

transfixed by the inner sound

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by [garlic09](#)

Summary

okay that one scene of shane holding haydens baby has a GRASP on me so i wanted to write ilya seeing shane hold a baby and his reaction to it (spoiler; he kind of goes insane)

Ilya gave up on nonchalance and twisted his body around. Across the banquet hall stood a small group of Metros, at the front were Pike and Hollander with what could only be described as a gaggle of children at their feet. Likely the children of teammates and Pike, he was always popping them out, but that wasn't what Marleau was referring to.

What drew Ilya's eyes was not Hollander himself, but rather what he was holding.

A baby.

Hollander was holding a baby.

Notes

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

Ilya wasn't usually the type to attend these things. He found banquets dull, and the whole pomp and circumstance of it all grated on him after a while. He'd much rather spend his time with other pursuits than sitting at a white-clothed table with his teammates in support of some cause or another. He'd donate the money and meet them at the afterparty.

But Boston was hosting this year, and the captain couldn't exactly ditch a banquet held in his backyard. So, here he was. Standing beside a cocktail table, drinking mediocre champagne in support of.... What were they raising money for anyway?

He was only half listening to Marleau and Connors' conversation as he peered around the hall, looking for a sign to determine what the hell this whole thing was for. Above the main entrance was a large banner, 'The Boston Raiders Support The Jimmy Fund.' Well, that answered that.

"—and she was like 'wait, you play hockey?' and I actually almost walked out."

"Dude, that's so— oh shit, look! Metros at twelve o'clock," Connors was pointing directly over Ilya's shoulder.

That was another benefit of Ilya attending this banquet: Montreal's resident Golden Boy always made an appearance at these sorts of events.

Ilya slowly looked over his shoulder, as if he didn't care in the slightest who of the Metros could be standing behind him. Marleau wasn't as subtle, and he burst into laughter before Ilya could even get a glance.

"Look at Hollander, poor guy got the WAG treatment."

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"I don't get why they all bring their kids to this stuff," Marleau was saying to Ilyas right. "Takes all the fun out of it."

"I mean, if they bring their wives, they have to bring their kids," said Connors. "Though, looks like Pike took an alternate route."

Ilya ignored them, his eyes were still locked on Hollander. He had one arm wrapped around the baby, holding it tightly under its butt, his other arm gently cupping its head. He was bouncing slightly, moving side to side, with his chin just touching the baby's head.

It was...bewitching. Ilya couldn't look away. Hollander looked like he was speaking softly to the baby, and one of its hands came up and grabbed at his nose. His laugh echoed across the hall, and his eyes were bright.

It would be a lie to say Ilya hadn't created hundreds of fantasies involving Hollander. Not that he'd ever admit it, but when he was alone at night, Hollander was what his mind would wander to. Hollanders lips, Hollanders mouth...Hollanders laugh.

He forced himself to keep the fantasies as sexual as possible, not that it was much of a challenge. But he knew he'd only hurt himself more if he let his mind wander too much into a universe of post-coital cuddling and soft kisses. The most domestic he'd allowed himself was imagining Hollander waking up in his bed, sleep-soft and hair mussed.

He had never imagined Hollander holding a baby, letting its little hand wrap around his finger. Why would he? Ilya wasn't particularly tied to the idea of settling down and having kids in the same way his teammates were. He wanted to live a little.

But the squeezing in his chest that bloomed as he watched Hollander make silly faces at the baby in his arms was forcing him to reconsider some things.

"Aye, Roz," Marleau was all but waving a hand in front of Ilya's face. "You with us?"

Ilya shook his head like he could knock his thoughts out, and turned away from Hollander.

"What? Y-yes," he said, grabbing his champagne glass off the table and downing it.

Connors was giving him a strange look, but Ilya resolutely looked away from him. Marleau hadn't seemed to notice anything amiss. He clapped Ilya on the shoulder and turned his body to the left before whispering in his ear.

"We're trying to figure out if Davis hired someone to be his date, because I've never seen that girl in my life."

"I'm sure Davis dates many women he doesn't tell you about," said Connors.

"But not girls that hot. If that were me, I'd make sure everyone knew."

"And that's why you don't date girls that hot," said Ilya, elbowing Marleau. "Girls like guys who can keep their big fat mouths shut."

The conversation devolved into a play-by-play of just how hot the women Marleau dated were, and Ilya tried to forget the way seeing Hollander had made him feel.

But no matter who he spoke to, or where he moved in the room, he was aware of Hollander. It was as if a fire were burning in the room, and only Ilya could feel its heat. Every time he turned to steal a glance, Hollander was still holding that fucking baby, and Ilya's stomach did acrobatics. It was ridiculous. He was just standing there, he hadn't even spared Ilya a glance the whole evening. Something Ilya pointedly did not care about.

Ilya had only taken an edible once, and it had been years ago, but the buzzing under his skin that he was feeling now was very reminiscent of that. He wanted to push his own hands into his chest, to hug himself tightly and massage the tension that was building in his heart.

Stupid Hollander with his stupid hair and his stupid eyes and his stupid baby. It wasn't even his baby! Couldn't Pike hold it for one moment? If Ilya could just look at Hollander without the baby, he could maybe get his feet beneath him. But every time he saw Hollander stick out his tongue or screw up his face to make the baby laugh, Ilya felt his body temperature go up.

It wasn't that he found it arousing, it was worse than that. He found it *cute*. Watching Hollander bump and rock and make faces at a baby was so devastatingly cute that it was making Ilya's eyes twitch.

He was barely conversing with anyone, just standing in corners in silence, eyes locked on Hollander. Marleau and Connors were drunk enough not to notice each time Ilya needed them to repeat something because he had been distracted by Hollander.

Eventually, it all became too much.

"I'll be right back," he said. Leaving behind his champagne glass and marching across the hall. Connors and Marleau made noises of confusion, but didn't follow him.

Hollander was standing alone by the bar, Pike having disappeared somewhere. His back was to Ilya, so the baby saw him before Hollander did. The baby looked like Pike. Ilya hated it even more.

"Wow, Hollander, do you have secret family no one knows about, or did you steal baby for attention?"

It wasn't the best greeting, but it made Hollander turn and scowl at him, which was precisely what Ilya wanted.

"Hello Rozanov," he said, looking Ilya up and down. "And no, this is Hayden's kid."

"Oh you two finally settled down?"

"You know—" But before Hollander could complete what was likely to be a sub-par insult, the baby made a disgruntled noise. It turned its face into Hollander's neck and started breathing quicker and quicker.

"Oh no no—hey it's okay. It's okay," Hollander started bouncing again, his brown eyes wide. "Shh. Shhh."

He brought up his hand to the baby's head again, gently rubbing his thumb on its scalp. Its whining slowly turned into happier sounds, and eventually its eyes slid closed.

Ilya felt practically faint, his head was spinning, and it had nothing to do with the drinks he'd had. He could sense a faint blush forming on the tips of his ears, and the feeling in his chest could only be described as butterflies.

Hollander scowled at him once the baby was quiet. When he spoke again, it was a whisper.

“Fuck off, I’m just doing Hayden a favor. You’re such an asshole.”

Ilya was floundering, he could barely form a single word as he stared at Hollander. The man in front of him was beginning to look mildly concerned. Ilya knew he needed to say something, anything, an insult or barb, but his brain had short-circuited.

“Oh look who it is! Rozanov at a banquet? Mine eyes do deceive me.”

Ilya had never been so glad to see Hayden Pike in his life. The man appeared behind Hollander, each of his hands commandeered by a small girl.

“He was just leaving,” said Hollander, eyes flicking between Ilya and Pike.

Ilya nodded, smirking at Pike as he went. He probably should have said something about getting his tubes tied, but words were still beyond him.

Weaving between groups of people and tables, he made his way out of the banquet and down one of the side hallways to the bathroom. It was deserted, and Ilya came to a stop at the sink.

He put his hands on either side and stared at himself in the mirror. He looked shell-shocked, his eyes wide and his skin pale. The blush on his ears was still present, though fading.

He forced himself to breathe deeply through his nose and turned on the sink to splash water on his face. He shook his head, making eye contact with himself in the mirror. He was fine, he was normal. It was just Hollander holding a baby, a perfectly normal thing for a man to do. Ilya had held babies before; everyone held babies. They quite literally needed to be held.

These pathetic affirmations were doing nothing to calm his racing heart or the buzzing in his chest. Ilya dropped his head and let it hang, staring down at the drain.

He was going to return to the banquet, where he would eat and drink with his teammates. Then he would text Hollander his address and spend the next several hours making the man as blushing and flustered as Ilya had felt all night. Then Hollander would leave, and Ilya would be back to normal.

He shook out his shoulders and cracked his neck. He could do this, it was all fine. It wouldn’t be more than another hour or two, he could survive that long.

He pushed open the bathroom door and strode down the hall, balling his hands into fists. He forced his mind to be blank, and he resolutely did not think about the way Hollander’s face had softened as he had cooed at the baby. He absolutely did not remember how little the baby’s hand had seemed compared to Hollander’s finger. And he definitely didn’t imagine Hollander cradling a baby in his arms and looking up at Ilya, proud and loving.

He did *not*.

End Notes

ilya wants that man PREGNANT

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