

Bon Voyage Voyageurs

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Bon Voyage Voyageurs

by [Frostberry](#)

Summary

For his very last Montreal game, a reporter asks Shane a question about balancing hockey and his personal life concerning his boyfriend Ilya Rozanov. Shane answers them bluntly. “He’s not my boyfriend.”
Naturally, everyone is devastated.

Notes

Inspired by expendable workplaces

Eleven years since he started with Montreal, and all it took was one scandal for Shane to be expendable.

Montreal could have renewed his contract, but only to please fans. It would have shown brand loyalty, kept the Voyageurs from sinking further into the mess they'd been dragging themselves through for the past two months. Shane spent hours thinking, panicking, crying into Ilya's shoulder until it was damp and full of tears and snot. In the end he made an appointment to discuss it with the Russian therapist Ilya went to. It finally hit him: it wasn't about loyalty anymore. Why work for a place that didn't care about you, as long as you scored a bunch of goals?

Ilya mentioned this to the owners of the Centaurs, and Shane was immediately offered a position on their team.

So why was Montreal in such a pickle?

The Voyageurs had cancelled Pride Night scheduled for the year, just days after Shane's unintentional coming out, with the reasons being 'logical complications' and 'sponsorship fallout'. Fans and reporters connected the dots quickly. Montreal's silence about the Hollanov Scandal spoke louder than any statement could. It was like nothing had happened at all.

The Hollanov Scandal had poisoned the team. They hadn't had a problem with Shane being gay. It was the choice of *partner* he had was the issue.

The team had nothing to say about Shane, nor acknowledged him at all. No social media posts, no interviews, nothing. Their social media manager worked overtime, and Media Relations cancelled interviews with the usual reporters who occasionally pressed questions that had nothing to do with hockey. Shane figured out early it wasn't that it was unintentional at all, it was just the team had no idea how to sort this issue out and thus put a blanket on it.

The Centaurs, on the other hand, had plastered so many gay and bisexual stickers all over their posts in support of Ilya and Troy that it made Montreal look dull and greyscale.

It was May, and tonight was his last game with Montreal before starting with Ottawa next week. His parents were there in his personal seats. Ilya wasn't there, as he was in New York. He would have come if he was able to, which the Voyageurs would have *loved* to see.

The team was mostly silent in the changing room as usual, refusing to meet Shane's eyes. He had put up with this for two months already, and it was getting to the point where it was just a temper tantrum that wouldn't slide.

The door swung open.

"Hollander. Five minutes with press," Coach poked his head in, then quickly out again. Normally he'd linger, maybe throw in a few words of encouragement to the team, but tonight he, like everyone else, was avoiding Shane.

Traditionally, Hayden put on a ridiculous trans-Atlantic accent to ask Shane a silly question, which always made him laugh. Instead, he patted Shane on the back. “You got this, buddy. Bet they’re gonna ask about... well. Y’know. Your last game.”

“Well yeah,” Shane muttered, tucking his necklace into his shirt and pulling his shoes back on. “What else would it be?”

“Go get ‘em, tiger,” JJ said, glaring at the rest of their teammates who’d stayed silent.

Shane stepped into the press room. He’d noticed these reporters still weren’t the usual ones. Montreal had replaced the nosy ones and gotten reporters who were only interested in his ability on the ice.

Hayden was right. The first few questions were all about his last game in Montreal. “How does it feel to skate out on this ice one last time as a Voyageur?” one reporter asked.

“It’s... emotional,” Shane gave the standard, polite answers he’d been used to doing for over a decade. “Eleven years here. There’s a lot of history, a lot of memories. I just want to make tonight count.”

One of the boom operators nodded like every word was life-changing, and Shane tried not to smile at that.

Then a different reporter leaned forward, one he hadn’t seen before. “Shane, how do you balance hockey with your boyfriend, Ilya Rozanov?”

Shane was taken aback, caught off guard.

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

There was a sharp intake of breath from the reporters. Shane nodded politely, said thank you, then left the room.

When Shane went onto the ice, he noticed that the crowd was not entirely blue, white and red, nor were they Seattle’s turquoise and navy. There was a big smattering of black and red too.

There were fans wearing Ottawa jerseys. *Huh?*

Even Seattle looked a little confused at the Centaurs fans being there. Montreal’s lineup looked a bit scattered, uncertain of what was going to happen in the game. JJ had given them a rousing speech while Shane was doing press, which had cheered them up a little. “Did you do this stunt, Hollander?” Drapeau asked. “Pretty shitty if you did, man.”

Shane shook his head. “I have no idea what’s going on.”

Shane moved like he always did in the game. But his mind half on the game, half on the freedom waiting for him in Ottawa.

Between second and third period, one of the managers told the Shane that his press report had gone viral. “Did you say trash about us to those reporters, or something?” Couillard asked.

“No idea.”



Hollander and H. Pike / via Getty Images

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May 2nd 2021 | **Shane Hollander splits with Ilya Rozanov before last game with Montreal Voyageurs** | Images provided by Getty Images

Written by C Culpepper for Bleacher Report

After eleven years with the Montreal Voyageurs, Shane Hollander is about to skate out for his final game in Montreal at the Bell Centre before joining the Ottawa Centaurs next week.

The trade comes amid the recent news that Hollander and partner Ilya Rozanov have split, following two months of speculation after his unintentional coming out and Montreal's continued silence (See Montreal's fall from grace timeline: [The Hollanov Scandal to the Pride Night Cancellation, explained](#)).

Fans are already flooding social media with hashtags like #HollanovBreakingUp and #Rozanovcheater, making it clear this game will be about more than just hockey.

More to come after the game.

Somehow, they won 2-1, with Hayden scoring the last goal. Shane barely noticed; he was too wrapped up in the moment that he was nearly done with this team.

When the final buzzer sounded, the arena erupted. Fans stood, clapping and cheering for him, waving signs, chanting his name. All the Centaurs fans had stood up for a standing ovation. He was glad to see that there were Montreal fans doing the same thing too, even some Seattle fans were doing a round of applause.

Yuna met him near the boards with a small bouquet, pressed into his hands. Lilies, from Ilya. "After this, go fix your reputation."

"Why?" The team had actually played well, considering how clunky they'd been the past month. Maybe it was just the freedom of knowing he had an exit.

After a few more handshakes and some speeches, he eventually trooped away with his now former teammates, and was halfway getting changed when Coach came in. "Hollander, back to press. Then take your things with you."

Shane sighed, and turned to Hayden, who was on his phone reading a news article. "What should tonight's question be, Hayden?"

Hayden smirked and looked up. "Mr Hollander, how does it feel to be single again after your breakup with Ilya Rozanov?"

"Huh?" *Was that a joke?*

"Just kidding, buddy. I'll grab your stuff. Go."

He walked out, feeling a little gross because he hadn't had time to shower yet. The press room froze as Shane entered. They didn't seem to be as chatty as they were pre-game.

"It's been not long since you broke the hearts of every woman," a reporter said. Shane blinked. *Women? Didn't he do that in March?* "Over one million people in the last few hours have reacted to the splitting up of you and Rozanov."

What? "Excuse me? Can you clarify this?"

"You said a few hours ago to us," said the reporter who'd asked him about skating out on the last time, "And I quote 'He's not my boyfriend anymore.' What do you have to say about that?"

Shane exhaled slowly, then straightened. *Oh! Whoops.* He'd accidentally broken the internet for an off-hand comment. "Okay. I meant to say, 'He's not my boyfriend,'" he paused, putting his hand to his chest, "...because that's not accurate."

He pulled out his necklace and showed the ring.

"It's because he's my fiancé now."

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