

The Case of the Missing Puck: Solved (and held over Hayden Pike's head)

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by [Icantthinkofagoodusername7](#)

Summary

“Where's the remote?” Shane asks in a slightly raised voice so that Ilya can hear him from the kitchen.

Ilya walks over, leaning against the doorway to watch as Shane looks in between the coach cushions, “Pike must have it.”

“What?” Shane takes the moment to stop what he’s doing and look up, his eyebrows furrowing together in that way that Ilya finds *adorable*, “Why would Hayden have it?”

“Because some people never change,” Ilya answers easily.

“What? He hasn’t taken anything before, he-”

Ilya shakes his head, standing fully straight again and walking over to behind the couch, leaning slightly forward so that he can look into Shane’s eyes when he says, “That is not true. The puck. 2017. He took it mid-game- mid-play! An attempt to sabotage and-”

Shane does a mixture of scoffing and laughing, picking up a pillow and throwing it at him, it bounces off of him easily, “Oh my *god*, Ilya, that was *twenty five* years ago! Let it *go*.”

*

OR, during one fateful game in 2017, the puck randomly disappears from the ice, Shane and Ilya accuse each other until it's found in Hayden's pant leg. Ilya does not let this go.

Notes

SO THIS FIC.

this is something i came up with with FloatingNebulas in our tiktok dms bc I saw a video of a montage of like hockey pucks going missing mid game and i was like "what if i wrote that but hollanov"

now this exists (thanks for the help neb :D)

ANYWAY HERE'S DAY TWO WOOHOO

I'm free for the day yippie. so far we're two for two hollanov fics in january.

if you're confused by wtf i mean by that:

I was born in January SO I take this month to write and post every single day. Why, you may ask? Well, probably because I hate myself. I don't really have any other answer for you because I don't know. I like to torture myself?? Whatever idk, the point is. There will be a post every single day of January and to humor myself, I will be counting how many of my posts this month are about hollanov.

and this is being posted before 10pm on the 2nd which is impressive for me

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

The puck is right in front of Ilya, he's chasing it, it's right there and-

It disappears.

He takes a quick, sharp turn behind him, skating forward without hesitating, thinking it went that way but it's not there either.

Ilya stops.

Then he spins around briefly, looking for the puck, which just fucking *disappeared*, apparently.

He looks down at his feet in case it's somehow beneath him, but he can't find it anywhere.

He swears it was *just* here. He knows it was because he was chasing it, with Shane right behind him and-

Shane.

Shane Hollander.

He looks up, glaring at Shane, "You took it."

"What?" Shane's eyebrows furrow together and he scoffs exasperatedly, "I bet *you* took it!"

"How could I have fucking taken it?" Ilya gestures at himself with very strong, quick movement, "I was busy playing hockey, chasing puck to score goal! You fucking took it!" He points at Shane, jabbing a finger into the middle of his chest.

Shane skates backward briefly, away from Ilya's finger, "I was playing hockey, too! Why would I take the puck?"

"I do not know!" Ilya throws his hands up in the air - though, still holding onto his stick with one of them - and squints at Shane, "But I know that you took it, now give it back."

"I didn't *take* it!" Shane shouts at him, trying to defend himself but Ilya doesn't believe him, "You took it, didn't you? You took it so that you could blame me!"

Ilya's mouth drops open and he gasps, "I can not believe you would accuse *me* of such horrible-"

"Okay, okay," The referee cuts in, skating in between them, "why don't you both check yourselves, see if it's in any of your gear, please."

"Yeah! Check your gear," Shane remarks, starting to pat himself down.

Ilya crosses his arms, "Hm, I do not think I need to because I am confident I did not take it. You are patting yourself down, that is action of a guilty man."

“How does that even make sense?” Shane shakes his head with a slight roll to his eyes but Ilya knows the man well, he can see the hidden smirk behind the barely-there upturn of his lips.

Ilya shrugs, uncrossing his arms and letting them fall down, “Is just logic.”

“It’s not logic,” Shane retorts, “just check yourself for the puck.”

“I am telling you, I do not have it, I would know if I tried to sabotage game.”

“Rozanov,” Shane presses his lips into a thin line, glaring at Ilya.

It’s kind of hot.

Ilya tries to ignore that thought but it is mostly impossible with the world’s second hottest man standing right in front of him.

(He bets Shane is having just as much of a hard time, no pun intended, since the world’s *first* hottest man is standing in front of *him*.)

This is also the point that the referee interferes again, “Rozanov, check yourself for the puck, come on.”

Ilya sighs heavily, he was already going to - mostly because he wants Shane to be in a good mood later tonight, even after he loses the game, which Ilya is sure will happen - but he definitely agrees to now, “Fine, fine, I will check,” He tells the referee before turning back to Shane, “only to prove to *you* that *I* am right and I would not take the puck.”

“I wouldn’t take the puck either!” Shane stops searching himself in order to defend himself from Ilya.

Ilya doesn’t try to hide his smirk in the same way that Shane did earlier, he lets it fall easily onto his face, “Oh, but I am pretty sure you did. Who else possibly could have?”

He is an asshole, he knows that.

It is okay.

Shane doesn’t humor Ilya with an answer. Instead, he just turns away from him and continues to shake out his left pant leg in search of the puck.

Ilya doesn’t mind the view.

He starts to shake out his own clothing but, as he already knew, there is no puck.

He would not take the puck.

Everybody else on the ice starts to search themselves for the puck, as well, shaking out their pant legs, checking their sleeves.

It's only a couple minutes later when the true culprit is found out.

"I have it!" He holds it up high into the air after having found it inside of his pant leg.

Hayden Pike.

Of course it was *Hayden Pike*.

The man was right next to Shane behind Ilya during the disappearance of the puck, Ilya hadn't really wanted to pay him any mind because, well, he's Hayden and Shane is Shane.

There was clearly only one correct answer for Ilya to give attention to.

"I knew it was Montreal," Ilya mutters.

Shane hears him and turns around, "No you didn't, you thought it was *me*."

"It was basically you," Ilya decides, "it was one of your teammates who took the puck and you are captain, so-"

"Okay," The referee cuts in, standing in between them, "let's get back to the game, nobody took the puck, it was just an accidental disappearance."

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"What? He hasn't taken anything before, he-"

Ilya shakes his head, standing fully straight again and walking over to behind the couch, pressing his hands against the back of it, leaning slightly forward so that he can look into Shane's eyes when he says, "That it not true. The puck. 2017. He took it mid-game- mid-play! An attempt to sabotage and-"

Shane does a mixture of scoffing and laughing, picking up a pillow and throwing it at him, it bounces off of him easily, "Oh my *god*, Ilya, that was *twenty five* years ago! Let it *go*."

"Mn-mm," Ilya shakes his head quickly, leaning forward even more, insisting, "I will never do that, I am sure he took that puck, he wanted to mess with me because-"

"Because what?"

“Because I am me,” Ilya says like it’s obvious - because it is - and continues on, “because I am perfect and way too good at the game, I was about to get that puck, and he noticed, so he *took* it.”

“You sound insane.”

“I am right!”

Shane grabs Ilya’s face in both of his hands, pressing a quick kiss to his lips before giving him a light tap on the cheek, “Whatever you say.”

“I am telling you,” Ilya raises his eyebrows, his voice is just slightly higher than it usually is to indicate that he knows he’s *right*, “Pike took our TV remote.”

Shane shakes his head, “When would Hayden have even had time to take the remote?”

“Last night,” Ilya answers immediately, “after we all had dinner here, you and I were in the kitchen cleaning up and Hay- Pike and his family were watching TV. Perfect moment to commit crime.”

“Okay, Ilya, Hayden didn’t-”

Shane gets interrupted by the sound of his phone ringing. He pulls it out of his pocket and looks confused by the caller ID, which Ilya can’t see.

Shane answers the phone, holding it up to his ear, and Ilya already knows who it is and what is being said simply by the look on his husband’s face.

When Shane hangs up, he silently shoves his phone into his pocket and whispers, “Hayden has the remote.”

“Ha!” Ilya points in Shane’s face with a big grin on his own, “I knew it! I told you! People do not change, once a thief, always a thief! It starts with the puck at work and then they start to stab their apparently ‘best friend’, you, in the back. I would say that I cannot believe this but I can and I knew it!”

“Okay, okay,” Shane holds his hands out in front of himself toward Ilya, “let’s calm down, no need to gloat.”

“There is always need to gloat,” Ilya - ever proud of himself - jumps over the back of the couch and lands onto the cushion, now staring up at Shane.

Shane shakes his head, allowing himself to sit down next to Ilya, “He said he’s bringing it over right now.”

“Good.”

It’s about thirty minutes later that there’s a knock at the door (and, since they have no TV remote, they had to entertain themselves in other ways, very quickly, don’t worry about it).

Ilya gets up from the couch and gets dressed - well, at least halfway there, he doesn't feel like putting on a shirt but, honestly, it was a miracle he had one on in the first place - before walking to the door and answering it.

There across the doorway is one Hayden Pike holding a remote - *Ilya and Shane's* remote - in front of him, "Here you guys go, I'm so sorry, I-"

"Stole it," Ilya interrupted, "I know you did."

"What? No," Hayden's eyebrows pinch together and he shakes his head, "My granddaughter thought it was her toy, so she took and-"

"Oh!" Ilya gasps and then turns his head around to yell back into the house, "Shane, he is blaming a child now!" He looks back to Hayden, gasping incredulously, "I cannot believe you would try to blame a very sweet, perfect, innocent four year old for *your* wrongdoing. That is a cheap, cheap shot, Pike. Now, *this* is unbelievable."

Shane - a fully dressed version of himself - shows up after that, coming up behind Ilya to reach over his shoulder and grab the remote from Hayden, "Thank you, Hayd."

"You're welcome..." Hayden's eyes move quickly between Shane and Ilya but end up sticking on Ilya, "I did not *steal* your remote."

"Oh yes you did," Ilya won't let Hayden fool him, he knows the truth, "Is just like you stole puck."

Hayden's face then drops into some kind of mixture of fondness and annoyance, he tries to hide a smile on his face, "Seriously? That was like twenty five years ago or something, Rozanov."

"This is true," Ilya agrees easily, nodding but crossing his arms, "Which is why I just cannot believe that you have not changed, yet. You are even blaming children now. I could believe that you would steal but to blame a child?"

"Okay shut up," Hayden rolls his eyes and pushes at Ilya's shoulder with his flat palm before deciding to invite himself inside while laughing, "I'm grabbing a water."

"Oh-ho-ho," Ilya's laughter is loud but he doesn't care, his eyes widen as he turns to Shane, whispering, "now he is stealing our water."

Shane just kisses Ilya and shuts the door in one motion, breaking apart to say, "You're ridiculous."

Ilya just smiles.

He knows that.

He also likes being right, though.

“The cold ones are at the back, Hayden!” Ilya shouts, walking further into the house, making his way to the kitchen so that he can speak at a normal volume, “We have just refilled them, so the ones at the front are not that cold yet.”

“Thanks,” Hayden digs back in the fridge until he finds a cold water, cracking it open and shutting the fridge, he takes a sip before saying, “Are you ever going to let that puck thing go?”

“No,” Shane answers for him, appearing out of nowhere (though, Ilya knows it was not, in fact, out of nowhere, because he was following close behind him), “I don’t think Ilya knows *how* to let anything go. Like ever.”

“Is true,” Ilya nods, wrapping his arms around Shane and pulling him closer, “This is why I am married to this guy. I simply could not let it go, I was not allowed. It is not part of nature.”

Hayden rolls his eyes, “I think there’s a difference between not letting go of your husband and not letting go of a hockey puck-”

“-That you *stole*-”

"-ending up in my pant leg by accident during a game that happened over two decades ago.”

“Hmmm,” Ilya hums, looking up at the ceiling and pursing his lips, “I do not think there is any difference.”

Hayden lets out a laugh, “Whatever, I’m going home,” He walks past Ilya and Shane to get to the front door.

Ilya, once more, turns his head to shout, “Thank you for returning the remote, Hayden! Is kind of you to return stolen goods to the rightful owners!”

“Whatever, Ilya!”

Shane seems to wait until he hears the sound of the door closing before he turns to Ilya, “You’re such an asshole.”

“Oh but you *love* me,” Ilya responds, drawling out the word *love*.

“Yeah,” Shane doesn’t even try to deny, he just smiles, “I do.”

End Notes

OKAY THERES THAT

I hope it wasn't terrible and as per usual, if you did enjoy please do feel free to leave a comment as I do love reading each and every single one of them

also feel free to follow me on tumblr if you wanna shout at me

[@icantthinkofagoodusername7](#)

annnd here's a playlist I've made for hollanov if you're. interested. -> [Spotify](#)

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