

when you look at me

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when you look at me

by [wynw00d](#)

Summary

That's all Ilya wanted. Shane's attention.

Notes

I have not successfully written anything since 2016 but the collective hollanov psychosis has me in a fucking chokehold so

you're welcome?

It was always fun when they played Montreal.

Always.

He had told Shane that he loved the hot places but that wasn't exclusively true. He did love New York and Florida and those places. But his favorite place to play, other than home, was now Montreal.

It's just - Shane was *right there*, right across the faceoff circle from him, slamming him into boards, not looking at him too much from the bench. He was *right there*. And Ilya couldn't do anything about it! Couldn't smile at him too wide, couldn't congratulate him on good plays, couldn't look for too long. Certainly couldn't touch him the way he wanted to.

Ilya missed him, of course he did. It had been weeks since they had been in the same city, and now here he was. He didn't dwell on it too much when the puck was in play. Thankfully, he wasn't that far gone for this guy. He could still play the game. He had to be able to play this game. He had to stay on the ice. This was the only place he was truly free.

He wasn't kidding himself, this freedom wasn't all encompassing. He knew that. He was still locked in a cage, just different shackles from the ones his family placed on him. Less weighty ones. He could move and breathe here. He knew who he was and what he was doing and he was good at it.

And all of that would go away if anyone knew their secret. He was very aware of that.

But how could they not know? How could anyone look at him around Hollander and not see it? How have they gone this many years with no one cluing in? The joint press conferences, the commercials, the chemistry on the ice. It was everything to Ilya, how had no one else noticed yet?

Ilya had always been good at hiding. He learned early that no one in his family should be trusted. He carried that with him into every situation. This one was no different but it was getting heavy.

Would it really be the end of the world if someone figured it out? (It would. He knew it would.) But how had they gone this long without someone noticing it. It blew his mind because it felt so obvious to him. There goes Ilya Rozanov again! Obsessively circling Shane Hollander *all the fucking time* and no one was saying anything!

Ilya shook his head, trying to derail this endless circle. If he let it grab hold of him it would never end.

He shifted down the bench as the line change went into effect. Shane was now just on the other side of the divider. Ilya let his eyes linger just a bit too long, enjoying how intensely Shane's eyes followed the puck. He was a genius on the ice, completely in his element, ready to win. It was a good look on him. It had only gotten hotter through the years of them knowing each other.

Ilya wondered what he had to do on the ice to get that attention focused on him.

What a ridiculous thought. Ilya was also very good at hockey. He knew Shane was focused on him while they were on the ice. What was he fucking talking about. Shane would lose if he wasn't focused on Ilya and vice versa. They both knew this.

He just needed to get out on the ice. And then Shane would look at him.

Ilya started pondering all the ways he could get Shane's attention. What boundaries he could push, how far he could go before people started to finally fucking notice. He knew that it wouldn't be a good idea, but nothing they had ever done was really a good idea so that wasn't going to stop him. He wanted it desperately. He wanted Shane's attention, his anger, his focus.

He watched as Shane tensed, leaning towards the ice as Montreal made a shot on goal. They locked eyes and Ilya bit back a grin, mouthing '*Sorry.*' with a largely exaggerated pout. Shane scoffed before rolling his eyes back to the ice.

Ilya was essentially vibrating with excitement after that interaction. Just brief eye contact, a brief moment of attention, a small moment to annoy the other guy. Sometimes, Ilya thought he lived for those moments. But no, that was an insane thing to say about a fuck buddy. Fuck, Shane was just so easy to rile up though.

He forced his eyes back to the ice, watching his team skate flawless plays knowing that the stagnant scores were killing Shane. They were tied for goals at the moment but Boston had more shots on goal. That would be frustrating him. Boston kept slipping through his seemingly-immaculate defense. Ilya grinned. He knew how to get through Montreal's defense, he knew how Shane's brain worked on hockey. He could do this in his sleep.

But he was awake now, so he might as well capitalize on his current good fortune.

Shane was already mad. What was a little showing off on the ice? People expected it of Ilya. He was cocky and rude, riling up the other team's captain wouldn't be out of the ordinary to anyone but Shane. Then afterward he could get Shane to look at him hard like that, jaw clenched, eyes flinty, that very cute scrunch between his eyebrows as he tried to decipher what the fuck Ilya was doing.

Ilya didn't really know what he was doing, he just wanted that. He wanted people to be able to tell.

How could they not already tell?

The whistle blew and they were changing lines, Ilya pushing onto the ice, grinning, ready to fuck with Hollander on the ice. Ready to win this. Ready to celebrate with Shane after, make him flash through emotions so quickly that Ilya could hardly keep up. He was ready to make Shane gooey and pliant and he was ready for people to fucking know that he did that on a frequent basis.

He wanted people to be able to tell. This boy was his.

“Rozanov.” Hollander nodded to him, as they skated into position for a face off in Montreal’s corner.

Ilya’s grin grew wider. He loved how well he could read the other. Shane was actively reigning in his frustration over this game, from his stiff shoulders and clenched jaw. It was going well, but not necessarily in Shane’s favor and Ilya knew how much that pissed him off.

Ilya was ready to make it worse.

“Ah, this is going well, no?” Ilya watched Shane’s face closely, weighing his words for the most impact. “For me at least. I am thinking is enough playing around now, hm? Time to start winning.”

Shane’s jaw clenched down on his mouth guard. “In your fucking dreams, Rozanov.”

Ilya blew a very obvious kiss towards Hollander, “You always are.” He delighted in the way Shane’s whole face froze, pink spreading across his cheeks as he glanced at the ref warily. Shane always made it the most obvious that Ilya wasn’t *just* being a dick. Oh, Ilya reveled in it sometimes, the shaky inhales and cautious glances around.

He really wasn’t sure how people didn’t *know* when Shane reacted so prettily to him.

The whistle blew and he snatched the puck, swinging around and slinging it towards Marlow. There was a bit of back and forth before Ilya had the puck again, whipping it past Shane and his goalie, celebrating even before the goal alarm blared through the stadium. There was a collective groan from the Metros crowd.

Ilya grinned as his team piled around him, searching for Shane’s number as he skated away. That one would sting simply because Ilya had announced he was going to do it. Possibilities of more flashed through his mind. He was so easy to rile up, so easy to have fun with on this ice, so easy in bed.

Shane was everything to him and he felt a little mean with it. He felt a little thrill at making it more obvious.

He was ready to face Shane after this game. He was ready for the consequences. Really, he was looking forward to that more than winning this game.

He had to win the game though. That would make this even more frustrating for Shane. And he always arched more prettily, was hungrier for it, when he was working off some frustration.

That’s all Ilya wanted. Shane’s attention.

They won the game as Ilya knew they would. He made sure of it.

His antics had gotten worse through the third period as Shane's ire grew more noticeable. He was almost certain Shane was going to throw his gloves after a particularly biting remark from Ilya after Boston's third goal.

Ilya wasn't even sure what he said but it got the desired effect so either Shane was really worked up or Ilya was a genius. A win-win either way. He had kept it up relentlessly. Every time he shadowed Shane across the ice, he was goading him, making vaguely sexual comments when he slammed him into the boards, drinking up the anger pouring off Shane.

Shane was glaring over at him hard between fist bumps to his teammates as they made their way off the ice. Right before he stepped off the ice to follow them, Ilya called out, "Hollander!"

Shane glanced over, tapping his stick impatiently against the boards. "What, Rozanov?"

"Games very easy when you get worked up so prettily, da?"

Shane spit on the ice. "Fuck you."

Ilya shot a wink his way. "I plan to." Shane paused on the ice, disbelief flickering across his face briefly. That was the most brazen Ilya had ever been so publicly.

Ilya could feel the slight panic settling in his chest. He needed to make sure it didn't show though. Shane made it too obvious that Ilya wasn't kidding. And while that was Ilya's goal with saying it, he didn't actually want to cross the line and accidentally out them. He never intended to actually hurt Shane.

He grinned cockily to sell it, stepping off the ice to go celebrate properly with his team. His grin changed to genuine joy before the locker room. He felt great right now. This night was a great success so far.

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Ilya leaned against the alley wall in the back of Shane's apartment building. He messed around on his phone for a bit as he waited. Shane's texts after the game had been short and irritated (he dropped the punctuation when he was upset) and Ilya was practically vibrating with anticipation.

He couldn't wait to get his hand around his neck and his lips around his dick. He couldn't wait to fuck the frustration out of Shane.

The door to the stairwell swung open, a hand grabbing Ilya's collar and yanking him inside. His back hit the wall hard, Shane's eyes taking up his vision as he crowded Ilya against the wall. Ilya got his hands on Shane's hips, attempting to tug him even further into his space.

His eyes traced the furrow between his eyebrows, lingering on his freckles, before dropping to his mouth. Shane always looked so pretty like this.

“What the actual fuck were you doing out there tonight? What the hell was that?” Shane hissed, barely getting the words out from how hard his jaw was clenching.

Ilya faked an innocent look, widening his eyes a bit, “Do you think anyone noticed?”

Shane reared back a bit, disbelief wiping his face of the anger it was holding before “Wha-” Ilya clutched at his waist to stop him from moving even farther back. His hand automatically moved up to grip Shane’s chin.

“Do you think we would need to fuck center ice for people to actually start noticing?” Ilya clocked the way Shane’s eyes dilated at that. *Interesting*. “You would like that, hm? Were you thinking about it all game?”

Shane scoffed, trying to pull his face away. Ilya kept him in his grip ducking his head to meet his eyes. “Everyone would see how much you’re gagging for it. And in your own city too. What a sight from brand new Captain Shane Hollander.”

“Fucking knock it off.”

Ilya yanked Shane back into his space, pressing a leg up into Shane’s hard on. “Does not seem like what you actually want.” This was Ilya’s favorite part. Proving to Shane that Ilya knew his limits, proving to him that Ilya *knew him*, deserved him, worshipped him.

Sure, he was being an asshole. But what did it matter when Shane liked it this much.

“Are you going to invite me upstairs? Or do you want me to take care of you right here in this stairwell?” Ilya palmed Shane, keeping him close with the grip he had on Shane’s chin. His grip was already doing most of the work of holding Shane’s head up. Eye contact was a thing of the past, unless Ilya felt like forcing it.

This might be Ilya’s favorite version of Shane. He could only describe it as gooey, ready for anything, completely taken up in the orbit of Ilya and his words, his actions. Ilya loved the control. (He took this version of Shane very seriously.)

He pulled Shane up to him, slotting their lips together as he continued to palm him, wondering how long it would take the others' brain to come back online and move them to somewhere private. He was always trying to get away with this stuff in semi-public places.

Sue him for deep down (very very deep down) actually wanting people to know what this guy did to him. What he could do for him. Ilya was drinking up that glazed look, the weak knees, the bonelessness of this beautiful boy in front of him.

He would have to stop this soon. He didn’t actually want to have sex in a stairwell. And he knew that would actually freak Shane out which was not his goal at all. But for now it was fun.

After a particularly deep lick into Shane's mouth and a rough palm through his sweats, Shane seemed to jerk back to the present. His eyes shot up to Ilya's, mouth curling into a smile that he couldn't seem to stop.

"You're a fucking asshole."

Ilya palmed Shane again, giving him a little squeeze. "Mm yeah, but you love it."

Shane rolled his eyes at the declaration, stepping back from Ilya's space. He didn't go too far before he grabbed Ilya's wrist and started pulling him up the stairs.

"Do you have to be so obvious on the ice."

"What are you talking about? I am not obvious one." Ilya leaned into his space, studying the side of his face as they walked up the stairs. "Do you blush every time someone says something to you on the ice? Should I be thinking about fighting people? I am very good at protecting honor."

"I can protect my own honor."

"Sure, when I am not there, maybe." Shane scoffed at that, speeding up a bit to stay a step ahead of Ilya.

"Well *you* are the one disparaging my honor on the ice."

Ilya grinned at his back. "I do not know this word. But is fun when you get frustrated and like-" Ilya waved his hand lazily at Shane, "like this. Makes for a good fuck later."

"What makes you think I am going to let you fuck me after that performance tonight?" They had reached the top of the stairs, stepping into the hallway of the apartment. Shane's shoulders were already losing their tension, amusement sliding into his tone, and Ilya had barely touched him.

Ilya paused right inside the stairwell doorway, blinking in confusion. "I won game. I get to fuck you. Is how it works." A slow grin spread across his face, "Why, you want to switch? I don't know if you would know what to do kid."

Shane scrunched up his face cutely, his nose wrinkling with the motion. Ilya let slip a small smile of satisfaction. He didn't think so. Shane was way too greedy for it.

"You were a bitch tonight though so I feel like I should get something out of that." Shane said over his shoulder, as he punched in the code for his apartment door. Ilya stepped forward, pressing himself firmly along Shane's back, enjoying the gasp that the other let out. His lips touched down behind Shane's ear, a hand curling around his front to his stomach, pressing him back harder into Ilya.

"Is fucking you not enough? Suddenly you do not like my dick, is that it?" He said in a voice that he knew got Shane going.

Shane took a deep breath, shrugging Ilya off him. “Fuck off. You’re impossible.” Ilya did not bother hiding his grin as he walked through the door behind him, crowding him against the wall of the entryway.

Shane made this too easy. Too fun.

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