

i'm your biggest fan, mr. hollander

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Shane blinked away the easy haziness settling over his mind and turned, his mouth going dry and his heart stuttering to a stop in his chest as he pieced together what was happening. One of Shane's extra jerseys – one used almost exclusively for photos – was pulled across Ilya's body, clinging to his chest and shoulders and loosening around his waist where his body tapered in.

“Oh my God,” Shane exhaled, fairly certain that he might be dying and this was the first glimpse of heaven he was going to get.

Ilya turned slowly, grinning, and showed off the HOLLANDER spreading across his back and Shane's number branding him. “You played so well, Mr. Hollander. I'm such a fan of you.”

or, hollanov roleplay with ilya in shane's jersey

Notes

based loosely after ilya joins ottawa but before shane does. timeline doesn't really matter, it's just smut ngl. after ep 6 all i can think about is them roleplaying so here we are.

as always, i hate the english language and have no respect for it so any errors don't matter to me. enjoy!

I thought you played like that against Boston because of me, but I was wrong :(

Shane scoffed at the phone in joint annoyance and amusement, adrenaline still coursing through his veins from the game. Montreal had played Boston at home and there was nothing like winning in his city; Shane had undoubtedly dominated the game, earning all but one of the team's goals, and the way the crowd had chanted his name and that of the Metros had been so exhilarating Shane still hadn't come down from it. Now, though, he had Ilya being whiny on his phone, and Shane felt all of his energy immediately redirect towards his boyfriend. Before he could respond, though, an image came through of a glass of what was surely ginger ale with ice in it accompanied by an empty shot glass.

Hurry, before the ice melts.

Realisation dawned on Shane all at once – the table and background of the picture looked so familiar because it was *his house*. Ilya was in Shane's kitchen in Montreal, ready to celebrate Shane's win with him. Shane put down his phone immediately, flying through the post-game motions as he got ready to leave faster than he ever had before. JJ offered for Shane to go out with them to celebrate and had only minorly protested when Shane shut him down, so he knew that his own eagerness to leave had to be extremely obvious to everyone else. He felt like he blinked and he was in his car, a little too close to speeding as he drove the familiar route back to his house.

Ilya's car was parked outside and a few of the lamps Shane had were lit up throughout the house. Shane felt his heart race and his stomach flip, something he'd deemed *The Ilya Effect* that always seemed to happen when he knew he was about to spend some time with his boyfriend. It had only been a week since they'd last seen each other, incomparable to the months on end they used to be radio silent in the past, but Shane still felt like he was about to fall apart just from the idea of Ilya waiting for him. He'd debated leaving his hockey bag in the car because it meant he could get to Ilya faster, but Shane also knew that he'd spend the entire night thinking about the sweaty clothes stinking up his car and would inevitably leave to grab it again. So, he sighed and hoisted the heavy bag up, leaving his car and entering the code to his door as he pushed inside and booked it for his washing machine.

"I'm home!" He called out to Ilya, more of an assurance that it was Shane who entered than a request for Ilya to come to him. Ilya knew Shane well, and he knew that Shane always went to take care of his dirty laundry before anything else happened whatsoever. Still, Shane rushed through it and practically sprinted out of his laundry room the moment everything was taken care of. Shane bit back a grin as he moved through his house and to the kitchen where Ilya had sent a photo from.

"Ilya?" He called, stopping in place when the table was empty. Shane's ginger ale still sat there, as well as the bottle of vodka Ilya left at Shane's place and the empty glass, but the man himself was absent.

"Ilya?" Shane called again, his smile dropping as confusion set in.

Warm hands collided with his hips from behind, a firm body pressing against his back. Ilya whispered, “You did so good.”

Shane shuddered, his head dropping backwards until it was resting on Ilya’s shoulder and Ilya brought his arms around Shane’s waist, pulling Shane back until their entire bodies were aligned. “Missed you,” Shane confessed quietly.

Ilya hummed and pressed a biting kiss to the skin beneath Shane’s ear, mouthing at his neck and keeping Shane pressed against him. “Always miss you,” Ilya confessed as well. Then, he said, “I’m your biggest fan, Shane Hollander.”

Shane blinked away the easy haziness settling over his mind and turned, his mouth going dry and his heart stuttering to a stop in his chest as he pieced together what was happening. One of Shane’s extra jerseys – one used almost exclusively for photos – was pulled across Ilya’s body, clinging to his chest and shoulders and loosening around his waist where his body tapered in.

“Oh my God,” Shane exhaled, fairly certain that he might be dying and this was the first glimpse of heaven he was going to get.

Ilya turned slowly, grinning, and showed off the *HOLLANDER* spreading across his back and Shane’s number branding him. “You played so well, Mr. Hollander. I’m such a fan of you.”

“Yeah?” Shane answered a bit more breathlessly than he’d intended to. Everytime they messed around like this, playing up a different role or lifestyle, something about it got to Shane on a fundamental level, like this could really be them in a different version of life. In another version of their life, maybe Ilya really was one of his fans, and Shane felt his stomach flip at the idea.

“Yeah,” Ilya answered, stepping closer. Slowly, he brought his hands up to Shane’s hips again. “You are such a good player, Mr. Hollander, and I know you’re rich with everything you want. There must be something this *fanboy* can give you, though, yes?”

“Jesus, Ilya,” Shane gasped, breaking just a little bit as he dropped his forehead against Ilya’s neck. “Where did you learn that? *Fanboy*?”

Ilya laughed, his chest rumbling beneath Shane’s head. “Too many people online say they are this for you. I am your biggest fanboy and they don’t even know it.”

“Yeah?” Shane answered, his ears burning in embarrassment about just how turned on he was by this idea of Ilya as his fan. He pulled back slightly, relishing in the hitch in Ilya’s breath as Shane looked at him. “You know I treat my fans well. I’m always happy to give an autograph or to take a picture. What can I do for you?”

Ilya pretended to think for a moment. “I don’t know if that will work, Mr. Hollander. I am the *best* fanboy, you see, so I cannot have what the others do as well.”

“Ah,” Shane answered, nodding seriously. “You must need something special, am I right?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Hmm. Well, I could sign your jersey, or take a short video with you. I could give you one of my sticks or pucks. Do you have any ideas?”

“I think you do a lot for your fans,” Ilya answered. “So, maybe, you can let me do something for *you* instead?”

“Oh?”

“Mm.” Ilya hummed, moving closer so that Shane had the space to lift his arms up around Ilya’s shoulders, fingers burrowing in the curls at the base of Ilya’s neck. “I’m your biggest fan, Mr. Hollander. Maybe I can show you just how much I value your athleticism.”

Athleticism, Shane thought for just a moment, almost breaking character again to ask Ilya where he’d learned *that* and why the hell it sounded so good coming from his lips. Instead, he let himself stay fixed on the first sentence. “For my biggest fan? I think I can work with that.”

“You won’t regret it,” Ilya promised, his left hand sliding up Shane’s chest until he was palming the side of Shane’s neck. Shane felt his eyelids flutter at the warm sensation of Ilya’s hand spreading across his throat, a steady pressure that made breathing just a bit more intentional than it naturally was. Ilya’s hand was huge, too, and when he pushed down just slightly with his fingers on either side of Shane’s neck, Shane felt his head *swim*.

“Mr. Hollander,” Ilya mumbled, accent curling around each syllable. “Will you let me show you how great you are?”

“Yeah,” Shane answered reflexively, immediately. Anything Ilya wanted, always. Ilya took a step back, pulling Shane with him gently with his grip on Shane’s neck and hip. Shane followed easily all the way to his bedroom. The second they were inside, Ilya turned them around, pushing Shane against his bed until he dropped down onto it and sat on the edge.

Ilya looked ready to eat Shane alive and sank to his knees, fingers making contact with the waistband of Shane’s sweatpants and fumbling with the drawstring.

“Fuck,” Shane exhaled, his fingers embedding themselves in Ilya’s curls and holding the man’s head in preparation for what he knew was to come.

“That’s the idea,” Ilya answered. He managed to untie Shane’s sweats and pulled them down quickly, the fabric sliding down Shane’s body and collecting at his calves as Ilya kneaded at his legs. “You have very strong thighs, Mr. Hollander.”

“Hard work gets you there.”

“Hard work?” Ilya questioned as he ran his fingers over Shane’s bulge a few times, stroking him through the fabric to full hardness before pulling out Shane’s straining dick. “Tell me about this hard work.”

“Well,” Shane began, his voice faltering as Ilya pressed the flat of his tongue to the tip of Shane’s dick. “Working out, practicing with the team, playing against others.”

Ilya hummed and kissed down Shane’s length, biting at the base until Shane moaned before making his way back up to the tip. “I think I know good practice idea.”

“Yeah?” Shane asked, the word getting cut off with a strained whimper as Ilya took the entirety of Shane into his mouth. He bobbed his head a few times, massaging at Shane’s thighs and groaning when Shane pulled his hair, until he popped off with a wet sound.

“Yes.” He answered before sliding his hands to the back of Shane’s thighs and *pulling* until Shane had to let go of Ilya’s head to hold himself up on the bed, his entire lower half off the mattress and holding himself in a seated squat.

“What are you-“

“Building thigh muscle,” Ilya cut in, grinning and pressing a kiss to the inside of Shane’s thigh. “Hold yourself up while I blow you, Mr. Hollander. You are strong enough for this, yes? The greatest player on the Montreal Metros — you can do this for me, I know you can.”

The words almost took Shane out just as much as Ilya’s instant return to blowing Shane within an inch of his life did. Shane’s knees bent, losing strength as Ilya mouthed at him, and it took a conscious effort to bring them back up so he was holding the squat. Ilya hummed around him in approval at the effort and Shane felt his eyes threaten to roll into the back of his head.

“*Fuck*,” Shane panted, his head dropping backwards and his hips tilting forward just a bit, chasing that wet heat of Ilya’s mouth. “Shit, that’s good.”

Ilya was seemingly fueled by the comment and pushed himself all the way down Shane’s dick until his nose was pressing against Shane’s pelvis, swallowing around it and increasing the suction until Shane couldn’t think whatsoever. His thighs ached from holding himself still and in a squat as well as from his impending release, and Shane could feel his resolve crumbling a bit. Ilya was just *really* good at this, and he knew exactly what had Shane falling apart, and was always willing to exploit that knowledge. Shane hated it and loved it simultaneously, and this was no different.

Ilya looked at Shane through lidded eyes, heat darkening them, and massaged his thumbs on the inside of each of Shane’s thighs in both appreciation and a need to push Shane over the edge. He groped and massaged as he continued to blow Shane. The final straw was Ilya pulling off and licking one slow, tortuous drag up the underside of Shane’s length; Shane cried out, his thighs tensing and back arching as he came across Ilya’s lips, Ilya immediately diving forward to lick up the mess and push Shane towards the edge of overstimulation.

Just when it was almost too much, Ilya pulled away with a grin and sat back on his heels, smacking the outside of Shane’s right thigh. “You taste good.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane exhaled, dropping backwards against the bed as his legs gave out beneath him, only Ilya’s hands keeping him from falling off the bed. His head was spinning,

still trying to come back to his body again. “You’re insane.”

“Insane for *you*,” Ilya corrected, gripping Shane’s legs as he stood up between them, practically folding Shane in half until his knees were by his ears. Shane’s back strained with the familiar position and it was only a matter of seconds before Ilya’s mouth was on his, biting at Shane’s lower lip and drawing out a satisfied moan in response. Shane’s hands flew to his shoulders, grappling at the jersey fabric as he tried to steal the air from Ilya’s lungs with each demanding kiss. Ilya’s mouth was one of the most distracting places on earth – truly, it was like Shane lost all sense of reality the moment Ilya’s lips were on him – and it took him a few moments to realize that Ilya’s hand had disappeared and come back wet, a slick finger pressing against Shane’s hole and sliding in carefully.

Shane made a sound close to a whimper as he buried his face in Ilya’s shoulder, clinging to him tightly as Ilya began to prep him. After all these years, Ilya knew exactly what Shane needed and just how quickly he could get Shane there, which meant the snail’s pace Ilya set was extremely intentional and done to drive Shane mental. Ilya continued with the one finger for far longer than he needed to, only slipping in another finger when Shane finally gave in and begged.

“Please,” he exhaled, begging as Ilya practically dug his teeth into Shane’s collarbone over the edge of his shirt. Ilya didn’t even offer a response, instead sliding in another finger and slipping his other hand under Shane’s shirt to grip his chest, squeezing desperately while biting and kissing at Shane’s neck.

“You’re gonna leave a mark,” Shane said, internally *very* pleased with the idea even if he knew he was going to get shit about it from Hayden and likely the rest of the team.

“Mr. Hollander has such a good public image, I wouldn’t want to ruin that.” Ilya answered, his voice low and raspy and engineered to have Shane shaking beneath him. *Yes, you would like to*, Shane thought before all coherence abandoned him with the addition of a third finger. He slid one hand up Ilya’s neck until it was buried in his hair again, actively encouraging the continuation of Ilya’s efforts and lighting up at the satisfied moan it got as an answer. Ilya shifted, pushing Shane further onto the bed so he wasn’t at such a risk of falling off the edge, and the strength behind the movement had Shane aching.

“You’re strong,” Shane commented, the words coming out airy and weak.

“This is nothing,” Ilya answered automatically, “I could fuck you standing up if you wanted me to.”

“*Oh my God.*” Shane moaned, clinging to Ilya and pulling him up by his hair so that he could get his mouth on Ilya’s again. The idea of Ilya holding him and just using him, doing whatever he and gravity wanted while Shane was helpless against it was dizzying.

Ilya, of course, recognized the reaction instantly. “Yeah?” He questioned, always sure to get explicit consent from Shane before doing anything. “The great Shane Hollander wants to be used like a doll?”

“Holy shit, Ilya,” Shane said, arching when Ilya pressed against his prostate like the words that came out of his mouth weren’t almost enough to have Shane cumming again. But, because he knew nothing would happen until he’d confirmed his active enthusiasm for the offer, he said, “Yes.”

All at once, Ilya pulled back, his fingers pulling out of Shane and his face flushed as he stood up straight. Shane’s legs fell down on either side of Ilya’s thighs, completely exposing him as Ilya looked his fill.

“Take your shirt off,” Ilya ordered, each syllable going directly to Shane’s dick as he scrambled to sit up and pull off his shirt. Ilya tugged off Shane’s sweatpants and underwear that had gathered around one ankle, messily folding them and dropping them on the end of the bed as Shane’s shirt followed the same path.

“Up,” Ilya commanded as soon as Shane was naked; Shane sat up quickly, his head spinning as he looked at the dark hunger on Ilya’s face. Ilya pulled off his own sweatpants and briefs, his fingers twisting in the edge of the jersey before Shane’s hand darted out to stop him. Ilya raised an eyebrow, evaluating Shane’s expression carefully.

Shane wanted – *needed* – for Ilya to leave the jersey on. It was *Shane’s* jersey and something about the blatant ownership, the possession, was fulfilling a part of Shane he didn’t know he had. Seeing Ilya in his name was almost nauseating because Shane wanted it *so badly* – he wanted there to be a time where Ilya could come to one of Shane’s games in his jersey and cheer him on like everyone else on the team could have their partners show up; if the only way he could get that was Ilya pretending to be Shane’s fan while fucking him, he’d take what he could get.

“Leave it on?” Shane requested, swallowing the saliva pooling in his mouth at how good Ilya looked in it.

“You like it,” Ilya realised. He leaned forward, drawing Shane in by the hips and turning him until Shane was up against the wall, eating him with his eyes while he grabbed a condom off the nightstand.

“Why do you like it?” Ilya asked as he tore open the packaging. “Tell me.”

Shane, always weak to Ilya’s instructions, listened. “I like that you look like you’re mine.”

“I look like I’m yours?” Ilya echoed, rolling the condom onto himself and grabbing additional lube.

“Like my fan, or like-”

“Or like...?” Ilya prompted when Shane trailed off.

Shane swallowed nervously. “Or like you’d be in the stands with my teammates’ wives and girlfriends, cheering for me.”

Ilya looked like he'd been shot and he stepped forward, lifting Shane up by the thighs and pulling his legs around his waist, pressing Shane against the wall and using it for leverage as he lined himself up with Shane's hole. The moment the tip slipped inside, he was lowering Shane onto himself and groaning, both of his hands gripping Shane's legs desperately as he rocked upwards into him.

Shane's breath caught in his throat and he wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, the helplessness of the situation doing something wicked to his mind. He was suspended in the air, the wall against his back and Ilya's pure muscle being the only things that kept him from falling down. "Shit, Ilya," he cursed, the back of his head sliding against the wall as Ilya braced himself against it to fuck into Shane like his life depended on it. He panted with an open mouth, his eyes screwing shut in pleasure as Ilya fucked him against the wall.

"Pretty," Ilya praised through a moan; Shane opened his eyes and was met with Ilya's expression of complete focus and devotion, Ilya tracking every microexpression Shane had and surely logging it mentally. Shane was so fixated on looking at his boyfriend that it took him an extra moment to look *past* Ilya, his gaze connecting with himself in the mirror behind Ilya.

"Oh, fuck," Shane practically whimpered, tightening his hold on Ilya. In the mirror, almost his entire body was eclipsed by Ilya's; the one thing that stood out, however, was the way Shane's name and number spread across Ilya's back as he drove into Shane again and again, Shane's legs on either side of Ilya's hips and jerking with each thrust. The only part of him that was visible were his legs and where his head peeked over Ilya's shoulder, the rest of the image completely tainted by Ilya in a Hollander jersey.

"What?" Ilya asked, slowing down and looking at Shane with concern in his eyes.

"Don't you *dare* stop right now, Ilya, I swear to God-"

"Okay, okay," Ilya answered with a small laugh, pressing his face to Shane's cheek and panting against his neck as he continued his efforts.

Shane had never considered himself vain, but he simply could not look away from the mirror. He never really got to see Ilya from behind, at least not when they had sex, and something about seeing Ilya's thigh muscles strain while fucking Shane and wearing *Shane's jersey* was really, really doing it for him.

"I'm not gonna last," Shane warned, spots dancing behind his eyes as Ilya hit the angle just right.

"Never do," Ilya countered before pressing in closer, somehow, and crushing Shane against the wall. All it did was put the pressure on Shane's prostate even more and filled his nose with Ilya's cologne, all the while Ilya's muscles flexed and moved beneath Shane's surname and number.

Fuck, I'm never forgetting this, Shane thought, already sure that this would be the inevitable top of his fantasies when he and Ilya were apart for a few days. Any remaining thoughts were knocked out of his head as Ilya nipped at his jaw, biting and licking and kissing and just

panting against Shane's skin like he had nothing else on his mind other than pleasuring Shane – which, to some degree, was probably true.

"Shane," Ilya moaned, crowding against Shane like he could climb inside Shane's skin if he tried hard enough. Then, shaking his head and laughing lightly to himself, he corrected, "*Mr. Hollander.*"

Shane had almost forgotten what started all of this. "Fuck."

"You like that? I just want to please you, Mr. Hollander, I'm such a fan. You have such good thighs, such beautiful freckles, such a perfect hole-"

"*Fuck*, Ilya," Shane gasped, his dick twitching with each movement against the fabric of the jersey. He was so, so close, and Ilya's dirty mouth was making it even more dangerous.

"The whole world knows you are a great player. Do you think they would want to know how good you take me, too?"

Shane was cumming before he knew what was happening, his ears ringing and his vision going white as he cried out and clung to Ilya, brutal thrusts dragging out his orgasm until Ilya was stilling against him, his arms tightening around Shane to the point it was almost painful as Ilya reached his own release. Shane kissed Ilya through it, Ilya's arms shaking around him as he slipped his tongue into Shane's mouth and held him. It was a short recovery, and Ilya pulled out before slowly letting Shane back down onto his own two feet, holding him up against the wall still and kissing him until the frenzied desperation morphed into a languid connection.

"Alright?" Ilya asked against Shane's lips, one of his hands coming up to brush away the longer fringe near Shane's temple.

Shane nodded. "Bed?" He offered alongside a small smile. Ilya nodded and stepped back, his face still flushed red from exertion and pleasure, and he guided Shane over to the bed until Ilya dropped down. He pulled Shane on top of him, grinning at the exasperated laugh Shane responded with until Shane was sprawled across the mattress and pillows, Ilya spread across him like the most expensive blanket Shane had.

Instantly, Shane's fingers made their way to Ilya's hair, scratching at his scalp lightly and massaging his head as Ilya pressed light kisses to Shane's neck and collarbones. Shane glanced at the mirror, his stomach swooping pathetically when he realised he could still see the back of the jersey.

"You look hot in this," Shane said, pulling at the jersey with one hand before bringing that hand to Ilya's jaw, tilting him up by his chin so he could look at Shane. Ilya looked so relaxed and content that Shane almost wished he hadn't disturbed him.

"Hot?" Ilya asked instead, seemingly unbothered. "I think you have a thing, Shane."

"A thing?"

“A fetish, a kink. A whatever.”

“What sort of English are you working on?” Shane asked, amused. Ilya huffed and juttled out his lip, practically pouting as he lifted Shane’s one hand from his chin back to his head. The moment both hands were in his hair again, Ilya sighed in contentment and dropped against Shane again, shuffling upwards until his head was halfway on the pillow next to Shane’s so it was easier to press a kiss to Shane’s cheek.

“But, seriously. You look fucking good in this, Ilya.” Shane continued, unable to help himself. “I’d have you at every game like this if I could.”

“Yeah?” Ilya asked, clearly interested in the idea if the literal spark in his eyes was any indication.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, though it was tainted by a sort of disappointment that he couldn’t really have that happen. Ilya looked at him for a few long seconds before nodding to himself and pushing himself up, his arms straining as he pushed himself off of Shane and the bed.

“What are you doing?”

“Do you trust me?”

“Of course,” Shane answered. “But that doesn’t explain what you’re doing.”

Ilya winked and left the room quickly. Shane blinked, utterly confused. It was only a handful of seconds before Ilya was back, Shane’s phone in hand. Ilya strode over to the mirror, turning his back to it and facing Shane. Ilya shook his shoulders, letting the jersey fall back into place, and lifted the phone, snapping a picture of his back in the mirror.

“You’re literally not wearing pants. What the hell are you doing?” Shane asked, his mouth dropped open in interest and shock.

Ilya rolled his eyes and looked at the photo before approving of it and moving back towards Shane. “Relax. It’s from the waist up.”

Ilya flopped onto the bed, bouncing up slightly with the movement before settling against Shane’s side, dropping one arm around Shane’s waist and pulling him flush against Ilya as Ilya presented the picture to Shane.

Ilya’s face wasn’t visible, but his hair was enough of a giveaway for anyone looking to begin to piece it together. *HOLLANDER* stretched across his shoulders and, even if it wasn’t inherently obvious in the picture, Shane knew that this was *Ilya Rozanov* in his jersey. It was a relatively tame photo, and absolutely not suggestive in any way, but Shane knew the events that led up to the picture.

“Now you can have it all the time,” Ilya said quietly, looking at Shane with those big eyes that had captured Shane’s affections so many years prior.

Shane dropped his phone to pull Ilya into a kiss, his heart threatening to beat out of his chest with just how much he loved his partner. “I love you,” he murmured, the words escaping him almost desperately.

“Wow. I had no idea, Mr. Hollander. Tell me: do you tell this to all of your fans?”

Shane smacked Ilya in the chest, a grin creeping across his face at the delight on Ilya’s. “You’re such an asshole.”

“Mr. Hollander, how can you be so mean?” Ilya teased through a dramatic gasp and fake offence. “They say never to meet your idols, yes? I have learned the truth about you.”

“Alright, fuck off,” Shane grumbled affectionately, pulling away from Ilya knowing full well that Ilya would stop the movement, that he would whine and play up an apology.

Sure enough, Ilya’s arm tightened around Shane’s waist and a pathetic sound left him as he climbed on top of Shane, pinning him down with his muscle mass as he pressed a chaste kiss to Shane’s lips. “I love you, too,” Ilya reassured, even though Shane hadn’t ever doubted the truth behind it.

Ilya collapsed against him a moment later. “My arms are so tired, Shane.”

“Sounds like you need to workout more,” Shane taunted, earning an incredulous look in response.

Ilya lifted one arm and pulled up the sleeve of his jersey before flexing. “You really think so?”

Shane felt his mouth go dry. If he hadn’t just came twice and had mindblowing sex, he would have been ready again just from that. “Maybe not.”

Ilya hummed, dropping his forehead against Shane’s shoulder and nuzzling against his neck. “I thought so.”

Shane huffed, amused and annoyed all at once, and pressed a kiss to Ilya’s temple before resigning himself to being Ilya’s personal pillow until he could convince his boyfriend to shower. Maybe, he could even convince Ilya to pose for a few more photos. It’s not every day he had Ilya in his jersey, after all. Such a massive fan would be happy to take those pictures, too.

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