

## Take that, Scott Hunter

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# Take that, Scott Hunter

by [makenalei](#)

## Summary

No one ever thought that anyone in the NHL would top Scott Hunter's epic coming out, Scott included. He watches in real time as he's ousted as reigning NHL queer icon. Naturally, it had to be Rozanov to do it.

Or: An alternative ending to the plane crash that wasn't in the Long Game.

Scott Hunter

January 2021

He's very comfortable on the couch, enjoying a rare night off. Kip had cooked that night and he had halfheartedly tried to follow along. His husband was definitely a better cook than he. It never ceased to amaze him, Kip was his husband. He was publicly out, married to the love of his life, and still a high ranking professional hockey player. Sure, his endorsements had suffered a brief nose dive, but he was almost back to where he had been with other new, more exciting endorsements.

"Movie?" Kip had his head pillowed on his lap, idly scrolling through the channels. It was only 7pm. Kip had teased him about being old but hadn't protested getting comfortable on the couch after dinner. It was a Tuesday after all. Kip had work in the morning, and he had an early practice.

"What about that tv show you wanted to start?" He questioned, fingers playing with his husband's very soft hair. They used the same shampoo and conditioner but his hair was never as soft and silky.

"Mhmm, let me see," He started clicking around at a dizzying pace, "Oh, look, it's your new best friend," Kip teased as he stopped at a station broadcasting the Ottawa Centaurs landing on Canadian soil after their near deadly incident in Florida a few days prior. He had begrudgingly texted Rozanov, captain to captain, to express his "sincere" relief that they were all okay. It was mostly sincere. He hated the guy but he hardly wanted him dead. Kip had laughed as he spent thirty minutes debating what to text.

"Surprised they flew back," He admitted. He would have definitely reconsidered flying after that close of a call. The news had broadcasted their harrowing descent into Tampa a few days ago. One engine was literally engulfed in flames, and the landing had been very bumpy. Slides had even deployed to get the players off quickly. No one was seriously injured luckily.

"Florida to Ottawa is a very long bus drive," Kip hummed, "Aww, those are some cute kids," The camera was showing the WAGS and kids, all present with signs and such, cheering for their safe return. One of the players had adorable twins with blonde pigtails and impossibly small Centaur jerseys. He couldn't make out the name on the back though.

“Yeah they are,” They had had the kid talk, and were on the same page. Kip wanted to be more established in his field, and by the time that happened, he would probably be retiring. There would be no toddler in a small Hunter jersey at any game. He knew it was the best path though. He wanted to be present in raising his kid. There was no way to do that while maintaining his career though, not without Kip sacrificing his.

He watched in real time as the plane landed safely on the tarmac. Kip halfheartedly clapped at they touched down with zero issue. Everyone on the ground was cheering as well. The reporter was detailing the touch down. It was very overdone in his opinion.

All of the players were eager in exiting the plane, their looks of relief visible. Rozanov stepped off of the plane towards the end. The camera was following him despite the many other happy reunions going on around them. Children and wives were sobbing but there was more to be seen. He was easily spotted with his cocksure grin and golden curls. It was subdued though, a word he never thought he would use to describe the brash Russian. He stepped off of the plane looking looking a bit more morose then usual. The ordeal had aged him.

He wondered who Rozanov had waiting for him. The guy had no family in America or Canada as far as he knew. A model girlfriend perhaps? The guy had been quiet in the media since being traded to Ottawa. He almost felt bad.

“Oh my god” He heard Kip murmur as the camera stuck to Rozanov, to the giant Russian freezing as a smaller form collided with him. He watched on live TV as a distinctly male form crashed into Rozanov, limbs all a tangle with the Russian captain. He watched as Rozanov embraced the form, clinging to dear life as if nothing else matted.

He sat stunned, watching it play out with the rest of the world. Ilya Rozanov was embracing someone distinctly male on the tarmac in Ottawa. Rozanov was openly weeping into the man’s neck. The other guys fingers were so tightly wound in Rozanov’s curls that it had to hurt.

Ilya Rozanov was making out with another man on live TV. The camera had clearly caught wind of what they were seeing, and had zoomed in. The reporter seemed baffled, reporting in a very confused tone that Ilya Rozanov was kissing a man. Rozanov’s mystery man wore a

Canadian Goose puffer and a basic maroon toque that covered his hair. He was shorter than Rozanov but appeared bulky. His shoulders shook as if sobbing.

The camera zoomed in on Rozanov as they broke away, capturing Rozanov's tears, capturing the gentle fingers that brushed them away, the chewed down fingernails. They were very clearly masculine hands.

The mystery man sunk to his knee then and there, and Kip gasped, sitting upright on the couch.

Words were spoken, though not clearly enough for the world to hear. Rozanov laughed, joyful and free, shaking his golden head as he accepted the ring. It slipped onto his third finger easily, and then the two were embracing again. One of the two men's legs gave out, and the two went crashing to the ground. The rest of the team was cheering loudly, though they too looked stunned. It was a chaotic scene.

The camera panned out again, as Rozanov cupped the face of his new fiancée, tilting it just enough for the cameraman to get the angle. He felt his entire being seize as he took in the profile, as he recognized the rare grin on a face he knew well.

"Holy shit," He breathed as he realized what exactly he was seeing, "That's Shane Hollander,"

Kip made a very high pitched noise and turned to him, eyes wide. He looked back to the TV where the reporter seemed just as stunned. Kip went back and forth, gaping. He wondered if this is how other people felt when he pulled Kip onto center ice all those years ago.

*"You saw and heard it here first, folks. Ottawa Centaur Captain, Ilya Rozanov, is apparently engaged," The reporter stuttered over her lines, "And it appears that the notorious NHL superstar is engaged to fellow NHL super star, Shane Hollander, captain of the Montreal Voyageurs,"*

It panned back to the ground, where Ilya Rozanov was embracing an older couple, a white man and an Asian woman. It is very clear that the three all know each other well. He

recognized them as Hollander's very involved parents. Hollander himself was now being embraced by what appeared to be Wyatt Hayes and another player from Ottawa that he recognized but can't name.

"What did we just watch?" Kip questioned as they screen went back to the reporter now that the team, mainly Rozanov and Hollander, were out of sight. The poor reporter looked just shell shocked as he felt.

*"I am not sure what's going on folks, but I am pretty sure we just watched Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander get engaged on live TV," The reporter said faintly, "This is obviously a developing story. I'm Lana Renoir, back to you in the station, Mark,"*

"Scott" Kip was nudging him.

"I don't know," He answered faintly.

"You had no idea?"

"I mean, I knew there were rumors that Hollander was gay, and that Rozanov slept with anything with a pulse but I had no idea the two were together, let alone serious enough to get engaged, Jesus," He rubbed a hand over his face. He looked to his cell phone, which was lighting up with various messages. No doubt the team blowing up his phone over it.

"You did the camps with them," Kip seemed to believe that he knew more than he was saying, which he absolutely did not.

"You saw them together too, did you see this coming?"

"No" Kip shook his head, "Fuck, I just thought Hollander had a little bit of a gay crush on Rozanov, like he does on you,"

‘He clearly does not,’

“How long do you think they’ve been together?” Kip questioned curiously, “Weren’t they arch enemies or something?”

“Maybe around the time of announcing the camps?” He had zero clue. The thought of the two of them together was still boggling his mind, “I have to call Benny,” He decided. Kip snorted at that.

“I’m already texting Kyle. They are both as confused as we are,” Kip replied, “I need more wine for this,” He gestured to his empty glass. He hadn’t even seen him finish it with how out of body he was feeling.

“I’ll get it,” He was up immediately, feeling a bit less spacey. He noticed his glass was empty too. He groaned and dug his palm into his forehead, “Are we drunk? Did we drug ourselves accidentally?” He questioned. Everything that had occurred in the last ten minutes made him question reality.

“Maybe,” Kip was engrossed in his phone, actually no, that was his phone his husband had. He was scrolling through the very long Admiral text thread. He shook his head and grabbed a bottle of wine from the rack.

He poured them each a good amount and settled back onto the couch with his husband.

“What’s everyone saying?”

“There is a lot of not nice things being said,” Kip admitted, “Not really in the group chat, not outright at least, but online. Reddit is tearing them to shreds. The NHL released a statement stating that they basically had no statement as the story was developing,” Kip told him as he snuggled into his side.

He took his phone back, and opened up a text thread with the two of them. Hollander had texted a congratulations on the wedding back in the summer, before that it was a few brief

messages about coaching at the camps. He knew that he had to text them something, but he was at a loss of what to say.

They weren't friends, but they were all captains of their own teams. There was a professional courtesy, not to mention the fact that both Hollander and Rozanov had been very supportive of his coming out years ago.

He snorted thinking of it.

"What?" Kip looked to his phone, and the thread pulled up.

"I was remembering Hollander's rambling email to me after I came out," He murmured, "And thinking of Rozanov's chirps about us that I think were actually sincere, fuck,"

"I always liked him," Kip replied easily, "He sent us a nice wedding gift,"

"They both did, twice," He muttered, "Hollander is from Ottawa" He realized.

"So?" Kip looked confused by his line of thought.

"Everyone thought it was so strange that Rozanov signed with Ottawa. Boston is an original five. Ottawa was last in the league. He fucking signed with Ottawa to be closer to Hollander, to be in his hometown. He could've had several cups by now if he stayed in Boston,"

"He sacrificed his career to be with Shane," Kip murmured, eyes wide and wet, "That's so romantic,"

"It can't be," Kip laughed at him for that but he could not picture Rozanov making a grand gesture like that. It was too surreal.

“What year was that?” Kip wondered.

“I think the year after we won the cup, maybe the year after,” He tried to remember but it wasn’t like he enjoyed knowing things about Rozanov.

“Text them tomorrow,” Kip took his phone away from him, placing them both on the coffee table, “I doubt they’re looking at their phones now anyways,”

“Yeah, probably on a social media ban for a bit until this dies down,”

“That isn’t what I meant,” Kip giggled from his side, placing a biting kiss against his neck. He suppressed the shiver, and tightened his grip on his husband. God, he loved having a husband.

“What did you mean?” He wondered as Kip straddled his lap and kissed his brow, his cheekbone.

“I’m just saying, if you had nearly died in a plane crash and we got engaged after a weepy reunion on the tarmac, texting random coworkers would be far from my to do list. You do remember what we did after you proposed, right?”

Any arousal he felt disappeared in an instant. Poof, gone. He groaned and shoved Kip off of his lap.

“Gross,” He hated that the image of the two of them even popped into his head. Ergh. He needed brain bleach. Kip of course was laughing at him, sprawled awkwardly across the couch. His husband had done that on purpose.

“That isn’t very LGBTQIA friendly, Scott Hunter,” Kip chided, a wicked gleam in his eye. He rolled his own eyes at his ridiculous husband.

‘You know what I meant,’ He huffed, ‘It’s not gross they love each other, but god the thought of them,’ He shuddered, ‘I hate you,’ He added childishly.

‘I mean they are both very attractive, buff, hockey legends,’ Kip wheeled, already sitting up. He was planning something, he knew that look.

“Kip” He warned.

“Do you think they’d be interested in a foursome?” Kip winked, the asshole. He took off running towards the bedroom, cackling the entire way there. He groaned and stood on stiff knees.

“You will pay for that thought, Kip Hunter,” He growled as he stalked towards their master, well aware that he was playing in Kip’s ridiculous game.

“Bring it, old man,” His husband teased.

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The next morning Kip elbowed him awake from a rather pleasant dream. They were back in Greece on their honeymoon.

“Look what Hollander posted,” Kip was shoving his phone into his face, the screen loaded on a social media page. He blinked blearily, and pushed Kip’s hand away a little bit so that he could actually see it properly.

It was Hollander’s page.

He had posted a photo of two hands intertwined, a gold ring on the larger hands third finger.

*“Safe in my heart and arms. I love you @ilyarozanov81.”*

“Did Rozanov post?” He asked hoarsely, realizing that it hadn’t been a bizarre dream. Hollander and Rozanov were engaged.

“Oh yeah, wait until you see this,” Kip tapped away on his phone before bringing up another photo, “Look”

Ilya had posted a photo of them together on a lake. It was probably at Hollander’s lake house that everyone knew about. They were standing on a dock. Both were shirtless and wet from the water. Rozanov was embracing Hollander from behind, pressing an obnoxious kiss on his cheek. Hollander’s cheeks were pink, from embarrassment or the sun, but his moon eyes were firmly affixed on Rozanov. He wondered who had taken the photo, who had known about them.

*“You are the best thing in my life. I love you. Always. Then and even more now. Moy lyubimyy. Moy zhenikh”*

“Wait, scroll, there’s two more photos,” Kip flicked the screen and a second photo appeared. It was a selfie of the two of them looking younger. They were both in tuxedos. Hollander was frowning at the camera, but Rozanov was smiling, looking at Hollander. He looked like a puppy, eager and happy. Kip flicked the screen again and a third photo appeared. Again, the two looked impossibly young. They were decked out in CCM gear and laughing at each other.

‘When are those from?’

“Comments say the tuxedo one is from the NHL awards in Vegas, 2011,” Kip replies.

“I was there,” He remembered it actually. The two had presented an award. Their scripted speech was stilted and awkward, poking fun at their rivalry. Rozanov had been a pest, and had gotten the photo as a joke. Apparently it wasn’t a joke, “I remember that,”

‘The last one is from a sponsor shoot they did together a few months earlier, after they were both signed to their teams,’

“Rookie year,” He realized, “Is Rozanov saying that they’ve been together since they were both rookies? That’s like, over ten years,” He protested.

“The comment section is popping off,”

“Is there any confirmation?” He questioned.

“Nothing official on any of their socials, nothing on their teams or NHL account either,” Kip replied, “You look pale,”

“I’m in shock,” He muttered, falling back into his comfortable duvet and blanket, “This is insane,”

“I mean, it’s all very tragic really. They’ve had to hide for the past ten years. I know you know what that feels like,” Kip reasoned, “They’re still the same people,”

“I know, that’s what makes it even crazier,” He muttered, “Fuck, I really should text them,”

“Just be sincere. Try to imagine that instead of a skinny grad student that made good smoothies you fell in love with Carter or something,” Kip replied with a grin, “You’re probably like their gay hockey yoda as the only truly out player in the league with a husband,”

He grabbed his phone, ignoring all the notifications and text messages. None were from the two he had to text. He opened the text thread between them and sighed. Better to get it over with.

“Proud of you two. Congrats on the engagement. You have Kip and I’s support however you need it,” He typed out, showing it to Kip.

“Well it’s to the point,” Kip conceded before he hit the send button, giving him no chance to second guess himself. He glared at his husband, who blinked innocently back at him, “Oh, someone’s typing,” They were. There was a little text bubble.

“Thank you, Scott. That means a lot,” Hollander had written back.

Rozanov sent a link that he clicked on. He regretted it instantly.

“Oh my god,” He read the headline out loud to Kip, “Hockey’s gay icon Scott Hunter officially ousted as reigning NHL Queen,” Kip laughed and took his phone, scanning the article.

*“Never imagined that Scott Hunter’s coming out, when the newly crowned Stanley Cup champion publicly hauled his now husband over the glass and onto the ice for a steamy kiss, would be topped by another NHL player, but we stand corrected. It has been demoted to number three on our list of best active NHL players coming out stories, of which there are now three. In a move that literally no one saw coming, Shane Hollander, captain of the Montreal Voyageurs, proposed to Ilya Rozanov, captain of the Ottawa Centaurs, on the tarmac yesterday afternoon. The Centaurs were returning from a harrowing trip in the US where the team’s plane nearly crashed. Neither player was publicly out though rumors have it that Hollander was out with his teammates. Giving credit where credit is due, we give Shane Hollander the second place spot for the sheer drama of it all. First place goes to our new reigning Queen, Ilya Rozanov, who we had the pleasure of watching in real time as the events unfolded. The range of emotions displayed deserved an Oscar. The shock, the devastation, the pure adoration and love that shined from that man’s tearful honey gold gaze,” Kip read.*

There was a gif of Rozanov’s sad face going to elated in real time. His entire face lit up as he presumably reasoned Hollander was there. It was sickeningly cute.

“That asshole,” He grumbled as he took the phone back. Rozanov had sent a message.

*"I beat you again, grandpa,"* Rozanov had sent. Hollander had disliked it.

*'Asshole,'* He wrote back.

Rozanov sent a devil face emoji.

*"He's being a brat. He sniffled at your first message,"* Hollander texted.

*"You are supposed to be loyal to me!"* Rozanov fired back quickly.

*"Don't think I agreed to that,"*

*"Is in vows"*

*"We're not married yet,"*

*"See if we get married now,"*

*"You're invited to the wedding if we make it to an altar, Scott. Kip too,"* Hollander sent.

*"Or just Kip"*

*'Ilya'*

*'Fine, you can come, Scott Hunter,'*

“They’re just bickering over text, probably sitting next to each other” Kip read all the messages over his shoulder, a gleeful look on his face, “Oh my god, they were never hiding. They’re just always like this,”

*“Send me an invite, Kip and I would be happy to attend your wedding, Shane,”* He wrote back. Kip laughed at that.

Hollander hearted the message. Rozanov sent a middle finger emoji. Satisfied that he had done what he could, he put his phone back on his side table, turning to Kip.

“Breakfast?” He had to be up and out soon, as did Kip. They had a little time though.

‘I’ll make you a smoothie if you make french toast,’

Later, as he was getting ready to leave for the arena, Kip sent him a screen shot. He was supposed to be busy at work, but apparently had enough time for twitter. Rozanov had retweeted the article he had sent earlier.

*“Take that, Scott Hunter,”* He had written.

He laughed and shook his head as he grabbed his bag. Rozanov was such a dick.



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