

Hacked

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Hacked

by [Masterless](#)

Summary

Based on a tumblr post by stormsthatrage:

Heated Rivalry AU where the relationship reveal happens because David Hollander's phone gets hacked and approximately 5,000 pictures and videos of Shane and Ilya being cute (both together and individually) get dumped onto the internet.

In the grand scheme of things, it wasn't particularly the worst way to be outed.

There was no good way to be outed, of course, but the leak wasn't their emails, like the Prince of England and the President of the USA's son, and it wasn't a video of them together in a compromising position, like the Crown Prince of Sweden. No, it came from an innocent source, one that would beat himself up about it for years to come, even after they'd forgiven him a thousand times over. Their relationship was made public because of one man's secret proclivity towards photography.

Shane woke up to a pounding headache and someone knocking on the door to the room he was currently sleeping in. He picked his head up from Ilya's chest, nudging his boyfriend to wake him up, too, and looked around his childhood bedroom with bleary eyes. He shouldn't have let himself fall for Ilya's tricks the night before; his boyfriend knew that he couldn't resist a challenge, and somehow it became a competition to see who could down more shots the fastest. They'd been playing UNO, for Christ's sake, how did that become an LMFAO song?

"Yeah?" Shane croaked before clearing his throat. God, his mouth was so dry. Fuck Ilya and his stupid fucking vodka. "Come in."

The door opened to reveal his mom, a worried look painted across her face. "Did I wake you?"

"Yes," Ilya mumbled, rubbing his eyes. "What's up?"

"So..."

Shane pushed himself up to stare at his mom, standing in the doorway, wringing her hands.

"Mom? What is it?"

Yuna sighed before taking a step into the room. She came to sit on the bed next to Shane, her phone in her hand. "David went to work this morning and..."

Terror pooled in Shane's stomach like ice water. "What happened to dad?"

"No, no, David's fine." Yuna reached out and took Shane's hand in her own. "David's fine. He's pissed off and feels really, really guilty, but he's fine."

"Why is David guilty?" Ilya said, still half asleep.

"There was a cyber attack on the building. And they got everyone's cell phones, too."

Shane sighed. He'd heard about that happening at a few different government buildings recently. It sucked, but why would it make his dad feel guilty? It's not like he had government secrets on his phone.

"Okay," Shane said. "So why do you look like something really bad happened? Not that the cyber attack isn't bad, but..."

"Why wake us up to tell us?" Ilya finished.

"David..." Yuna sighed again. "David had a folder of photos on his phone. Of you two. Together."

The ice was back in Shane's stomach. He felt Ilya sit up beside him, felt his warm hand spread across his lower back, the slight tremor in his fingers.

"How many pictures?" Shane whispered.

"About... 5000," Yuna said.

"Jesus Christ." Shane buried his face in his hands.

"What are we doing in these photos?" Ilya asked.

"Nothing bad, just... It's pretty obvious that you're in a relationship. There's pictures of you kissing, and snuggling on the couch. A few videos where you say that you love each other." Her cheeks went a little pink. "You two being a bit messy last night."

"Last night?" Shane looked up at his mom with wide eyes. "He took videos of us last night?"

Yuna nodded.

"Jesus Christ," Shane said again, flopping back onto his bed.

—

Hayd: You okay?

Hayd: Shane?

Shane: Currently throwing up, but yeah. I'm okay

Hayd: too much vodka?

Shane: too much vodka

—

Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov - Lovers?

Published 2 hrs ago

It came as a surprise to pretty much everyone in the hockey world (and a few outside of it) when the photos leaked this morning of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov in a - gasp shock

OMG - relationship????

This writer was gobsmacked when the first photo came across her FYP. I mean, come on, two incredibly talented, super hot athletes playing tonsil hockey? Sign me up, girl, you know I want a front row seat. So, after digging through a whooooole lot of photos and videos, here are a few of this puck bunnies favourite pics and vids.

Image description: Shane and Ilya sitting on a couch, Ilya's arm around Shane's shoulders as they both stare intensely at something off screen. In the reflection of Shane's glasses, the reflection of a hockey game. Shane's hand is resting on Ilya's thigh.

Like, OMG aren't they so cute??? Okay, I know I started off pretty light, but the thought of the two of them nerding out over hockey together is so sweet and so adorable. The 2016 basic bitch in me says that they're tots adorbs, and I am queeening with delight!

Image description: Shane laying with his head resting on Ilya's lap. Ilya's hand is in Shane's hair. Ilya's head is tipped back, his mouth slightly open. They are both asleep on a different sofa from the picture above.

The couple that falls asleep on the couch together, wakes up with back pain together.
#Couplegoals

Image description: Shane at a BBQ with Ilya pressed against his back, chin hooked over Shane's shoulder, watching him grill. Shane is frowning slightly.

Did Ilya just say something? Is Shane upset about the burgers? Who knows? We never will.

Image description: Shane and Ilya in a kitchen, arms around each other. They're kissing, and it looks gentle. One of Shane's hands is in Ilya's hair.

Literally dying over here, don't mind me. OMG they're so FRICKING CUTE!!! How we all thought they hated each other, I'll never know.

Video description: The camera is pointed down a darkish hallway. There is the sound of bickering coming from nearby.

"Ilya, you can't fucking do that," Shane says.

"Yes, I can!" Ilya says back. "I own the whole side of the board, I can charge taxes how I want to!"

"That's not in the rules!"

"The rules are stupid!"

"Ilya, I swear to God, if you don't give me back my money, I will flip this fucking board in your face."

Another voice, a woman's, comes from off screen. "Boys?"

Shane and Ilya are quiet.

"Are you playing Monopoly again? What have I told you about that?" The voice is coming closer to the camera. "That game is banned in this house!"

"No, mom!" Shane calls.

"Nyet, mama!" Ilya echos.

The video ends.

Oh. My. God. They're so competitive that they can't even play Monopoly? I'm dead. Deceased. Buried.

Video description: Shane and Ilya from behind. Shane is at the sink, Ilya is next to him, drying the dishes that Shane hands him

"You're so fucking slow," Ilya sighs, putting the plate he had been drying in the cupboard by his head.

"Faster than you drying," Shane snaps. "You've got a whole pile of shit to dry."

"Yes, because I am letting it pile up so that I am not bored between them. If you were quicker, this would be more..." Ilya wiggles his hand in a line in front of him, towards Shane. "Like air."

"Stream lined?" Shane asks.

"Yes. If you were quicker, this would be more streamlined."

"Fuck off, Rozanov."

The video ends.

Okay, but the way that Shane's voice changes from competitive to genuinely offering a word that Ilya doesn't know and then back to competitive has me in my feels. They are at each other's throats, even with the dishes, but they care about each other so much, too, it's too much to handle.

Video description: They are outside, Shane and Ilya bundled up against the cold, both with shovels in their hands.

"I shoveled more!" Ilya says. "Look, I went down further on the driveway that you did!"

"Yeah," Shane says, "but I shoveled the width of the driveway, not the length. I shoveled way more than you did, so pick up your slack, Rozanov."

"No, no, the length is more! All that I shoveled is more than you shoveled. Go get ruler, we will measure. I did more than you."

"Are you seriously arguing about the length and width of the driveway?" another male voice says from behind the camera. The voice is a lot closer, presumably the person filming.

"Yes!" they both snap.

The video ends.

LOL do they need couples counseling? Also, Ilya telling Shane to go get a ruler? What are they going to do, figure out the surface area that they both shoveled? Oh, God, they probably did!

Video description: Another couch, the same as the second photo. Ilya has the remote control and is standing on the seat, his arm raised to keep the remote out of Shane's reach. Shane is standing on the floor, hands on his hips.

"Really?" Shane asks.

"Yes." Ilya sticks his tongue out. "I have more goals than you this season, so I should get to choose the channel."

"Yeah, because you've played more games this season, but I have more assists than you, so I should have the remote. I help my teammates, I don't hog the puck to myself."

Ilya raises an unimpressed eyebrow. "I have more assists than you over my entire career."

"I've scored more goals over my entire career!"

"You have not!"

Shane pulls out his phone, typing quickly. "Yes I have!" He holds the phone up to Ilya, who frowns at it.

"Is a Metros fanpage, doesn't count."

"It's the official team website!"

"Meh, same thing."

"I've scored more goals than you, give me the remote."

"I've played for more teams than you."

Shane shoves his phone back in his pocket and sits on the couch, grumbling, with his arms crossed. Ilya smirks and sits down next to him, wrapping an arm around Shane's shoulders. Shane quickly reaches out, grabs the remote from Ilya's hand and takes off, but he doesn't get very far before Ilya has his arms around Shane's stomach and is lifting him up.

"Put me down!" Shane yells.

"Give me the remote!"

The video ends.

I love them. I hate them. I will never know love like they do. I hope they live to be a thousand years old so that everyone can know what true love looks like.

And now, I will leave you with my absolute favourite video of the bunch.

Video description: Shane and Ilya are sitting at a kitchen island, both of them taking shots. It's dark outside. The counter in front of them is strewn with UNO cards; two other players aren't visible, but a man's and woman's laughter can be heard.

"No, no," Ilya slurs. "It's salt, then shot, then lime."

"Are you sure?" Shane asks, frowning at the lime wedge in his hand. "I like the lime first."

Ilya reaches over and puts a finger on Shane's lips. "Shhh. Shhh. You are too pretty to be so dumb. Don't speak."

Shane points his frown at Ilya, pouting.

"Salt, then shot, then lime."

Shane sprinkles salt on the back of his hand, licks it off, takes the shot, and then shoves the lime wedge in his mouth.

"Yes, moya lyubov. That is how you do shots."

Shane says something, but it's muffled by the lime wedge in his mouth.

"Take lime out of your mouth," Ilya says.

He does. "Why are we doing this again?"

"Because I am Russian and I have a higher alcohol tolerance than you," Ilya answers, his words slurring together.

"Do you?" comes a woman's voice, laughing.

Ilya points at the woman. "Shush, Yuna. Don't tell Shane I am drunk."

"You're drunk?" Shane asks.

"Yuna," Ilya says, putting his hand to his chest. "I am betrayed."

"I'm gonna take a nap," Shane says, and disappears.

The camera moves to the side, showing Shane laying on the floor with his eyes closed.

"Okay," Ilya says. "Is floor time, so is bedtime." He bends and picks Shane up like a firefighter, stumbling slightly. He laughs. "We will go to sleep now. Goodnight, mama, papa."

The video ends.

—

Shane found Ilya in the backyard later that day, staring down at his phone with tears streaming down his cheeks.

”Hey,” Shane said, kneeling next to the lawn chair Ilya’s sitting in. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

He brushed the tears from Ilya’s face, bringing Ilya’s gaze to his own.

“Baby,” Shane whispered. “What’s wrong?”

Ilya shook his head. “Nothing is wrong. Is just...” He shows Shane his phone. He’s scrolling through all the photos and videos that had been leaked from David’s phone that morning.

“Shane...”

”What?”

”Shane... your father has so many pictures of us. Of me.” He smiled, a wobbly thing that was more tears than lips. “I am overwhelmed.”

Shane pressed his forehead to Ilya’s. “He loves you, Ilya. So much.”

Ilya nodded. “I think I am beginning to see that.”

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