

Bood's BBQ (with a side of Hollanov)

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Bood's BBQ (with a side of Hollanov)

by [amikulaskova](#)

Summary

"Who has been in a situationship the longest?"

Everyone murmured as they quickly pointed at a player of their choice. The most pointed at the player was Wyatt, closely followed by Luca and Troy. These three players looked at each other as they tried to figure out, what the answer was.

"Three weeks, then no contact," sounded from the hockey players.

"My longest situationship was two months, I think? Nothing came out of it,"

"Mine took half a year, but we're together now," another player added.

"Uhm I might be winning this one, a year and a half?"

"No, is mine," Rozanov said nonchalantly. The room was suddenly quiet, all eyes on their captain.

"Don't lie, Roz,"

"You want it in weeks, months or years?" Rozanov continued.

OR: Ilya Rozanov wants to introduce Shane to his team

Notes

I haven't written fanfiction in a while, but Heated Rivalry has me in chokehold.

Rewatched the show, recommended it to my friends, read almost all the books... I might be cooked.

I'm in the middle of writing another one as we speak. If you're interested in some Roselana, you might wanna check that out once I publish it :)

The Centaurs were celebrating, because they won again. Ilya looked around the room, pride bursting from his chest. He watched these guys put everything they got into the games and it finally paid off. Ilya considered these guys his friends, which might have a lot to do with trauma bonding after that plane crash, however he cared about them nonetheless.

He also felt safe here, as if he somehow managed to create a judgement free, welcoming space amongst these people. These jocks were so nice to his openly gay teammate and his boyfriend, not even batting an eye at that, and Ilya felt his insides twist with envy.

"I would like to introduce you to the Centaurs, if it's okay," Ilya said to Shane during dinner. His freckled boyfriend stopped chewing for a moment, seemingly lost in his thoughts.

After a while, Shane just simply asked: "How would you do it?"

And so they made a plan.

Said plan included a drinking card game during a weekend getaway with the whole team, Harris included, which also happened to be a housewarming party for Troy's new home. The game rules were simple; a question is asked, every player points at someone who fits the description. If the most pointed at the player indeed fits the description, he has to take one sip for every finger pointer at him. If this player does not fit the description, he chooses, who drinks.

Truthfully, most of the questions were rather boring, but Ilya made sure to add one of his own.

Harris was now in charge of reading the next card, tipsy enough to ignore the different font from all the previous ones, "Who has been in a situationship the longest?"

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"Three weeks, then no contact," sounded from the hockey players.

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Not only did that catch everyone's attention, it also seemingly short circuited their brains. But that might have been the alcohol.

"Eighty four months," Ilya smirked "Pretty sure I'm the winner here,"

"84... Rozanov that's seven years?!" Someone yelled in shock.

"Oh, so you know math? My partner doesn't," Ilya just sipped from his cup, as if he just told everyone about the weather.

"Are you dating your seven year long situation???"

"I would have dropped her after so long..."

"Yes, been for over three years now," Ilya blushed a bit.

"Is it Jane? The one you've been texting after every game?" That was definitely Luca's voice.

Rozanov nodded his head.

"So you've been seeing this Jane woman for ten years?! That's insane, Roz!"

"No," Rozanov pointed at his teammate. "Ten years? Yes. Jane? Yes? Woman? No,"

"Oh my god, Roz, you have to introduce us to this mysterious man who managed to steal our captain's heart, before we even knew him!"

Ilya Rozanov made a thinking face, as if he hadn't decided to introduce them to Shane before even arriving here.

"He's visiting next week. We decided you're worthy of our secret, after almost dying together in a plane crash and all,"

"So... Bood's BBQ next week?" Someone asked and everyone enthusiastically screamed in return.

"Okay, you'll meet him there. Be nice to him, he's shy," Rozanov furrowed his brows at the whole team, fighting the urge to smile.

Next week was suddenly upon them. Shane found himself in Ilya's car, driving in the direction of Boodram's house.

He was both excited and extremely nervous. Ilya, as if he read Shane's mind, put his hand on Shane's thigh to ground him.

"Is okay. They will behave, I hope,"

Shane put his hand over Ilya's. "I know that you trust them, it's just a big step, you know,"

"It will be fine. We can always leave, if they make you uncomfortable,"

Shane squeezed his boyfriend's hand in a gesture of gratitude, forcing his breathing to be even.

It was going to be alright.

Ilya could hear his teammates and their partners even before getting out of the car. It sounded like a good amount of them were outside.

Moments later, he found himself standing in front of the door, Shane with a box of drinks in his hands behind him.

Ilya knocked just to open the door right afterwards. Shane stayed behind.

"Hey guys, hi girls," Ilya greeted everyone, closing the door behind him slightly. The room was suddenly buzzing with excitement.

"Guys, Roz is here! Come inside!"

They looked like the main event of the evening was about to happen.

"Before I introduce him to you," Ilya said authoritatively, "all of you have to behave. Girls, Troy, can you get your men to do that?"

"Why is Troy one of the WAGs? Shouldn't it be Harris?" someone questioned.

Ilya didn't answer. He just warned everyone: "you might want to sit,"

That's when he opened the door and let Shane join him inside.

"Centaurs, this is Shane. Shane, this is my team and their partners. We brought beer, Coke and Ginger ale,"

The room was quiet for a moment, before erupting in a cacophony of shocked reactions.

"Holy shit!" someone yelled, which resulted in Shane turning forward the door and murmuring I'm leaving.

"No, you're not," Ilya put a hand on his shoulder while forcing a deadly stare at his teammates.

"Behave. Every pair gets to ask Shane one question, after that were just gonna enjoy our evening, yes?" said their captain as he made a beeline towards the fridge, Shane and their drinks right behind him.

Once they were comfortably seated on the couch, canned drink in hand, they let the Centaurs ask.

Boyle was the first: "Weren't you rivals for most of your situationship?"

Ilya sipped his Coke. "Part of why we were in a situationship to begin with, yes. Was good cover though."

The Chouinards, Nick and Selena, asked next: "How did you even survive that? Being apart most of the time and all. I was struggling so bad before we moved in together, and it didn't get exactly easier after that either,"

"Uhm, it's been torture, actually," started Shane, "for the longest time, we didn't want to believe that there were feeling involved, so we just hurt each other over and over."

"What changed it? As in, what made you realise that there are mutual feelings?" sounded from Luca.

"A certain hundred-years-old hockey player from New York kissed his boyfriend of the ice," said Ilya, rolling his eyes.

"He called me right after that to announce that we're spending the summer together. We, uhm, confessed to each other there and made it official,"

"And I officially met Yuna and David," added Ilya before taking another sip. "They are in Ottawa now, yes?"

"Yeah, we should visit them again," Shane said as he nuzzled more into his boyfriend's shoulder. Everything was in fact going great.

Troy and Harris asked next: "Does anyone in the league know about you? Since you hang out with Scott Hunter and all that."

"Hayden knows and we think that Scott might have his suspicions, but that's all." Shane answered.

"Not in league anymore, but Ryan Price knows as well. Caught us making out in the camp office," Rozanov announced nonchalantly. Hollander shot him a look that probably meant something along the lines of shut up, followed by a tense "Ilya,"

Ilya did, in fact, shut up. Shane looked around the room before mumbling something to Ilya in Russian.

"Did you learn Russian for Rozanov?" Wyatt asked, quickly followed by "No, scratch that, did Rozanov sign with Ottawa because of you?"

"That is two question, Hazy."

"Pretend we asked on of them," uttered Caitlin, Dykstra's wife.

"Is that not cheating, Hollander?" Rozanov pretended to be offended, but his smile betrayed him.

"It's okay, we can answer both," the Montreal captain started. "I started learning Russian the summer we got together officially. Thought it was the least I can do since Ilya had to learn English, you know."

"Aww, that's so sweet," sounded from the team, which made Shane blush a little.

"It is very sweet, yes. We can watch Russian movies without the stupid English voiceover finally,"

"It's not that bad most of the time,"

"Wrong. Anyway," Ilya put his empty can on the table and continued: "I did sign with Ottawa because of Shane. Two hours drive to Montreal, Yuna and David live here... It was a big change, but it was worth it."

"Wait," Boyle asked suddenly, "Do you know any insider info about Montreal? Does Hollander know any insider info about us???"

"I know your names, you partners' names, the name of your children and the name of your dogs. We don't really talk about the hockey strategies over dinner, if that calms you down," Shane answered hurriedly, almost spilling some of his ginger ale.

"Yes, I now know all Pike children names. What am I supposed to do with that?" Ilya uttered theatrically, as if he hadn't met the whole Pike family over dinner multiple times already. He may not have said it, but he loved the kids. And Jackie as well. Hayden was the only Pike who got made fun of by Rozanov.

The team visibly felt relieved at that.

"Bood, your turn to ask!" yelled someone at their host, who was standing right outside, cooking their steaks.

"My only question is this: Hollander, do you want your steak spicy?"

Shane exhaled, laughing slightly at this unexpected question. "Less spices for me, thanks,"

"Oh come on, Bood, you could have asked anything. We have the Shane Hollander in your house and you ask him about steak?" sounded from Nick.

"I needed to know, okay? Let's eat, every one. We can grill these love birds later,"

And so they spent the rest of the evening talking about anything and everything. Shane's anxiety dissipated alongside his fears. He found himself feeling happy around these people, safe enough to openly show affection to his boyfriend and quickly kiss him.

Everything indeed went fine.

Ilya just wouldn't shut up about his awesome boyfriend now.

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