

rozanov's complete and utter lack of jealousy: a case study

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rozanov's complete and utter lack of jealousy: a case study

by [Strawberriesalt](#)

Summary

Depending on who you ask, Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were going through a rough patch in their marriage, or Rozanov was into cuckolding?

Or

5 times the Centaurs wondered why Rozanov wasn't jealous when someone flirted with Hollander, and the 1 time they found out.

Notes

Finally submitted my dissertation !! Should I be revising for my exams next week? Yes... instead I wrote this.

This TikTok inspired it 🥰

<https://vm.tiktok.com/ZNRVQnMR3/>

To not writing since like 2021 to writing 2 fanfics this year, I feel like a teenager again 😭

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

1. Luca

Luca Haas was not an Ilya Rozanov superfan, no matter how much the Centaurs liked to tease him. Rozanov and Hollander were like the most influential hockey players ever! So, no! Luca, having a Rozanov poster on his wall as a teenager, didn't make him a fanboy. Like every rookie in the past 5 years had a poster of either Rozanov or Hollander, Luca can't imagine they get teased as much as he does. Probably because they aren't on a team with Rozanov, he mused, but that wasn't important.

What was important was the insanely obvious flirting going on at the table right now, and the most shocking, the lack of reaction from Rozanov. Whilst Luca wasn't a Rozanov fanboy, just to reiterate, he had a vision of what this man would be like for years before he shared a team with him. Whilst Rozanov had pretty much blown up every preconceived notion Luca had of him, the one thing Luca thought he was definitely right on was that Rozanov was a very jealous man. I mean, this was the biggest asshole in the league, he was cocky, confident and a total wind-up, and Hollander was well...he was none of that. So yeah, maybe it was stereotypical of Luca, but he assumed Rozanov would be a bit more annoyed that the waiter was straight-up flirting with Shane in front of his face. This was the guy who couldn't keep his hands off Hollander for more than a minute, and yet here he was, sitting at the table, smiling, whilst some guy who Luca guessed didn't know who Hollander was flirted as if his life depended on it.

Why Luca was even having dinner with Rozanov and Hollander was a story within itself. Still, Luca regretted every decision as he sat at the table, experiencing the weirdest thing he thought he'd ever experienced.

"Very responsible, I've always preferred that in my partner," Luca heard the waiter say as he finally listened to the conversation, and the waiter winked at Shane.

Luca blinked slowly in shock. The waiter winked at Shane! He looked around, wishing someone else was here to see this, and Shane just nodded and smiled in that stoic but friendly way he seemed to master. Luca zeroed in on Rozanov's face, waiting for some sort of reaction, when the waiter left to get their drinks, but nothing? Just a cheeky smirk that no, Luca had never blushed at before or now, and the conversation moved on.

Luca stared at his plate in confusion. Did Rozanov not get jealous because he wasn't in love with Hollander anymore? Luca couldn't even stomach the thought; these were the first husbands of hockey, but whatever just happened at the dinner table was strange.

2. Bood

It had taken time for Hollander to get used to the Centaurs, Rozy had warned him, but the Hollander he'd seen on billboards, TV and at the odd game for years hard to place with the Hollander he'd come to know. The league had always joked that he was a robot, created solely to be a hockey god, but the quiet, almost shy guy who stepped into the locker room that first day was so different from what Bood expected. He had realised he needed to take Rozy's warnings far more seriously than he originally expected.

That's how they'd begun these double dates. Sometimes other couples would join, but with the busy schedules, the monthly dates tended to be Bood and his wife, Cassie, and Rozy and Hollander. He noticed Hollander felt more comfortable when there were enough people that he didn't have to constantly hold the conversation, but not too many that it was crazy loud. He liked to think Shane appreciated these double dates more than he showed. Bood knew Rozy did, attempting to flirt with his wife right in front of his face, there was no harm though, it was kind of Rozanov's thing, flirting with all the wags. Bood had come to realise that no reaction made Rozy move on pretty quickly. However, this double date was a strange one that left Bood confused for a long time afterwards.

Shane had excused himself to the bathroom, and whilst Bood nursed his drink, a glass of Sprite, boring but he was driving, Cassie and Rozanov were growing more and more giggly on their second bottle of shared wine. That's why Bood noticed it first. Shane, on his way back, stopped by a woman. This woman was beautiful, he couldn't lie, and Hollander was very handsome, damn, he'd been voted the MHL's most attractive player pretty much every year since he'd been drafted. This lady was flirting hard! Her hand was on his arm whilst she talked animatedly to him, her face beaming with a smile, and Hollander, bless his heart, was nodding but looked uncomfortable as he pulled his arm back, letting the woman's hand drop, but that didn't stop her. She carried on talking, and Bood couldn't tear his gaze away, leading to Cassie and Rozy noticing the interaction. Bood's eye twitched as he noticed the drop in conversation, the silence awkward. He turned to Rozanov, expecting to see something on his face, upset? Anger? Jealousy, at least, but there was nothing. Rozanov smiled and then started talking again, his eyes turning back to Hollander every so often, but he looked sincerely unbothered.

Cassie elbowed him slightly, and they shared a look of confusion, but then Hollander was on his way back to the table, and Bood thought this is it, maybe Rozanov will ask Hollander what all that was about. Hollander was gay, of course, he wasn't fighting back, but it was normal for a partner to want to know what was going on. Bood turned to Cassie, mouthing a silly 'oh no,' as they waited for Rozanov's reaction.

"She's very pretty, huh?" Rozanov smirked, staring at Shane intensely.

"What?" Shane laughed playfully, slapping Rozanov's arm, and that was that.

It was after they'd driven home, Cassie smiling and relaxed, both changed and in their pyjamas, that Bood blurted out everything he'd wondered that night.

"Was that strange or was it just me?"

"Hmm, I guess, but Ilya doesn't need to be jealous, right? Shane isn't into women, and they're so in love they know no one can compete," Cassie replied, her fingers stroking his arm as she stared at him in that way Bood knew and loved very much.

Cassie was right, Bood was overthinking for no reason, Hollander and Rozanov were handsome and famous men, if they got jealous every time they were flirted with, things would have ended before it even started and besides, who even cared about Hollander and Rozanov when he had his wife looking at him like that.

3. The Kingfisher

They had just played a game against the Admirals and won. Troy was feeling good. The Kingfisher became their go-to when they were in New York, sitting at a booth with Harris, Hunter and his husband, Rozy, and Hollander, something he'd never thought possible. If he told Toronto Troy this was his future, he wouldn't believe him and he'd probably get punched in the face, but still! He knew Rozy loved winning in New York purely so he could rub it in Hunter's face all night, he still didn't quite get what those two had going on, but he was pretty sure they actually liked each other, chirping was Rozanov's love language and Troy had only seen Rozanov go soft when he was with Hollander, it was really sweet.

The problem tonight, though, wasn't how incessant the chirping between Rozanov and Hunter was; it was the fact that another guy was flirting with Hollander. This was the fourth time tonight, and they'd only got here 2 hours ago. Troy wasn't blind; Hollander was very attractive, ignoring how often he was put on those 'top ten most handsome celebrities' lists, Troy himself had fancied Hollander before he knew him. Thank God he didn't ask Rozanov for Shane's number that time, Troy smiled.

Troy knew Rozanov hid behind the cocky persona, so he didn't expect him to go crazy or anything when Hollander got flirted with, but this many times in one night, you couldn't expect a saint to stay quiet, so Troy was waiting for the jealousy to hit, he looked around at the table, seeing a similar reaction happening across the table.

"This guy's gonna get punched," Troy heard Hunter whisper to Kip, as they both laughed.

Troy turned to Rozanov. He had to have heard that right? But he didn't react, nodding as Harris continued talking to him about the new dog bed they'd bought for Chiron; those two could talk about Chiron and Anya all day. Troy nudged Harris gently, using his eyes to direct Harris to the situation that was happening at the bar right now. The flirting culprit seemed to be trying to buy Hollander a drink, and Troy watched as he politely refused.

"Oh my god! It's never-ending!" Harris burst out laughing.

Well done for the subtlety, Harris, Troy thought.

"Yes, my husband is very sexy," Rozy laughed as he looked at the bar, then back at the table again. "This bed, did they do pink?"

Harris and Rozanov moved on quickly, but Troy just couldn't; he caught Hunter's eye, thanking the universe that at least someone seemed as confused as he was. Troy kind of expected Rozanov to go over, flash his wedding ring at the guy or kiss Hollander or at least a hug or...well, for Rozanov to do something, anything! But no, Rozanov carried on like his husband wasn't one by one being flirted with by the whole bar. He furrowed his brows, matching Hunter's face. When was Rozanov going to stake his claim? Or did he just not care that every queer man, minus their table, was flirting with Hollander?

"Why do you care so much?" Kip whispered, and Troy kind of felt like it was aimed at him, too. Who cares? He was only making sure his friend's relationship was going well.

Troy got his chance to speak to Hunter when Hollander seemed to have had enough of being flirted with. Was this number 10 now? It could have been more. Troy had lost count when Harris rested his head on his shoulder. The couple left early but later than usual for Hollander, and as soon as they were out the door, Hunter and Troy turned to each other.

"What was that?" Troy said, Hunter nodding in agreement.

"It was strange, but what do you two want Ilya to do? They're both secure in their relationship," Kip replied. He had the chastising voice down perfectly; it was kind of scary.

"Yes, I mean Ilya can't keep his hands off, Shane!" Harris laughed, his words slightly slurred; the drinks were getting to him.

Troy couldn't help but roll his eyes, humoured, as Scott gagged at that. Even when Rozy wasn't here, those two couldn't give it up. Everything Kip and Harris said was true, but still, not to get jealous after your husband was flirted with all night, Rozy has the willpower of a god.

"I've learnt to never be shocked when it comes to those two," Hunter said with a look of fear. Troy didn't want to know why, "He probably likes it, gives him an even bigger ego boost knowing everyone wants his husband," he added.

And he seemed like he was joking, but that made sense, Troy mused. Knowing you had an attractive husband, but at the end of the night, he came home to you, well, Troy couldn't disagree with the appeal of that.

"You two like each other, stop being mean," Kip smirked, knowing any implication of Hunter and Rozy liking each other would hit hard.

"He's said far worse to me!" Scott huffed out a frustrated but loving reply.

4. Baby Centaurs

They were on the road, and with a string of wins under their belt, they were having a very good time. They were rookies; you can't blame them! However, after a few near misses with the bus due to the group being very hungover and some slightly sloppy playing from him and Young yesterday, Coach Wiebe had very firmly suggested they screw their heads on and get to the gym.

Coach was right, of course he was, but wow, Lapointe was desperately wishing he'd chosen any other time to warn them. He, Young, Bergy and Haas were in the weight area of the hotel gym; the joys of winning meant the hotel's on the road had got a lot better, so when they walked in and Hollander was already there on the bike Lapointe didn't instantly try to convince the other rookies to come back later, the gym was big enough for all of them even though Hollander still kind of intimidated him.

At first, it was fine; they took turns spotting each other, Bergy had his speaker playing some rap, and Hollander stayed near the cardio section, but the mood quickly changed when a man walked in. He was clearly a guest at the hotel, and Lapointe thought nothing of it. Yeah, it

was kind of strange that he stepped on the treadmill right next to Hollander when there were others free, only Hollander and the boys in the gym, but who was he to judge? Maybe the guy had a favourite treadmill.

"Are you guys part of a sports team or something?" The guy laughed, and Lapointe couldn't help but let out a chuckle at the clear flinch Hollander let out, not expecting the guy to speak to him.

"Uhm, yeah, we're part of a hockey team," He cleared his throat, and that seemed to catch the other guys' attention as Haasy and Young stopped spotting Bergy and turned to the noise.

"Guys! Someone help!" Bergy yelled, his arms shaking as he held the barbell above his head.

That instantly distracted Lapointe, who turned away from Hollander and the man, grabbed the barbell, with Haas and Young helping him. He didn't notice anything strange for a while, his turn to get a set in, and then spotting for Young as Haasy and Bergy moved on to weighted squats but at some point Hollander had moved to the floor doing his yoga that no matter how many times Lapointe had seen still shocked him, Hollander was like the most flexible person he'd ever seen and the stranger also seemed to think so.

"I've recently been trying to get into yoga. Any chance you could share some beginner tips?" Lapointe rolled his eyes. This guy was so bad at flirting, and Hollander was married to their captain, nonetheless!

"I'm not a certified teacher, I wouldn't want to help you, and then you injure yourself," Shane replied, his voice as serious as ever, and Lapointe noticed a little laugh escape Haas's mouth. Okay, so he wasn't the only one listening in.

"Don't worry about it, we can start basic, I'm Harry by the way."

"I'm Shane."

Lapointe actually felt bad for Hollander; he'd even seen Cap get in trouble when interrupting Hollyz's yoga routine! Everyone knew the yoga routine was sacrilegious and not meant to be interrupted, and now Hollander had to entertain some guy because he was too polite to tell him to fuck off. Maybe Lapointe should tell the guy to fuck off for him? No, that would be weird...right?

"Shane, Shane, Shane, sorry, I don't recognise the name. I really wish I did, though," the guy laughed, and wow, the flirting was just getting worse.

"It's okay, I guess I can show you some starter positions," Lapointe cringed as he watched Hollander reply. This was awful; he needed out like yesterday!

He looked at the other guys and saw a similar expression of disgust on their faces.

'What is going on?' Young silently mouthed to the guys, finishing off his set and sitting up, the others nodding in agreement, Bergy turning the music down slightly so they could hear the conversation better.

It was like a car wreck on fire. Lapointe couldn't look away, but also wanted to run out of the room and cleanse his eyes multiple times. You couldn't flirt with Hollander! It was like... illegal, he was married! The group carried on working out, but their attention was solely on Hollander and Harry. Lapointe thought it couldn't get worse, but just as Hollander was demonstrating some move he'd seen Hollyz do many times, and that none of the centaurs could replicate, no matter how hard they tried, Cap walked in.

"Please don't copy this, I'm just showing because you asked, you can and will injure yourself," Hollander warned.

Lapointe had heard that exact phrase out of his mouth every time the team asked him to show them a move. Hollyz would warn the team and he was always right, last time, half the team pulled a muscle, and Coach was very angry with them, even though Young was adamant he'd seen a small smile on Coach's face. All four of them turned to the door, grimacing as Rozanov strolled in, two bottles of water in his hand, one he recognised as Hollander's bottle.

"Fuck your flexible," Harry said, not noticing the door, his attention solely on Hollander.

"Oh shit," Bergy whispered.

The others nodded, waiting for some reaction from Rozanov, maybe he'd tell the guy to fuck off, maybe they'd fight in the gym? Rozanov placed the water bottle down next to Hollander, nodded at the guy and got on the treadmill like nothing was going on.

"Thank you," Hollander said, smiling at Rozanov through the mirror after he'd finished off the move, returning to sitting crossed-legged, Harry staring in awe, not even paying attention to Cap, "Okay, so I'll show you a simpler move now, which, with practice, can help you improve your flexibility."

Lapointe looked back and forth, waiting for a big prank reveal, for anything to show on Rozanov's face, but nothing. This was like an episode of black mirror, he needed out. The others seemed to share his thoughts, quickly packing up and rushing out into the hallway.

"Don't get too drunk, rooks!" They heard Rozanov call out after them, a loud laugh following.

They stood in the hallway in silence, shock clear on all their faces.

"Again..." Haas mumbled, breaking it.

"What do you mean again?" Lapointe replied, confusion clear on his face.

Haas sighed and told them about the restaurant situation with the waiter, and Lapointe grew increasingly worried. This was more serious than he thought. Why did Cap not seem bothered that Hollyz was being flirted with?

"At first I thought maybe he didn't react because they are adults and he trusts Hollander, but this is the second time now, and he seems like he doesn't care," Haasy finished off.

"You don't think...?" Young mumbled, and he didn't need to finish off for them to understand what he was implying.

"No! They're married, it can't be," Lapointe argued. The thought of Rozy and Hollyz being over was heartbreaking; he'd never seen two people more in love.

"Cap brought him his water just then!"

"Yeah, but he's the captain, maybe they're just keeping it professional," Lapointe hated how much sense Young was making right now.

"They'd tell us if something was going wrong, right? Rozy can't keep a secret to save his life; he tells people everything! And Hollander is very easy to read!" Bergy chimed in.

"They hid their relationship and sexuality for years," Haas deadpanned, and the silence resumed.

Young was right, Hollander and Rozanov were going through a rough patch, and they may be on a break. They had to do something.

5. The locker room

It was an optional training, but with the team so close to the Cup, they knew it wasn't really optional; they all wanted to win and were willing to dedicate as much time as they could to practice. Rozy and Hollander hadn't warned them they'd be a little late to practice because Rose Landy and her friend Miles were getting a little tour of the arena. Rose Landry! Wyatt still couldn't believe Hollyz's best friend was Rose fucking Landry. Wyatt was a nerd, sue him, and he loved X-squad; it was the movie he and Lisa watched on their first date. Now Rose Landry was in Ottawa, of all places, to watch the hopefully last match of the season, where the Centaurs would win their first Cup!

Most of the team changed into their uniform when the four of them walked. Wyatt had a lot more kit because he was a goalie, so he was half-dressed. When Rose Landry stepped into the locker room, whispering something to Hollyz that made him laugh.

"Rose wanted to see lots of handsome half-dressed men, so we brought her here," Rozy yelled, the classic smirk painted on his face.

"Miles wanted to as well!" Rose laughed, pushing Rozanov's shoulder, blushing a little.

Wyatt laughed, seeing the rookies staring at Rose, their faces bright red.

"Erm.. I'm Holmberg, Luke Holmberg. I play for the centaurs." Wyatt couldn't help but feel sorry for him, his face bright red as he stuttered through the introduction.

"You're not James Bond," Young laughed at him, Holmberg turning to him, instantly both tussling with each other.

"Obviously, you play for the centaurs, you're in the uniform," Lapointe added, rubbing salt in the wound. Haas joined in laughing as well.

"Nice to meet you," Rose replied politely, "Thank you for having us, Go centaurs!"

The other, older team members introduced themselves without embarrassing themselves, and then the four of them walked out of the locker room.

It was then that Wyatt noticed Rose had a Rozanov jersey on and Miles had a Hollander jersey on; it made sense that Hollyz's ex would wear a Rozanov jersey to keep the peace. Wyatt was mature; he'd remained friends with some of his exes, as had Lisa, but he could imagine that Rose wearing Hollander's jersey would be a sore spot for Rozy.

"I see why you chose Ilya over me now, hockey players are very sexy," Miles laughed, as the locker room heard the conversation, the door shutting very slowly.

"You had no chance, Miles," Rose laughed, "It was Ilya or nothing."

"Hmm, that's not true, he had you, Rose," Cap replied, chuckling, and Wyatt couldn't help but gasp slightly.

"The sex would have been much better if you got with me," Wyatt heard Miles say, and oh my god, why wouldn't this door shut! What was going on right now?

"Stop it, guys!" He finally heard Hollander's voice; he sounded embarrassed or nervous, maybe? Wyatt thought.

"Why, you did not enjoy last night? Moya Lyubov, I think Miles enjoyed it very much," and Wyatt could tell he was smirking when he said it, but why?

The door finally shut, and the locker room was left in silence, everyone taking in what they heard. Wyatt couldn't understand who would be happy watching their husband get fucked by another guy, unless it was a kink? Maybe that's what Rozanov was into, but even then, if Rose was there, did she join in? Yes, Rozy was bisexual, but Hollander was gay; he couldn't be into Rose like that, no matter how attractive she was. Wyatt always thought of himself as pretty perceptive; he was a goalie! But wow, he never expected Rozy to be into cuckolding; each to their own, but Wyatt always imagined Rozanov to be the jealous type.

"That was strange," Bood said, and Wyatt was taken aback at how enthusiastically Barrett and the rookies agreed.

"I can't believe they're over, they were meant to be together forever!" Haas sighed, and the rookies agreed, all of them looking tearful.

Wyatt stared at them, confused.

"Over? What are you talking about?" Barrett questioned.

The rookies yelled over each other, both trying to explain what happened at this hotel gym. It was hard to understand the story with the four of them interrupting each other, but Wyatt got the gist. Then Haasy shared another time he saw someone flirt with Hollander, and that Rozanov didn't care, which led Barrett and Bood to chime in with their own examples.

It sounded bad all put together, but the first thought that Wyatt had was that the rookies were adorable, even if it did remind him that if this was in the Guardians locker room, the four of them would have been brutally mocked.

Wyatt didn't want to share what he'd just realised about their sexual relationship in front of their whole team. If that's what Captain and Hollander liked, then that was their own private thing, and they definitely thought the door was shut when they joked amongst themselves, but with how sad the rooks looked, Wyatt couldn't help but offer a solution he knew probably wasn't the best idea.

"Why don't you just ask them? I don't think they have any issues in their marriage, but you could ask why Cap doesn't get jealous," Wyatt mused, finally finished putting on his gear, and the rookies looked so happy with his response that Wyatt didn't even question how it might blow up in his face.

The team trailed out onto the rink, but Wyatt caught Bood and Barrett's eye, getting them to hold back the locker room empty but them.

"I didn't want to share this in front of the team, but you heard that right?" Wyatt whispered, scared someone might overhear.

Barrett blushed bright red. Wyatt couldn't blame him, thinking of Cap and Hollyz like that was too much for Wyatt as well. This team had no shame! Bood nodded, his face amused. Wyatt took that as a yes.

"Makes a lot more sense than the rooks idea," Bood added, "Never would have guessed Rozy liked to watch."

Wyatt couldn't help but laugh at the way Bood phrased it, and Barrett joined in, the three of them heading to the rink. Wyatt's suggestion to the rookies is long forgotten.

+1 The truth

It was at Bood's house when it happened, they had won the Cup! After interviews, parades, and photo shoots, the team finally had time to get together for a chill celebration, and Bood loved hosting a BBQ. The night was growing late; the rookies were tipsy, if you were being nice, but honestly more drunk; and the older team members cuddled up with their partners. Hollander and Rozanov settled next to each other in the garden.

"Why don't you love Hollyz anymore?" Young blurts out.

The garden instantly went silent.

"You can't say it like that!" Lapointe yelled.

"How else can I say it?" Young yelled back, and the rookies quickly broke into an argument that sounded less like a group of young adults and instead like a group of toddlers.

"What are you talking about?" Rozanov interrupted them, his arm stroking Hollanders back, and they both looked sad.

You couldn't blame them; it had to hurt to hear someone suggest you didn't love your husband, and to hear someone suggest your husband doesn't love you. Wyatt felt his face grow brighter red, and Rozanov noticed. When Wyatt suggested the rookies ask Rozanov and Hollander, he forgot he'd said that and also assumed they would phrase it about a million times better than they had.

"You are involved," Rozanov says; he doesn't ask, his eyes squinting as he looks at Wyatt.

Wyatt looks around, desperate for someone, Bood or Barrett, anyone, to help him and tries to ignore the questioning look he can feel Lisa giving him. Wyatt loves the rookies, but, wow, they truly have no tact.

"You didn't get jealous..." Haasy whispers, and if the garden wasn't so silent, Wyatt was sure no one would have heard him.

"The waiter and the gym, these guys were flirting with Hollander, and you didn't care...if you loved him, you would," Lapointe added.

Now it's Hollander's turn to look confused, his face scrunching up. Rozanov looks at Hollander, a small bit of realisation appearing on his face as he smiles slightly.

"Not to make it worse, but I thought something similar last time we went on a date, you didn't seem to really...well, care," Bood said looking very guilty, it didn't sound very nice when you put it like that, "but don't worry, we understand now, you and Hollyz have your thing the rookies just don't understand," Bood winked at Rozanov and Hollander, letting him in on the little secret.

"Yeah, remember the last time we were at the Kingfisher, Hollander couldn't catch a break, and you didn't seem to mind much, but after that practice, when Rose came with her friend, a few of us understood, don't worry, cap," Troy said, trying to ease the tension.

Wyatt noticed Harris looking at Barrett, confused, trying to get his attention and understand what was going on. With the huge smirk on Rozanov's face, Wyatt began to think he didn't understand either, and Hollander looked more confused than all of them put together.

"What are you talking about?" Hollander said, and Rozanov started laughing, ignoring the angry glare Hollander gave him.

"We erm...we know you two are into cuckolding..." Wyatt whispered, and Rozanov laughed harder, Hollander blushing furiously.

Maybe it wasn't the right thing to say, but half the group had no idea what was going on, and Wyatt couldn't stand talking in riddles any longer. He began explaining the debacle, how a few of the team noticed his reaction, or lack thereof, to Hollyz being flirted with, and the rookies becoming worried that they were going through a rough patch. Wyatt explained how their last practice made him realise that they might be into some kind of freaky sex stuff when Rose and Miles came to visit, and they overheard the conversation when they left the locker room.

"We weren't trying to listen on purpose, it's just hard not to when you're talking about Miles and Hollyz fucking!" Bood said, Cassie giving him a sharp look.

"What? How did you guys guess that! We really thought they were done!" Young yelled.

And yeah, the rookies weren't the smartest bunch, so Wyatt couldn't blame them, but the fact that they thought Rozanov and Hollander were over when they could never keep their hands off each other is pretty funny.

"How did I miss all this?" Dystraka said, and Chouinard sat next to him, nodding in agreement.

Wow, this team is full of idiots. Wyatt didn't understand how they'd got to the point of sitting in Bood's garden for their celebratory BBQ, talking about Rozanov being a cuck. This team just got weirder and weirder.

"Yes, you are right, I was ashamed, but I see now, I can come out, thank you, I am a cuckold", Rozanov said, that smirk still not gone off his face, and Wyatt was beginning to think that maybe they were completely off base here.

"No, Ilya, what are you talking about? We- we're not into that, and what do you mean by flirting?" Hollander said, looking extremely frustrated.

"They think I don't love you because I like to watch you with other men." Rozanov rolled his eyes, and now Wyatt was sure something else was going on, and it seemed like the others were thinking that too. He saw that Barrett and Harris were whispering to each other, and Cassie and Bood were sharing some sort of look. Wyatt was getting a 'we'll talk about this later' look from Lisa, and with the way this conversation was going, he couldn't even blame her; there'd been some big misunderstanding.

"I'm not with other men? No one has flirted with me! Ilya, what is going on?" Hollander said, and Wyatt agreed, whatever was going on, he needed to know.

"I'll explain this once, yes, Shane is very sexy, hmm?" Rozy smirked again, "Everybody likes to flirt with him..."

"No, they don't!" Shane interrupted his husband.

"I do not react because my husband does not realise, when he 'helps'," Rozanov said, winking at the word 'help', "this guy do yoga, after gym he says to me, he made a friend!" Rozanov laughed, and Wyatt was beginning to understand where this was going, "he is very oblivious, does not realise how people look at him, does not like anyone other than me to touch him, he is very polite and thinks everyone has as good intentions as he does, you understand now?"

The team looked at each other, embarrassment clear on their faces. That made a lot more sense than the cuckolding and the rough patch. None of them had seen Hollander flirt back, and if your husband didn't even notice someone was flirting with him, there was no point in growing jealous. Rozanov was saving himself a lot of lost energy; it was surprisingly mature, not that Wyatt thought Cap was immature, but he could be very black and white when it came

to Hollander. Wyatt couldn't blame him; he was the same with Lisa when she was there, his whole world was just her, and he knew it was the same for Rozanov and Hollander. Wyatt was glad they had put the misunderstanding to bed.

"It isn't any of my business, but that doesn't explain what you said to Miles?" Lisa said, and she was right.

Wyatt was so proud to be her husband, and he was even prouder right now, she was right; Rozanov had conveniently skipped over that, and it seemed everyone else agreed. Whilst Rozanov's explanation made sense for the other happenstances, it didn't make sense with the Miles situation.

"Very good question, Lisa, however, I am bored of questions now, who wants shots?" Rozanov said, giving Hollyz a peck on the cheek and heading to the kitchen.

"Hey! Rozy, you can't leave!" Bood yelled after him.

The rookies also yelling in frustration.

Wyatt was not surprised by Rozy's non-answer; their captain thrived on chaos, and Hollyz was a lot easier to crack. The centaurs realised this as they stopped yelling, their focus turning to Hollander, whose eyes were firmly on the floor.

"I'm going to help Ilya," Shane mumbled, jumping up and following his husband hurriedly.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

If u liked this, heated rivalry has awakened me from my fanfic writing coma so I have another outsider POV fanfic on my page!

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