture together for the first time ever and I am so doing totally fine with it I am FINE

drover.harris  Go Cens!!

rozanovsss 

ilyasscott I am so used to giving and now I get to RECEIVE

scotthunter  I'm pretty sure you make more money than I do, man.

kip_gradd  He is a very good sugar daddy

Next up, Ilya figures Bood's fans deserve some love, because they were remarkably welcoming to him when he showed up and booted Bood out of the captaincy, and also because unlike Scott's supporters, they at least recognize what a sexually viable man looks like.

This post is also a lot easier to make, because Ilya has approximately nine million pictures with Bood. He spends way too long on the exercise bike scrolling through his options before settling on one of him and Bood from the very first game they ever won against Montreal. They had gotten very, very drunk at the hotel's terrible wine bar afterwards, and Bood had ended up piggybacking Ilya back to their shared hotel room, where Bood dropped Ilya so hard on his bed that the bed frame had broken and they had ended up sharing a cramped queen for the night.

Ilya selects a blurry photo of him on Bood's back, taken by a drunken rookie, and the picture he had taken of Bood, bleary-eyed and drooling, sprawled over Ilya when he woke up in the morning, which he'd sent to Shane to make him jealous. Shane had sent back a string of heart emojis and said how glad he was that Ilya was getting along with his new teammates. The sap.

ilyarozanovofficial  cassie you better watch out I'm stealing your man

The likes come in faster for this one than they had for Scott. So do the comments.

zaneboodram  love you, man! Though I still don't understand how Hollzy deals with getting kicked in his sleep

boodsterss YES ZANE BOODRAM LOVE OF MY LIFE SLEEPING I AM MAKING THIS MY PHONE LOCKSCREEN

emiri_sara cassie is the luckiest woman alive I can't believe she actually gets to wake up to this every fucking day

boodanov bood and rozy would make the perfect couple I been out here SAYING it and SAYING it and you guys have been IGNORING me and IGNORING me and now this please

leave your spouses and get married

zaneeslut Ilya rozanov the man that you are

Ilyaheart y'all just know they both have open relationships and have a best-friends-who-fuck thing going on

cassie.bood you can have him for 48 hours, on the condition you also take milo. I need a spa day

hollanov.2481 Shane you need to come get your man!!!

—

Shane asks Ilya about it after Boody's post. It's faster than Ilya thought he would catch on, really; usually he checks his Instagram all of once a month, and only then if his mother has mentioned something he needs to see. He must be really bored in all those foundation meetings.

"I saw your Instagram post," Shane says. "So this is the project you wanted to work on for February, huh?"

It pleases Ilya despite himself, how quickly Shane can figure him out. "I'm spreading the love," he says. "I know you want to keep me all to yourself, sweetheart, but there's plenty of me to go around."

Shane rolls his eyes hard enough that Ilya can see it even through the grainy FaceTime call. "You know, you say that, and then here I am with blue balls because it's been five days since you gave me any attention."

Ilya had called Shane just that morning so they could talk about offensive strategy during next week's game against the Raiders. They also spent at least five minutes, against Ilya's will, discussing cholesterol levels in eggs. But there had been no ejaculation during that conversation, so Ilya takes his point.

"Yes, we should do something about that," Ilya says. "I can't leave my baby feeling neglected, can I?"

Shane glares at him even as he shucks his pants.

—

Next is Ilya and Dykstra—a zoomed in shot of them sharing a loveseat during last year's Stanley Cup watch party, Dykstra's arm slung around the back of the couch in a way that makes it look like he's a teenage girl trying subtly to put his arm around Ilya's shoulders, Ilya leaning in to hear something Dykstra said. *Always want to hear what you have to say*, he'd captioned that one, with a winking face.

Then comes Barrett's feature: a picture of Ilya sitting on Troy's lap next to some campfire, the two of them cackling hysterically, lit up in the orange glow of the flames. *Let's get cozy*

by the campfire, Ilya writes.

For Haas, Ilya decides to take pity and pull back a bit: he picks a short video of the two of them practicing together after everyone else has left the ice, Ilya demonstrating something with his stick while Haas watches attentively. *Mark my words, one day this guy's gonna get the Conn Smythe.*

The fan response continues to be gratifyingly enthusiastic. There is a lot of talk of ovaries exploding, and mental health days being taken to process emotions, and days and weeks and months being made. Ilya's Instagram explore pages are suddenly flooded with fan edits of his own pictures, cast in rosy tones with emoji hearts dotted over them, or snippets of flowery fan fiction with links to website to read the full novel-length pieces. Ilya's Twitter is much the same.

His favorite posts are the ones from fans of him and Shane, who alternate between gushing over Ilya's posting spree and worrying about the state of Ilya's marriage.

hollanov on me baby @ilyasshane

I'm just saying if Ilya were my husband I would not be cool with him implying he was into other people! It'd be one thing if he was ugly but literally everyone wants to fuck him

reese @mypiecesss

@ilyasshane you must not be much of a hollanov fan if you think something like this will have any impact on their marriage. Ilya literally MOVED TO OTTAWA for Shane. OTTAWA

Ottawa defender @sarahstevens

@mypiecesss what the fuck is wrong with Ottawa

reese @mypiecesss

@sarahstevens be so serious it is OTTAWA

Ottawa defender @sarahstevens

@mypiecesss ok you got me there

—

“So,” Harris says, catching Ilya in the hallway after practice. “Is this going to be a thing long term?”

“A thing?” Ilya asks. Harris holds up his phone, open to the most recent post of Ilya's: him, Bood, and LaPointe hugging on the ice after a successful goal. The caption says *threesome, baby*.

“Are you jealous?” Ilya asks. “I promise I'll post you next.”

Harris laughs. “I just want to know so we can adjust our social media strategy to accommodate it,” he says. “God knows nobody but you could get away with this, but it’s been doing shockingly well.”

Ilya puffs his chest out. “Yes, I am marketing genius,” he says. “In Russia, they teach us the ways of capitalist scum so we can defeat them.”

“And so humble, too,” Harris teases, which, Ilya notes gleefully, is not a correction.

—

He does post Harris next. Troy is in the picture, tragically, because Ilya doesn’t have any pictures of just him and Harris, but Ilya covers up Troy’s face with a puppy dog emoji. *Just me, you, and your boytoy*, Ilya writes.

—

Eventually, Ilya runs out of content for the obvious pairings and has to go more obscure. Ilya and Wiebe. Ilya and the Centaurs mascot. Ilya and Rose Landry. He runs that one by her before posting; she thinks it’s hilarious.

“They really are very creative,” Ilya says, as he scours his camera roll for photos of him and Young that don’t include half a dozen other Centaurs players in various states of drunkenness.

“That’s one way to put it,” Shane says. He’s finally gotten home from his tour of West Coast charities and is busy unpacking his suitcase into the appropriate laundry bins. Whites, blacks, bright colors, dull colors, underwear. Shane is a neurotic raccoon. But he’s also very good at blowjobs, as evidenced by the way he sucked Ilya’s soul out through his dick as soon as he walked through the front door. “At this point it seems like they’re just picking random people.”

“It is because I am so attractive,” Ilya insists. “I look good with everyone.”

“Go fuck yourself,” Shane says.

“I would rather fuck you,” Ilya counters, and it’s a terrible pick-up line but it’s been almost two weeks and sloppy foyer blowjobs only go so far: Shane leaves his half-empty suitcase on the floor and crawls into bed.

—

pikanov NOT pikachu @hockeyfujoshiii

okay, but hear me out: Hayden and Ilya?????

Well, you have to draw the line somewhere, Ilya thinks.

—

“Seriously,” Shane says finally, when Ilya tries to convince him to leave the fan off while they shower so he can write Bood’s name in the fog left on the mirror. “Why are you doing this?”

“Is funny,” Ilya says, frowning at the vent above their shower. This bathroom is too well-designed to prevent mold. He cranks up the shower heat a little more and tests it with his finger. They probably won’t be boiled alive.

Shane crosses his arms, leaning back against the vanity. “You are putting way too much effort into this for it to just be a joke.”

Ilya shrugs. “Mostly, it is a joke.”

“Mostly?”

“Well, is also...” Shane waits patiently. He can be so patient when he wants to be. It’s fucking infuriating. “You know, long time ago, before we came out, people posted stuff about us. How we were secretly fucking. Well, they mostly thought we were secretly married, but it’s close enough.”

Once, that knowledge would have sent Shane into a full meltdown. Now, he just shifts a bit against the bathroom counter, nodding. “Yeah, I know.”

“And it—” Ilya fiddles with the shower knob so he doesn’t have to look at Shane. “I liked it,” he admits to the tile. “When we couldn’t say anything, it was—nice, to look online and know people knew about us. That they could see you loved me, even though you were trying to hide it.”

Shane’s voice is quiet. “I didn’t know that,” he says.

Ilya shrugs again. “I knew you would not like it, that it would stress you out, and for no reason. They do it for everyone, obviously. But, yes, I—it made me happy, sometimes, to see. And so now I think, I don’t know, I want to pay them back.”

Ilya hears Shane’s socked footsteps behind him, and so he’s not surprised when Shane’s hands slip around his waist, his chin hooking over Ilya’s shoulder. “I’m glad I don’t have to pretend not to love you anymore,” Shane says.

Ilya tips his head to rest against Shane’s. “Me, too.”

—

The next morning, when Ilya pulls up Instagram to share the shot he’d gotten in the steamy mirror the night before—BOODIE written in a big heart, with Ilya’s shirtless form vaguely discernible through the fog—he finds a new post from Shane sitting at the top of his feed.

It’s a picture of Shane and Ilya that Yuna took, ages ago, when the two of them were at the cottage. Ilya is splayed across the couch, asleep with his head in Shane’s lap, and Shane is looking down at him with such a lovesick expression it makes Ilya’s heart clench in his chest, even now.

Love of my life, the caption says simply. In the two hours since it's been posted, it's already amassed nearly a million likes.

Ilya clicks back into his camera roll. Looks at the bathroom mirror shot again. Looks at Shane's post. Then he saves the mirror photo for later and sets about scouring his camera roll for the perfect sappy pic of Shane to share with the world.

End Notes

I do not think that either shane or ilya would ever really engage with RPFers in any meaningful way, but also I can imagine ilya being bored and deciding to incite some problems online, so I suspended my disbelief to write this. however, I am 10000% convinced there is a rabid rpf fanbase for them in universe, and you cannot convince me otherwise.

this was inspired by many of the other lovely social media fics in this fandom, especially @definitelynotilyarozanov by oxfordcommachameleon. that fic features a scene where ilya discovers shayden as a ship and he is NOT pleased. it made me wonder what would happen if he discovered people ship him and hayden, not just shane and hayden, and the whole fic spiraled out from there.

I have a terror of accidental plagiarism, so if you notice anything that's too similar to any other works, please let me know so i can change it or credit the inspo properly! I have read so many fics it's nearly impossible for me to keep track of them but I always want to credit sources of ideas!!

p.s. I have not read the books so please excuse any inaccuracies!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!