

must be seeing blind

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must be seeing blind

by [SolariaLunar21](#)

Summary

So, in the dark of the night Matti Jalo decides to keep the news that the league's two biggest rivals seemed to be having some sort of torrid love affair under everyone's noses to himself.

or 5 times someone figured Shane & Ilya out and kept it to themselves and the 1 time they told the whole world themselves in their own words.

Notes

I love these two so much and I'm obsessed with outsider POV's, so this wouldn't leave me alone until I wrote it. Hope you enjoy my humble offering to this lovely little Game Changers Hockey world!

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

The Paramedic (April 2017)

“You think we can win the Cup this year?”

Justin looks up from the crossword he’s been working on to Rebecca whose eyes are fixed to the television screen showing the hockey game currently happening in the arena above.

“I don’t see why not Hollander’s been on fire lately and barely anyone’s been able to get past Pierre,” he replies eyes widening just as he sees Hollander go straight into the boards on screen. They both watch with bated breath to see if he gets up, but it soon becomes clear that’s not happening.

“Lets go,” Rebecca says and they quickly gather their supplies and rush up to the ice.

It’s a blur just like it always is when a player gets hurt while Justin’s on shift at the arena but this time it’s eerie how quiet the crowd seems to be. Even weirder is when the players part he notices that of all people Ilya Rozanov is standing over Hollander’s body like he’s seen a ghost. No one else seems to be paying attention to the Russian but Justin can see the scared look on his face as he and Rebecca start attending to Shane.

“Don’t move, all right? Just stay still. We’re going to take you off the ice.” Rebecca says when they both notice that Shane is blinking blearily up at them.

“Ice,” Shane slurs.

“Hollander?” came Rozanov’s voice sounding panicked.

“Ilya?” he hears Shane say again only loud enough for Justin to hear as he gets to work stabilizing Hollander’s neck.

In the background he can hear Rozanov asking if Hollander’s okay, Shane mumbling that he was, and Rebecca telling him to stay back. It’s only because Justin’s at Shane’s head that he hears him slur out,

“We’re not alone, Ilya. They can see us.”

He looks at Rebecca, but she doesn’t seem to have heard as they get Shane strapped to the board and quickly skate him off ignoring Rozanov’s pleas to know if he’s okay and Shane trying to get them to tell him he’s fine.

It’s not until later after his shift is over that he sees the clip of Shane going down again. As he watches he sees the look on Rozanov’s face, like he’s just seen his whole world collapse. Justin has no idea what’s going on there but from Shane’s concussed mumblings and Rozanov’s face he can take a wild guess. It seems preposterous but well, they do say the line between love and hate is thin.

His suspicions aren’t really confirmed until over a year later when it’s announced that Rozanov’s signed with Ottawa, arguably the worst team in the league. While the world

speculates about the move Justin can't help but smile as he snuggles closer to his own boyfriend. He's certain Rozanov's decision has more to do with Montreal's star center than anything else. Justin keeps quiet though because quite frankly it's no one's business who Rozanov or Hollander are dating.

Matti Jalo (February 2018)

It's the sound of sex that wakes him up. Matti would like to say this is the first time he's been woken up from a nap because he's overheard another hockey player getting lucky but that's not the case. Although it is surprising considering he's got a solo hotel room for All-Star Weekend and the walls in one this nice are usually thick.

He's still a little groggy having decided to crash since the Admirals played a game before he'd gotten on the plane to come here so it takes him a moment to really hear what's going on next door.

"Fuck...you look so good, taking me so good," he hears much more clearly than he should be able to. The voice is in heavily accented Russian and considering Matti's heard that voice chirping him on the ice recently he clocks it as Ilya Rozanov's quickly. There's a muffled moan that sounds more masculine than he expects but well, Matti's not one to judge, there's bound to be more queer players in the league than Scott.

His eyes adjust more to the dark and that's when he realizes that the door connecting his room to what must be Rozanov's is ajar like housekeeping forgot to lock it. He gets up to close it fully and quiet the live porno next door when the man in Ilya Rozanov's bed moans loudly babbling,

"Harder, Ilya please please, I'm so close."

"Me too, been too long Hollander," moans Ilya and Matti stops dead cold in the middle of his room as he realizes exactly *who* is getting what sounds like spectacularly fucked right now.

"Always too long, miss you so much," Shane fucking Hollander says just before moaning loudly again. The sounds of sex slow a few moments later when Rozanov lets out a low groan himself. He's still standing stock still in his room when he can hear low murmurs start up again next door.

"Look so beautiful when you come like that."

"Shut up, no I don't."

"You do, always so beautiful for me."

"Watch out there Rozanov I might think you love me or something."

"Couldn't have that now, could we?"

The sound of kissing reaches his ears. Then softly like a secret he hears:

"Love you."

“I love you too, really was too long this time.”

“It was, but now let’s shower, I can feel your come dripping out of me and that’s uncomfortable.”

It’s not until he hears the shower going that Matti’s shocked back into action and he finally pushes the door shut with a soft click and deadbolts it from his side. He drifts back to sit on his bed still in denial that he just overheard the league’s biggest rivals exchanging bodily fluids and I love you’s. His phone is in his hands and a text is being written out to his gossip of a sister before he realizes what he’s doing and stops.

Matti remembers Scott talking about how terrified he was that someone would find out he was gay and leak it to the press for years. He can only imagine what would happen if Matti told his sister and she told one of her own friends. This wasn’t the same as just being queer. This was being queer and being in a relationship with another player. Shane was a good guy, quiet but a hard worker and while Rozanov has a bit of a dick he didn’t deserve to be outed because Matti couldn’t keep his mouth shut.

So, in the dark of the night Matti Jalo decides to keep the news that the league’s two biggest rivals seemed to be having some sort of torrid love affair under everyone’s noses to himself.

Max Riley (and Leah Campbell) (July 2020)

“You see it right?” Max asks his wife as they stand off on the sidelines of the scrimmage they’re currently overseeing.

“See what?” she asks, taking her eyes off their team’s goalie to turn and look at him.

“What do you mean see what? Those two,” he says waving a hand across the rink to where Rozanov and Hollander are standing the coaches of their opposing team.

This was Max and Leah’s second year coaching for Game Changers Hockey Camp, and he was *convinced* that there was something going on between Hollander and Rozanov. Last year he’d thought maybe he caught a few flirty glances between the two but this year? After seeing how Rozanov had acted when a reporter was clearly flirting with Hollander that had sealed the deal for him. He just hadn’t said anything to his wife before today.

“Yeah, I still don’t get what you mean,” Leah replies shaking her head and turning back to focus on the game. With a huff Max lets the conversation drop because it’s not like he can’t broach the topic with her at the hotel later. It would probably be a better venue for the conversation anyways considering someone could overhear them here.

Max knows it’s probably wrong for him to speculate, but well, he used to be in a secret relationship with his own wife for a while there so he could recognize the signs. He’s seen videos and photos of them before they were out, he knows what his own face looks like when he’s trying to hide how infatuated he is. The way Rozanov looks at Hollander and vice versa is the exact same. Sure, their relationship is different than his and Leah’s since they were painted as such bitter rivals and not just teammates but well love is love.

“What was it you were trying to tell me about Rozanov and Hollander earlier,” Leah asks as she exits the bathroom post shower.

“I was trying to say that I think they’re together,” he says.

“I’m sorry, what? No way,” she replies with a shake of her head.

“Oh c’mon, you don’t see it at all?”

“I mean they’re friendlier than I expected considering some of the shit I’ve seen them both say in interviews but *together*. I don’t think so.”

“Why not? It’s not like it’d be the first time two hockey players fell for each other,” he answers pulling her into his arms and giving her a squeeze.

“We’re different.”

“How?”

“First of all we were teammates, second of all they’ve got this huge rivalry narrative, and just because we know Shane is gay doesn’t mean he’s with Rozanov of all people.”

“You just said they’re friends though.”

“Yeah, but that doesn’t make them boyfriends babe,” she states with a laugh.

“Fine, but I’m telling you that I’m right. Watch the way they act around each other through the rest of camp and then tell me what you think.”

“Deal, though I do think you’re crazy.”

Max lets it go and kisses his wife quickly before heading in for his own shower. He waits though. Because he knows Leah and now that he’s brought the possibility up to her, he knows that she’ll be on the lookout for anything suspicious. He keeps a close eye on her throughout the rest of the Montreal camp and into the Ottawa one the following week. It’s not until the end of the second to last day that she brings the topic back up.

“You were right, there’s definitely something going on between Ilya and Shane,” she says climbing into their car at the end of the day.

“I know I am but why are you so convinced now?”

“Because I just overheard them talking about how much Ilya wishes he could fuck Shane over the desk in his office as I was walking back from the locker rooms,” she replies and Max guffaws.

“Oh my god no you didn’t!” he exclaims giddily.

“I definitely did, they were in the office with the door closed but that’s what they were talking about. I hurried on my way when their voices got closer because there’s no way I

wanted them to know I overheard.”

Max laughs again at the image of his wife running away from the conversation. She just rolls her eyes at him, he starts the car, and the conversation drops.

“Do you think it’s serious between them?” Leah asks after a few minutes.

“I mean I don’t see why not, it’s probably why Rozanov signed with Ottawa when everyone knows he could’ve stayed with Boston for a much better chance at another Stanley Cup.”

“Wow, you think it’s been that long?”

“I doubt it just started recently. Why else would he come to Ottawa?”

“Do you really think Ilya Rozanov of all people would sacrifice the chance at the cup again for love?” she asks incredulously.

Max can see why she thinks that. It’s known that while Rozanov’s cocky he’s also one of the most competitive players in the league. He’s been that way since he started. But sometimes there are more important things than hockey and winning the cup. Max remembers how long it took for him to realize that while he loved winning gold at the Olympics, he wished he could’ve done it as his true self.

“Maybe Hollander’s more important to him, hockey’s not everything you know,” he replies and Leah looks a little cowed.

They’ve fought hard to get to this point together, Leah hadn’t understood for a long time why he decided to start transitioning when he did. They’d even almost called off the wedding because his decision coincided with another chance at the Olympics together. But now they were in a good place, one that it took a lot of therapy to get too but worth it.

“I know, of course I know that. I guess it’s hard to believe that Ilya Rozanov of all people is a romantic at heart considering his reputation.”

“People could say the same about you but look at how you proposed to me.”

He catches Leah’s blush but he knows that her soft gooey center is really just for him. Neither of them brings up Rozanov and Hollander’s relationship again, he knows its unsaid that this was a marriage secret. Although he will say when Leah tells Hollander the following summer once the world knows the secret what she overheard he’s never laughed harder at how red the star center gets. Even with that though he can see how pleased Hollander is to know that the two of them kept their secret.

Tanner Dillon (October/November 2020)

Tanner Dillon is aware that while he’s a good enough hockey player to make the NHL he’s not the best in the world. He’s also aware that most of his teammates think he’s not the smartest tool in the shed. Never mind that he has a degree in psychology from Brown. So needless to say, because his teammates underestimate him at every turn they never realize that he’s figured out a bunch of their secrets.

He knew before the rest of the team about Bood's wife being pregnant because the guy taped an ultrasound photo into the top of his helmet. Knew about Hazy's mother-in-law being sick the season before from messages on his phone that he left in Tanner's eyesight. And it's taken him a while, but he thinks he's finally solved the mystery that is Ilya Rozanov. Or well at least part of the mystery.

Tanner's been on the Centaurs since halfway through the season before Ilya joined the team. At the time one of their defenders was a guy by the name of Peter Gregerson who'd played with Roz in Boston. When the announcement had come through about Roz signing with the team Gregs had smirked and said he hoped everyone was ready for pussy city. Because apparently where Roz went the women were sure to follow. Gregs was traded before the season started, Tanner wasn't that sad to see the guy go but his words had stuck.

Roz was loud, gregarious, and sarcastic. He was like a magnet drawing everyone too him. When they went out as team Tanner watched women approach him, he watched as Roz was flirted with, but he never saw the guy leave with anyone. Never once saw him get drunk and make out with any of his female admirers. Actually, most of the time Roz had a couple drinks and was one of the first of them to say goodbye. That is when he went out.

The guy was also glued to his phone. Tanner had tried plenty of times to catch a glimpse at what he was typing on there, but he never did. It's taken him until now, the start of their third season together, to realize that Roz has a secret someone. And he's pretty sure it's a guy. Like 90% certain it's a dude. He's also fucking certain that it's another hockey player. Who he's not sure.

At least that is until he realizes that every time, they play Montreal the team never sees Roz afterwards. The guy disappears. It's a game against Montreal when he hears Roz talking with Bood as they come back to the bench and all the pieces start to really fall into place.

"Hollander would hate that," he heard Bood saying as they settled next to him on the bench.

"My good friend Shane Hollander, you mean?"

"There's no way he likes you that much," Bood replies around a laugh that Tanner almost agrees with before Roz states plainly:

"He loves me."

Tanner can tell that Bood thinks that Roz is kidding from his response, but he can tell that Roz isn't. No, Tanner's like 99% certain that Roz's secret hockey player boyfriend is Shane Hollander. There's no way anyone else on the team knows. And if they do just like Tanner, they've never said anything.

He bumps his suspicions up to 100% when he watches the documentary about Roz's rivalry with Hollander in early November. Tanner watches as Hollander's taken out during a game against Boston. Roz's face looks the same way his mother's did when his dad had his heart attack this past summer. He wants to call someone on the team. Ask them if they think the same thing that he does. But he also knows that would be a dick move. So, he doesn't say anything. Tanner knows for a fact Roz would never go soft on the ice and let Hollander win.

The guy's too competitive for that. And everyone knows that Hollander eat, breathes, and sleeps hockey. Instead, he shuts up and says nothing.

Luca Haas (January 2021)

Luca sneaks out the side door and into the parking lot needing a breather. He can feel the adrenaline that's been pumping through his body since the plane first dropped, starting to disappear little by little. The rest of the team was inside celebrating the fact they weren't all dead right now, but he needed to take a step back.

His whole life could've been over so quickly just a few hours ago. He thinks about his family back home waking up to the news. How awful it would be for them to see that first thing in the morning. There are so many upsides to how he's living out his dream. Just the fact that he's playing with *Ilya Rozanov* is insane to him. But being so far from everything he knows, and loves has been difficult.

Luca so badly wants to call his parents but instead he just breathes the humid Florida air (and really, it's *January* why is the air still humid?) in and lets his brain start to re-calibrate. There is someone else he could call. Someone not so far away but Luca's not sure that the conversation would be welcome. Jakob had made it clear that what they had back home was over as soon as they both got drafted. That even with Scott Hunter being out and the rumors about Shane Hollander it was too risky if they got caught.

Instead, it's when he starts heading back into the bar when he hears the low tones of someone else speaking nearby. Glancing up from his hiding place he can see Roz's profile about thirty feet away, a phone out in front of him as he talked.

"I did mean what I wrote, all of it."

The voice on the other end was too low for Luca to hear but he stays still not wanting to interrupt what's clearly a private moment.

"Do you have to win *everything*?" he hears Roz ask with a laugh but then the other voice says loud enough for Luca to hear:

"I have to not lose you."

"Shane, it is okay. I am okay. Is over."

Oh. *Oh shit*. Luca almost gasps but at the last moment claps a hand over his mouth at the realization. Roz was on the phone with *Shane Hollander*. And that was not the sound of the voice of a platonic friend/rival. No that's the voice of someone who almost lost the love of their life. And from the way Roz is talking this isn't a new revelation.

Luca decides to sneak back into the hotel before Roz turns to notice him because he knows he for sure was not supposed to be overhearing any of that conversation. His mind was swimming as he walked back over to the table where the other rookies were sitting. None of them questioned his need for air. They were all a little fucked up still, and none of them said anything when he stayed quiet the rest of the night.

Later when he was a little more than tipsy, he wandered up to his hotel room thankful that he wasn't rooming with anyone as he flopped back onto his bed. *Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were in love with each other.* He stared up at the ceiling, thought about the poster in his room back home. The one of Roz from his rookie season back when Luca was just sort of figuring out that yes, he was *good* at hockey but also *boys were so so pretty*. Remembers the way he'd watch Roz's interviews over and over again under the covers of his bed. The way that his belly would flutter. And now he was playing on the same team as him.

God did he want to go down the hall and knock on Roz's door. Tell him what he overheard. Tell him all about young Luca who just looked up to him so much. Who yes *maybe sort of realized he likes guys because of him*. But no. He couldn't do that. Obviously, no one knew about Roz's relationship with *Shane fucking Hollander* for a reason. Like pretty much everything else in his life Luca decides to lock the secret away never to see the light of day. With a frustrated sigh he lets his eyes fall closed and before he knows it, he's asleep.

+1. Shane & Iyla (February 2022)

"We should do an interview," Ilya says towards the end of January. It's a day off and Ilya's just gotten back from Anya's morning walk. Shane looks up from the eggs he's cooking at his husband with a furrow in his brow.

"I thought we agreed we weren't going to do any interviews," he replies distinctly remembering the many conversations they had after being outed about this topic.

They'd been asked by every single outlet you could probably think of for a joint interview about their relationship once they'd put the statement out on Instagram. They'd understood *why* but that didn't mean they needed to indulge the masses who just wanted to gawk at them.

There was also the fact that neither of them could be sure that even with it being their own words that someone would really respect their story without twisting it into something it wasn't. They'd decided even before Shane signed with the Centaurs that they wouldn't be doing any interviews about their relationship. At least it seems until now that is.

"Yes, but people are annoying," his husband states, "reporters still asking after games, 'what is it like playing hockey with husband' or ask other players on team 'what is it like to play with husbands' even though we all tell them we only want to focus on hockey. Is rude, so we give interview and people leave us alone about being hockey husbands."

"Who would we even do an interview with?" Shane asks, knowing at this point if Ilya's bringing it up that he's thought about this and come to his own conclusions.

"Harris will do it, we will film it here, and he will help us make a YouTube so we can post video there. He edits and we get final say, this way no one takes our control away."

"You've thought a lot about this huh."

"Yes, I talked with Galina too, she thinks it's a good idea. We do not need to tell whole world everything but maybe saying nothing is not best either. You think about it, is your decision too."

Shane nods and pulls Ilya close for a quick kiss because he can see that his husband's brows are a little pinched and he hates that look. He spends the rest of the day thinking about it as they putter around the house both doing their own thing. While before days off meant they stayed wrapped around one another because there were so few, now they both knew they had time.

He can also tell that Ilya's making himself scarcer so Shane can think clearly without his influence. In all honesty it doesn't take him long to make the decision but he doesn't want Ilya to think he didn't take it seriously, so he waits until they're getting ready for bed to tell him.

"I think we should do it."

"Do it? Can just say lets fuck, we do that most nights before bed anyways," Ilya replies to which Shane rolls his eyes.

"You know what I mean, we should do the interview."

"Yes?"

"Yeah we can talk to Harris about it tomorrow, get it done our next off day."

Ilya just kisses him in response and that devolves into fucking because well they are nothing if not predictable.

The next day they tell Harris their plan and he lights up, bouncing up and down in excitement.

"Oh yes! I promise you won't regret asking me to do this!" he says before darting into his office and closing the door behind him.

"Well, I guess he's on board then," Shane says turning to Ilya who nods.

"He will do a good job, won't ask questions that he knows we won't want to answer."

They'd spent the morning before practice talking about what they were both willing to share. Both had agreed that they wouldn't get into the gritty details, no one needed to know about their sex life, but they would share the things they thought would be important. All in all, it takes another two weeks before they get to sit down with Harris for the interview.

"Did you guys look over the questions I e-mailed the other day?" Harris asks as they start getting everything set up. He's brought Troy along to work the camera and they've set up a few ring lights in the living room, so it doesn't look like the interviews poorly lit.

"Yeah, they all looked good to us," Shane replies shifting a bit nervously on the couch as he does so. He settles though when he feels Ilya's calming touch land on his thigh, relaxing into his husband's side. They were the ones in control here, everything that would be included in the video was up to them, no one could take their words away this time.

“Great, so we’ll go through the intro that you two came up with and then we’ll start the question-and-answer portion,” Harris tells them as he settles down onto the chair, they’ve moved across from the couch he and Ilya occupy.

Troy counts them in and then he and Ilya run through the introduction for the video. Shane settles in as Harris starts the actual interview, asking them why they decided to do this now and not back when they’d been outed.

"Honestly to get people to stop asking us what it's like being husbands on the same hockey team," Shane answers looking to Ilya who nods.

"Don't know what is so fascinating, but we do this and hopefully we aren't so interesting anymore. Well Shane will not be interesting, I will always be interesting," Ilya says with a smirk causing Shane to roll his eyes at his husband but still smile pleased at his antics.

Harris continues the interview asking them what it feels like to play on the same team. What’s different about their rituals than before, do they have rules about being at the rink, have they ever felt unwelcome in the Ottawa locker room, etc. They answer each question honestly and smoothly playing off each other just like they always have. Having Ilya by his side calms Shane down in a way that no one else does and he hopes it comes through.

“Now I think probably the question I’ve seen the most online is: how long have you guys been together? You said in your joint statement shortly after you were outed that it had been several years but what exactly is several?” Harris asks and they both quickly exchange a look.

Out of all the questions this was the one that Shane was the most nervous about. They both want to protect their history, the love that they have held so close all this time, but well...if they don’t say anything people will just continue to speculate. Which would defeat the whole point of this video since it was to get people to stop talking.

“We’ve been in a committed, monogamous relationship since 2017,” Shane replies before looking at his husband.

“Yes 2017 is when we became boyfriends but uh we were hockey rivals with benefits since uh...2010?” Ilya asks looking over at Shane.

“Yeah, we kissed for the first time right before our joint rookie season and then started consistently hooking up in 2011.”

“The whole time?” Harris asks a little shocked.

“Yes, whole time,” Ilya agrees with a nod and Shane has to smother a laugh at both Harris and Troy’s faces.

“Wow, I had no idea.”

“Only a few people know exactly how long its been. We were able to keep it a secret until my parents found out in the summer of 2017, then Hayden figured us out after Ilya came to the

Centaurs.”

“Hayden Pike, you mean?”

“Yeah, who by the way we do not blame at all for what happened.”

“No was stupid Brad’s fault. Did not need to post for whole world to see, other people told us after we came out that they knew. They kept it secret,” his husband says to which Shane nods.

Several people had told them including Tanner freaking Dillion that they’d figured them out but decided to keep it quiet. Shane was touched that each of them kept the secret but was absolutely mortified that Matti Jalo found out because he overheard them fucking. That tidbit had delighted Ilya who had asked many questions about if they sounded hot or not. Shane had left that conversation questioning every single one of his life decisions. The rest of the interview passes quickly with one last round of rapid-fire questions towards the end.

“I can’t believe you two have been together this whole time,” Troy says as Shane helps him take the ring lights down.

“It really was just fucking for a long time; I don’t think I entertained that it could even be more until like 2016. And even then, it wasn’t something I acknowledged.”

“Still though, must’ve been hard to keep that secret for so long. I only kept the fact I was with Harris secret for a little over a month and I was going insane.”

“It was harder for Ilya, eventually I had more people in my corner that knew than he did. I wish Tanner and Luca had said something to him. Maybe he wouldn’t have felt as lonely as he did.”

“I tried to bring it up to him a couple times, he didn’t really budge about it. I think he would’ve protected you no matter what.”

“Yeah I figured,” Shane tells him gazing at his husband who was currently joking around with Harris. His heart felt full every time he saw Ilya so carefree. It had been happening more and more since they’d been outed. There were still days for both of them when it was hard, but those days were outweighed by the good ones.

“See quick and easy like I said,” his husband states once it’s just the two of them again.

“It was, Harris will do a good job editing it for us,” Shane says wrapping his arms around Ilya’s waist and burrowing his face into his neck.

“Still worried though?” Ilya asks hand coming up to run through Shane’s hair.

“No, not really, I just really fucking love you.”

“I love you too, now whole world will know for how long.”

“And you’re okay that we kept it vague? People might still ask annoying questions.”

“They can ask but I will not answer, details are only for me and you. No one else needs to know,” Ilya says leaning down to kiss Shane softly. It’s the kind of kiss that Shane loves the most, borne from domesticity and familiarity. The kind he didn’t know if they’d ever get to have when they first started. Now it’s one he never ever wants to do without.

When the video goes up four days later hockey Twitter goes insane. Shane and Ilya both watch with amusement at the world’s shock that they’ve been together the whole time.

“This is my favorite says: ‘GUYS watch this clip from NHL Awards 2014 Rozanov’s totally flirting and Hollander looks like he’s ready to have his way with him’ both are true. You were so good for me that night Shane, fucking beautiful,” Ilya says looking up from under his lashes at him. Shane blushes and ducks his head still a little shy sometimes when it comes to things like this. Even though he knows he shouldn’t be, doesn’t need to be at all because Ilya loves every single thing about him.

“I could do without everyone dissecting all of our interactions from the last twelve years again but it feels good, to have it all out there,” Shane replies sidestepping Ilya’s comment.

“Yes, now hopefully tonight after the game no more stupid questions.”

Ilya’s right, they don’t get asked stupid questions. The reporters focus on the game even though Shane can tell they want to ask. That they want to know every single little detail, but they don’t owe anyone that. The world can know that his life forever changed the moment he laid eyes on Ilya Rozanov, they can know they’ve been together for twelve years, they can know they love each other, but those middle bits are the important parts. Those were just for them, and Shane wouldn’t give those up for anything.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

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