

Heart Eyes

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Heart Eyes

by [duckcrab](#)

Summary

Dinner parties are never boring in the Hollander Rozanov household.

“Rose wants to meet for dinner,” Shane said as his feet pounded out a steady rhythm on the treadmill.

From his spot on the weight bench, Ilya grunted his acknowledgement. He finished his set before racking the barbell and sitting up. He took a swig from his water bottle and wiped the sweat from his face.

“I don’t want to go out,” he said after a bit. Finished with the towel, he balled it up, shot it at the hamper and missed. Grumbling, he went to pick it up.

“Good thing you play hockey and not basketball,” Shane quipped. Ilya flipped him off. “Why don’t you want to go out? Are you ok?”

“Up here?” he tapped his temple.

Shane nodded.

“Yes. Am ok,” he said. “But I do have this other pain. Right here,” he palmed one of his ass cheeks. “I call it Shane.”

Shane flipped him off this time.

“Invite her here,” Ilya said. “Is more private. We will cook for her.”

Shane stumbled on the treadmill. He hit the stop button.

“What?” Ilya shrugged. “I like Rose.”

“You give me shit about dating her all the time!”

“Because I am teasing you, Hollander,” Ilya said, sauntering over to hold Shane’s sweaty face in his hands. “You are very cute when you are riled up.”

“I am not riled up.”

Ilya reached down to cup him through his shorts.

He grinned and arched his brow.

“It’s from exercising,” Shane muttered, a blush rising under his freckles.

“Sure, Jan.”

“You’ve been hanging out with Harris too much.”

“Invite her over and maybe I will give you reward for being such a good boy,” Ilya said, giving his cock a slow stroke.

“I hate you,” Shane whined, his forehead hitting Ilya’s shoulder.

“Mhm,” Ilya said, shrugging him off. “Text her now, please.”

Shane wasn't sure what he wrote but it ended up getting the point across because his phone buzzed a second later.

“What did she say?” Ilya asked, resuming his ministrations under Shane's shorts and following the line of his neck with his mouth.

“She said—oh fuck—”

“She said oh fuck?”

“No, asshole. She said—uhhhokayyy.”

“She said okay or you are saying okay? This conversation is very confusing.”

“She said yes! Fuck!”

“Good,” Ilya said, abruptly removing his hand from Shane's dick and giving his ass a resounding smack.

“We need groceries! Your reward will have to wait. Hit the showers, Hollander! Very busy day ahead of us!”

“Svetlana texted me,” Ilya said later that same day. He was playing a video game while Shane read one of his boring hockey books on the couch.

“Oh yeah? How is she?”

“She is on her way here.”

Shane sat up a little. “To the cottage?”

Ilya shook his head. “Ottawa.”

“What is she doing in Ottawa?”

Ilya shrugged. “Didn't say.”

“You don't think she's scouting, do you?”

“Unlikely,” Ilya said.

“Well...invite her over for dinner too,” Shane suggested.

Ilya shot him a look.

“What? I like Svetlana!”

“You blow her up with your mind every time I mention her.”

“I do not blow her up with my mind. I’m blowing you up with my mind.”

“I’ve got something you can blow,” Ilya said, setting his controller down on the side table before crawling over Shane. He plucked the book from his hands and tossed it aside.

“I’m going to lose my place!” Shane whined.

“Oh no!” Ilya said in mock horror.

Shane pinched his forearm.

“Ouch,” he said dryly.

“Asshole,” Shane grumbled and reached up to kiss him.

They lay like that for a while, just kissing, before Ilya shimmied down enough to rest his head on Shane’s chest.

Shane sighed contentedly and played with his hair.

“You think they will get along?”

“Rose and Svetlana? I saw them talking at our wedding. It seemed like they were having a good time together.”

“We have enough food?”

“Ilya, we just bought half of Costco’s inventory. I think we’ll be okay.”

“You will tell Rose Svetlana is coming?”

“Yeah,” Shane said a little absently. Ilya looked up to find his eyes closed.

“Shane?”

“I left my phone in the bedroom. I’ll do it later. She won’t care anyway. Now shush.”

“Don’t forget,” Ilya said, his own eyelids beginning to droop.

“I won’t.”

“Smells delicious,” Shane said, wrapping his arms around Ilya from behind.

“Dinner or me?”

Shane buried his face in the middle of Ilya’s back and took a deep inhale.

“Both. Thank you for doing this.”

“Is no problem,” he shrugged.

“You know what I mean.”

Ilya turned to kiss him. He would have liked nothing more than to lock all the doors, turn out the lights and cuddle up with him in bed but this dinner was important to both of them. Ilya especially felt he had a lot to make up for since the last dinner party had nearly ended in disaster partly because of him.

Mostly it was Pike’s fault.

“We have to stop,” he said, kissing the tip of Shane’s nose but not letting him go, even after the doorbell rang.

Shane laughed.

“Are we going to answer the door stuck together like this?”

“Would that be weird?”

“It would definitely be difficult. Come on,” he said, taking Ilya’s hand and leading him to the front door.

Rose kissed and hugged them both hello.

“I know I wasn’t supposed to bring anything but I saw this and knew you had to have it,” she said, holding out a nondescript gift bag to Ilya.

Inside was an Anya sized brown fleece sweater with a hood that had antlers affixed to either side.

“Is perfect! Shane, now we have to find antlers for the Christmas photo!”

“No, we don’t.”

“We do! I’m texting Yuna. She will agree with me.”

In the living room, Ilya got down on the floor to take pictures of Anya in her new outfit while Rose and Shane caught up.

He sent a few to Yuna and David and Harris and even to Hayden asking why he never brought Anya anything when they brought his kids lots of things. He received a middle finger emoji in response.

“We’re waiting on Svetlana,” Shane was saying as Ilya finally settled into a chair.

“Oh!”

Ilya sucked his teeth and shook his head. “I knew he would forget.”

“I didn’t forget!” Shane said, pulling out his phone and scrolling. After a few moments he looked up sheepishly. “I forgot.”

“Is very last minute,” Ilya said. “Only staying for the weekend and then back to Boston.”

“Staying here?”

Ilya shook his head.

“Hotel in town.”

“We offered her a guest room but she turned us down.”

“Is there like a hockey emergency or something?”

Ilya shrugged. “She didn’t say.”

“Ok. The more the merrier, I guess. Can I use your bathroom? I feel like I need to freshen up a little before dinner.”

“Of course,” Shane said, leading the way.

The doorbell rang again and Ilya went to answer it alone this time.

“Nice to see you, Ilya,” Svetlana said in Russian, giving him a peck on the cheek.

“Happy to have you,” he responded, also in Russian.

He rarely said anything about it to Shane but Ilya missed talking in his first language with another fluent speaker. With the exception of Galina (who was contractually obligated to speak to him) and Svetlana (who was often busy) he didn’t have anyone to converse with in his mother tongue. There were a few players in the league he chatted with on the ice or at events and Shane was getting better at it but it wasn’t the same.

“Rose brought a gift,” he said, arching a brow at her. “I see you’re empty handed.”

“Oh! I forgot! I brought you this!” Svetlana dug around in her pocket for a second before pulling her hand out and flipping him off.

“I’ve missed you,” he laughed. “Come. We’re all in the living room.”

Svetlana pulled Shane into a tight hug as soon as she saw him.

“You look well,” she said. “Married life looks good on you both.”

Shane ducked his head to hide his blush. He was so fucking cute when he did that. Ilya wanted to go over, lift his chin and kiss all of his freckles one by one. He knew them by heart. Had made constellations out of them: Shane Major and Loon Minor.

“Are you ready to lose to the Bears next week?”

Ilya scoffed. "In your dreams, Vetrov."

"Mm. Yes. Every night. Better than sex."

"What's better than sex?" Rose asked, rejoining the party.

"Nothing," Svetlana said, sounding a little dreamy to Ilya's ears. He didn't miss the slow, appraising glance Sveta gave her.

"How have you been?"

"Fine," Rose said, primly. "And you?"

"I've been good," Svetlana responded.

"We haven't talked since the wedding, right?"

"Right," Svetlana said with a tight nod like she'd just received orders. "The wedding. Which was lovely by the way."

"Thank you," Shane said.

"Ilya said you're only in Ottawa for a couple of days?"

"Yes."

"Anything in particular you're here to do?"

Rose sat back down on the sofa. Svetlana perched on the coffee table, their knees almost touching. Almost.

"I can't just want to visit my two favorite hockey players?"

"Shane thinks you have a secret Canadian lover," Ilya said.

Shane blushed again. "That's not—I don't think that," he glared at Ilya who just smirked.

"Oh," Svetlana said, waving her hand like the whole topic was a ridiculous notion.

"That's not a no," Rose said. "Do you have a secret Canadian lover?"

It seemed like a bit of a personal question to ask someone you'd only met once for a few hours but Rose was American and their ways continued to elude him.

"I...there is someone, yes," Svetlana said. "They're not Canadian though. It's worse than that."

"What's worse than Canadian?" Rose asked.

"I'm right here," Shane muttered, mostly to himself.

Ilya and Svetlana answered in unison, “American.”

“Well,” Shane said. “I’m thoroughly offended. How about you, Rose?”

“Gutted,” she said. “I don’t know how I’ll ever recover.”

“You’ll live,” Svetlana said, reaching out and patting Rose’s leg. Her hand lingered there for a second longer than was strictly friendly and Ilya swore he saw her thumb caress the side of Rose’s knee.

Ilya’s expression must have been louder than he intended because as soon as Rose looked over at him she stood up.

Svetlana’s hand fell away and she looked up at Rose with a mixture of hurt and confusion. She schooled it quickly into cool indifference.

“Can I help with anything?” Rose asked Shane.

“Not right now,” Shane said. “There’s still a little bit of time left on the chicken parm.”

“In that case I think I’ll take a closer look at the lake. It’s so lovely with the moon and everything.”

“Okay,” Shane said, sounding a bit bewildered as Rose let herself out into the cool Canadian night. “Should I—”

“I’ll talk to her,” Svetlana said, exiting the same way Rose had.

“Interesting night,” Ilya said.

“There’s something up with those two, right?”

Ilya nodded.

“What do you think it could be?”

He got up and wrapped his arms around his husband.

“You know how Hayden says I have hearts in my eyes for you?”

“Yeah...”

“I think, maybe, possibly, Rose and Svetlana have hearts in their eyes for each other.”

“You think?”

“I don’t know for sure. Is just a theory.”

“Rose has never mentioned anything about dating women.”

“You didn’t tell her you were fucking a man before you dated her.”

“Point taken,” Shane said with a sigh. “But nobody knew that.”

“Except me,” Ilya said proudly.

Shane patted his arm. “Yes, sweetheart. Except you.”

“They have their reasons for not saying anything. Like we did. We just have to wait until they’re ready to tell us.”

“You’re right.”

“I know I am.”

“How long do we give them until we send out a search party?”

“If they’re not back in five minutes I’ll take Anya out and we’ll find them.”

Outside, Anya did not take her usual path to the left and down the steps to her favorite patch of grass. Instead she kept her nose down, sniffing and leading Ilya to the right.

The two women were not by the house or on the dock or down by the lake. For a moment Ilya was worried that they really had gotten lost.

And then he saw it. Saw them.

Rose and Svetlana. Together. Kissing.

Rose had her eyes closed and head thrown back against a tree as Svetlana nuzzled her neck.

He may have heard a gasp as he turned to go back to the house but told himself it was some nocturnal creature going about their business. An owl, perhaps. Or maybe a Sasquatch. He would kill for a good Sasquatch right now.

“He definitely saw us,” Rose said, watching Ilya’s rapidly retreating frame.

Svetlana was unbothered. Her gaze bouncing around Rose’s face, unwilling or unable to settle on a single spot.

“You are so beautiful,” she said.

“I bet you say that to all the girls.”

“Only you.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Tell you what?”

“That you were going to be here. When did you know?”

“About an hour after you told me you were coming.”

“Wait, sorry, back up—you flew all the way from Boston—?”

“And drove two hours from the airport—”

“All because I was having dinner here? What is wrong with you?”

“I wanted to see you.”

“You could have FaceTimed me.”

“I wanted to touch you.”

Rose made a sound that could only be described as a purr.

“That’s very sweet,” she said, kissing Svetlana’s cheek then jaw then neck. “You smell so good.”

She pulled back suddenly. “This is still a crazy thing to do, by the way.”

Svetlana shrugged. “What can I say? Love makes people do crazy things.”

“Love?”

“Yes.”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

“You,” Rose pointed to Svetlana, “love,” she pointed at herself, “me?”

“We’ve been seeing each other for almost a year. I’ve felt it for so long I thought it was time I finally said it. Is that ok?”

“Y-yes, yeah, that’s...it’s very ok.”

“Are you going to say it back?”

“I haven’t yet!?”

Svetlana laughed. “No, you haven’t.”

“Oh my god! Why didn’t you tell me to shut up!! I love you! Of course I love you!”

They kissed for a little while longer before Svetlana pulled away and asked, “Should we go back and explain ourselves?”

“Not yet,” Rose said, looping her arms around her shoulders and pressing their foreheads together. “Let’s stay out here and be crazy for a little while longer.”

Back at the house Ilya sat drinking vodka and drafting letters of sincere apology to anyone who had ever walked in on him and Shane.

Except Pike.

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