the gravitational potential energy of a dodgeball

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the gravitational potential energy of a dodgeball

by Bredlikesjam

Summary

Everyone knows the school science department and the PE department don't get along. The head of the science department, physics teacher, Mr. Shane Hollander has always been everyone's hall pass. What they don't know is that the head of PE, Mr. Ilya Rozanov's hall pass is also Mr. Hollander. It truly is the HEADs of Science and Physics…

Or

Students attending MLH (Major league Highschool) have reason to believe that the so-called "enemies/rivals" might be closer than they think.
One of them might have even witnessed them, first hand.

Notes

First time writing a fic!! I love Hollanov so darn much ugh. Please excuse my bad grammar... anyways, enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Text Chain - Talia & Matteo

October 2016

Talia: you will NOT believe what me and Jules just figured out in class
Talia: I have so much to tell you

Matteo: We have Physics next. Tell me then.

Talia: I'm afraid that won't work…

Matteo: And… Why is that?

Talia: The subject of conversation is in our class…?

Matteo: If you're going to tell me that Jessica's pregnant, Don't bother. I figured it out already.

Talia: No of cour-
Talia: WHAT? OMG. Now you gotta spill.

Matteo: Can't use my phone rn. Email?

To: Mattie.IsSuperman@hotmail.com
CC: JulieJulaoolala@hotmail.com
Subject: Mr. Roz and Mr. Hollzy ARE DATING

Mattie, we're dead serious. Mr. Roz and Mr. Hollzy are 1000000% dating. Me and Jules figured it out in PE just now.

We were running laps today, because Mr. Roz has been in a bad mood since last week, and you know who ELSE is in a bad mood? Mr. Hollzy. I know that's a bit of a reach, but I promise you, we have more evidence. -And before you ask why I know Mr. Roz is in a bad mood, it's cuz he keeps looping hotline bling on the speaker. It's his angry song.

1. We found the old yearbooks at the library. Apparently Mr. Roz and Mr. Hollzy were in the same graduating class! Not only that, but they played hockey together. Well… not together, Mr. Roz played for a team outside of school, so they played against each other. Enemies to lovers maybe???

2. Their "rivalry" was so intense (according to the school newspaper I found in the archive) that they had local television ads filmed of them. They made it on the news SEVERAL times.

3. Not only were they rivals on ice, they were also academic rivals… HELLO? That's romantic as hell. They were fighting for valedictorian. I asked Mr. Hunter and he said Mr. Hollzy was the valedictorian that year. Mr. Roz came in second.

4. They both came back to teach at school after university. They both played hockey for their universities. Mr. Hollzy went to Montreal, and Mr. Roz went to Boston. Apparently because they were in the top divisions of university hockey, they got to play against each other… HELLO AGAIN???

5. They both came back to teach here after university. They have basically known each other since FOREVER. And since they joined at the same time, they had the same schedule during their first year of teaching (I checked their timetable from the office (we snuck in duh))

6. I constantly see Mr. Hollzy sneaking out of Mr. Roz's office. Or Mr. Roz sneaking out of Mr. Hollzy's classroom. A lot of interactions for two teachers who supposedly hate each other, don't you think?

7. When Mr. Roz got MVT (most valuable teacher) at the stupid end of year assembly, Mr. Hollzy was staring like really hard. Jules was staring at Mr. Hollzy (who wouldn't) LOL.

Okay and here's the thing as well, you've probably heard the weird rumour about Ms. Landy (the intern) dating Mr. Hollzy? That rumour started around the same time Mr. Roz started acting like this. Maybe he knows something…? They've both been acting weird. I don't know. UGH. It just makes too much sense, you know?

Anyways, lmk if you see it too. Try to not act too suspicious when we see Mr. Hollzy next period. And I need a follow-up about Jessica, got it?

See you later,
Talia
@TaliaAlGhul@Hotmail.com

Matteo looked up from his laptop screen and chuckled to himself. If only he could tell them what he walked into 2 weeks ago.

Two weeks ago, Matteo had hockey captain duties, and like every Friday, he had to close up the ice rink and the locker rooms. His routine was simple. Double check each toilet and shower stall, put the equipment back into the storage room, and lock up the facility. As simple as that.

But what he didn't expect to see when checking the bathroom stalls, was Mr. Hollander on top of Mr. Rozanov, making out. They didn't even bother locking the doors. The look of panic in both their eyes (Mr. Rozanov had those sex drunk eyes however), Mr. Hollander immediately scrambling off of Mr. Rozanov. Matteo tried to back away, but Mr. Hollander

and Mr. Rozanov had already cornered him (it was a little hard to take Mr. Hollander seriously when he has a hickey the size of a lemon on his neck).

They obviously didn't take it easy. Well, mostly Mr. Hollander.

"Relax, Hollander. He won't tell anybody, he's good kid"

"You don't know that, *Rozanov*."

Matteo tried to escape, but there was no getting out of *this* one. He saw the look of fury mixed with trepidation on Mr. Hollander's face, and wasted no time explaining himself. He swore up and down and promised not to tell anyone. He zipped the imaginary zipper on his lips and pretended to throw the imaginary key away. Mr. Rozanov laughed.

Heck, he even *pinky promised* Mr. Rozanov. Mr. Hollander face palmed, clearly hyperventilating.

"I promise I won't tell anyone. I cross my heart and hope to die. Is that good enough?" Matteo asked jokingly, though he meant **all** of his words.

"Mattie, you are going to be in deep shit if –fuck I can't –shit I –sorry. Forgot that I can't swear in front of the kids. It just slipped out."

"Hah. That's what she –no, that's what *you* said last night" Mr. Rozanov said, seconds before his face was met with Mr. Hollander's palm.

"It's okay. I mean, I just caught you two making out on top of each other two minutes ago, I don't think swear words are necessarily the biggest issue right now." Matteo letting his giggles slip, but quickly shutting up after being met with an icy look from Mr. Hollander.

"I know you are good kid. Is okay. I trust you to not tell." His heavy Russian accent echoed through the locker room.

"Did anyone else see? Shit, did anyone hear this conversation?" Mr. Hollander turned his head around.

"No one else is here, I promise. I was just closing up the rink for the weekend. Hockey team captain duties." Matteo explained, voice shaking a little. It's not everyday you catch the two most popular teachers (also the supposed *rivals)* making out.

"Hah. Do you have secret son no one knows about? He is just like you. Maybe he will find his own Rozanov-"

"Shut it, Rozanov. You need to stop blabbering about our personal life to this poor kid. He's witnessed enough." Mr. Hollander pinched his nose bridge and shook his head.

"Da, I agree. He witness enough of your boring whining." Mr. Rozanov turned his face back around to Matteo. "Back when we were team hockey captain, I had to listen to his boring chirping all day on ice. He was mad I was number one hockey player."

“Stop spreading false information. God you’re such an asshole, Rozanov. Matteo, I know you’re mature enough to not tell anyone, but so help me God, if I find out ANYONE knows about this then-”

“I promise! I promise. I would never. I’m too scared anyways. Good luck on whatever this is. Pretend I was never even here.” Matteo turned around to leave.

“Wait wait wait. Who are you scared of? Me or Him?” Mr. Rozanov asked pointing a finger at himself, then at Mr. Hollander. Matteo turned back around, but tried his best to avoid eyecontact.

“You can’t be serious.” Mr. Hollander sighed.

“Why are you scared of *him*? I’m the uh- what’s the word. Yes, stereotypical angry Russian! He’s the one taking my dick-”

Matteo clamped his ears shut with both hands, and whispered a series of “La la la’s” to drown out the words coming out of Mr. Rozanov’s mouth, just as another slap coming from Mr. Hollander landed on Mr. Rozanov’s face.

“I didn’t hear that, I promise!” Matteo said, grabbing his bag and running out the door, leaving his hockey equipment in his unclosed locker. He could always come back later. Maybe when Mr. Hollander and Mr. Rozanov wasn't trying to have sex in the boy’s locker room.

“Why did you tell him that?” An angry expression plastered on Shane’s face.

“I wanted to see what the kid would do. You would do the same if this happened to you, no? I also wanted to see you angry. It turns me on.” Ilya laughed.

“Fuck you.” Shane crossed his arms.

“More like, Fuck me please.”

“Fuck me please.”

“Da. But if you want me to get on my knees on this filthy bathroom floor and suck your dick, you will have to ask nicer than that.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading!! I had so much fun writing this (its 1 am and I was supposed to study for my tests tmr. got distracted and wrote a fic instead)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!