

Ilya's Hot Girl Summer

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Ilya's Hot Girl Summer

by [jsMika2](#)

Summary

“So I want you to tell me what’s wrong with this,” Harris said, pushing a printed-out screenshot of a tweet toward Ilya.

Ilya glanced at it. His lips quirked up into a grin.

“It says ‘Happy Pride Month,’” Ilya said. “What is wrong with that?”

Harris dragged a hand over his face.

“The problem,” Harris said, “is that it says ‘#BeGayDoCrime’ after that.”

Notes

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

Shane woke up slowly, enjoying the ache in his body and the weight of Ilya on top of him. The curtains were pulled over the windows, so he couldn't tell what time it was, but he assumed it was early given how quiet and still the room was. Even Anya was still curled up on her dog bed, sound asleep.

Ilya was breathing deeply and evenly, his head on Shane's chest. He was covering Shane like a blanket, warm and solid. Shane smoothed a hand through his tangled curls. He grinned stupidly at the ceiling, basking in the pleasure left over from last night.

Luca Haas had scored his first NHL hat trick the night before, helping them win their last game of the regular season, and the whole team had gone out to celebrate. It had been fun, watching Luca blush and smile as everyone hyped him up. When they had bought him a congratulatory beer (Shane) and obnoxiously ruffled his hair like a child (Ilya), Luca's face had turned bright red as he'd mumbled "thank you" into his pint in his crisp Swiss-German accent.

Shane's mouth still felt cottony from all the drinks, but he was too comfortable at the moment to do anything about it. Ilya sighed in his sleep and slotted his thigh between Shane's legs. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's shoulders and Ilya pressed his face into Shane's sternum. He shivered happily when Ilya's breath puffed across his chest, closing his eyes. He'd never felt more peaceful.

It was, of course, ruined immediately by the rattle of Ilya's phone vibrating on the nightstand. Shane flinched, and Ilya grunted something in half-conscious discontent. Shane reached for the phone, but Ilya shifted so he trapped Shane's torso beneath him.

"No," Ilya grumbled into Shane's shoulder. He pressed a sleepy kiss to his skin and then burrowed his head down again. Shane relented and let himself be held.

Ilya's phone stopped buzzing eventually, and Shane lay on his back, slipping into a drowsy haze. Ilya was peppering kisses along Shane's collarbone, grinding down a little where his crotch was pressed against Shane's thigh.

After their marathon session last night, Shane was surprised Ilya was ready to go again so soon. They'd gotten home well after 2 a.m. and Shane had barely made it through the door before Ilya had him pressed against the wall, sucking on his neck and palming his ass. Ilya had hoisted Shane up and carried him to the living room, dropping Shane to the couch and then hauling his pants down and –

And now Shane was getting hard again thinking about it. He felt Ilya smile into his neck. Ilya kissed up to his ear and purred "good morning" in Russian in a voice that was low and rumbley and deep. Ilya scraped his teeth over the edge of Shane's jaw, his stubble scratching on the sensitive skin and sending a shiver down Shane's spine. Ilya mumbled something that might have been one of the many Russian words for "dick" and took Shane's in his hand. Shane gasped as Ilya tightened his grip and stroked up and down and did something absolutely magical with his wrist and *oh my god* Shane needed to get fucked immediately. He said so, and Ilya just grinned sleepily and went to work.

Shane was working toward that goal – he had wrapped his legs around Ilya’s waist and had a hand fisted into his curls so Shane could tug Ilya’s head up and shove his tongue in his mouth – when Ilya’s phone went off again, for some godforsaken reason.

Shane groaned in frustration. Ilya’s very hard dick was rubbing against his stomach and there was literally nothing in the world he cared about more than getting it inside of him. But Ilya’s stupid fucking phone wouldn’t *shut up*.

He snatched it off the nightstand and swiped at it aggressively to accept the call. When he answered, he wasn’t the only one who was angry.

“ILYA WHATEVER-YOUR-MIDDLE-NAME-IS ROZANOV,” a usually cheerful voice shouted. “IF THIS HORNY SPREADSHEET RUMOR HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU, I SWEAR TO—”

“Harris?” Shane said. “What are you—”

“Shane! I’m so sorry!” Harris lowered his voice when he realized the slutty miscreant he’d been looking for wasn’t on the other end of the call. He sounded frazzled and stressed. “Where is Ilya? Twitter is, um, kind of a dumpster fire right now and I need to confirm some things with him.”

Shane glanced at Ilya, who had definitely heard Harris scream through the phone. Ilya shrugged and went back to biting and licking Shane, which was neither helpful nor polite.

“What’s going on? What did he do this time?” Shane asked.

“Well, I don’t know if he did anything, so that’s why I need to talk to him,” Harris said. “Like right now, if that’s possible.”

Ilya dragged his teeth over one of Shane’s nipples, making Shane squeak. Ilya snorted a laugh as Shane smacked at his head.

“He’s here with me. I’ll put you on speaker,” Shane said, shoving Ilya off of him and holding the phone between them.

“Harris,” Ilya said in greeting.

A pre-emptively exasperated sigh drifted out of the phone’s speakers.

“Ilya, I’m going to try to be calm about this as a communications professional,” Harris said. “But I need you to give me a straight answer –”

“Nothing about me is straight,” Ilya interrupted, an infuriating little smirk on his face.

Shane hit him on the shoulder.

“Ow,” Ilya complained, rubbing at the red mark.

“Thank you for that, Shane,” Harris said, making an educated guess about what had happened. “I’m sending you the tweet in question, and then I need you to tell me if this is about you, Ilya. This is all hockey fans are talking about online, so we need to deal with it. Erica almost had a breakdown this morning when she checked the team’s accounts.”

Erica was the new hire who had replaced Harris as the team’s social media manager. Shane didn’t know her very well, but she wore cool sweaters a lot and she was from a small town outside of Boston, so she liked to playfully rag on Ilya. Shane appreciated that, and he usually joined in.

Ilya’s phone lit up with a text notification. Shane clicked the link Harris had sent.

“Basically, a very popular celebrity rumor account posted an anonymous tip claiming that the captain of an unspecified NHL team has a spreadsheet where he keeps track of every person he’s hooked up with,” Harris explained. “Whoever this guy is, he sounds like a massive tool, and the internet is convinced it’s Ilya.”

The link led to a post from some account called CelebBuzz: *A few years ago, I found out one team captain (I won’t say who) keeps a spreadsheet of all the girls he’s fucked. There are hundreds of women on it. I learned about this at a party in a hotel suite where there was literally a group of girls hanging out on the couch waiting for their “turn” with the guy. He probably hooked up with four or five girls from midnight to 6 a.m. and he took a shower with each girl. Then he would leave and eat some room service and drink until he was ready for the next round. Everyone just acted like it was totally normal and not super disgusting!*

The replies beneath it were in fact pretty unanimous in the assumption that Ilya was the NHL captain in question.

@OttawaCentaursEnjoyer

Replying to @CelebBuzz

“one team captain” weird way to spell Ilya Rozanov but ok

@DownBadForTheBears

Replying to @CelebBuzz

bro just admit it’s Rozanov

@GetPucksDeep

Replying to @CelebBuzz

Ain’t no way that’s not about Ilya

@(Hot)tawaCentaurs

Replying to @CelebBuzz

If I were going to start a rumor about Ilya Rozanov I would simply just say it’s about Ilya Rozanov

@CentaursSt4n

Replying to @CelebBuzz

Guys I’ve compiled a list of current and former NHL captains and the likelihood the rumor could be about them to help us narrow it down

Matheson 0%
Brophy 0%
Hunter 0%
Hollander 0%
Rozanov 100%

Ilya and Shane read it together. Shane felt an overwhelming sense of dread and jealousy inflate inside of him. Hockey fans on social media liked to gossip about them pretty regularly, and Ilya's sexual past had always been prime material for chirping, even before they were outed.

As far as Shane knew, Ilya had never discussed the women he had been with in a crass way. He was a ladies' man, but he had manners. Ilya rarely spoke about the other men he had slept with, but the few times Shane had gotten him to talk about it, he had likewise been respectful. Well, as respectful as he ever was about anything. But this spreadsheet thing was brutal. Would Ilya really have behaved like that? Shane knew Ilya had never been shy about indulging his, um, appetites, but to act like such a jackass would be deeply fucked up. Treating women like they were just tallies on a –

“What the fuck is a spreadsheet?” Ilya asked, brows knit in confusion.

The stress balloon in Shane's chest deflated. Of course, Ilya would never treat anyone like that.

Harris laughed in relief on the phone. “Thank god,” he said. “I was hoping you would never do anything that gross.”

Shane released the breath he had been holding in.

“No, I am serious,” Ilya insisted. “What is a spreadsheet?”

Shane patted Ilya's knee. “It's a good thing you're cute,” Shane said, only a little bit condescending.

Ilya rolled his eyes. “Tell me what it– ”

“Sorry for calling so early, but I had to clear that up,” Harris interrupted him. “If any reporters ask about it, I'll issue a statement saying it's not Ilya. And Ilya –” Harris' voice turned grim and authoritative – “I know you like to joke about sex, but I need you to hold back until people stop freaking out about this spreadsheet.”

“*What* is a spreadsheet?” Ilya asked again, frowning.

“No outrageous posts on social media until this dies down, okay?” Harris said. “Playoffs are coming up soon, so we don't need any bad press.”

Ilya grumbled something noncommittal.

“I'm not kidding. I'll confiscate your Twitter and your Instagram. I'll even make Luca stop teaching you how to use TikTok.”

Ilya's grumble turned into a shocked inhale. "You wouldn't."

"Try me," Harris said in a sing-song voice, and then the line went dead when he hung up.

Ilya winked at Shane, and Shane knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Ilya was about to try the shit out of Harris.

It started with a selfie on Instagram, one of the few Ilya had ever uploaded to his account. He was leaning against the weight rack in his home gym, grinning slyly and holding Anya in one arm. He was also wearing an Ottawa Centaurs t-shirt he had cut into a borderline obscene crop top. The caption just read "slut era" followed by "#HotRozSummer."

Shane, who had been in the kitchen minding his own business and not babysitting his adult husband, thunked his head down on the counter when he got the Instagram notification.

He heard Ilya bound up the stairs and set Anya down. She trotted across the floor and nudged at Shane's legs. He scooped her up and cuddled her to his chest.

"I can't believe you used our child as part of whatever weird shit you're doing to annoy Harris," Shane said.

Ilya chuckled and kissed Shane's temple. "You cannot tell me you do not like this shirt."

Of course, Shane liked the shirt. He had eyes and Ilya was unfortunately very attractive. But that wasn't the point. The point was that Harris had made a crucial mistake in dealing with Ilya: The fastest way to make Ilya do something was to tell him not to do it. Now they were all going to suffer the consequences.

The rest of the team liked the shirt, too, actually, because it gave them a prime opportunity to mercilessly tease Ilya. Those didn't come along very often, so they really went to town.

Bood was the first. He posted a selfie while he was barbequing, a black Centaurs t-shirt cut into a crop top to match Ilya's and wearing an apron that said "Grill Daddy" on it in big letters. Bood was holding his son Milo in one arm and he had his lips pulled into a ridiculous pout to mimic Ilya's over-the-top sexy look.

The caption read "#HotRozSummer" with some flame emojis.

Dykstra went next, posting a photo of himself in the woods near his house. There was even a fishing pole leaning against a tree in the background. He had his camo baseball cap on and a flannel shirt he had also cut into a crop top. He looked absurd, but he got closer to pulling off the sexy pout than Bood had. His caption was the same though, but with fish emojis instead of flames: "#HotRozSummer."

Dykstra sent the link to his Instagram post in the team group chat with a challenge: *Beat that if you can.*

Wyatt obviously took that to heart, wearing what had to be the single sluttiest superhero costume Shane had ever seen. It was a leather Batman costume with black short shorts and a crop top with the bat logo, complete with a cape. The idiotic *I-think-I'm-a-sex-god* sulky look was hard to get across while wearing a mask with pointy ears, but Wyatt made a valiant effort. Same caption – “#HotRozSummer” – but with bat emojis.

Even Luca, who was a literal angel who could still barely get through a conversation with Shane without stammering like a starstruck fan, posted an Ilya Rozanov-inspired thirst trap. He actually got the closest to imitating the original post exactly. He took his in the Centaurs' weight room, matching Ilya's posture by leaning against the weight rack. He had on the same light gray Centaurs' shirt – cut into a crop top, of course – and workout shorts. He even had a dog, too. Harris must have brought Chiron into work that day because Luca was holding the horse-sized dog in one arm and snapping the photo with the other. Shane would be annoyed if he wasn't so impressed with the intensity of Luca's *fuck-me* eyes and the sheer disregard for the laws of physics that went into taking the picture.

Luca's caption was “#HotRozSummer” with three dog emojis.

Other than Shane, Troy was one of the only people on the team who hadn't posted an imitation of Ilya's “#HotRozSummer” photo. Shane suspected it was because, unlike Ilya, Troy was a decent person who didn't want to give his boyfriend a stress-induced migraine.

Even the teasing wasn't enough to stop Ilya. Because of course it wasn't.

It was only a few posts initially. Random tweets here and there.

@IlyaRozanov81

I just think if you're cute penalties shouldn't apply to you. No such thing as offsides when you're sexy

@IlyaRozanov81

I may be exhausted and depressed sometimes and also never drink water, but I wake up every day with an ass that won't quit, and that keeps me going

Then there were the replies to fans, which were maybe pushing things a little too far.

@VibesFromTheBlueLine

Crazy how through all of this I'm still horny. the human spirit is truly unbreakable

@IlyaRozanov81

Replying to @VibesFromTheBlueLine
this was me last season for real

Almost definitely too far.

@BilletBoyfriend

I want a formal explanation of what in the world is going through Ilya's mind when he's

posting this shit

@IlyaRozanov81

Replying to @BilletBoyfriend

sorry sir I was just thinking with my dick

Shane glanced at Ilya, who was laying upside down on the couch, typing on his phone.

“Stop it,” he said.

@ChironFanClubPresident

Shane Hollander nailed this slap shot last night oh my god

[VIDEO]

@IlyaRozanov81

Replying to @ChironFanClubPresident

not the only thing that got nailed last night ;)

“Ilya—”

Ilya sent another tweet before Shane could even finish chastising him.

@IlyaRozanov81

Hollander can violate my face-off whenever he wants. Sexy little fucker with that hair

Shane threw a strawberry at him from across the room.

Ilya winked, still upside down, and made a show of turning his phone off. Shane turned and went back to making breakfast.

A minute later, Shane’s phone buzzed with another Twitter notification.

@IlyaRozanov81

You’re in his DMs, I’m on his nerves

We are not the same

@IlyaRozanov81

Replying to @IlyaRozanov81

I’m pissing him off, I’m knocking his team out of the playoffs

Shane looked back at the couch, but Ilya was gone. Probably off hiding somewhere so he could wreak havoc online in peace. Shane groaned and resigned himself to the fact that he had willingly taken vows in front of friends and family and the justice of the peace lady whose name he couldn’t remember and promised to love and cherish Ilya forever.

His phone vibrated again.

@IlyaRozanov81

My ideal weight is me plus Shane on top of me

And again.

@IlyaRozanov81

It's hard work but somebody has to put the "ho" in "hockey"

And again.

@IlyaRozanov81

Doing it missionary so we can still argue face to face

"ILYA!"

The tweets kept coming, and so did the Instagram posts. Rose, because she was a horrible enabler and an agent of chaos, only encouraged Ilya. She bought him a shirt with a pineapple in a thong on the front that said "slut" in hot pink.

Ilya wore it to the grocery store when they ran out of milk and his name was trending the entire morning.

Harris hadn't even called Ilya that time. He'd just sent him a text that said "knock it off" with a knife emoji. In response, Ilya opened up Instagram and started a video of himself. The top part of the pineapple was visible in the frame.

"People might be wondering why I am posting more," Ilya said, looking directly into the camera. "And it is because it is important to lead by example. I think more men should be sluttier, so that is what I am doing. Unbutton your shirt and show off some cleavage and wear some sexy underwear and then maybe you'll feel better. I hope my bravery can inspire—"

Ilya didn't get to finish because Shane tackled him, knocking the phone out of his hand. Ilya was laughing too hard to fight back while Shane scrambled to grab the phone and delete the video.

"It was live," Ilya said between peals of laughter. "Still is, probably."

"Oh, fuck—" Shane grimaced and jabbed at the STOP button. He looked at Ilya's cracked phone screen and watched with dread as the number of views started ticking up and up and up.

@RideOrDieCentaurs

My girlfriend would leave me in a second for ilya rozanov and I can't even be mad because I'd leave her for ilya rozanov too

@Mrs_Rozanov96

Can we talk about Ilya Rozanov's big dick energy – sir my throat is open 24/7

@ShaneHollan-daddy

Hey @IlyaRozanov81 is your husband single?

@HollanovForever

Fuck Romeo and Juliet I want what these dudes have

@ManicHOE-llander

Happy Pride Month to whatever the fuck Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov have going on

@IlyaRozanov81

Replying to @ManicHOE-llander

It's called being married

Harris hadn't even been at work for a full 30 minutes yet and today was already weird. Mostly because Ilya was up to his usual shenanigans.

Harris heard a knock and saw Ilya in the doorway. Harris gestured to the chair in his new and, he hoped, intimidating office.

"Sit," he instructed.

Ilya slid into the chair, a bored look on his face. Harris had the distinct feeling he was a teacher about to chastise an unruly student. If the student was a 6'3" Russian hockey player who needed to be told to stop being horny on main.

"So I want you to tell me what's wrong with this," Harris said, pushing a printed-out screenshot of a tweet toward Ilya.

Ilya glanced at it. His lips quirked up into a grin.

"It says 'Happy Pride Month,'" Ilya said. "What is wrong with that?"

Harris dragged a hand down his face.

"The problem," Harris said, "is that it says '#BeGayDoCrime' after that."

Ilya had been, to put it gently, shit-posting all over social media recently. At least once a day, Harris would check the Centaurs' accounts and see replies linking to some absolutely unhinged thing Ilya had posted. Harris would always be sex-positive, but this wasn't slut-shaming. This was idiot wrangling.

Harris placed a sheet of paper in front of Ilya. There was a checklist on it. He slid a ribbon of stickers across his desk, too. He'd taken them from the farm, so they were little cartoon apples. Because they were designed for small children, each one had an affirmation on it, like "Good to the core" or "You're golden!" They were also scented, because, again, they were for six-year-olds.

The checklist was Harris' own creation.

“Can you tell me what that says?” he asked Ilya.

“Ilya’s ‘Should I Post This’ Checklist,” Ilya read off the page. “Number one: is this something that would make a normal person feel shame?”

Harris made a *keep going* gesture.

“Number two: will this make Harris want to quit his job or make Shane regret being born?” Ilya snorted. “Harris, you cannot be serious. This is—”

“What’s number three?” Harris said.

“Number three: will you try to convince Harris you did not know this was inappropriate because of ‘cultural differences’ between Ottawa and Boston,” Ilya answered.

“You need to listen to me when I tell you to chill out on the internet,” Harris said, his typically joyful face stoic and professional.

“We have all of the NHL’s leadership waiting for us to fuck up,” Harris continued. His new communications gig meant he got clued in to a lot more of the behind-the-scenes drama, and Crowell was absolutely gunning for the Centaurs. Two of the league’s generational talents were now playing for a small market team no one had given a shit about for years, and the Centaurs’ top three goal scorers were all queer activists. The team was also a serious contender for the Stanley Cup going into the playoffs in a week, and they didn’t need any distractions. “We can’t give them any reason to get mad at us. Not right now.”

Ilya harumphed and stuck one of the apple stickers to his hoodie.

“Every time you post something that doesn’t violate the checklist, give yourself a sticker,” Harris said. “Behave yourself and I won’t have to take your accounts away.”

Ilya sniffed the apple sticker, pointedly ignoring Harris.

“Tell me what number four is and you can go,” Harris prompted.

“Number four: does this refer to criminal behavior, humiliate the NHL or anyone affiliated with it, include an unsavory reference to previous sex acts, or otherwise suggest that you, Ilya Rozanov, have no common sense?” Ilya recited dutifully.

Harris nodded. “Good. Let me know if you run out of stickers.”

He turned back to his laptop and started sorting through emails. Ilya, having clearly been dismissed, walked to the hall with his shoulders slumped.

Harris, feeling a pang of regret over having to discipline his friend, called after him, “This is only until playoffs are over!”

@IlyaRozanov81

Looks like I can't mansplain manipulate manwhore my way out of this one, boys

The next day, Ilya mentioned being put on social media probation during a quick interview after practice. #FreeIlya was trending almost immediately.

That's low, Harris texted him, not even bothering with emojis. Ilya needed to understand the severity of what he'd done. Turning the Twitter stans against me.

Ilya just sent back ㄟ(ˊጋ)ㄏ and grinned to himself. He could go a little while without posting now that he'd had his fun. After all, he had a championship to win.

And they won. They fucking won the Stanley Cup. In Game 7, in overtime. Ilya had snapped a pass to Shane, bouncing it off the boards, and Shane had taken off, unbelievably fast. As he closed in on the net, Shane faked a backhand shot and forced the goalie to move. The millions of fans watching at home assumed he was going to do the Rozanov, that he would switch back and fire off a lightning-quick forehand wrist shot. But he hadn't just left the puck where it was – he'd tapped it back to Ilya, who had appeared out of nowhere behind him, the only one on the ice who could keep up with him, both their teammates and the other team's players a step behind.

Ilya shot the puck into the back of the net, clean and easy, and the entire arena erupted. Ottawa's first Stanley Cup, and his first with Shane. They grabbed each other as the Centaurs piled in off the bench, goal sirens blaring. They held each other and screamed. Ilya would swear for the rest of his life he'd never heard anything so loud. His ears were ringing for days, and his cheeks hurt from grinning so widely he thought his face would split open. And then, of course, his head hurt from all the champagne.

@NHL_UpdatesBlog

Following the Ottawa Centaurs' thrilling victory in Game 7 of the Stanley Cup finals, NHL Commissioner Roger Crowell wasn't too excited about the team's new-found fame and success. In an interview on ESPN, Crowell said, "Of course, we want to grow the game, but hockey should be about hockey, not about personalities. I don't want to build the league around a team that is going to be more of a liability than an asset."

@NHL_UpdatesBlog

Replying to @NHL_UpdatesBlog

It also seems like @NHLCommissionerRogerCrowell wasn't too pleased about Hollander and Rozanov sharing a quick on-ice kiss when Rozanov handed the Stanley Cup over to his husband (The two got married last summer after dating privately for years).

@NHLCommissionerRogerCrowell

Replying to @NHL_UpdatesBlog

Like I said in the interview, the NHL is proud to support all of our athletes, but when players shove their personal lives in your face it can distract from the game. We just want to make sure the focus is on hockey.

@IlyaRozanov81

Replying to @NHLCommissionerRogerCrowell

your pussy is way too dry to be riding my dick like this

Ilya fully expected Harris to go ballistic about the tweet. But, like, fuck Crowell. That dude was the worst, so it was totally worth it. Also, Rihanna had said something similar once, so he knew it was funny.

On the day of the Stanley Cup Parade – the first of many for Ottawa, if Ilya and Shane had anything to say about it – Harris presented Ilya with a brand-new sheet of stickers, instead.

“I’ll allow it,” Harris said. “That guy is awful.”

Harris pressed a sticker to Ilya’s chest. “You’re a good apple, Ilya,” he said with a smile. Chiron, wearing a Centaurs bandana and panting at Harris’ feet, barked happily in apparent agreement.

That afternoon, Ilya posted a selfie to his Instagram, one arm slung over Shane’s shoulders, who was holding the Stanley Cup between them. Other Centaurs were crowded into the frame: Troy, Wyatt, Bood, Dykstra, and Luca leaning in close, all of their smiles huge and bright.

The caption, in typical Ilya Rozanov fashion, was simply “Stanley Cup, sluts!!!!!!”

Harris just sighed – proud and fond and only a little exasperated – and reposted it on the official Centaurs account. He didn’t even edit the caption. The playoffs were over, after all.

End Notes

GCU bingo prompt: thirst tweets

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!