

it's a fine line (between love and hate)

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it's a fine line (between love and hate)

by [londonfoglatte \(nimbus2003\)](#)

Summary

five times shane and ilya's friends worry they're are on the verge of divorce -- and one time they realize they're flirting.

OR

this revelation does nothing to ease the tension between Hollander and Rozanov. they battle for every goal. sometimes, when Ottawa's up by a few and they're together on the power-play, hayden thinks they might even be competing for the puck. he shakes his head. he knows they love each other, but man. can any marriage survive that amount of rivalry?

Notes

hello beautiful people!!! i cannot even begin to thank you enough for the world's kindest reception ever to my first fic in this fandom. i am so so so so grateful. as a thank you, i whipped up another 5+1 today. once again, i am procrastinating studying. once again, i do not care -- the boys have taken over my consciousness. will be answering all the sweet comments on the first one tomorrow!

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

1. The Pre-Season Apocalypse

The first practice of the off-season starts, like all things do in Canada, with a trip to Tim Hortons. The boys like to meet for coffee before their ice-time – stock up on caffeine and sugar to get them through the day.

It's usually a raucous occasion. Today, the dining room is painfully quiet.

"So," Boodram says. "This is going to be fucking weird, huh?"

The room breaks into nervous laughter. Troy snorts. Weird doesn't even begin to cover it. Seeing Shane Hollander in Ottawa red will be *bizarre*.

"Has anyone seen them since the wedding?" Troy asks.

Denials echo across the booth. "What do you think they're like?" Dykstra asks. "You know, like, as a couple."

Five sets of eyes turn to Troy. "Why are you looking at me?" He sputters, indignant. "I'm not an expert in Ilyane. Shya?"

"Hollanov," Hayes helpfully supplies.

"Guess we'll see at practice." Boodram shrugs. "How bad can it be? They're on the same team. They're *married*."

Boy is he wrong.

Practice sucks for a number of reasons. First, Troy is used to scrimmaging against the second line. He's *not* used to the second line including Shane Hollander, who seems to develop psychic abilities the second he touches the ice.

Second, it turns out you *can* sustain a rivalry while married.

Halfway through the scrimmage, Rozanov calls a time-out. He stares at Hollander getting water, glowering like the sight personally offends him, before turning to his line. "We forget how to play hockey? Summer break too long?"

A chorus of chastised *no*, *Caps* rings out. Roz nods.

They win the scrimmage, driven by the power of friendship – and a hint of terror. Harris waves from the bench. Allegedly, he's there to take stills for the Centaur's socials.

He looks concerned when Troy skates over.

"Holy shit." Harris whistles. "I can't use any of these shots. You look like you're trying to kill each other."

Hayes joins them, gratefully taking a water cup from Harris. He shakes his head. “We’re not trying to kill each other. Roz and Hollander, on the other hand, are trying to kill *us*.”

“I thought scrimmages were supposed to be fun,” Harris says.

Hayes crushes his water cup. “You try telling that to Psychopath One and Psychopath Two.”

They end practice with conditioning – which is a funny way to describe torture. After their seventh bag skate, Boodram flails his arms. “Right, we’re done. Boys, go shower.”

Troy expects Rozanov to object – Boodram almost never pulls rank as Alternate Captain. But the Russian just shrugs, staring at his husband. “I understand. Shane looks very tired. Needs to quit.”

His husband – who Troy thinks of as a pretty tame, mild-mannered guy – glares back. “You wish, Rozanov. First one to ten?”

“Can only do ten? Is very sad, but we stop for you.”

Hollander grits his teeth. “Fifteen.”

“По pykam!”

The Centaurs pile onto the bench. “So, uh... We’re putting money on this, right?”

Troy cackles, slapping Hayes on the back. “Twenty on Roz.”

“Fifty on Hollzy –”

“Thirty on Cap –”

Harris grins, pulling out his phone. “Now *this*,” he says, “is content.” He films the boys leaning against the barrier, then pans to where Rozanov and Hollander fly across the ice.

It’s a close race. Remarkably, neither seems to slow as the reps build up.

“Christ, Hollander is a fucking animal —“

“Never seen anyone race Roz like that —“

“We’re winning the cup —”

“Might die on the way, but —”

On the last lap, Roz strong-arms Hollander. In return, his husband shoves him. Hard. Harris stands at the finish line, filming in slow motion.

The team huddles behind him, reviewing the footage. “Ha!” Dykstra shouts. “Hollander’s skate crosses first.”

“No it doesn’t —”

“Harris, rewind –”

Dykstra leans in. “Look. Right... there!”

Troy sighs. “I’ll transfer you after practice.”

Hollander skates a lap around Roz. “Don’t know why you bother. Fastest skater then, fastest skater now.”

“Fuck you, Hollander. Am almost as fast *and* better shooter.”

“Not what the All-Star Trophies say.”

They walk off the ice and towards the locker room, bickering. Haas turns to the team.

“They’re married, yes? Shouldn’t they –”

“Get along?” Young offers. Haas nods.

“Swear to God, it’s like they spent their honeymoon doing bag-skates.” Chouinard shakes his head, amazed.

“Are we sure they’re not like... On the verge of divorce?”

Ottawa Centaurs (@ottawacents)

Allow me to assure the league the rivalry is alive and well.

[Video Attachment]

2. The Game Night Ban

Jackie and Hayden Pike host a *mean* annual game night. They have a personalized Monopoly board custom-made every year, full of inside-jokes and celebrations.

“You sure it’s too late to uninvite Rozanov?”

Jackie glares at Hayden, karate chopping a pillow into shape. “As I recall, the last time he was here, you got drunk together and cried over dog videos.” And, okay, *fine*. Maybe they did.

But only because Hayden is developing Stockholm Syndrome.

The doorbell rings. Jackie points a single, manicured finger at her husband. “Behave.”

Hayden holds up his hands in mock surrender.

Ilya hands Jackie a massive, fuck-off bouquet and a spa giftcard. “For our favorite hostess,” he purrs. “красивая, как всегда.”

Jackie, who’s learning Russian in her spare time, blushes. Shane and Hayden share a long-suffering stare.

Game night gets off to a fairly peaceful start. A few more couples pile into the living room, grabbing drinks and settling around a large game table.

Many rounds and several hours later, three contenders are left. JJ grimaces as he goes bankrupt, tossing his property cards on the table. Shane pats him on the back, feigning sympathy. “Tough go, man.”

“Dude, *fuck* you. If you didn’t have 12 fucking houses –”

Shane shoves him. “C’mon, Boiziau. Lose with dignity.”

Rozanov, who has turned the back-half of the board into Russian Roulette, full of houses and hotels, grins. “Yes, Boiziau. Lose with dignities.”

“Dignity,” JJ corrects. Hayden can’t help but notice he does it under his breath. *Coward.*

With JJ gone, it’s down to Roz and Hollzy.

“Why,” Hayden asks, reaching for a drink. “Do I think this is going to end badly?”

Ilya grins. Hayden surrenders, leaning against Jackie. Half an hour passes. Then an hour.

Guests start to leave the table, heading for the den. The Admirals are playing the Sun tonight, with major playoff implications.

Somewhere in the second period, Hunter scores a heartstopping goal. Hayden looks around. “Damn, Shane. He’s giving you a run –”

Where *is* Shane?

Hayden steps out, poking his head into the kitchen. It’s quiet outside of the den. Quiet enough to hear –

“*Fuck* you, Rozanov.”

“In your dreams, Hollander.” Rozanov’s tone turns mocking. “Еби меня жёстче, Розанов. Пожалуйста, пожалуйста.” His voice turns breathy at the end, like he’s imitating sex.

Something clatters. Shane screams. It sounds like he jumps to his feet. Over... Monopoly?

What on Earth?

Hayden rounds the corner. Hollander and Rozanov are arguing over the board, staring at the pieces with feverish intensity. Shane moves forward three squares.

“You cheat!” Rozanov splutters. “Barely rolled the – what is stupid thing –”

“Dice?” Shane offers.

“Yes! Dice! You barely rolled the dice!”

“I did not –”

“You did –”

The two best players in the NHL, sleep paralysis demons of goalies everywhere, step toward each other, seething. Shane shoves Rozanov. “I do not cheat.”

“You do. I watch.”

Shane grits his teeth. “You absolute –”

Hayden steps forward. Shane and Rozanov freeze when they see him, like toddlers caught sneaking cookies.

“Right,” he says, wondering what he did to deserve this shit. “You’re banned from game night. For like, the sake of your marriage.”

3. The Twitter PR Nightmare

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

we are getting a divorce.

ilya’s scowl (@ilyasscowlll)

????? i’m ??????

hollanov trash (@fuckyoumysterybrad)

i fear he doesn’t know he’s tweeting on main

cents fan (@centaursdefender5ever)

to be fair they do everything in the most fuckass way possible. like. why stop at divorce

hayden is my baby (@haydenismybabyyy)

great grammar from ilya tho loll

ilya's scowl (@ilyasscowlll)

stop @haydenismybaby im cackling

Save Hockey Alliance (@shalliance1)

Glad to see them coming to their senses. Men on the ice, not in wedding dresses.
#gaysoutofhockey

cents fan (@centaursdefender5ever)

literally fuck you @shalliance1

hollanov trash (@fuckyoumysterybrad)

Retweet: @centaursdefender5ever.

hayden is my baby (@haydenismybabyyy)

Retweet: @centaursdefender5ever.

ilya's scowl (@ilyasscowlll)

Retweet: @centaursdefender5ever.

Shane Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @roz81: (1/2) We are not getting a divorce. My husband thinks he's a comedian and tried to attach a photo of me serving him vegetables for breakfast to this tweet.

Shane Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: (2/2) Clearly, he needs the vegetables, because his brain is so rotted from Coke he's forgotten how to use Twitter.

Shane Rozanov-Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: The SODA, not the DRUG.

shane's hockey tape (@hockeytapediva)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: sure, bbgirl. whatever you say.

hollanov trash (@fuckyoumysterybrad)

Reply to @hockeytapediva: let's be honest, it's probably rotted from plenty of both.

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: leave my coke alone or else. real divorce

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: both kinds ;)

Shane Rozanov-Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @roz81: Just for that, I'm throwing out all the soda in the house.

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: i hate you

Shane Rozanov-Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @roz81: I hate you too.

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: good.

Shane Rozanov-Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @roz81: Good.

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

Reply to @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: fine.

Shane Rozanov-Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Reply to @roz81: Fine.

Ottawa Centaurs (@ottawacents)

Reply to @roz81 and @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: please. i'm begging you. it's 8am. shut up. – harris

ilya rozanov-hollander (@roz81)

Reply to @ottawacents: sorry, harris.

Shane Rozanov-Hollander (@shanehollanderhockeyplayer)

Retweet: @roz81.

Ottawa Centaurs (@ottawacents)

Reply to @roz81 and @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: the Ottawa Centaurs PR Office would like to clarify the comedic nature of these tweets. Don't do drugs, kids!

4. The Full Court Press Conference

It's good to be back on a team with Shane. The NHL is known for toying with All-Star rosters, and fans miss seeing Shane and Rozanov fight it out. So JJ isn't surprised, exactly. But he is thrilled.

Still, the cover cracks him up. Shane and Rozanov both play for the Centaurs, making it hard to separate the happy couple. They're both Canadian citizens, eliminating any chance of a Europe vs. America rematch.

In the end, the NHL resorted to billing the All-Star game as Heroes vs. Villains.

JJ doesn't mind. He's on a team with Shane, facing off against Rozanov and Barrett. Just like old times. This is his chance to prove he trusts Shane to play against Rozanov.

(To no one's surprise, Roz was selected to captain the villains.)

He'll say this for Rozanov — the guy knows how to commit to a bit. He refuses to carpool to the arena, instead opting to spin out of the hotel parking lot in a sleek, black supercar, complete with red detailing.

JJ looks at Shane. His friend stares at the rear-view mirror, checking their surroundings, before pulling out of the lot. *Slowly*.

"It gets worse, believe me," Shane says. "He bought the stupid car *because* of the theme."

Somehow, they arrive at the same time as Roz.

Shane locks the car, unbothered. "Probably took the long way to show off."

Before they can make it to the entrance, a commotion starts behind them.

Shane sighs — a drawn out, long-suffering sound, before turning and heading for the conference center.

Now, listen. JJ is very comfortable in his sexuality. He's straight.

But watching Rozanov get out of the car, shaking loose unruly curls and winking at fans, a sudden, uncomfortable realization slams into him. *Man, Rozanov is fucking hot.*

Rozanov is wearing the suggestion of a shirt, tucked into subtle, linen pants. He's gotten more comfortable since coming out — more sheer shirts, more tattoos.

JJ looks for Shane, expecting to see lust written all over his face. Instead, Shane's twenty steps ahead, staring at the hotel.

Huh.

Inside, JJ sits on Shane's left — the mirror image of Barrett on Rozanov's right. That leaves the royal couple in the middle, much to the media's delight.

Jen Carole, a reporter from the Athletic, breaks the ice. “So, boys, enjoying your time in Florida?”

Shane leans in. Not for the first time, JJ thanks the Lord for Shane’s media training. “It’s been great. We’re enjoying some time in the sun, catching up with old friends. Couldn’t ask for a better All-Star week.”

Rozanov smiles. “Good start to the week, yes. I am glad Hollander is enjoying the sun. Needs some joy before we beat him.”

“You *wish*,” Hollander spits back.

JJ’s nieces taught him a phrase recently. Ragebaiting? Is that it? He thinks so. It seems to apply here.

“Don’t have to wish. Is fact.”

It goes downhill from there. Harris, the Centaur’s social media guy, is forced to tweet:

Ottawa Centaurs (@ottawacents)

our star Centers a) are NOT in the middle of a divorce (they’re just like that) and b) encourage young fans to practice good sportsmanship.

That poor fucking guy.

The skills competition passes in a blur of pucks, chirps, and skates. Rozanov and Hollander split the accolades, shutting out most of the other competition. A rookie from Rozanov’s team sneaks onto the leaderboard with a victory in the shot trial — Roz roars, cheering him on.

Seems like he doesn’t mind losing, as long as it’s not to Shane.

Their team waits in the tunnel before the main event, jumping and stretching to stay warm. Finally, a ridiculous voiceover about their heroics plays, welcoming them to the ice.

Whatever.

Rozanov and Hollander take the starting face-off. Shane wins. JJ whoops, racing to protect Shane’s right side. Before he can reach him, Rozanov is there, shoving Shane off the puck and slicing through the defense.

He’s gotten so used to watching Shane and Roz working together — passing like they can read minds, breezing through defensive formations, making goalies cry — that he forgot what it was like to watch them play each other.

Halfway through the game, JJ wonders if they should leave Hollander and Rozanov to it. They're the whole game; the rest of them are nothing more than accessories.

Roz skates up Hollander's right side, seizing the chance to slam him into the boards and steal the puck. Hollander gives chase, poking the puck out from under Roz, spinning on a dime, and slapping a shot into the back of the net.

Shane cheers, turning to his husband and shoving a finger into his chest. "I fucking *told you*."

Rozanov wins the next face off. He takes off like a rocket, humiliating the defensive line. To add insult to injury, he executes a flawless Rozanov, slamming the puck into the net.

JJ lets out a low whistle. "Fuck."

Barrett skates up next to him. "There's something wrong with them, huh?"

All JJ can do is nod.

5. The Custom Jersey Altercation

The cottage has never been pinker. It doesn't matter how many times Shane gripes about gender roles. It doesn't matter how often Yuna buys beautiful, colorful dresses.

Ilya Rozanov as a father is, simply put, a force to be reckoned with. He adores their baby girl — an angel they adopted from an orphanage in Russia. Her adoption was a nightmare, logistically speaking, but it was worth it. Shane loves watching Ilya fawn over her.

"Ты такая же, как я, моя маленькая снежиночка," Ilya whispers, lying next to her. "мой уголок дома."

You're just like me, my little snowflake.

My slice of home.

Their daughter coos gently, pressing her palm to Ilya's cheek.

Ironically, little Irina looks more like Shane than Ilya. Her mother is Asian — a native of a small town in eastern Russia. She shares Shane's sharp cheekbones and beautiful, almond eyes.

The perfect mix of both of them. Their entire world on a fuzzy, pink blanket.

Shane and Ilya, for all their years of bickering and rivalry, know how to work as a team. They keep her alive. Survive her first round of shots — even if they both cry in the pediatricians. Introduce her to the team. Smooth sailing, Shane thinks, with a hint of pride.

And then they make it to the Cup.

“So when we win, we bring her on ice?”

Shane hesitates, but nods. “Mom can bring her down. Can we get her headphones? And a little scarf to cover some of her face? Less photos that way.” He pauses, thinking. “Maybe —“

“Yes. Да. All the things. She will be so cute.”

Shane’s head snaps up. “Whose jersey?”

“Что?”

Shane gestures between them. “When we bring her down. Do we put her in my jersey or your jersey?”

Ilya quirks an eyebrow. “We compete? Whoever has most goals?”

And that’s how the Stanley Cup, hockey’s most sacred series, turns into a shit show.

*

It was always going to be a violent year, to be fair.

Ottawa is playing Montreal in the finals. Their regular season meetings lead the league in penalty minutes, fights, and injuries.

What no one expects, though, is for Rozanov and Hollander to *both* have record-breaking series.

Hayden takes one look at the happy couple warming up for Game One and physically recoils. He’s gotten pretty good at judging Hollander’s expressions. It’s a survival mechanism. Playing against Shane, Hayden has learned, requires *lots* of survival mechanisms.

Rozanov is easier to read. He flies across the ice, dragging a thumb across his neck when he passes the Metro’s bench.

So, yeah. That’s pretty fucking obvious.

It’s a bloodbath. Rozanov scores two goals. Hollander scores one. Coach curses the entire way to the locker room, kicking a chair as he enters. “Fucking —”

The team crowds around him, searching for direction. Coach pinches the bridge of his nose. “We’ll work on this tomorrow. Just go home. I can’t stand to look at your sorry asses.”

Not a particularly inspirational speech.

Game 2 is better. They force it into overtime, thanks to an assist from Drapeau and a clean finish by JJ.

Then, of course, Hollander scores, sending them packing. He watches Hollzy skate up to Rozanov. “Tied again,” Shane shouts, fighting to be heard over the roar of the crowd. He holds up five fingers. “Think you can keep pace tomorrow?”

Are they... competing? In the Stanley Cup? Don’t they have bigger fish to fry?

Hayden tells JJ about it later, as they unlace their skates. JJ shakes his head. “That’s some weird shit, man.”

As the series goes on, it becomes clear that Ottawa will be taking home the cup. Probably a clean sweep, too.

This revelation does nothing to ease the tension between Hollander and Rozanov. They battle for every goal. Sometimes, when Ottawa’s up by a few and they’re together on the power-play, Hayden thinks they might even be competing for the *puck*.

He shakes his head. He knows they love each other, but man. Can any marriage survive that amount of rivalry?

*

Ilya bellows, holding his stick to the sky. A familiar weight crashes into him.

“We fucking did it,” Shane yells. “Stanley Cup Champions, baby.”

A sob threatens to break free of Ilya’s chest. It’s been years since he won in Boston. He forgot how good it feels.

He squeezes Shane, taking his hand, and guides them over to Hayes. Always congratulate the goalie first. Cardinal rule of hockey.

Tears of joy run down Hayes’ face and into his goalie mask. Ilya looks at his friend. “Is thanks to you, Wyatt.”

“You might’ve had something to do with it,” Wyatt shoots back, laughing. Ilya pulls him into a hug, trying to do a... What is word? Noogie? On his helmet.

Then Barrett is there, shoving Ilya into the boards and screaming with glee. Boodram and Haas are right behind him. They end up in a big, crying pile.

When Shane and Ilya finally free themselves, they start to search for family. Rose and Svetlana. Yuna and David.

Irina.

All their favorite people are here tonight. “So, who won?” Shane asks, still searching.

Ilya was responsible for keeping the mental tally. He stops short. Counts again. Pulls off his gloves, using his fingers to check. Finally, he laughs. “Tied. Dead tie.”

Shane grins. “We told Mom to change Irinushka! What’s her tiebreaker? Favorite child?”

“Me, obviously.”

Before Shane can retort, Yuna finds them. She hands Ilya a tiny, pink blob. “Go celebrate! We’ll find you after.”

Ilya nods, thanking her. He loves Yuna and David. They’re his family. But this moment with Shane is so hard-fought. So hard-won.

Ilya skates to center ice, Shane at his side. They take off Irina’s puffy coat, ready to settle the debate and –

Is that a custom jersey?

Shane turns her around. On the back, an even seam splits the fabric. On one side – *Roza*. On the other – *Ilander*.

There’s a note in Irina’s tiny, clenched fist.

Don’t say I don’t know my boys. I had money on a tie from the start.

Ilya laughs. If he doesn’t laugh, he’ll cry. How can he possibly deserve love like this?

He and Shane raise the trophy, hand in hand. Irina sits on Ilya’s hip; Shane pulls Ilya in for a kiss, his arm around their daughter.

Tomorrow, a photo of that moment will run in hundreds of newspapers. It will dominate on the evening news. Queer kids around the world will pin it to their wall. Grow up staring at it in the night.

Tomorrow, it will be *the* photo. But tonight, it’s just a moment.

Tonight, it’s just them, in love.

6. The Intervention

The intervention starts as a joke, mostly. There’s a large, extended group chat of chill hockey players. Kip and Scott started it. They added Harris and Troy who added... Literally all of the Ottawa centaurs.

In turn, the Centaurs added the more tolerable Montreal Metros – so, JJ and Hayden.

Most of the Irina Foundation’s coaches are in the chat. Fabian and Ryan, of course.

So, yeah. It’s a queer NHL group chat, plus a few allies.

Ironically, Shane and Ilya are not included. Hayden’s not sure why, exactly. At the start, it was because Hollander never used his fucking phone. Ilya, for his part, was a notorious asshole.

Obviously, times change. But people kept forgetting to add them.

Hayden looked down at his phone.

Pike

Is everyone going to the BBQ/baby shower?

Barrett

hollzy and roz's?

Pike liked a message.

Harris

yeah, we'll be there :)

JJ

Are they... okay lately?

Five people emphasized this message.

Boodram

Thank fuck someone mentioned it.

Price is typing...

Fabian is typing...

Young is typing...

Ryan

Wait so... We all agree they're fighting like... All the time.

Hayes

Can't be healthy.

Hayden

It's tough with a baby, man. Maybe they need a little pep talk?

Barrett

if we all do it together they can't kill all of us. at the bbq?

Seven people liked this message.

JJ

We go up to them and... What? Tell them to kiss and make up?

Harris

you're kidding but what if exactly that

Hayden

okay, but we have to be all in. united front suicide pact

Eleven people liked this message.

*

Rozanov and Hollander compete their way through grilling steaks (*mine's cooked better*), setting the table (*race you*), and opening presents (*i can keep the wrapping paper neater than that*).

Their friends and teammates share several meaningful glances.

They wait until Roz and Hollzy disappear with Irina.

“She’s fussy,” Shane says. “We’re just going to put her down for a nap.”

Hayden waits for them to leave, then nods. “When they come back down, the baby will be asleep. That’s our moment to say something.”

The assembled men nod, faces grave.

In the meantime, the group mingles on the patio, enjoying the quiet lake and the gentle summer breeze.

“-- think you’re better than me?”

Hayden’s head shoots up. Shane and Ilya’s room overlooks the deck. The sliding balcony door is open, but obscured by curtains.

“Fuck, do they think it’s closed?” Harris asks.

“-- know I’m better than you. Pretty boy Hollander. So fucking behaved. So – fuck, воспитанный.”

Hayden’s eyes widen. This can’t be happening. He looks at JJ, who throws up his hands.

“Act like you hate big, mean husband. Not the truth, is it, шлюшка?”

Is that – is that a *whimper*? Hayden stares at Barret.

What do we do? He mouths.

Before Barrett can answer, the conversation continues.

“Do you think they know? Is so obvious. You ask to be wrecked with all your pushing.”

“*Fuck*, Ilya.”

Right, that’s it. Hayden gestures to the crowd. “Inside,” he hisses. “Now.”

The group retreats into the massive, open-plan kitchen.

“I’m going to bleach my ears,” JJ vows, leaning against the counter.

“Bright side,” Harris counters. “They, uh... Definitely aren’t getting divorced.”

Hayden slams his head into the wall. “This whole time, it’s just been --”

“Foreplay,” Hayes agrees.

Svetlana laughs. “Oh, boys. So dumb. Next thing, you’ll be shocked that Rose is my girlfriend.”

“She’s *what* –”

“Are you joking –”

“How did we miss –”

“Every *fucking* time –”

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! please let me know your thoughts -- i can't even tell you what a warm and gooey feeling it is to read all your sweet comments. i'm thinking of doing a few 5+1 fics in this series before moving on to another trope.

i'm probably going to write some of these? if any of them sound particularly scrumptious or there's anything else you wanna see lmk! i'm not exactly taking prompts but i do try when possible to incorporate!

1. five times they debated who the WHAG was + 1 time they were sure
2. five times they remembered who the fuck they were + 1 time they were just Shane and Ilya
3. fives times their friends misunderstood gay sex + 1 time it clicked

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