

Mr. Hollander-Rozanov

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Mr. Hollander-Rozanov

by [intothedeepbluesea](#)

Summary

“I’m sorry, what's going on?” Shane asked.

“I am presenting,” Ilya said, reaching for the envelope in Shane’s hands.

Shane pulled his arm back before Ilya could snatch it. “No,” Shane said with a laugh, “I’m pretty sure I am.”

Ilya sighed in frustration, rolling his eyes as he pulled a folded sheet of paper from his pocket. “Look at the schedule!” He pointed dramatically. “Hollander–Rozanov!”

“Uh, no,” Shane said, putting his finger to the page. “It says Hollander–Rozanov.”

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Years after Vegas and after coming out, Shane and Ilya are asked to present at the NHL Awards again.

(just a fluffy drabble I came up with playing on Hollander-Rozanov as a last name)

Notes

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

It took everything Shane had not to button up his blazer. It was, as Rose insisted, “*sexier this way.*” She was sitting somewhere in the audience next to his parents, sipping champagne (and, he and Ilya hoped, getting closer with Svetlana).

She’d helped to put this look together: a midnight-blue turtleneck made of smooth and slippery silk; a navy blazer with matching slacks, both tailored perfectly to his proportion; a black leather belt and glossy black shoes; a silver brooch shaped like a crane, pinned to his lapel; and of course, an expensive Rolex on his wrist. He twisted his wedding ring, which stood out of place against his other accessories, gold instead of silver.

Objectively, he looked very good. But he couldn’t quell the anxiety in his chest, feeling overdressed compared to the other players in the building, all wearing suits of varying shades of black and grey. “*Who cares,*” Ilya had said. “*Not your fault they have no taste.*”

He smiled. Ilya *definitely* enjoyed this look on Shane— probably not as much as he would enjoy taking it off later.

“Twenty seconds,” a PA told him, and Shane nodded in her direction, flashing her a thumbs up. He shook out his nerves and straightened his spine.

It had been three years since the FanMail incident— three years for the NHL to get used to him and Ilya being a package deal. And for the most part, things were alright.

The most animosity they’d received was from Montreal— but Theriault had retired after two disastrous seasons following Shane’s departure, and after a third, most of his former teammates had seemingly grown tired of trying to get back at Shane. Now most of them couldn’t even look Shane in the eye and kept quiet on the ice, doing their best to ignore him entirely. It was better than his first season with the Centaurs— there hadn’t been a single game against Montreal where Shane hadn’t been thrown up against the boards or Ilya hadn’t been goaded into a fight by some overzealous Voyageur.

Things were better, but Shane still felt a little hum of anxiety about getting on stage in front of the entire league. He took deep, measured breaths, trying to get some control over his nerves back.

“And now, presenting Rookie of the Year... Shane Hollander!”

Envelope in hand, and with a rehearsed smile, Shane stepped out from the wings and into the bright light of the stage. He tried not to squint as his eyes adjusted, knowing all the cameras were on him. It took him a moment to realize that people were loudly applauding him as he stepped up to the podium, and his anxiety eased a little.

He was still the same player he'd always been.

“While it’s undeniable that there’s never a dull day playing for the NHL,” Shane said, reading the prepared script from the teleprompter (with slightly more convincing acting than his and Ilya’s first bit as presenters, thanks to some coaching from Rose), “there’s nothing more exhilarating than your first year. There were several rookies this year who stood out from the crowd, and we’re here to honor them tonight.”

He paused for a moment to keep from grinning, composing himself before continuing: “I, myself, had a legendary rookie season—”

Muffled shouts came from backstage, and Shane could see the growing confusion on the audience’s faces. He turned his head to the opposite end of the stage as the backstage noises grew louder and above it all, in an indignant tone: “What is this?”

Then Ilya walked onstage, making a beeline for the podium. Again, Shane fought back a smile.

His husband looked *gorgeous*— his hair was pushed back, and he was dressed in a rich brown suit, with cream detailing on the lapels matching the color of his undershirt, several of the buttons of his shirt undone, exposing his chest. His crucifix gleamed in the spotlight.

Ilya had an exaggerated expression on his face, walking towards Shane. “I’m sorry, what?” Shane asked, acting confused as he glanced over his shoulder to the side of the stage he’d walked in from. “What’s going on?”

Ilya had reached him now. “I am presenting,” he said, reaching for the envelope in Shane’s hands.

Shane pulled his arm back before Ilya could snatch it. He cocked his head to the side. “No,” Shane said with a laugh, “I’m pretty sure I am.” A wave of laughter rippled through the crowd, recognizing now what was happening.

Ilya sighed in frustration, rolling his eyes as he pulled a folded sheet of paper from his pocket. “Look at the schedule!” He pointed dramatically. “Hollander–*Rozanov*!”

“Uh, no,” Shane said, putting his finger to the page. “It says *Hollander–Rozanov*.”

“Yes!” Ilya said. “Me!”

“You? Why would you present Rookie of the Year?” Shane asked. “At least I won!” Ilya clasped a hand to his heart as the low rumble of *oohs* went through the crowd.

“I won the Stanley Cup first!” Ilya retorted, arching an eyebrow.

“Well, okay,” Shane said with exaggerated frustration. They pulled back from the microphone and continued to bicker for a moment, the audience only catching a couple words here and there. And then, once they were at a standstill, pretending to glare at each other, Shane tucked the envelope under his arm and presented one palm face up, placing his other fist on top of it. Ilya did the same, and the audience laughed as they played rock-paper-scissors. Ilya cackled loudly when he won, and Shane finally cracked a smile, stepping back as his husband stepped up to read the list of nominees, and he took the chance to look out at the audience.

And people were smiling. Smiling at *them*. He couldn’t help the small burst of pride he felt then, knowing that three years ago, he’d felt like a complete laughingstock, but now, even with Roger Crowell somewhere in the audience, probably pissed off and trying his best to look pleased, people were genuinely smiling at them, laughing with them at the idea of

Hollander and Rozanov carrying their rivalry into their marriage. They were the same players they'd always been, but now *Hollander AND Rozanov*.

Ilya shot him a smile, his eyes crinkling as he looked at Shane with fondness. Shane returned the look, stepping forward to announce the winner— a young rookie from New York with a bashful look as he came onstage to receive his award. He blushed when Shane and Ilya each gave him a handshake, and gave a gracious and humble speech.

Shane and Ilya had stepped back. Ilya placed a hand on the small of Shane's back— not covertly, or to startle him, but gently, fondly.

"We should leave early," Ilya whispered, only audible to Shane. Shane quirked a smile.

"What did you have in mind?" He asked, turning his head so his face wouldn't be seen on camera. Ilya rubbed a circle with his thumb on Shane's back. "Booked the same penthouse," Ilya said below his breath. "For old time's sake. We could make better memories."

Shane's breath hitched. "Oh," he said, "I think we can do more than just that."

End Notes

I will never not love a good "who's on first" type of bit. this is purely self-satisfactory and also the first fluff I have ever written. consider it atonement for putting our boys through so much in my other fic.

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