

Seeing Red

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Seeing Red

by [The_Forgotten_Nobody](#)

Summary

“You're Shane Hollander. His boyfriend. You're the reason he bailed on his team. Became a fucking pansy who-”

Shane's fist, which he hadn't even realised he'd pulled back in preparation to strike, is captured in a firm grasp and gently lowered. He smells the familiar scent of Ilya's cologne and then feels Ilya's chin rest against his shoulder.

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Most people think that of the two of them, Ilya is the violent one.
They would be wrong.
(They both are)

Notes

Honestly guys, I was incredibly blown away to the response to my fic yesterday. So much so, it fuelled the creative bunnies.

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

Shane isn't sure he's ever going to get used to being publicly out. It's been two months now, and he still catches himself looking over his shoulder for the pap or a fan. He still flinches when Ilya holds out his hand, or when they walk a little too close to each other. Ten years is a long time to form habits, and it feels like Shane's never going to be able to break them.

Still, he forces himself to try. For example, every weekend, they make it their mission to go somewhere out in public together. To resist the urge to hide away from a world that continues to run news articles about them. Some keep focused on the sports side of things and comment on how their relationship could impact games. Others are by trashy news outlets that ask invasive questions, such as 'Who's the top player in this match?' and 'How must their ex-girlfriends feel?'

If asked, they'd say how happy they are for them.

But of course, they don't bother doing that.

It's a cold January morning, but instead of seeking refuge inside a coffee shop, they've decided to embrace the chill and spend the morning in a park. They even brought some bird feed for the ducks, which Ilya is currently happily throwing out to them. For so long, they've spent their lives fuelled with adrenaline for a game, or fear of being caught, that it's nice to spend peaceful moments like this together. Where they can breathe easy and just enjoy each other's company.

Of course, nice things never last that long.

Shane has just finished a call with his mom (a significant distance away because Ilya was concerned his 'loud Canadian voice' would scare the ducks) when he hears it.

"Isn't that Ilya Rozanov? The gay hockey player? Jesus, look at him there, feeding ducks. What a faggot."

Most of the time, Shane prides himself on his reaction time. More than once, he's barely noticed he's been passed the puck before it's already in the goal.

But occasionally, it can get him into trouble.

The instant Shane hears those words, he sees red. One moment, he's just looking at a pair of men, one wearing a dark smirk and fingers wandering to his pocket. The next, he has the guy shoved up against the wall, hands fisted in his jacket. They're so close, Shane can see the puff of warm, surprised air leave the guy's mouth.

"What the fuck!"

"What did you say about him?" Shane asks, voice low and sharp. He tightens his grip, mind focused on one thing - getting this guy to apologise for using that disgusting word to describe the man he loves.

The guy looks at him, and his eyes light up with recognition.

“You’re Shane Hollander. His *boyfriend*. You’re the reason he bailed on his team. Became a fucking pansy who-”

Shane’s fist, which he hadn’t even realised he’d pulled back in preparation to strike, is captured in a firm grasp and gently lowered. He smells the familiar scent of Ilya’s cologne and then feels Ilya’s chin rest against his shoulder.

Ilya’s lips are beside his ear when he murmurs, “As much as it is very sexy seeing you defend my honour, I cannot fuck you if you are in prison. Let the man go, Shane. He is not worth it.”

It’s Shane had been under a spell, and Ilya’s words broke it. He rips himself away from the guy, panic clawing its way up his throat. Logically, he knows that he hasn’t done anything wrong, that Ilya stopped him before he could, but even so, he can’t stop his eyes from darting around them frantically. What if someone had been watching them, recording? What if the news outlets ran this as further proof that there was something wrong with them?

What if Shane has fucked everything up?

The guy seems to sense Shane’s mounting panic. He grins maliciously. “I’m gonna go to the police for assault. Fucking attacking me like that.”

Ilya pulls Shane close to his chest. One hand slowly rises to his heart, which is beating wildly, and rubs little, soothing circles. To the man, he twists his lips into a fake pout and says, “Aw. Poor baby. The only thing assaulted was your pride.”

“I’ll still tell everyone,” the man threatens. “Attacking fans out of nowhere? Your career will be-”

“Shut the fuck up, Dain.”

Honestly, Shane had forgotten the other guy was there. He’s looking at Dain with a revolted expression. “You try that, and I’ll tell everyone what you said. Bet my sister wouldn’t like that, huh? She’s already pissed enough at you.”

Dain gapes. “The fuck, Richie?”

“Bet your boss wouldn’t like it either. You try anything, and I’ll tell everyone. Jesus, I knew you were an asshole, but I didn’t think you were that bad.” Richie turns to them. “I’m really sorry about him.”

Shane is still trembling, too geared up to attempt to say anything, so it’s left to Ilya.

He offers Dain a wide, dark smile. “Your friend should know this. If he does try anything. Tries to accuse my Shane of any untrue things, then I will find him. I have money. A lot of it. Enough to find out where he lives. Where he sleeps. And I will go alone, so there is no one there to hold *me* back.”

Dain swallows, trying to keep composed. “That’s- that’s a threat and-”

“Fucking hell, Dain, give it up! Come on.”

Richie pulls Dain away, who quickly switches to pleading his case. Once they're out of sight, Shane lets out a long, shaky breath.

"I nearly fucked everything up."

Ilya turns Shane around so that he can cup his face, forcing Shane to look at him. "Listen to me. You did not fuck anything up. You are fine. We are fine. And now, that Richie knows what an asshole his friend is. If anything, you did a very good thing."

"But I could have--"

"But you didn't," Ilya interrupts.

"You didn't know what I was going to say," Shane protests weakly.

Ilya strokes the tip of his thumb just below Shane's eye. "I did not need to. Now come, we must go home immediately."

"Immediately? Why--"

"Because if I do not get my dick in you soon, I might spontaneously combust," Ilya says seriously. "What you did was very hot, Shane, and I very much want to prove that to you."

Ilya pulls Shane's face towards him, capturing his lips in a deep, bruising kiss. Shivers run down his spine, and anticipation curls deliciously in his stomach. Ilya moves one hand down and, hidden beneath their coats, grabs Shane's to press it against his crotch. The proof of his words is *very* evident.

"Home it is," Shane breathes.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this! I now want to keep writing about these idiots, so if you have any ideas, throw them my way :)

As always, comments appreciated <3

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