You're so golden

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You're so golden

by stargazingstormtrooper92

Summary

"What is happening?"

"Is nothing," Ilya deflects and locks the plane bathroom door behind them.

"It's not nothing. You have your 'someone stole my last piece of chocolate and I need to teach them some manners' look in your eyes," Shane says and slaps Ilya's hand going for his pants so that Ilya could focus. He just sighs and Shane laughs.

"Oh my god, did he... He ate something you wanted and they didn't have it anymore? Is that the thing?" Shane's eyes were sparkling with amusment, Ilya was pouting like a child.

"Chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream Shane. The one Yuna buys, the good kind. And Pike ate it all!"

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Or: Shane, Ilya, Rose and Hayden are called to LA for promotional photoshoot for a celebrity magazine. Inspired by Connor/Hudson photoshoots for Culture/Timid/Numero Netherlands photoshoot. Banter and fluff ✨💛

Notes

I love playing with different ideas of how Hayden, Rose and other people find out about Hollanov. It always cracks me up, so here's another one 😃 don't think much about the timeline. I don't know when this happens. Shane and Ilya are officially together, Ilya plays for the Centaurs. Shane is still with the Voyagers/Metros. Neither Rose nor Hayden know about them. So, maybe somewhere in that 16 month period between The Cottage chapter and the Epilogue. Don't think about it too much, this is just for funsies anyway 🥰

Also, the idea of the photoshoot came from that Hudson 'Numero Netherlands' photoshoot and Connor 'Cultured Magazine' photoshoot on the beach 😏 Shane's yellow sweater and look at the end is the one from Timid Magazine BECAUSE WHAT?! He looks so good in that colour 🫣🥹 (also, lowkey I need that sweater for myself)

Anyway, we all know how neurodivergent rabit holes work (ahem ahem speaking on my behalf) and in my mind if Shane was ever called for a photoshoot of such he would dive deep on the internet to find all the ways how to excell it in order not to seem rigid and boring (mainly because he has to prove a point to Ilya that he can do it but I digress), so I played

with it a bit and yeah. Hope you like it 🫣 pov's are a mess but at this point you're used to it, right?

Title from 'Golden' by Harry Styles.

Kind reminder that English is not my first language and that typos are my worst enemy ✨

See the end of the work for more notes

When the call came in Shane's first reaction was to groan. He hated photoshoots, doing comercials and documentaries. They were always scripted - not in a way that he prefered but in a way that was senzationalized and out of character for him. But he always did them, for his mom, for his team's promotion and for being a person who would do anything to inspire another kid or two that anything is possible if you work hard enough.

But artistic promotional photoshoots were a hard no in his guidebook. He was stiff, controlled, he didn't know how to pose and he overstimulated too easily. He hated the clothes, not the way they looked but the way they felt on his skin and he just wanted to avoid it as much as possible.

This time though the invitation came along with several familiar names next to his and he was genuinely considering on going to all expenses paid week long trip to LA.

The production in question was doing a cover story on hockey and romance gathering people's choices for favourite hockey players and fan favourite Hollywood actress. They would do some one on one interviews and several photoshoots to bring it all together. Their teams would benefit from it monetary and the visibility would make them much more popular.

Shane stared at four names typed out in the middle of the screen. Fan favourite Hollywood actress: Rose Landry. The category of favourite hockey player was tied between Shane and Ilya (who was now playing for Ottawa Centaurs) so both of them were invited - not to mention the fact that tabloids were still rolling on their rivalship and Shane and Rose's love connections. But, there was one other name. The category called 'People's princess' or what Ilya called it 'clown of the league' where people have chosen Hayden Pike as the most outgoing and friendly player in the league.

Shane drummed his fingers on his laptop reading the email over and over again before taking his cell and dialing a number.

"Have you seen it?"

"Yes," Ilya answered irritated. Shane huffed a little laugh.

"Not a fan of Rose I see?" He teased.

"Ugh. I can't even. Why it has to be her? And Pike? Pike? I don't want to go with them alone," Shane could hear Ilya dropping his whole weight on the couch on the other line.

"What if I came?" Shane asks in the flatest tone possible.

"What do you mean?" Ilya answers suspiciously.

"I mean. They invited me and it could be fun. They said that all of us would have separate rooms. So you know, we could have a nice whatever in LA."

"But you hate media and photoshooting?" Ilya says so tenderly. He loved that man so much. He never wanted Shane to do anything that was making him uncomfortable but Shane knew that if it was his decision both of them would be on that plane to LA in the next hour.

"I know. I do. But it might be ... Fun?" Shane carefully answers waiting for Ilya to finally let out what he really wants to say.

"Who are you and what did you do with Shane Hollander?" Ilya almost shouts while laughing.

And yeah, there it is. The most beautiful sound for Shane's ears. He couldn't help it and joins the laughter.

"Oh shut up. I can pose. I did a lot of photoshoots and comercials in the past."

"Not like this," Ilya banters.

"What, you think I couldn't do it?" Shane asks laughter still evident in his tone.

"Maybe if they are looking for boring looking Canadians in suits to film watches or those bird documentaries. You could do your bird language talk."

"Fuck off! I can do it," Shane laughs in the phone.

"Sure. Okay."

"You really think I can't do it?" Shane narrows his eyes like he could level Ilya through phone alone.

"I don't know. I guess I'll see," Ilya smirks on the other line.

"Oh yeah, you will see it alright."

"Do you want to make it a competition Mr. Hollander?"

"What did you have in mind Mr. Rozanov?" And Shane knows by asking this question that he'll unleash the beast that is Ilya Rozanov but he did like when they turn everything into competition. Someone would call that a foreplay, Shane would call that 'making each other better by challenging each other'.

"If I win you have to make Pike wear my jersey for 24 hours," Ilya immediately answers like he had the answer on the tip of his tongue the entire time. Shane gasps.

"Come on Ilya, you can't be real right now. And if I win?" He adds the question in tiniest little voice.

"If you win we could do the thing you like to do even if you don't ask about it as much," Ilya's voice is now seductive and Shane shivers.

"What? Really? You would do that?"

"Of course. But you will not win and I will laugh at Pike for days."

"You are on Rozanov. Oh, I have to call Rose to tell her I'm coming," Shane adds just to ruse Ikya a bit more.

"Ugh," Ilya groans in the speaker. Shane can hear loud thumping of his head against the coffee table.

"What, just remembered that she's going too?" He teased.

"Don't remind me. At least in the plane it will be just you and Pike."

"I'm gonna crush you Rozanov."

"You wish. Okay. I need to go to practice. Talk later?"

"Talk later. Love you."

"Love you."

Shane laughs under his breath and sends a confirmation mail about his attendance. Calls his mom, Rose and Hayden and sets everything in motion. He then cracks his fingers, puts on his glasses and deep dives into the internet on how to properly pose and what to do with his hands, body and face during the photoshoot.

The email said that they'll do a variation of 80s, old Hollywood beach style and furry zamboni egde photoshoot - whatever that meant. So, for the next three days he focuses solely on practicing his expressions in the mirror and reading everything he could on modeling.

It was ridiculous, but he had to do it. Mainly because he wanted to prove a point to Ilya that he could and secondly, knowing beforehand how he should act and behave in certain situations stopped him from spiraling when doing so.

So, everything was fine.

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Hayden was over the moon for a beach vacation with his best friend and that people loved him for his personality better than Shane and Rozanov. Even though he hated the fact that he had to travel with Ilya fucking Rozanov.

Hayden was still divided on him. He knew that Rozanov and Shane were starting mental health foundation together, that he transfered to the Centaurs and that apparently they formed a bond of some sort. But he never questioned it. Sure, he was mostly confused about it but he got the whole - there are younger rivals coming on the scene, we don't have to do this until we retire crap - Shane talked about.

And he was right about it, they were both old and powerfull enough in the league to finally control a bit of their narrative. The only thing Hayden never got was when did Shane and

Rozanov formed that personal bond over the years, because those boys were always on each other's necks during the games.

But, after a decade of knowing Shane he knew he shouldn't question his best friend's decisions. He was unique and special and whatever he decided to do, it was probably for a good cause. So, if that meant that he needed to be civil towards Rozanov he could do it for a week.

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If you asked Ilya Rozanov what was his worst nightmare it wouldn't be dying somewhere on deserted island or during a plane crash. It wouldn't be a torture of any kind. Hell, exile in gulag in Siberia would seem like a vacation compared to this.

Having to spend a whole week in close quarters with Rose Landry and Hayden Pike.

But, he had to do what needed to be done to help his team. Centaurs were really bad and he was good but one player doesn't make a team. And they were doing better but they need more visibility, more audience, more energy for the team to push it through. So he said yes to the trip to LA and the photoshoot.

What he didn't think would happen was Shane joining him, and that stupid little competition of theirs going on - but also the fact that both Pike and Rose were main characters in the story.

He's going to push it through, or he'll push Pike out of the plane mid air. Everything will be fine.

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Everything was not fine.

Thankfully he came to Montreal a day earlier than their flight and Hayden wasn't even suspicious why all three of them are going with the same car to the airport. It was practical, plain and simple. Yuna will be driving them over and then she'll be staying in Shane's place doing some foundation work while in Montreal.

The drive to the airport was fine, nothing out of the ordinary happened. Hayden sat in the front seat vividly talking and catching up with Yuna while he and Shane tried to keep their hands to themselves in the backseat.

All hell broke loose upon checking their bags when he and Hayden were both seated next to each other in the plane. And okay, it was the first class and they were not cramped but Ilya really hoped that he'll be seated next to his boyfriend. Was it too much to ask?

Pike was chewing loudly, being all smiley and talkative with the flight attentands so he couldn't sleep well and when food service came by mid flight Pike took the last chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream they had on board.

Ilya had personal vendeta on Hayden Pike.

Shane cornered him in the bathroom while Hayden was fast asleep in his seat.

"What is happening?"

"Is nothing," Ilya deflects and locks the door behind them in the bathroom.

"It's not nothing. You have your 'someone stole my last piece of chocolate and I need to teach them some manners' look in your eyes," Shane says and slaps Ilya's hand going for his pants so that Ilya could focus. He just sighs and Shane laughs.

"Oh my god, did he... He ate something you wanted and they didn't have it anymore? Is that the thing?" Shane's eyes were sparkling with amusment, Ilya was pouting like a child.

"Chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream Shane. The one Yuna buys, the good kind."

"And that is the only reason why you're mad? Because you had to eat vanilla ice cream?" Shane was chuckling.

"Vanilla is boring," Ilya lolls his head and rolls his eyes.

"Hey. I like vanilla," Shane mocks offense.

"I know you do. And you are boring," Ilya bops Shane's nose with his finger making them smile.

"Come on. I'll buy all the cookie dough ice cream you want when we land," he pecks Ilya on the cheek.

"Hm, I think I want something else right now," Ilya smirks suggestively.

"Ilya, no," Shane looks at him with stern look in his eyes.

"Never been in a mile high club?" Ilya winks.

"Mile high what? Oh my god. How do you even know that word? You know what, I don't even want to know. I need to get out of here," Shane tries to open the door but Ilya presses him against it and kisses him stupid.

"Think about it. For the flight back home. We have time."

They disengage from the kiss and Shane's face is all red and blushing, his lips all swollen. If Ilya pressed for another minute or two Shane would probably cave, but the consent king that is Ilya Rozanov just clicks open the door and lets Shane out.

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Then hell continues.

They put Ilya in a room between Hayden and Rose, while Shane was two doors down. Which meant more sneaking around if they wanted to sleep over. Rose thankfully wasn't still in the

hotel but they had scheduled meeting with the creative team in two hours and he will see her then.

He didn't hate her per se, he just hated the fact that she was once allowed to love Shane so publicly and freely when all he wanted was the possibility to do the same. From everything Shane told him about her and the way she helped him navigate the whole coming out thing she was actually pretty great. But he was never going to admit that to anyone. Over his dead body.

Three hours later Ilya was banging his forehead on the conference room table. Shane hiding his smirk but eyes shining with amusement. The overly smiley and friendly voice of the creative team executive - Elena - rolling around them stabbing Ilya right in the chest.

"So, we have few ideas in mind. Obviously we'll see where we'll go from there when we're on location but here are the brush strokes. Each of you will have your own personal photoshoots and one group one.

"Mr. Hollander will go first with the Zamboni inspired one first thing tomorrow. You're all going to be on set since we'll have social media manager following us to film bts, snippets of questions and other visuals. After that..."

"I'm sorry, but what does Zamboni inspired photoshoot actually means?" Shane asks swallowing a lump in his throat.

"Oh, we have this great photographer who takes these cinematic shots in sports venues and our brand ambassadors you'll be wearing have some great leather and faux fur like pieces," Elena chirps amusingly. Ilya snorts, Rose full on laughs and Hayden almost squeals.

"Fur and leather and, a zamboni?" Shane chokes.

"Don't worry. It's gonna be great. Okay, next thing we'll have Ms. Landry doing her photoshoot after that. It will be garden based like that Taylor and Travis engagement photoshoot."

"Score," Rose exclaims doing a little fist bump in the air.
Elena laughs.

"Yes, and while Ms. Landry is doing her photoshoot we'll go over with the boys some tehnical questions about your interview on friday. Just to have all the correct info in order. Then, the day after that we'll have Mr. Pike photoshoot in a pub with bunch of extras. It will be kind of peopley vision of it - because you were chosen by the people Mr. Pike," Elena winks and Hayden straightens up.

"That's right. People love me. Unlike someone in this room," he says the last thing under his breath looking sideways at Ilya. Shane almost claws his nails into Ilya's thigh under the table to keep him calm. Elena doesn't notice a thing.

"Yes. Okay, then we'll have short social media interviews with each and every one of you. Reading tweets, those kinds of things. We'll have it joined probably. The day after that will be

a huge one because we'll have to combine photoshoots and it'll be a pretty tight schedule because of the light."

"The light?" Shane asks and everyone turns to Elena.

She grins from head to toe.

"So, we had this brilliant idea to start shooting an hour, hour and a half before the golden hour with Mr. Rozanov on the beach. It will be Old Hollywood/80s style. We have this brilliant designer. But, you're all going to dress up because we will also be pairing you up for the joint photoshoots."

"Pairing us up?" Hayden asks, suddenly mortified of being paired with Ilya.

"Yes. So. We will start with Mr. Rozanov and the solo shoot. Then we will have Mr. Rozanov and Ms. Landry together and Mr. Hollander and you Mr. Pike. After that we'll do a mix and match but the objective of the magazine are these pairings. Focus group seems to want it."

Ilya completely freezes, his face unreadable. Hayden just shruggs his shoulders because he scored a jackpot with Shane, and Rose didn't really cared that much about doing it with Ilya. But Ilya was livid. Hell, he would even consider doing a joint photoshoot with Pike instead of Rose.

"Why those pairings?" Ilya asks trying to be cool about it but Shane smirks leaning in a bit next to him brushing their shoulders.

"Oh, because you two are the most model like to the viewers," Elena starts and sees how both Hayden and Shane lift their eyebrows. "Look, I'm just saying that you two boys are all athletic and stuff but you don't pose very well in these kinds of things, we've seen your previous works. So we work around that to bring you closer to the audience.

"But Ms. Landry and Mr. Rozanov are pros. They look like Greek gods personified, so yeah. Those are the pairings. But again, as I said you'll all be in your costumes and at the end we'll mix and match if we don't get what we want. The main objective is to catch the sunlight just until the sun fully sets."

After that Ilya completely stops listening to Elena and just curses everything under the sun about his life decisions right now.

It's going to be hell on Earth.

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"You were nice last night during the dinner," Shane says while they were dressing in his room. Last night after they 'went to bed' in their separate rooms Ilya sneaked in with clothes for today so that he didn't need to sneak out early in the morning. If anyone saw them getting out of the same room they would just say that they worked together on foundation stuff. Perfect alibi. Right?

Ilya sighs.

"I was not in my head. Was thinking how to fly back to Ottawa without all of you noticing."

"Come on. It's not going to be that bad," Shane approaches him and smashes Ilya's cheeks into the palms of his hands.

"Yes. For you. You will be with your bestie Pike, and I..." Ilya starts but Shane smushes him harder.

"You know she actually respects you. Like, probably even cheered for Boston before we were even together."

"Don't care," Ilya pouts kissing Shane's palm.

"Моя любовь. Everything will be alright, okay?" Shane pecks him on the lips and Ilya deflates.

"Okay. You ready to fail with your zamboni?"

"Asshole. I'll not fail. You'll see. You'll all see."

Shane bites back while they were both exiting his bedroom laughing like school girls and hitting each other on the arm.

"Oh, hi," Rose says almost running into them coming from her own room. Both Shane and Ilya don't bat an eye.

"Morning Rose. Had a good night sleep?" Shane kisses her on the cheek and offers his elbow to walk towards the elevators ignoring the unspoken question while Ilya adjusts his glasses and follows them behind.

They were really good at gasslighting their friends and mutuals in situations like these. Pros really.

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The zamboni inspired photoshooting was supposed to be Shane's own personal hell but instead it was Ilya's because...

"When the hell did he learn to do that?" Hayden asks doubling over the benches watching Shane pose on the ice. They were all seated next to the scene and all three of them had their mouths open watching Shane.

Because Shane was... Shane was magnificent.

And Ilya was in so much trouble right now. He had to take off his jacket and place it over his lap so nobody would notice what was doing it for him. Although, looking at both Rose and Pike, Ilya was pretty certain that he had the same effect on everybody.

They had Shane all oiled up in all black leather with gloves and tank tops. They stiled his now longer hair in such manner that Ilya wanted to eat out Shane right there on the center ice. Then they dressed him up in faux fur coat, with nothing underneath and Ilya bluescreened.

Ilya was salivating.

Not just for the style of it, which were kinda eating up in combinations - but the poses Shane was doing. Where on Earth did he learned how to pose and smolder like that? Ilya's head was spinning. That was not Shane Hollander, the autistic hockey player with stats for brains and the guy who folds his pants before sex. This was Shane Hollander sex machine, riding that Zamboni like his life depends on it.

Ilya's head was spinning when they finished the shoot and he chased Shane to the locker room closing the door carefully behind him.

"When did you learn how to do those things?" Ilya asks slaming Shane on to the locker room doors, smirking devilishly.

"What things?" Shane smirks back, tempting Ilya to take the bait.

"The poses. The face. The sexiness," Ilya licks his lips eyes glued to Shane's.

"Aw. You think I'm sexy?"

"You are sexy but. That was. This was different. You did something? What did you do to Shane? You are not Shane. Who are you."

"Ilya, stop it. It's me," Shane playfully hits Ilya who is still looking at him with wide eyes, not blinking. Still mesmerized by the vision of Shane in fur and leather gloves and, oops he has to think about something else or the entire league will find out in 4k that they're together.

He disloges from Shane and leaves him to change into his shirt.

"Admit. I know you did something."

"Okay. I watched some videos online. You know. How to pose and look at the camera and stuff and not look... You know," Shane shrugs his shoulders.

"Boring?" Ilya lifts an eyebrow.

"Shut up I'm not boring."

"Oh no, you are. I love your boring. Which is why you were not boring today. Was the clothes okay? No scratching?"

And Shane wanted to drop on his knees right there in the middle of god knows whose locker room. Shane hated when people talked about Ilya as not carring and cold because the truth was Ilya noticed everything, and he knew how much Shane was sensitive to different materials and certain types of clothes.

"No, it was okay. Suprisingly everything was so soft. You think I did good?" Shane asks happily because he was trying really hard to school his expression like all those models online and he personally thought he nailed it.

"Why don't you ask Rose Landry about that," Ilya dusts his pants with his hands hiding his face.

"Oh my god Ilya, not that again," Shane rolls his eyes and laughs.

"She was eyefucking you. Is a fact. Pike too," Ilya shrugs his shoulders.

"She knows I'm gay. And ew, Hayden did not..."

"She can still look. And yes, he did too."

"Are you forbidding her from looking? Ilya, I'm yours," Shane laughs and settles between Ilya's thighs where he's now sitting on a bench getting Shane's shoes unlaced for him to get them on. He lifts Ilya's chin with his fingers and smiles.

"She can't look anymore. She had her chance," Ilya says coldly but violently blushes not dropping his gaze from Shane's eyes.

"You're an idiot," he mumbles and pecks his lips.

"Mhm. And now I need to ask her questions for that interview. Why did they put me with her?" Ilya groans and drops his head on Shane's belly. Shane cradles his fingers through Ilya's curls.

"Because other option would be me with her and you with Hayden. Would you like that?"

Ilya's eyes are like daggers up at him again.

"Fuck this shit."

"Okay. Promise you'll be nice," Shane pecks his lips once, twice, three times.

"I make no such promises," Ilya smirks and pulls Shane in a proper kiss.

"You're a menace. But you need to behave."

"Ugh. See you later if Rose survives," Ilya stands up and cracks his back.

"Rose? I'm more worried whether you'll survive rather than Rose."

"Asshole," Ilya says blowing off a kiss from the locker room door.

"Love ya," Shane yells after him.

"Ugh."

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One thing Ilya needed to admit was the fact that Rose did in fact looked like a godess whenever she entered the room. And that photoshoot was heavenly. She looked like she

walked straight out of a novel looking like some kind of a nymph surounded by all those flowers.

Shane and Hayden were doing their filming bits for behind the scenes and Ilya was going over the questions he'll need to ask Rose after in their interview. Thank god it was scripted beforehand, because the only question he had in mind was 'why was sex with Shane such a disaster to her'.

She was really good at modeling and the whole secret garden setup was perfect. She was also very nice to the photographers. Ilya wanted to hate her so badly but he couldn't. After they finished their interview both Hayden and Shane were already back at the hotel so Ilya had to go back with Rose.

"Hey, Ilya. Would you like to have a drink with me?" Rose asked suddenly when she emerged from the changing room catching Ilya typing furiously on his phone. He lifts his gaze and eyebrow, Rose laughs with her whole body.

"God, not like that. I mean, don't get me wrong you are good looking but I meant like friends or acquaintances. I know you and Shane have this foundation going on and he is one of my closest friends and I would like to know more about you."

She was being genuine and Ilya couldn't deny her. Also, Hayden dragged Shane to shopping apparently so that he can buy his flock of kids toys and stuff and he wasn't at the hotel anyway - which is why Ilya was furious at his phone few seconds ago.

Also, he really needed a drink. Even if it was with Rose Landry.

"Okay," he agreed.

"Amazing. I know just the place!" She clapped her hands and called her driver. "I have my own personal driver, it will be easier." - she explained when Ilya narrowed his eyes studying her every move.

In less then thrity minutes they were sitting on a rooftop in one of the exclusive bars in LA, Rose sipping her coctail and Ilya endulging in good quality vodka. It was the golden hour and even Ilya could admit that it was a great idea for the shooting on the beach they had in mind.

"So, you and Shane," Rose said pointing a finger at him while moving her straw between her teeth. Ilya gulped a huge sip of vodka and almost choked.

"Hm? Yes. We do foundation together. Mental health and inclusive hockey camps."

"I know that. But why?" She leans over the table.

"What do you mean why?"

"Don't you two like hate each other?"

"Hate? No. We just play hard against each other. The league wanted us to hate. We never hated."

At least that was the story they were going with in the public. That it was a stunt and that they deeply appreciate each other both as players on ice and as human beings.

"So, it was for promotion of some kind?" Rose muses.

"Yes. Having rivals in opposing teams boosts viewership. More audience," Ilya flails his arm in the air while explaining.

"Hm. So it was all an act?"

"I mean, I do hate him when he wins but that's only on ice. After that we're normal," Ilya shrugs his shoulders.

"You know he's gay, right?" Rose suddenly asks and Ilya freezes.

"I... Yes, I know."

"You don't want to use him right?" Rose leans on the table again and asks seriously, like she's either trying to defend Shane's honor or commit a murder.

"Use... What?" Ilya was suddenly so confused.

"I don't know. You maybe have some vendeta against him or something. Use the information that he's gay and hold it against him."

"What? No. I care about him. We know each other for long time," Ilya was genuinely surprised he was being atacked and he almost didn't remember that the had to chose his words carefully.

"I know. I just needed to check. Shane can sometimes be..." Rose turns her voice all soft.

"Oblivious. I know. He's boring like that," Ilya smirks while Rose sips her coctail - "You care about him," he finishes.

"I do. I really do. I don't want him to get hurt."

"I would never hurt him," Ilya admits with more softnes in his eyes, face and tone than he intended to making Rose's eyebrows shoot into her hairline.

"I mean..." He tries backpadling but she interrupts.

"You don't need to finish that sentence. It's fine," she smiles politely and Ilya nods. Damn, he gets why Shane has been praising her.

"Thank you."

"Anyway, they have amazing pasta here. Wanna have an early dinner?"

"Yes, please. I'm dying. Shane and Pike are shopping," Ilya deflates and groans in unison with his stomack which makes Rose laugh.

"Hayden is buying his kids toys, is he?"

"He'll need a truck to deliver them home. Or another airplane. For his little kid army," he says iritated flipping through the pages of the menu. Rose laughs with her whole body.

"I mean. You're not wrong."

"He just uses Shane to hold his bags, like he's his assistant. Or wife," Ilya continues pouting.

"You really don't like Hayden, don't you?" Rose was all but giggling now.

"I mean. He's fine. Fifteenth best player of the Montreal Metros."

Rose bellows a laugh again.

"Oh my god, now I see why Shane hangs out with you. You're hilarious."

"I'm just observing," Ilya finally bashes a little smile still looking at the menu.

"You're fun."

"And you are nice," he admits it, peeking from the menu at Rose.

"You weren't expecting that I would be nice?"

Ilya shrugs his shoulders.

"Hollywood celebrities are usually... I don't know..."

"Unaproachable?"

"No. But... What is the saying, high up in the nose. Arogant. You know. Up the butt."

Rose laughs again.

"I'm glad you're doing this with Shane. You know that? He needs someone like you in his life," Rose wasn't accusing him or anything, her voice was kind but it delivered the severity of it.

"I'm glad he's in my life too," he admits with a soft smile around his lips.

–

The night ended when Ilya and Rose came hand in hand through hotel doors and found exhausted Shane and Hayden sprawled on the lobby sofa surounded by dozens of bags filled with children's toys. Rose and Ilya were both blushing and kind of tipsy while Shane and Hayden blinked at them in confusion.

Shane lifted his eyebrows and asked:

"You two getting along pretty well I see?"

"Oh Shane baby, he's the best," Rose picnhes Ilya's cheeks and he blushes. Hayden snorts.

"What is it Pike, jealous that everyone but you love me?"

"Shane doesn't love you," Hayden bites and both Shane and Ilya use all of their power not to say something stupid right now while Rose is darting her eyes between all three of them, trying not to laugh in their faces.

"Hayden sweetie, have you eaten anything today? You look a little pale," Rose takes Hayden by the hand and routes him towards the elevators while slipping a tip to concierge to bring all of the bags to his room. Shane mutters 'thank you' under his breath then turns to Ilya.

"Don't say anything."

"I won't," Ilya lifts his hands in defense.

"You two had fun?" Shane was bone deep tired but he was looking at Ilya like he hang up the moon and the stars.

"Actually yes. She is not that bad," Ilya admits.

"Told you," Shane pokes him in the arm.

"Yes. But you still fucked. I'm still mad about it."

"Ilya you can't be mad about it because..." Shane starts to whine and Ilya moves him to the elevators.

"I know, I know моя картошка, I just wanted to see you pout," he almost kisses him while waiting for the door to open but he steadies himself. He can wait for ten more seconds.

"I'm not pouting. And, what... Did you just call me a potato?" Ilya liked when Shane tried to translate his meaningless pet names in Russian.

"Mhm. Okay, you're not pouting. And yes, my little munchable potato," Ilya pinches his cheek when they were finally all alone in the elevator.

"Ilya?" Shane whines again and rests his head on Ilya's chest.

"Fine. You're not pouting. Can we go sleep now? Your girlfriend really worked me up. I'm tired."

Shane disloges from his embrace and pushes him against the wall and kisses him stupid. Ilya loved this side of Shane.

***

The next day was Hayden themed shoot and Ilya was thanking every deity on this world that he didn't need to be present for any of it. They've changed their schedule a bit, had more scripted interviews for shorts and stuff but he was mostly away from Hayden.

That is until he slipped in the chair next him at the hotel bar. Shane was out shopping with Rose, something about upgrading his wardrobe and Ilya didn't mind.

Not until right now at least.

"So, you and Shane..." Hayden starts but for a minute or two he can't find the right words.

"You have a question in there Pike?"

Hayden rolls his eyes.

"Asshole. I don't know what he sees in you."

"I'm not that bad. You just hate me," Ilya shrugs his shoulders and orders a beer for him and Hayden. Hayden looks at the beer offering like it's poisoned. Ilya lifts his eyebrow waiting for him to sip on it. He caves and takes a sip.

"I don't hate you. Okay, I may not like you but I don't hate you."

"You don't know me," Ilya clarifies.

"That is... That is actually true. Hm. But, I'm so confused. How did you two team up?" Hayden leans on the bar and supports his head with his fist. Hayden was really pretty, Ilya could admit that. With his ling eyelashes. But he was a terrible hockey player.

"Shane didn't tell you?"

"You know how he is, all quiet and boring and he doesn't speak much. But he never does something he doesn't want. Which is why I'm so confused. I didn't know you two were friends."

"We're not," Ilya laughs and takes a big sip of his beer.

"Rozanov, watch it there."

"We are business partners. League made us rivals when we were kids, now we work together on the same cause. Is for good. For children," Ilya shrugs his shoulders again.

"But you are... You are so different. He is so calm and collected and you are... Well, you are you."

"Opposites attract," Ilya lifts his eyebrow. Hayden makes a disgusted face.

"Ew, don't even think about that. I know you know he's gay but I swear to God if you lead him on and he falls for his straight business partner I will hunt you down," Hayden points the neck of the bottle at him.

"You're a good friend Pike," Ilya confeses but there is an evil smirk behind his lips.

"I try to be," Hayden didn't even realize that he's walking straight into ambush because the next thing Ilya says is:

"But don't you know how to use condoms?"

"Shut up asshole," Hayden bites back and leaves the bar. Ilya devilishly smirks around his bottle.

***

The one thing Ilya really didn't expect from this trip was the commitment of both Rose and Pike had towards Shane. They really were great friends. And even though it pained him he had to admit it.

Shane crawled up in his bed around 9pm. Ilya didn't even notice that he fell asleep. He showered and turned on a basketball game and just closed his eyes for one second. The next thing he remembers is Shane snuggling up on his chest.

"Hey. You fell asleep."

Ilya just hugs him tightly and brings him even closer, breathing in his hair. He thought about maybe Shane would want to say something to Hayden and Rose about them. They were both okay people and it would help Shane to have support system when Ilya and his parents were in Ottawa. But Ilya didn't want to scare him away. These types of speeches usually turned flight response in Shane.

"You're brain is so loud Ilya," Shane mumbles nuzzled up in his neck. Ilya was playing with his hair.

"Do you want to tell Hayden and Rose about us?" He finally says making Shane shoot up from the bed.

"What?"

"I mean, they are cool, yes? They love you. They're your friends. They can keep a secret," he scans Shane's face who is going through several emotions in the span of three and a half seconds.

"I mean. Yes. But."

"Are you not telling them because you think is not fair to me or because you're afraid?" Ilya pulls Shane in his lap and holds him steadily there. Letting Shane balance with his hands on his chest, grounding him.

"I want to tell them, I just didn't want the three of you to fight each other all the time," he finally admits.

"We won't fight," Ilya says but Shane rolls his eyes.

"Hey, we won't. I had great time with Rose yesterday. And I think she knows or guesses. And Pike. Well, he threatened me today," Ilya laughs.

"He what?!" Shane's eyes are wide open.

"He said he'll kill me if I mess with you and that he doesn't know what you see in me. I told him you like my cock sucking skills," Ilya winks and Shane tries to get up from him but Ilya just holds him tighter.

"Asshole."

"Kidding. But he's okay. Just protective. I get that. So, if you want to tell them. I'm okay with it."

"Yeah?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

"Okay."

Shane hovers over Ilya looking at his face, fingers tracing over his cheekbones and jaw.

"Have I told you how much I love you?"

"Mmmm just twice today," Ilya pouts. Shane laughs and starts kissing every inch of his face.

***

Ilya had a plan, the plan how he could win over whatever the fuck that sexy zamboni photoshooting was the other day and it all starts with his beach photoshoot. He didn't really know why he was so adamant on making Pike dress up in his jersey, he just wanted to win.

So, here he was on some random beach in LA all dressed up in skiny tiny piece of fabric over his crotch. He felt like he was more exposed this way then if he was fully naked but they probably couldn't print the magazine if he was actually naked.

Ilya used every trick under his sleeve, he flexed, posed and used the sun, sand and the sea to make it sexiest as possible. Smoldering look. Blue eyes piercing through the camera. Everything.

Then they dressed him in the red booty shorts and the tank top which was more of a belt than a tank and he used all his strength to do some incredibly stupid pull ups and poses with it. Rose was cheering him from the sides for his solo shoots while Shane's mouth was on the floor watching Ilya's body all exposed on the sunlight.

–

"Close that mouth buddy," Hayden whispered after a certain flex of Ilya's abs almost made Shane cum on the spot.

It was such a bad idea for Shane to make all of this into a competition. He knew that the minute Ilya winked at him in that shorts with his nipples out. Shane swallowed a lump in his throat and begged his erection to flag away.

Less then thirty minutes later, because apparently that was enough time for Ilya to absolutely nail every single shot he had they were dressed for their 'couples' shoots. Ilya was in old Hollywood style white pants, bare feet, blue button down opened up to his waistline exposing his pecks and his cross in a way Shane either wanted to bite him on the spot or wrap him in bubble wrap so nobody could see him.

Over Ilya's shoulders was the fluffiest looking ivory yellowish jacket. His curls were perfect and glistening from the sea and the sun and Shane was mesmerized. He looked like Patrick Swayze.

Shane was swoon.

Ilya was so fucking beautiful. He was smiling at Rose who was in tone with him wearing bright yellow long silk dress, low cut on her back, her hair slightly wavy in an unrestrained kind of way. They were like those models from professional videos or Hollywood movies ages ago.

They were both beautiful and having so much fun together.
Ilya was dipping Rose almost all the way back to the ground, swirling her around and one time even holding her up with just one arm. It was the perfect couple shoot and Shane was ... Shane was actually jealous.

He stood stupidly by the sides watching them in his bright yellow sweater and boxers. He was gorgeus too, yet the only thing he ever wanted right now was to jump in Ilya's hands and do everything he just did with Rose. Hayden broke him out from the daydreaming by pulling on his arm towards the other part of the beach for their own shoot. He went through the motions taking several shoots, not even trying to look good. He just glanced over and over again at Rose and Ilya.

"Okay, we have enough of individual photos Does anyone want to mix and match?" Elena asks exhausted typing into her phone ready to call it a day. The sky just turned that beautiful side of golden.

"I want to do one with Ilya," Shane raises his hand like he was in a class and needs to ask for a permission. Ilya smirks and scratches his nose to hide satisfaction. Shane wanted to bite him. Hayden sighs and Rose patts Shane on his bicep while passing him winking.

"He's all yours babe."

And then Shane snaps. He didn't even care if they were taking the shoots or anything. He just ran towards Ilya and Ilya catch him in his arms. They were twirling and spinning and laughing like little kids. Chasing each other on the beach. Trying and failing to communicate in half Russian half English. The photographer probably thought that they were doing a bit but both Ilya and Shane knew they weren't. At one point Shane was on Ilya's back, piggy back riding him and smiling ear to ear.

"I feel like we're intruding," Hayden whispers to Rose.

"You noticed that too, huh?"

"Yeah. Are they? They seem like they... Did I hear Shane speak Russian?" Hayden couldn't finish his thought because it was crazy enough to see this relationship in public let alone to just think about the possibility of one hypotetically. Maybe they were just besties. Partners. Business partners. Bros. Hm, Hayden was screwed.

Ilya dips Shane and they almost fall laughing their asses off, then they run towards the ocean and start splashing each other.

"Hayd. We are just watching our close personal friend Shane Hollander and his ... Business partner Ilya Rozanov do a joint photoshoot together, right?" Rose says looking directly into Hayden's eyes telephatically telling him to shut his mouth up because all the social media managers, executives and photographers were still around them.

"Yeah. Right. You're right. But, they look so happy," he nods and looks back at them.

"They do, don't they."

Hayden groans next to Rose and she hits him in his shin.

"Be happy for him. Stop judging people. Ilya is funny and nice."

"Easy for you to say. You won't see him everyday if this is... What we think it is."

Rose levels him with another look. Hayden lifts his hands.

"Fine. Fine. I'm good. Not judging."

Shane and Ilya almost kiss on the beach then fall to the sand laughing. Their clothes completely ruined.

"Ok, I'm slightly judging."

***

Shane and Ilya were almost breathless when the sun completely set and the entire team was clapping their hands.

"Guys you were... Fabulous. Thank you so much for that. It's refreshing to see you out of that rivals box the league put you in. I think our audience will really like this."

"We are glad," Ilya says still smiling like a goofball. Shane kicks him in the ribs and he schools his expression.

"You know, hockey is competative sport and oftentimes the way to promote younger players and rookies is to create rivalships between teams. We've done that for years but off ice we're not that people. We play hard against each other on ice because we're both good in what we're

doing, but personaly Ilya is probably one of my closest friends," Shane answers in the most PR possible way yet still full with emotion. Elena's eyes sparkle and she turns to Ilya who in character answers:

"Yes. Same. What he said."

Then the entire crew laughs.

"Saved us," Shane whispers while they are fast pacing to Hayden and Rose.

"That photographer probably caught my heart eyes," Ilya whispers.

"I don't fucking care anymore," Shane says turning around to Ilya and taking his hand then dragging him towards Hayden and Rose. Hayden groans and Rose starts jumping on her feet.

"Really man? There weren't any nice men in Montreal?"

"Wow Pike, I thought we were good," Ilya mocks offense.

"We are but. Ugh. Fine. I'm fine with it. Really. Just fine," Hayden shakes his head back and forth like he's trying to prove himself that this is all just a dream and that he'll wake up any second.

"Say it one more time and I'll believe it," Rose murmurs and then is off hugging Ilya and Shane.

"Oh my god, I knew it. You got so emotional the other day," she pokes Ilya in the chest.

"You did what?" Shane turns to Ilya.

"I did no such thing. Rose, shush," he covers her lips with his hand. She bats him off.

"Oh, you blushed! Did he blush? He blushes when he's trying to lie," Shane chirps by their side. Hayden is pinching the bridge of his nose, eyes closed.

"Oh, he was blushing the entire time," Rose laughs.

"I hate all of you," Ilya groans.

"I second that," Hayden rises his hand.

"Fine. Lets go to dinner," Rose flicks them towards the changing cabin still high on adrenaline.

***

Month later the magazine rolls out and they are on the front page. Ilya dipping Shane on the beach, both of them smiling silly and looking at each other's eyes bathed in sunlight. Shane is fliping through the magazine looking at photos while Ilya is peeking over his shoulders.

"Damn. We all look good," Shane says.

"I agree. I want some of these framed. You look hot."

"I look hot? Ilya, look at you with your nipples out and in just this tiny piece of fabric covering your... Wow... This is ... This is wow..." Shane's pupils dilate, Ilya snatches the paper out of his hands.

"So. Who won?" Ilya asks pointedly. Shane freezes.

"Won what?"

"Our little competition," Ilya crawls over Shane's body locking him in. Shane tries not to laugh and keep it cool.

"Me, obviously," he shrugs.

"You?" Ilya stands up completely with his hands on his hips.

"Yeah, me. I don't look like myself. I look like a model. I won," Shane crosses his arms across his chest and raises his eyebrows. He's not going to cave. He's not going to cave. He repeats it like a mantra.

"Nu-uh. Nope," Ilya sing songs and takes out his phone and starts typing.

"What are you doing?" Shane jumps from the sofa when he sees Ilya is on instagram.

"We ask people. They will vote."

Three clicks later Shane is tagged in his post on insta story.

"Oh, I'm gonna kill you. You really want that bad for Hayden to wear your jersey?"

"Maybe."

"You know. The thing I had in mind if I win, you also benefit from?" Shane narrows his eyes and corners Ilya back up the couch. Ilya is grinning like the devil.

"Oh, I know."

"Then what's the problem," Shane pushes him on the couch and Ilya falls.

"I know I'm going to get that because you can't control yourself. So I need to get the Hayden thing to balance it out."

"Asshole," Shane laughs and starts kissing Ilya hungryly but Ilya's phone keeps buzzing. He breaks the kiss.

"Really?" Shane asks irritated.

"Sorry but people are voting. And, HA! I'm winning!"

"Shut up, story ends in 24 hours we still have the time," Shane bats the phone out of Ilya's hands and it falls on the carpet. Ilya flips them over and is now the one hovering over Shane.

"Hm, that's a long period of time. You think?"

"Mhm, better use it wisely."

End Notes

I'm uploading from my phone and I don't know how to link things so I really hope you know which photoshoots I'm referencing 😃 I tried turning it into smut but I'm really bad at it and I know there are much better authors that are going to cover that so I reverted to fluff 🫠

Comments and kudos appreciated ✨ You can find me on twt /@strgzngstorm92 or: stargazingstormtrooper92

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