They’d hyphenated.

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by lastproject

Summary

3 times Ilya calls Shane Rozanov and one time Shane calls Ilya Hollander.

Notes

Inspired by that twitter post.

The argument was stupid, there was no doubt about that. Ilya wouldn't have considered the circumstances leading up to it to be serious, however, It certainly turned serious.

He was sat at the bar in their kitchen, nursing an iced coke while Shane was probably pulling himself into knots thinking about what they said in their bedroom.

It had started when they left practice, Ilya had forgotten his skates inside even after Shane had reminded him before they left the locker room. Once settled back into the car, they realized the car barely had gas. Something Shane was supposed to do that morning.

Neither of them had taken anything out for dinner, even though they both voiced what needed to be before they left. Laundry not switched, shampoo bottle empty.

They could blame it on their respective exhaustion, they were both busy helping Shane's parents prepare their house for renovations on top of their usual team duties, then grueling practice as the season fast approached.

Marriage, Ilya thought. These were all circumstances of marriage, little shortcomings that would happen in every relationship but they'd all happened at once.

Their frustrations with each other turned into huffs and puffs, mumbled words and insults. Doors being shut just a bit too hard, then words being exchanged. Of course, words they did not mean. Words that were driven by their sleep deprivation and growing headaches.

Ilya ruminated about it.

"Is fine," Ilya had groaned, low. He messaged his temples, "Order takeout and I'll go to the store in the morning."

"No, it's not." Shane had spat back, too fast and too angry. "It should've been done, Ilya."

"Yes. You could've done it too."

"I asked you to do some of those things! Specifically asked about the laundry and your fucking skates–"

"Have the skates and they can be done tomorrow– it's, it's not even-"

"Stop interrupting me!" Shane groaned, he stopped from where he was moving around the room aimlessly. He wasn't able to be still when they argued, ever. Like it would make me stop and actually think about what they were saying, or thinking.

"Well, If you would stop going on about nothing, wouldn't need to." Ilya retorted, crossing his arms around his chest defensively."

"About nothing, about nothing?" Shane repeated, disbelieving. "Ilya, you just can't-"

“Jesus, Rozanov. Stop.” Ilya's voice came, heavy and thick with his accent. The tiredness drawing into every syllable.

Shane was quiet for a minute, “What are you even fucking saying?” He shook his head, huffing. “God… You’re so…” Shane hadn’t finished whatever he was saying, or maybe he did and Ilya just didn’t listen. He was getting increasingly fed up, and his lack of reply only ticked Shane off more.

That’s when Shane had taken himself up the stairs and into their bedroom, fifteen or twenty minutes ago. He wasn’t keeping track too closely.

He wanted nothing more than to climb into bed, wrap his husband up his arms and put the fight behind them. They could talk about it in the morning. He could very well track into the room and lay down, but he’d rather give Shane his space.

He was pleased when he heard Shane’s footsteps coming down the stairs, across the living room then round the corner into the kitchen.

“Rozanov?” His husband murmured.

Ilya nodded, “Hm?”

“No, you called me Rozanov. Earlier.”

Ah.

Oh. Yes, he had. Ilya hadn’t realized it until it was mentioned. Despite the situation, he crooked a smile. Shane was a Rozanov now, just like he was a hollander. They’d hyphenated.

Shane, as adorable as ever, looked shy about it. Ilya felt his heart throb, argument be damned.

“You like that, huh?” Ilya got up from the bar, closing the distance. His arms found their spot loosely on Shane’s hips, his thumbs resting on his sweatpants band.

Shane looked away, rolled his eyes and tried his *hardest* to look annoyed, Ilya would give him that. It didn’t work. He knew the reddening of his face wasn’t from anger or exhaustion.

“I said, do you like it, Rozanov?” Ilya pressed again, his arms moving to Shane’s waist now and pulling him so their hips were against each other.

Shane nodded, “Yes.” He felt the heat spread through his body, that giddy feeling like the first time Ilya had called him sweetheart or some Russian endearment.

Shane felt a little silly, they were married. It was a normal thing, to call your husband by his last name. Maybe it was the fact that Ilya had left out the Hollander from it.

“I think… I think it is cute.” Shane admitted. Ilya laughed, loud and just as warm as Shane was feeling.

Ilya seemed just as blighted, Shane thought.

“Yes, cute.” Ilya agreed, easily. A hand left from Shane’s waist to cradle Shane’s face, his thumbs resting caressing his collarbone on instinct.

“How do you say, we forget and go to bed, Rozanov?”

“Don’t milk it. And don’t push your luck, Rozanov.” Shane exaggerated the name.

“Come on, is that saying, you know. Don’t go to bed angry?”

Shane huffed but admittedly, the argument was long gone. He couldn’t remember all that he was angry that, “You’re lucky I don’t make you sleep on the couch.”

“Lucky, Yes. I am very lucky.” Ilya nodded, his voice quiet and full of honey.

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Scrimmage was fun. Though the team always liked to have Ilya and Shane on opposite sides, something about it not being fair to have them both on one. Ilya thought it was fair. They did not listen to him, though, especially not the coach.

Ilya hit the boards, Shane throwing him a nasty check after he shot a goal. He smirked and pushed off, skating into Shane with a gloved hand on his back. “All you got, Hollander?” Ilya clicked his tongue, sounding disappointed.

Shane rolled his eyes, pushing his shoulders against him. “No.” The reply was short, as always when Shane was focused on beating him.

“Stop flirting.” Brood, on Ilya's side of the Scrimmage, forced himself between them. He didn’t look annoyed, more amused by it. The two always got serious, acting like they did years ago when pit against each other.

The chorus of various agreements came afterwards, so Ilya had no choice but to put his hands up in surrender and skate off.

The game kept on, Shane getting increasingly pissed off that they were tired, 2-2. Since it was a scrimmage, they weren’t going to play into overtime. He hated when they lied, it felt unsuccessful and maybe he just wanted to rub it into Ilya's face.

Shane had not scored either of those points, either, so tying would only make it worse. He needed to at the very least, make the goal that would beat him.

The two of them met, leaning into position for the faceoff.

Ilya raised a brow at the scowl on Shane's face, he laughed and spoke airily, “Come on, Hollander. You gonna beat me?”

When that didn’t get a reaction or even a simple familiar “Fuck off, Ilya.”, he sucked in a breath. His husband was focused, or worked up. Probably both.

Ilya spoke clearly now, seriously. His tongue swept across his teeth then across his bottom lip, “You gonna beat me, Rozanov?”

Shane widened his eyes, then lost the faceoff. It took him a minute to skate off as laughter and variants of “gross” sounded through the rink from the Centaurs. He bit his lip and shook his head.

His husband played dirty, his mom had been right, Shane thought.

“Asshole.” Shane mumbled to no one but himself.

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Post game interviews were one of Ilya's favorite things, even more so when they had won. He liked the boost it gave him, the questions were better too. Ilya did like talking about their plays.

What he liked more? When he and Shane did joint post game interviews. He liked sitting at the table next to him, both of their hairs still wet from their showers and face still slightly red from the game.

He liked hearing Shane answer questions just as much as he liked answering them himself.

Shane had made most of their goals that game, Ilya getting more assists. Ilya would've been more annoyed about it if it wasn't Montreal that they’d just played against.

Shane deserved to beat them personally, and they deserved to get their fucking asses kicked by his husband each time they matched. Ilya also enjoyed the chance to taunt and fuck with each player that had said something to Shane in the past. It had taken multiple conversations for Ilya to get the full roaster, and God, was he happy when he did.

Ilya also liked when reporters asked questions like, “What is it like, playing against Montreal?”

“Easy. Boring.” Ilya answered, with a smile on his face that did not match his answer.

Shane answered, “LIke any other game.” He was still too nice about it, Ilya sighed.

“Are you used to playing with your husband on the same team, Rozanov?” A reporter asked, the question very obviously meant for Ilya to answer.

Ilya smiled and faced Shane, he put his head on the table and leaned against him. “Yeah, how is it, Rozanov?”

Shane, to his credit, tried to reel in the blush by rubbing a hand over his face. “Uhm,” He began, knocking his shoe into the side of Ilyas calf, they did it a few times back and forth. “We played together before. All star.” Shane answered unhelpfully, everyone knew that.

“Aw, it is no different?” Ilya asked, trying his best not to sound so pleased at flustering his husbands on television.

Back in the locker room, Shane shoved his clothes into Ilya's chest to put into his bag. “That question was for you, you know that.”

“I seemed to have gotten confused, it was the french?” Ilya answered, stuffing the clothes into his bag.

“No, you did not, Roz.” Wyatt laughed at the same Shane protested, “It was asked in English!”

“Hazy!” Ilya cried.

Ilya tried again, “Shane. Yes. Well, you know it is…”

“No!” Shane stopped him from coming up with something, the fire seemed to be gone from his voice.

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They were going to fucking lose. A home game of all things.

Shane could feel it, he could taste it. He could even see it. They were losing 0-2. They were in the second period, and everyone had seemingly forgotten how to put two feet in front of another and swing a stick.

Okay. Not Wyatt, he was doing an amazing job. If not for him, they’d be in deeper shit. Goalie appreciation tomorrow, Shane thought.

Shane thought about his parents in the arena, he winced and shook his head. He met with Ilya at the bench during intermission, “Not too late for a hatty.” Shane tried, reading the expression on his husband's face. He bit his lip.

“Right.” Ilya spared him a glance before addressing coach Wiebe. Shane let his shoulders drop and listened in as their plays were rattled off. Everyone looked defeated, which wasn’t going to help them turn around this game. Losing a game was hard, losing a home game, well that was like a punch to the gut.

“What are we doing out there? Junior leagues would be playing-” Troy began to start, Bood shut it down before Ilya had a chance too.

“Not gonna help, talk about the game or not at all.”

Shane let his shoulder brush against Ilyas, who finally gave him more than a glance. His husband gave that same crooked smile, “Hat trick, huh?” Ilya murmured.

So he had heard him. Shane nodded, leaning closer. “Our only shot.”

“We have barely even done that.” Ilya replied, almost helplessly.

Okay. Not the word to use, Shane sighed. It was true, their shot to shot ratio was embarrassingly low.

It was tense as they neared the last ten minutes of the third period.
Shane was fast as soon as they’d gotten the puck back, thinking if they could at least tie it and go into overtime.

Bood passed to Shane. Their defense needed to defend, he hoped they would. Shane looked at Ilya once, then passed. Ilya didn’t waste a second to make the shot. Shane saw their goalie go for it, he moved quick and Shane was sure it was not in--

“Roz!” He heard the cheers of their team as he caught the puck into the net.

Shane crossed the Ice quickly, Ilya with his arms out wide. “Fuck!” Shane shouted, overjoyed as Ilya caught him and spun. “I knew it, Hollander!” Shane shouted again,laughing loud. He saw the expression change on Ilya's face. Then their team crashed into the two of them, patting Ilya all over it.

They didn’t care. Shane was the one that said it, he still felt just as shy about it. He didn’t even think about it.

He thought about it even less when Ilya held his face and kissed him, hard. Shielded by the wall of their teams, Shane let himself be kissed and kissed back.

“Gross!” Troy's voice boomed, which pulled them out.

Shane looked into Ilya's eyes when they parted, he could almost feel the emotion speeding from Ilya. He knew it would be a topic for tonight.

“Yeah?” Ilya asked, as if it was the only thing he could find his voice to say.

Shane nodded, grinning. “You gonna win it, Hollander?” He asked, shifting one brow up.

Ilya laughed, like there was any doubt about it now. “Of course, Rozanov.”

They won.

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