

The Photoshoot

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The Photoshoot

by [dntat](#)

Summary

The thing was.

The thing was that people knew Shane was married to him. To Ilya fucking Rozanov.

So he could not fucking understand why the photographer kept hitting on his husband.

Or: The Centaurs are involved in a sexy photoshoot.

Notes

One time I posted on the Crave Instagram begging them for Shane thirst traps. 5000+ likes later, they still haven't responded so I decided to Do It Myself.

Therefore, please enjoy this installment of jealous Ilya Rozanov and beautifully oblivious Shane Hollander.

(Also how exciting is the news of UNRIVALED!)

Huge thank you to [shanehollandertwentyfour](#) for the beta read!

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

The thing was.

The thing was Shane was *his* now. Openly. Publicly.

Everyone knew it. Their relationship – *their marriage* – had been blasted across what felt like every news outlet. Every magazine cover. Every piece of media that could have a photo attached to it was suddenly plastered with their faces. It was overwhelming, if Ilya was going to be honest with himself. He was trying to be, at least. Honest and open, although they were still things he was working on. But he could admit that the whole situation was overwhelming and uncomfortable and exciting all at once.

It was overwhelming to be recognized, photographed, screamed at, asked for autographs, videoed, even followed outside the hockey arena. Everywhere they went, really. The grocery store. Walking Anya. Date nights.

It was uncomfortable to be scrutinized. To have every action put under a microscope and then have armchair sleuths and talking heads and pundits describe what that meant for their teams, their gameplay, their marriage, for *them*, even though really they knew nothing at all.

And it was so exciting to be out with Shane. To hold his hand and kiss him whenever he wanted. To love him out loud, however Ilya wanted. Beyond exciting. He didn't know the words to express it, really. Ecstatic, maybe. Or healing.

But beyond that, beyond all of that, the thing *was*.

The thing was that people *knew* Shane was married to *him*. To Ilya fucking Rozanov.

So he could not fucking understand why the photographer kept hitting on his husband.

“Okay, Shane, we’re just going to do a couple individual headshots of you now, if that’s okay?” the photographer asked. Diego, Ilya was pretty sure his name was. He was handsome. Tall, broad shouldered, with dark brown curls and a tapered waist. Ilya hated him.

“Sure,” Shane said easily. “Where do you want me?”

“Oh honey, anywhere is good,” Diego said with a flirtatious smile.

Shane’s eyes flickered around, confused. “Okay,” he said finally. “Just here then?”

Diego’s smile faltered only slightly, and he quickly pointed out the spot where he’d actually be taking Shane’s photo.

Ilya, watching from across the room, couldn’t help but fall a little bit more in love with Shane as he watched the exchange. After all these years there was still a part of Shane that was so trusting. So pure. So oblivious to when someone was fucking hitting on him.

There was a movement at Ilya’s elbow and he turned to see Troy. “Are you seeing this shit?” the other man asked. He was shirtless, as was Ilya. They were all in various states of undress,

really, with random bits of hockey gear on. It felt ridiculous but Harris had refused to hear any ideas or feedback of what was realistic.

“It is about the *aesthetic*,” he said as he pushed one of Bood’s suspenders off his shoulder. “Not what’s practical. You want these calendars to sell, don’t you?”

And that was the reason for all the fuss. For Diego being here. The Centaurs were doing a photoshoot for a sexy calendar, with proceeds from the sales going to the Irina Foundation. Ilya had been touched when a couple members of the team had come to him with the idea. Excited, even. But it was hard to hold on to those feelings when Diego was stepping close to Shane and brushing a lock of his hair away from his forehead.

“Seeing what?” Ilya asked, because he is not going to let Troy know this is bothering him.

“The photographer is like, blatantly hitting on Shane,” Troy said, nodding his head towards the corner of the room. Ilya’s eyes followed in time to see Diego began spraying Shane’s hair and chest with a small mist bottle.

“He really is,” Dykstra chimed in from where he was doing pushups. He’d lost his regular camo snapback for the photoshoot and instead had his shaggy brown hair pushed back from his face. He looked almost good for once, Ilya thought.

“Excuse me boys,” an accented voice called. Gen, the Centaurs official photographer. Ilya usually liked her, but right now he hated her a little bit, too, for hiring Diego to help her out today.

They turned to the petit woman, listening as she gave them instructions on how to position themselves.

“He is doing his job,” Ilya said, after Gen had put them all where she wanted them. He let boredom colour his voice, even as the hot feeling of annoyance built up in his chest. He wanted to throw something. Maybe some of the dumbbells that were littering the room. Preferably straight at Diego’s face.

“I mean come the fuck on, what is that?” Troy asked, and they all turned to watch as Diego placed his hands on Shane’s hips, pushing them into a seductive twist.

“I just know I wouldn’t want someone getting so handsy with my girl,” said Nick Chouinard, who had the wherewithal to at least look embarrassed when Ilya raised an eyebrow at him. “Partner,” he amended.

“Boys,” Gen called again, and their eyes snapped back to her camera.

Several hundred clicks later, Gen gave her camera’s preview screen a satisfied smile. “Okay, just going to swap lenses, give me a moment,” she said.

Ilya grabbed a pair of dumbbells and began curling them. Around him, his teammates were doing similar activities. They all wanted to look as big as possible for the photos.

“We’d probably believe you weren’t pissed if you stopped glaring over there, Roz,” Wyatt said from where he had hopped on an exercise bike.

“Fuck off,” Ilya grumbled, but he couldn’t stop his eyes from flickering across the room again. Shane was giving Diego an easy, polite smile. The same smile he gave to arena staff and excited kids and reporters. It was a beautiful smile. It was also not Shane.

“All I know is that it didn’t take that long to get my photo done,” said Chouinard. “Shane’s been there for like ten minutes now.”

“Right!” said Troy. “Dilly, how long did your individual session take? Two minutes?”

“Maybe,” Tanner Dillon said. “He told me to look tough, whatever the fuck that means. I made a face and a few clicks later it was done.”

“Bood?” Troy continued. “How long for you?”

Zane Boodram made a mock-thoughtful face. “Probably three minutes, tops.”

“Exactly,” Troy said, triumphant. “The dude is like, taking advantage of the situation.”

Ilya said nothing. He watched as Diego laughed now at something Shane said, his head thrown back, and the hot feeling in his chest intensified.

Finally, after what felt like another age, Shane clomped over to them. They were all wearing skates, which Ilya thought was stupid, but Harris didn’t want to risk any socks accidentally getting into the photos.

“How was that?” Ilya asked, his voice carefully flat.

“Not great,” Shane said, scrunching up his nose. “It took me way longer than anyone else. I must have really been fucking it up.”

Oh Shane. So trusting. So pure. Ilya truly did love him.

The rest of the photoshoot went smoothly. The rest of the individual portraits with Diego were done quickly, Ilya noticed. And then it was his turn.

“Rozanov! You’re up,” Diego called.

Ilya crossed the room and took his place on the marked spot under the lights, facing Diego. The photographer was all business. “Alright, let’s see some intensity. Give me your best face-off look.”

Ilya glared into the camera.

“Good, good. Now, maybe a bit of a smirk?”

Ilya thought about breaking Diego’s very expensive camera, and smiled into the lens.

They were about a minute into the session when the photographer suddenly stopped clicking. He lowered his camera, his gaze sliding past Ilya as his eyes grew wide and his mouth went slack. Ilya turned, following his gaze, but already knowing what he would see.

It was Shane. Of course it was Shane. He was on the pullup bar, smoothly raising and lowering himself. He looked gorgeous, all rippling muscles and broad shoulders and graceful movements and flowing hair. Diego wasn't the only one staring. Ilya could see Luca Haas and a few other teammates giving Shane some fairly inconspicuous glances as well.

A fresh bolt of annoyance, sharper and hotter than before, lanced through Ilya. "The photos," he snapped.

Diego startled, jerking his gaze back. "Right. Sorry. Let's, uh... let's finish up."

The session finished a few clicks later. Ilya knew he likely looked murderous and found he didn't care.

"Okay, I think we've got everything!" Gen announced, looking at her watch. "Thanks, guys. Great work. You can head to practice."

As the team began to disperse, Ilya crossed the room to where Gen stood. She was already flipping through the photos on her camera with Harris looking on beside her. They were both looking extremely pleased.

"One more," Ilya said.

Gen looked up, puzzled. "What was that, Ilya?"

"One more shot," he said. And then without waiting for her to answer, he motioned for Shane, who was wiping his chest with a towel, to come over. He did, shooting Ilya a curious look.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Ilya, we've already got the group shots," Gen began, but then stopped when Ilya grabbed Shane's hand and pulled him closer. He turned Shane, until the warmth of his back met Ilya's chest. Ilya's eyes flickered to Diego. The photographer was watching them with wide eyes. Good. Ilya reached around Shane, splaying a large hand possessively across the hard planes of his stomach and curling his fingers into Shane's side.

"Ilya, what the fuck—" Shane began, but was cut off when Gen raised her camera. She was a professional and recognized a moment when she saw one.

"Look at me, sweetheart," Ilya requested gently.

Shane made a surprised sound at the affectionate nickname before tilting his head back to look at Ilya directly. Ilya stared down at his husband. He truly was so beautiful. His intense eyes. His long lashes. His freckles, including the one that marked his left ear. His pink lips. His long throat. His clavicles, his muscles, the planes of his stomach, everything. Ilya loved everything about him.

He was barely aware of the camera clicking.

“Okay, I’ve got it,” Gen said. She sounded extremely pleased. “This calendar is going to need a reprint, I am calling it now.”

Satisfied, Ilya dipped his head, giving Shane a quick kiss. He knew it would annoy Shane. Knew his husband wanted to keep things professional and discrete at work. But he just couldn’t help himself. He never could, when it came to Shane.

As he pulled back, Shane turned in the circle of his arm. His cheeks were pink. “You,” he said, his voice low, “are an asshole.”

“I am sorry,” Ilya said, not feeling sorry at all. Especially when he allowed himself another glance at Diego and saw the unhappy look on the photographer’s face.

Ilya smiled. “Let’s go to practice.”

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The thing was.

The thing was Ilya had almost forgotten about his jealousy when it came to Diego. Had almost managed to put the whole thing out of his mind. After all, people hit on Shane all the time, and they didn’t matter. Diego was one among hundreds. Thousands.

And then the calendar was printed. Harris came down to the locker room to hand them out after practice and all the feelings came rushing back. With a frown, Ilya ripped open the packaging as soon as it was handed to him, then felt his eyebrows rise.

There, on the cover, were him and Shane.

Shane was looking up at Ilya with a smile that was just for him. Only ever for him. And Ilya was looking down at Shane with an expression of utmost devotion. Of complete love.

(Later, Ilya would learn that the first print run sold out in minutes, even as the website crashed multiple times due to the number of people trying to purchase. They ended up having to do four reprints, each larger than the last.)

There was a presence at his side. Shane, Ilya knew without even looking. He always knew, when it came to Shane.

“I asked for this to be on the cover,” Shane said in a low voice as a blush coloured his cheeks.

Ilya gathered Shane in his arms. Fuck what the team thought. They were all flipping through the calendar, yelling at each other as they checked out their own shots anyways. “You did?”

“Yeah,” Shane said. His eyes flickered around to the team before moving back to Ilya. “Since the proceeds go to the Foundation and we technically run it, I thought it would be okay. And I dunno, but... I guess I just wanted people to know. What you mean to me. Fuck, it was stupid, wasn’t it? It should have been a team photo—”

“No,” Ilya cut him off. He pulled his husband closer and gave him a gentle kiss. “It is perfect.”

End Notes

Kudos and comments make me feel how Ilya does after Shane secretly coordinates a public display of his affection. Like a gooey puddle of happiness and joy.

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#). I am always down to chat!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!