

blind eyes red

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Summary

When one has a boyfriend as attractive as Shane Hollander, it is hard to keep everyone from looking at him.

Luckily for Ilya, he's mastered the art of pissing people off, especially his boyfriend. And he's just as sure Shane Hollander actually likes it.

Notes

jealous ilya rozanov i love you

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

Ilya is pretty sure Shane doesn't know he's attractive.

Sure, Shane probably knows he has the looks and he pulls a lot of people, both men and women, but Ilya knows he doesn't know the *extent* of that attractiveness.

The way he moves, the way he skates, how fast he is on ice, how agile, how *flexible*, his face, his voice, and his personality, more so. All these different facets are *very* attractive not only to Ilya, but to every individual that has eyes.

Ilya could feel a smile breaking out of his mouth as he studied Shane's sleeping face.

It was fascinating to him how Shane simply goes about living his day to day life with the kind of face and body he has without bragging about it to anyone. Like he just exists, blissfully unaware of the fact that he ensnares everyone around him, and he's fucking hot because of it. Perhaps Shane knows it and he doesn't care, which makes Shane more attractive to Ilya.

Maybe it is *genetics*, as English speakers would like to call it, but Ilya knows it is more than that. It's just something so innate to Shane Hollander, that it blows Ilya's mind sometimes when his gaze meets Shane's and he just looks like he wants to be devoured.

Ilya wants to devour him whole. Every inch of him, every single time.

"You're so beautiful," Ilya murmurs to a sleeping Shane Hollander, raising his thumb to caress the other's freckles. "So beautiful."

The fact that Ilya gets to look at Shane and his freckles in that close proximity makes him feel weak. Ilya still can't believe he has this. That he has Shane Hollander and that the other actually *loves* him like he does.

When Shane stirred, speaking unintelligible words and wiping his non-existent drool, Ilya retracted his hand, but didn't look away. So when Shane's eyelids fluttered open, rich brown eyes softened by sleep looking into his own, Ilya's smile grew even wider.

"Have you just been watching me sleep?"

"Maybe," Ilya shrugged half-heartedly, pulling Shane closer, with the other just letting himself be pulled in. "Do you not want me to do that?"

Ilya's heart squeezed at Shane being always so pliant whenever he touched him. He felt an unexplainable triumph because he gets to hold him like this and the other just lets him do what he wants freely.

"No, you can," Shane broke their eye contact to snuggle deeper into Ilya, head tucked under his chin. "Just wake me up when I need to go. I'm still sleepy."

"What if I do not want to wake you? Stay with me."

Ilya heard the other huff out a laugh at that before shaking his head.

“Let me just remind you, Ilya Rozanov, that we have a match in the afternoon.”

“Well maybe I am doing this so I can steal the win from you.”

“Cheat.”

“You still love me.”

“Maybe.”

“If I give you blow job will that be a yes?”

That finally got a full laugh out of Shane, with his head back and his white teeth showing, and he's so fucking beautiful when he is happy. Ilya always wants to make him happy. To see his freckles bunch up his cheeks and his eyes crinkling in joy.

“If you're good at it.”

In one swift movement, Ilya pinned Shane's wrists above him, their expressions rapidly growing heavy and lust-filled.

“That is a challenge.”

“Is it?”

“You are making fun of my skills, Shane Hollander. *You* should suck my dick for that.”

“I don't think so,” Shane smiled playfully, and Ilya's conflicted if he wanted to kiss him, suck his dick, or make him beg for it. “You're the one who has to prove something, Ilya.”

Ilya opened his mouth to retort when Shane's phone dinged.

“Don't answer it,” Ilya pleaded, a little whine escaping his mouth because Shane's attention wouldn't be on him anymore. “Just focus on me.”

“What if it's important?”

Ilya groaned before letting go of Shane's wrists. He didn't pout as he laid back down beside Shane nor did he sulk when the other grabbed his phone to check who it was from.

“It's Hayden.”

Oh, he's going to make sure Hayden's time on the ice wouldn't be sunshines and rainbows tomorrow. He'll make sure to humiliate the other in front of thousands watching them, just for his interference tonight.

Who cares if Ilya's petty? It's just a rightful payback for Hayden stealing Shane's attention from him.

"I hate Hayden," Ilya grumbled, still definitely *not* sulking. Because no, Ilya never sulks, thank you very much. "He can bother someone else who does not have a boyfriend."

"Be nice," Shane quipped without any bite, reaching to caress Ilya's cheek before continuing to type back a response. "Hayden's a nice guy. I'm sure you'll like him if you give it a try."

"Sure, if I want someone who sucks at hockey and makes a lot of children."

Shane lightly hit him for the jab at his friend, and he would've let it pass, but he was pissed at Hayden because he gets to be with Shane all the time, so he grabs Shane's phone, ignoring the protest from the other, before tossing it to the side.

"What the, I was in the middle of—"

Ilya then cupped Shane's face before kissing him hungrily, their mouths colliding and tongues tasting one another.

It was wild and good and wonderful. Ilya's hand slipped into Shane's hair before tugging lightly, making the other moan into his mouth as their kisses grew hungrier.

They stayed like that, lips locked and moaning, until Ilya broke it off to kiss the side of Shane's lips down to the sensitive spot on his neck.

"You are very jealous," Shane noted once he pulled away, grinning and breathless as he did so. "It's only Hayden."

"And Hayden is a dick who gets to be with you all the time."

At that, Shane's face grew serious as he brought Ilya up and took his face in his hands.

Ilya melted into the other's hands as he studied Shane's face. The beautiful freckles, the determined set in his eyes, and the beautiful spit-slicked red lips of Shane Hollander made his heart ache so much, he sometimes doesn't know what to do with himself.

"While that might be true because we're teammates, my heart is yours, Ilya. It has only ever been yours to hold, even when we're apart."

Ilya felt his heart crushing him from the inside as it swelled in love and adoration for the other before he sealed their lips in a gentle promise wrapped in a kiss.

It was at their match where Ilya is again struck by the fact that Shane Hollander is beautiful. And not just in a subjectively beautiful kind of way, because Shane knows how to charm a crowd with his crooked smile and rich brown eyes.

Anyone with a pair of eyes would be attracted to Shane Hollander. Objectively. That much is true.

So when their eyes met from their respective benches, Ilya mouthed '*pretty boy*' to him while the other rolled his eyes and flipped him off.

To the others, Ilya's pet name may have sounded like an insult. They're used to him always using terms of endearment as a form of offensive language, so when he did the same to Shane, no one batted an eye.

When the game is at its starting line, Ilya has on a winning grin as he faces off with Shane.

"Are you excited to lose, Shane Hollander?"

"Dream on, Ilya Rozanov."

Shane gave him his own wicked grin that pierced through Ilya's heart. Fuck, he's turning to a mushy sap the longer he stays in love with Shane. But when he watches the other in his element and having fun, he thinks he doesn't mind it. As long as it's Shane.

The whistle signaled the start of the game and the puck had been dropped, so in a swift swing of his stick, Ilya managed to take the puck from out under Shane's nose. Then they were skating side by side.

It was exhilarating playing with Shane like they are doing now. The other was agile and swift, matching Ilya's tempo. The funny thing about the whole rivalry between the two of them is they're the only ones who can challenge the other. Perhaps that's the reason why everyone's always looking forward to seeing them play against each other. They know Shane and Ilya wouldn't let the other take an easy win.

But Ilya thinks the others would never truly understand the sheer thrill and enjoyment of playing *against* each other. He was sure Shane feels the way Ilya feels every time they faced off in the ice.

It has always been that way for them.

Ilya could feel the excitement coursing through him as he evaded and passed. And while Shane pivoted to try and steal the puck, Ilya shoved the other on the barrier to stop his momentum.

"Asshole!"

Ilya couldn't stop the smirk overtaking him when he looked at Shane's flushed cheeks and the heat in his eyes from both anger and barely concealed lust.

"You are just angry, because you are weak."

"Oh, fuck off, Rozanov."

"Make me."

Shane flipped him off again, shaking his head as he skated off.

Ilya gave him one last look before focusing on the game. It seemed like his team got a bit too careless seeing as the Metros had the puck in their possession, specifically Hayden.

With a triumphant grin, he headed right for the other in a maddeningly fast pace, he could practically see the panic in the other's face as he quickly passed it in a general direction. Unfortunately for Hayden and fortunately for Ilya, it did not stop him from banging the other on the barrier behind him, making Hayden grunt from the force of the offense.

“You are such a fucking asshole, Rozanov.”

“Oh please, Hayden,” Ilya smoothly skated a few feet away from the other, smirk still in place when Hayden's stick hit nothing but air. “Think of better insult. You are boring me with your very boring insults.”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya was supposed to retort when a commotion behind him captured his attention instead.

“The puck, Shane, I think it went inside your shirt.”

Upon hearing that, Ilya turned and saw Shane shaking his whole body, every player in sight unmoving because the puck had been lost.

“It's not coming out.”

Shane tried wriggling and shaking himself again, to no avail.

That was when a few of his teammates, including Hayden, came to the other to help him.

“Maybe you should undress?”

Ilya's jaw ticked when he heard the suggestion come out of one of Shane's teammate, holding his tongue from saying something crass.

He tried his best to hold his tongue. Ilya really did. But then Hayden came near Shane with someone else he forgot the name of, helping him out of his *uniform*.

Fuck. Ilya wanted to break his hockey stick in half. Maybe Hayden's nose with it in the process.

Instead, he drawled out,

“Oh, poor Shane Hollander cannot undress by himself? Need someone else to do it for you?”

Shane, hearing the goading, glared at him before shaking the others away from him and they immediately backed away.

“I can do it by myself, Rozanov. My team just aren't being dicks about it and wanted to help.”

And Shane, while maintaining eye contact, angrily pulled his jersey over his head and *fuck*.

That was so hot.

Ilya's sure everyone thought so too upon hearing the deafening screams from the stands.

Shane Hollander's charisma on ice is unmatched, it seems like.

To everyone, Shane's and Ilya's maintained eye contact was nothing more than a challenge to the insult.

Like it was Shane saying, *see? I can fucking take care of myself*.

And it was. But Ilya also knew the glint in the other's eyes. It was fleeting, but it was there, and Ilya understood immediately.

A swell of pride burst out of Ilya's chest, knowing that he's the only one in the whole entire room who has seen the different beautiful sides of Shane Hollander. He's seen him vulnerable and naked and asleep and with unadulterated love in his eyes for Ilya and it feels exhilarating to have that still hold true.

“It's still nowhere to be found, Shane. Maybe remove your shoulder pads?”

Oh, Shane's teammate was definitely pushing it. When the game resumes, he'll hunt him down next.

“Yeah, no, it's inside. I feel it now.”

Ilya watched with feigned impatience, Shane unfastening his gear halfway and grabbing the puck from inside.

Another roar of cheers and applause washed over them upon seeing the puck, the one half cheering Shane's name and the other half screaming it at the top of their lungs, Ilya had to roll his eyes.

These Shane Hollander fanatics.

“Took you long enough, Hollander.”

“Can't you shut your fucking mouth up for once, Rozanov?”

Ilya cocked an eyebrow to Hayden when the teammate who can't seem to shut his own mouth up spoke.

“Yeah, shut the fuck up, Rozanov.”

Pointing at the teammate who joined in without breaking eye contact with Hayden as if the other wasn't even worth to look at, he threatened casually,

“You're next.”

That effectively shut the other up, seeing as there were no follow up threats, and Ilya felt good.

He felt more than good, he felt great. Ilya's grin widened, showing his teeth.

Then,

“Rozanov, stop being a dick to my teammates and let this match resume.”

Ilya's gaze found Shane, who looked so serious, he wanted to kiss the other badly. But instead he backed down before raising his hands in mock apology.

“Ok. If team captain of Montreal Metros says so, I will.”

He gave him another smirk before gesturing to let the game resume.

And resume it did.

The match was easily one for the books as he kept shoving the Metros teammate on the barrier and played on the offense so much it had everyone angry and booing him. Everyone watched Shane strip his jersey off which he knows will be the talk of the whole hockey world and could even break out of containment if talked about enough, so he's allowed some grace to piss everyone else off before that happens.

And though they lost— three-to-four, with Montreal leading— Ilya didn't feel as defeated. Why would he, when after the game, Shane Hollander comes home to him, makes love with him, kisses him, and loves him?

He had his fun on the ice, and now he will have fun out of the ice with the love of his life.

Ilya may be a very jealous man, but he is also the luckiest man, and to that, he was fucking happy.

End Notes

part of writing this fic is because of that one tiktok where the puck disappears inside the player's clothes and it made me think of hollanov LMAOOO

anyway, i hope this was a fun read i really love writing for hollanov, they give me so many thoughts (i'm still currently writing something for them again) they aren't giving me any breaks and i love that for me because i am mentally ill and need something to do with myself. but yeah! apologies for the grammatical inconsistencies i wasn't able to catch while proofreading! again, thanks for reading!

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