

The Ghosts of Ilya Rozanov's Fake Accounts

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The Ghosts of Ilya Rozanov's Fake Accounts

by [Hollanov_Addict](#)

Summary

Yesterday while scrolling Twitter, I found a post from @R0ZAN0V saying: “one time when ilya pisses shane off, he gives an interview while wearing the glasses, knowing that ilya is watching him on the tv from home.” I saw that tweet, got to work, and started writing this fic.

OR

ilya thousands of miles away from home, pisses Shane off over something silly. Shane retaliates by wearing those special glasses for his interview that night, knowing Ilya's watching him where he is, going absolutely feral.

So liya did what any rational, sleep-deprived, jealousy-fueled man would do, seeing his fiancé thirsted over across social media. He made fake accounts.

Notes

Day 18 of trying to exorcize Hollanov out of my system by writing fics about them. If I stop, I'll never be free from them and the hold they have on me. Until I am free, please bear with me because you will continue to see more fics about them from my end.

Ilya had just returned to his hotel room after a long day at the hospital. He had flown to Russia five days earlier when Alexei called him. Even though he had ignored all thirty of his brother's calls at first, nothing could describe the absolute dread that hit him when he read Alexei's message.

"She got into an accident yesterday, Ilya."

Ilya read the message over and over in shock until Shane nudged him and asked what was wrong. Ilya showed Shane the message on his phone, remaining speechless in shock.

It wasn't as if Ilya saw his niece often or was particularly close to her. But he felt love for her all the same. She was a child who didn't deserve to be caught in the middle of the rift between him and his brother after all.

Shane talked him into going to Russia to see her. He urged him to let his differences with his brother slide, just this once, to visit his niece. Ilya agreed and hopped on a plane the next day.

When he arrived, he called Alexei to ask which hospital she was in and rushed over. He was relieved to learn her injuries weren't serious. The doctors said that after the initial shock, she was responding well to treatment, and might be discharged to go home in a week if her condition improved.

Ilya heaved a sigh of relief at that. He requested to go in and see her, but the doctors told him to come back the next day. She still wasn't receiving visitors yet. So Ilya returned to his hotel, exhausted and jet-lagged, and managed to fall asleep after texting Shane the hospital updates.

The next day he went in to see her, and that was how he had been spending the last five days. Leaving for the hospital first thing in the morning and returning late at night.

Shane called late that night, his voice aching and full of worry, clearly trying to make the distance feel smaller. Ilya had been sitting on the edge of the hotel bed, shirt unbuttoned, eyes

bloodshot, staring at a wall.

Shane had started slow. "Miss you," he'd said "House is too quiet. Bed's too big." Then he'd dropped his voice even lower. "You know what I'm doing right now?"

Ilya had known exactly where it was going.

Normally he'd have been right there with him. Hell he'd have started it himself. But that night, all he could hear were the hospital monitors beeping in his head, her little raspy breathing, Alexei's quiet crying in the hallway.

"Shane, not tonight."

"Come on," Shane had pushed. "Just talk to me. Tell me what you'd do if you were here."

And something in Ilya had snapped.

"Jesus Christ, is that what you're thinking about? I am so fucking stressed Shane. I haven't slept in days. I don't want to talk about your dick right now."

Silence. Then Shane spoke.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know it was weighing you down so much. I shouldn't have said that. God, that was stupid of me."

But Ilya was already pissed.

"Well, I can't deal with this right now Shane. I've got a child in the hospital to worry about. Goodnight. I'll call you tomorrow."

Click.

Ilya hung up on him, not giving him a chance to say another word after that. He woke up that morning with Shane in mind, how he fucked up and hung up on him when he shouldn't have.

He tried calling him, no answer.

Sent 2 texts, all left unanswered.

Later when he came back from the hospital, tired and so fucking exhausted, he remembered Shane had an interview on TV earlier that day. He checked his phone, and still no messages from him and no phone calls.

Well if he wouldn't talk to him, at least he could watch his interview. So he flipped on the TV, switched to the TV station of Shane's interview to watch but was met with the most shockingly beautiful sight he'd ever seen. Shane.

His fiancé on national television, looking as breathtaking as ever.

Shane looked good. Too good in fact. Looking all sleek in a black suit that looked like it was tailored just for him.

But wait.... were those his glasses?

HIS GLASSES?

The reading glasses Shane only wore for him?

The ones Ilya had first seen over ten years ago in Moscow right after losing his father?

Shane had shyly said they were reading glasses and he only used them to read before bed.

They had phone sex that night, with Ilya insisting he keep the glasses on the whole time.

Ever since then, the glasses had been their thing. Shane wore them around the house sometimes reading, doing crossword puzzles, watching a movie, just to watch Ilya lose his mind.

They were private. Sacred. A secret weapon Shane pulled out when he wanted Ilya on his knees against a wall or any available surface. And now, Shane was wearing them on national television.

On fucking national television!!

Anger.

Anger blazing and hot, washed over him. And a slight tinge of jealousy too. But he wouldn't admit that. He would never admit that. He was Ilya fucking Rozanov. He never got jealous!!! His fiancé was his!!

And he would rather be caught dead, than feeling jealous over his fiancé being screen-fucked by millions of people across the world!!

This was ridiculous!! Abso-fucking-lutely ridiculous!!

How dare he wear those glasses on national fucking television? Knowing he looked so good and so fuckable in them?

Fuck him!!

His grip tightened on the remote. Shane pushed the frames up his nose with one finger, smirking at something the interviewer said, and Ilya felt jealousy explode in his chest like a bomb. Worse than before.

“You absolute bastard,” he muttered in Russian. “You did this on purpose!!”

Because Shane knew. He knew exactly what those glasses did to him. And after their little spat, this was payback. He wanted to get back at Ilya. Petty, beautiful, infuriating payback.

Fuck that freckled Canadian fiancé of his!!

Fuck him!!

Fuck the interviewer too!!

Fuck the producers of the show as well!!

Fuck the entire tv station!!

Fuck every damn fucking person watching this!!

Why the fuck did he have to wear the glasses to that fucking interview? Fuck him!!

The clip went viral within hours. Of course it did. Ilya felt like he was losing his mind that very minute. The minute he made the mistake of opening Twitter and it was everywhere!!

#ShaneInGlasses trended in Canada. Then North America. Then globally.

Reels of the interview set to thirst trap music.

Slow-motion zooms on Shane adjusting the frames.

Captions that made Ilya see red.

How dare these people drool over his man like that?

How dare they lust after him?

He knew Shane was gorgeous, but only Ilya was allowed to lust after him like that!! They had no right to eye fuck his fiancé that way!! Only he was allowed to look at Shane that fucking way!!

Fuck them!!

All of them!!

Now the whole fucking world knew how good and beautiful his man looked in glasses!!

This was a nightmare!!

@HockeyThirstQueen: "shane hollander in glasses just ended my life. i would let him ruin me in 4K with those on."

@NHLWifey: "he can read me bedtime stories While wearing those and then fuck me into next season idc idc"

@GlassesKinkActivated: "shane hollander singlehandedly made reading glasses the hottest thing in sports. i'm on my knees already."

@BiHockeyFan: "not to be dramatic but shane in glasses just awakened something in me. i swear I'm straight. But if mr hollander wanted to bend me over, I would arch for him in 2sec"

Ilya saw red again.

Actual red this time.

His pulse pounded in his ears. He paced the hotel room like a caged animal, swearing in Russian until he ran out of words.

Those glasses were his!! That look was his!!

The way Shane's eyes looked sharper behind the lenses, the way his mouth curved when he knew exactly what he was doing.

That belonged to Ilya and Ilya alone!!

He couldn't reply to these comments. Telling them to leave his man alone, telling them to go fuck themselves, that Shane Hollander was his. Telling them that gorgeous man they were losing sleep over was his fucking fiancé.

Obviously.

Their relationship was still mostly hidden, with only a handful of people knowing.

So Ilya did what any rational, sleep-deprived, jealousy fueled man would do, when they saw their fiancé across social media being thirsted after.

He made fake accounts!!

Heck yeah he did.

He would be damned not to!!

Two of them for good measure in fact!!

@PuckSlayer on Twitter.

@RealHockeyTakes87 on Instagram.

No profile pic, no bio, just pure chaos and a dream. A dream to wreak havoc everywhere!!

He started small. Under a reel with 2 million views:

@ShaneLover4Ever: "Shane in glasses is daddy material. i'd let him do whatever he wants to me fr"

@PuckBunnySlayer replied: "daddy? he's 30. you harlot. and those glasses are prescription"

Next:

@ThirstyAF22: "heard shane's single. line starts here ladies. those glasses make me wanna do bad things"

@RealHockeyTakes87: "how do you know he's single tisha? maybe he has someone that he doesn't want to announce to the world."

But these weren't enough. Nowhere near enough to soothe the ugly bile of jealousy roaring in his veins at the people lusting after his husband. Oh well, soon-to-be husband anyways.

But it didn't fucking matter!! They were almost married anyway, and lived together now as a couple too!!

Oh but Ilya wasn't done. He was far from being done!!

He got bolder.

@FanGirIDreams: "shane can rail me with those glasses on and i'd thank him"

@PuckBunnySlayer: "he plays defense karen. gross. don't you have something better to do than ogle over a man who doesn't want you?"

He went harder.

Under every single comment section his thumb allowed, he replied. Told them off, told them to go fuck themselves, told them to go eat grass, told them if they focused on their lives half as hard as they were focusing on Shane tonight, they would have been doing better things

with their lives, than coming on social media to thirst after a man who clearly doesn't want them.

Oh and was he brutal with it too.

Tearing each and every single user apart.

Checking Google Translate for better, well- constructed insults to finish the job.

He was starting to feel proud of himself, almost. Starting to get a hang of it too. Feeling more and more comfortable, tearing and slamming every single commenter apart until.... until the replies started rolling in.

And roll in they did.

@ConfusedFan: "who is @PuckBunnySlayer and why are they under every shane glasses post telling us to chill"

@DetectiveNHL: "this account is pressed pressed. jealous ex vibes?"

Ilya grinned. Almost maniacally even, as he typed.

@PuckBunnySlayer: "not jealous. just tired of y'all acting like you have never seen a man in glasses before. he's fine but he wouldn't want you, grandma."

He refreshed.

More!!

Oh he wanted more!!

He felt like he just fell into the sweetest abyss, one he prayed would never end. He wanted to keep falling, keep snarling at every lustful bastard who dared eye his man!! And he wasn't ready to stop. Not even close!!

@ShaneWifeClub: "shane hollander in glasses could get it any day any time any position"

@RealHockeyTakes87: "he's canadian. he probably apologizes mid-thrust. pass!!"

Oh-oh!!! People were starting to screenshot his replies now.

Damn it!!

This wasn't good!!

FUCK!!

This wasn't the plan!!

A thread went viral: "Mystery account is ROASTING everyone thirsting over shane hollander's glasses and i'm here for it"

Comments poured in. Yep, he realized, this was getting way out of hand now.

Damn you Hollander!!

Damn you and your beautiful freckles!!

The ones that made him insane enough to create fake accounts replying users ,all alone in his hotel room by this time of the god damn fucking night!!

“she's definitely an obsessed fan who thinks she has a chance lol”

“stalker energy”

“bitter betty wants shane all to herself”

“girl let us thirst in peace”

Ilya laughed out loud in the empty hotel room, loud, uncontrollably, but his laughter died fast. Because they weren't entirely wrong.

He did want Shane all to himself. He always had. And seeing thousands of people drool over him, made him go mad!!

It hurt in a way he couldn't explain!!

One comment stopped him cold.

@NHLTeaSpill: "wait but fr who is this account? they know too much. 'he apologizes mid-thrust'? Hmmmm”

Ilya stared at his screen in horror.

SHIT!!!

He'd gone too far!!!

He had to move fast!! Damage control. There was no other option.

So he deleted a few replies, but the screenshots.

Fuck!!! They were everywhere!! They flooded every thread, every post, every comment, every reaction video, every damn thing!!

Fuck this wasn't how this was supposed to go!! He was supposed to be having a harmless and fun night, using his fake accounts to scare people off his man!! Not this!!

People were going wild everywhere. Sharing the screenshots of his replies.

#ShaneGlassesHater started trending alongside #ShaneInGlasses.

Memes popped up side by side photos of Shane looking hot and then some random bitter cartoon character labeled

“@PuckBunnySlayer!”

He shut the phone off and buried his face in his hands.

God he missed Shane. He missed him so much, his chest hurt!! What had he done? What if they catch him? Trace his IP address or some stupid shit? What if? What if? What damn if?

Oh God, one thing was for certain and that was Shane was going to kill him for this when he found out. A strong wave of dread washed over him at the sudden realization.

Tomorrow he'd handle Shane and the rage that would follow the truth about his recklessness online tonight. Tonight however, he simply sank into bed, a sly little smile curling his lips as he pictured it. The chaos, the havoc he'd wreaked across every platform, social media reeling in bewildered pandemonium, all orchestrated by him and the ghosts of his fake accounts.

Tomorrow..... tomorrow he would continue the chaos..... or not.

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