

baby, let me show you off

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baby, let me show you off

by [ilyasleftnipple](#)

Summary

“Alright, hold onto your underpants. Vacuuming is not hard work.” Ilya gestured widely in exasperation, communicating that wasn’t what he meant. “I’m just showing off our domestic bliss,” Shane responded.

Ilya smiled, realizing that Shane shared a moment online. Shane walked over to him and Ilya wrapped him in a hug.

Then, “At least, that’s what Troy said when he noticed how little noise you were making.”

or, 3 times Shane posts about Ilya on social media

Notes

i apologize in advance about the toes

i also apologize cause its only been edited by me lol

~this takes place a few years after tlg~

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

Shane and Ilya both had complicated relationships with social media.

Shane never naturally reached for instagram for sharing private moments. That was what they were to him: private. He usually associated social media with work, posting about the Centaurs (which half the time Harris did for him), letting Farah post about sponsorships and media, sharing posts with Scott Hunter's NHL activists, and only *very* rarely sharing his proudest moments, such as his wedding to Ilya.

Ilya on the other hand, loved having the opportunity of sharing aspects of his life. After hiding for so long, Ilya enjoyed being able to share with people he knows and complete strangers all the things in life he never expected to be able to let himself have. He also liked participating in social media trends. He knew that part of his job as team captain is to keep team morale high, and he doesn't *have* to do that by making an oddly specific Nick Cage and Pedro Pascal meme, but the conversations at practice the next day only encouraged future content.

When it came to posts about their relationship, they often got picked up by the wider media circles, and teleported them back into tabloids. Shane never enjoyed being in the news, but he *hated* when the media sensationalized his relationship — his marriage — and speculated about every detail.

Ilya was aware of these feelings, so it surprised Shane one day when they were cuddling on the couch and Ilya said, "Sometimes it feels like you do not want people to know about our relationship."

Shane turned his head to look behind him where Ilya was slotted between Shane and the back of the sofa. "Of course I do," Shane said. And then because it had come out of seemingly nowhere, "Why do you say that?"

"I was just looking on instagram, and Theo and Luca are at some beer thing today, Eric and Kyle are at the bar, and Troy and Harris are hanging Christmas lights. And I know this because they all share it." Shane was confused, they've never really shared their relationship. For 11 years, it was for obvious reasons besides the fact there weren't in a relationship until 7 years in, but still. Shane stayed silent, waiting to see if Ilya was going to say anything else about it.

"And, I know in my head that we don't *have* to post everything we do, but sometimes it is nice to show each other off, yes?"

"I guess so," Shane said. "It's not that I don't want to show you off, I guess it just never feels natural to stop spending time with you to take my phone out and tell other people, mostly strangers, that I am with you."

Shane saw that Ilya was considering everything he had just said. "I know it makes sense, but I am having funny brain day." Shane craned his neck even further and pressed a slight kiss to the first part of Ilya's body that was reachable. "I know that we are good, but I think it is

more about how other people have it easier, and are able to be more open, and not think about it.”

Shane understood where Ilya was coming from. Their relationship did not follow any blueprints, which sometimes made it hard to deal with the complicated feelings that came as a result. He also understood that Ilya’s brain often distorted his feelings when in a low patch.

“I will talk about it with Galina more. I am happy, and I do not need you to post about how much you like my butt on twitter to know that you love me.” Shane laughed at that. He was relieved that Ilya was going to talk more about with an actual mental health professional.

“I think you like my butt more,” Shane replied. His evidence was the amount of time Ilya spent inside of it last night after winning their last game against Pittsburgh.

“Well then maybe I will tweet about it.”

Four weeks and two individual therapy sessions later, Shane and Ilya had had more conversations about social media. Ilya had worked through how his brain was telling him that his relationship didn’t look like other queer NHL relationships and Shane had worked through how he was allowed to share moments of joy online and was now equipped with some tools to not panic about the wider media. This also included setting boundaries with Ilya, Rose and Harris, who often shared media responses to these online instances.

The first time Shane posted on Instagram stories, Ilya’s music stopped playing through his headphones, while the notification popped up that @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer had tagged him in an instagram story. His music began playing again, and Ilya reaches down for the vacuum chord plugged into the wall as he was closer to the wall than the off button.

He dropped the arm of the vacuum cleaner and opened up his phone. The story loaded and Shane’s voice flooded his headphones. The camera was pointed at the end of the hallway towards their living room.

“I left Ilya to vacuum the living room before Christmas,” Shane said, as he walked down the hallway, “but it’s been 10 minutes and I still hadn’t heard the vacuum, so I came to see what he was doing instead, and—“

Ilya watched as Shane rounded the corner, and there is Ilya’s back, as he is bent over the arm of the vacuum cleaner, as he is trying to vacuum around the artificial Christmas tree they have up next to the fire place.

Shane’s laughter then started, “I think, he doesn’t realize the vacuum is off since his headphones are noise cancelling.” Shane began proper laughing as video Ilya aggressively started going over the same spot.

That slide of the story ended, and a different angle of Ilya this time appeared as he was vacuuming under the edge of the sofa. “It’s been another five minutes and @Roxanov81 still hasn’t noticed the vacuum is off” is text written over the silent video.

The story ended there, so Ilya took his headphones off and hanged them around his neck. As he turned around, Shane returned, still laughing while he leaned against the doorway.

“Seriously?!” Ilya exclaimed. “I have been hard at work, and actually have not been doing it at all.”

“Alright, hold onto your underpants. Vacuuming is not hard work.” Ilya gestured widely in exasperation, communicating that wasn’t what he meant. “I’m just showing off our domestic bliss,” Shane responded.

Ilya smiled, realizing that Shane shared a moment online. Shane walked over to him and Ilya wrapped him in a hug.

Then, “At least, that’s what Troy said when he noticed how little noise you were making.”

After the NHL changed the style of the All-Star games, it meant that usually only Shane or Ilya was invited. This year, however, Luca Haas was voted to represent the Centaurs which meant that Ilya and Shane could take advantage of the entire All-Star break together.

They decided to travel to Costa Rica, as the time change was only an hour, and Yuna had told them about a Tree House Glamping Experience. Ilya had been speaking about it since and Shane agreed once he found out there were still training opportunities in a rainforest. And, that they would have their own private hot tub.

Which is where they now were. Shane and Ilya were sitting across from each other in their wooden hot tub, which was currently being heated by a fire. “I feel like soup,” Ilya had remarked the first time they went in. “It is, what is the word, making me uneasy,” Shane shot him a look that told he hoped told Ilya he could not think of a word, “because of the fire. We are meat in boiling water.” Shane laughed at the absurdity, and Ilya smiled the way he always does when he makes Shane happy.

It was now their fourth night in the jungle, and Shane had his feet in front of him in Ilya’s lap, as Ilya massaged them. Ilya, who had brought with him one of the gag gifts from their summer camp and was currently wearing them on his face.

Every year, Ilya and Shane took the coaches for thank you dinners, and this year Ilya had wanted to give them thank you gifts. It was hard buying millionaires presents, but less so the junior B and A players who often joined. The latter got given artisanal beer that Shane was

sure wasn't being appreciated properly, while they gave the professional coaches photographs from camp as well as a gag gift.

This year, *Ilya* had picked glasses that were also straws. The Silly Straw Glasses had been a huge hit, with almost all of the coaches using them in the restaurant, so Shane wasn't able to mock the absurdity of it. Until now, when his usually very sexy husband, insisted on wearing them while in the hot tub, so he could drink his beer and rub Shane's feet at the same time.

Shane reached behind him to take a sip of his beer from the glass like the adult he was, and then grabbed his phone to take a picture of Ilya, with beer floating around his eyes.

He opened the group chat with the other *Game Changers Camps* coaches and sent it there. Ilya's phone buzzed in the distance.

Shane was about to turn his phone off when he saw the reactions to the message come in. Ilya's phone buzzed some more in the background.

"What is it?" Ilya asked.

"I just sent a picture of your glasses to the chat. Wyatt and Bood have responded." He held out his phone to show Ilya from across the tub when Ilya barked out a laugh.

"You set it as a Live Photo and now Troy is asking why my hands are moving under the water."

Shane's face went bright red as he snatched the phone back. Ilya laughed again, this time Shane assumed at his embarrassment.

Troy's assumption garnered more attention than Shane's original photograph. Ilya removed his hands and rested them behind his head, still chuckling at the situation. Ilya stopped laughing enough to take a hands-free sip of beer so Shane lifted one of his feet out the water and rested it high on Ilya's chest before snapping another photograph.

He sent it to the chat with the caption "foot rub."

Almost immediately, Leah responded with, "We don't need to know you and your husband are into feet stuff. Especially in the *professional chat*," however, the brute of her message was dialled down with the 3 emojis that followed (😂👉😂).

"Yeah, buddy, you misspelled job," Hayden sent, spelling out Leah's message in cruder terms.

Ryan simply put "😓😓" the chat.

Shane groaned and held the phone back out to Ilya, so he his misery had company. Of course, his husband had no sympathy and simply laughed at Shane's mishap.

"If it is something you are into babe, we can try it right now," Ilya said, with his annoying teasing smile plastered across his face. He grabbed Shane's ankle and brought his foot to his mouth.

Shane watched as Ilya brought Shane's big toe into his mouth and sucked it. Ilya maintained eye contact and Shane ended up in giggles, as Ilya still had those god forsaken beer goggles on.

"Not doing it?" Ilya asked, once he took his mouth off and let Shane rest his feet in Ilya's lap again.

"Not really," Shane said, with what he knew was a goofy smile on his face. "I am very into you in hot tubs." Shane then moved so he was straddling Ilya's lap and kissed him. "You will have to take those ridiculous glasses off though."

Ilya took them off, threw them behind him, and drew Shane in for a much more heated kiss.

When Shane posted his "Costa Rica Dump" on instagram at the end of the week, the two photos from the hot tub ended up in it.

It was time for Ilya to get his Canadian citizenship. He had passed the exam, and had just been waiting for his ceremony. He desperately needed it too, as his Russian passport was about to expire and he could not go back to get a new one.

They had the option to do a ceremony at a hockey game, but Ilya had opted to just do the public ceremony as it would be more intimate and happen quicker.

That is why Ilya and Shane were presently driving to a small federal office during rush hour before practice. David and Yuna were meeting them there, though that Ilya had asked them to be there for part of the day. Shane dropped him off and went to park the car. It was a public ceremony, which meant that up to 120 people could be there.

His parents had coffee for the both of them, and they went into the hall to find seats. The people getting their citizenship had chairs in the middle of the room arranged in rows, and Shane, his parents, and other loved ones were sitting in the rows around the edge of the room.

Ilya came and found them, gratefully accepting the coffee. Shane and him both dressed up — Shane in a light grey suit and Ilya in a charcoal one. He was wearing a tie and cufflinks gifted by Shane the night before. The tie was a dark burgundy and had a faint maple leaf pattern embroidered across it, and the cufflinks were gold maple leafs as well. Shane thought it was a bit much, but Ilya had loved it last night and as he put them on that morning.

"What's happening right now?" Yuna asked.

"They took my PR card and told me my seat was in the fifth row. They also explained that I had 6 months to give up my Russian citizenship which I knew already." Shane knew how

Ilya felt about everything; he knew he was doing everything right, but he couldn't wait until he had the citizenship certificate in his hand to know for sure that everything was as it should be.

The room was filling up, and Ilya went to find his seat. He was only three from the left, so Shane and his parents could see him easily from their seats.

Shane had never been to a citizenship ceremony before. It started with everyone in the room singing the national anthem, and then the judge explained the proceeding. Row by row, everyone over the age of fourteen would stand up and say, "I, [my name]" and then the next row would go. Once all eight rows had finished, everyone would stand up and they would say that rest of the oath in English. Then again in French.

Shane listened as each person said their name and it eventually got to Ilya. He was one of the last people in his row to say his name, but loudly he said, "I, Ilya Rozanov." After he sat down, he looked at Shane and winked.

After the room recited the oath twice, one by one they collected their citizenship certificates from the judge. Back in his seat, Shane watched as Ilya read over the certificate, with a huge smile over his face.

At the end of the ceremony, there was a round of applause, and everyone was invited to the next hall to join the judge for refreshments and photographs.

Ilya came over and held up his certificate, and Shane carefully maneuvered around it for a hug.

"I am Canadian!" Ilya said out loud for the first time. Out of the corner of his eye, Shane could see his mum taking photographs.

Ilya gave Shane a peck. "My first kiss as a Canadian!"

Shane laughed and asked, "Are you going to be saying that for everything you do today?"

"Of course!"

Yuna and David both gave Ilya hugs. "Lets go get a picture with that judge," Yuna said.

"Mom, seriously?" Shane asked, slightly embarrassed with how eager his mom was.

"Let her take my picture with the judge," Ilya said. "Is my big day." Shane grabbed Ilya's hand and the four of them joined the long line of new Canadians as they all waited to get their photo taken.

It was eventually their turn, and Ilya and the judge posed, each holding one side of the certificate. Shane and his mom both took photos.

"Alright Shane, get in there for one too." Shane pocketed his phone and went and stood on the other side of the judge. After Yuna took a couple more photos, the judge shook both Ilya and Shane hands.

“I cannot wait to tell people who was at *my* citizenship ceremony,” the judge said. They both laughed. “Congratulations, Mr. Rozanov. I can’t wait for you to win your first cup as a Canadian.”

Shane and Ilya moved away to say goodbye to Shane’s parents before heading to practice. “Canadian judges are so nice!” Ilya said to their group. “In Russia, they would never do that.”

“Right move then?” Shane asked. He sometimes felt like he asked too much of Ilya.

“Always,” Ilya responded. He punctuated with a kiss. Shane blushed because they were in front of his parents, but they both just looked so proud.

Before they could say goodbye to his parents, they heard a voice behind them saying, “Excuse me.”

Shane knew where this was going, so he asked his dad to go to the car and grab their Cens swag bag from the back of the car. Ilya was speaking with the woman and Shane turned toward them.

“I said we would take a photo with her family,” Ilya responded. “That is ok?”

“Of course,” Shane responded. He then realized that they had gotten the attention of most of the people in the room much quicker than he thought. David returned with the big duffel bag. “We actually have to get to practice, so we can take a couple of big group photos and we also have some gifts for the kids.”

They spent 10 minutes smiling for photos (at Yuna’s instance Ilya gave her his certificate so it didn’t get crumpled) and handing out mini sticks and autographed postcards, before heading out.

They arrived at the arena just as the warm up was starting, so they both got changed quickly. Practice went quickly, and as Wiebe pulled Ilya for a (pre-planned) chat, the rest of the team gathered round and brought out a cake onto the ice. It had congratulations written across it in red, and Ilya looked so happy. Harris took 100s of photos before they started serving it on the ice, including one of just Shane and Ilya, arms around each others waists and big smiles on their sweaty faces.

The boys kept testing Ilya on the questions they’d used to help him study for the test, only stopping when Ilya said, “I’m already a Canadian, I know everything I need to. I know that Canada has 30 Stanley Cups and that gay marriage was legalized in 2005.” Shane rolled his eyes at what Ilya thought was essential Canadian marriage.

After practice, they made their way to their favourite fancy lunch spot, redressed in their suits from the morning ceremony. They enjoyed a light lunch after the cake and a couple more glasses of champagne than they had planned to.

When Ilya went to the bathroom, Shane got out his phone to arrange for a ride and for someone else to pick up their car.

Before he could check on a car, he noticed that his instagram mentions were popping off. He could see that he and Ilya were being tagged in photos from this morning, with people expressing their delight and being Canadians and having *two Canadian* hockey legends at their ceremony.

Ilya seemed to be talking to the barman, so Shane opened up the photos Harris and his mum had sent him from the day. He saved them to his phone, and began to create a post with the photo of Ilya, the Judge, and Shane in their suits after the ceremony, followed by one of them on the ice, holding the sheet cake between them.

Shane read it over but didn't get a chance to post before Ilya sat back down. "They are calling us a town car, but are sending over a maple blondie before. I would have become Canadian sooner if I knew there were this many desserts involved." Shane laughed at Ilya's priorities. "But then I would have had to find another Canadian boy to marry."

"You are going to stop those jokes one day," Shane said. "You immigrated on a work visa, not a marriage one!"

Ilya gave him a crooked smile, knowing that this was exactly the reaction he was going to get with that comment. "Harris has already posted pictures from the ice today. Everyone thinks I am extra hard worker since I still went to practice after the ceremony."

"You went to practice because we start playoffs next week."

"Yes, it is shame. I could have had sex as Canadian for the first time." Shane shot him a *look* that translated to, *I agree, but I cannot admit to you that I am also a horny animal at inappropriate times like you.*

Ilya of course had to take it one step further and said, "Is shame, too. I bought maple syrup to use as lube."

They eventually made it home. They even made it to the bedroom. Ilya fortunately hadn't even tried to put syrup near Shane's hole. Instead, he'd teased Shane's hole with his Canadian mouth and his Canadian fingers, before finally entering with his Canadian cock.

After, they were snuggled in bed and Shane remembered that he'd been in the middle of sharing moments from today on instagram. He opened the app and first saw the post that Harris must've made earlier.

OttawaCentaur 🍁🍁🍁 We added one more Canadian to the roster this morning. Our captain, @Rozanov81 attended his citizenship ceremony this morning before coming to

practice. We were thrilled we got to celebrate this achievement as a team with some well-earned cake after practice. Congrats, Ilya! 🍁🍁🍁 #gocenteurs #ohcanada

Shane liked it and scrolled down the next post, seeing that Ilya had posted at some point today.

He had used the picture of him with the judge, beaming as he held his citizenship certificate in front of him.

Rozanov81 I am a Canadian! Canada, you have given so much to me. Canada has been in my heart for the last seven years, and I am honoured to have made it official today. Ottawa, you welcomed me with open arms, and for that I am forever grateful. I am thankful for all the opportunities, love, and safety this country has provided myself and so many others. Lastly, I am thankful to this country for giving me Shane. My forever is in Canada ❤️🍁

It was a lovely sentiment and Shane looked over and saw Ilya watching him as he read the caption. Shane kissed him, smiling into. This was a perfect day.

“Look at Zane’s comment.” Shane pressed comments and saw that Zane’s is the top one.

@zaneboodram imagine going through all this just to be the second best canadian hockey player

Shane barked out a laugh. “Amazing,” he said, clearly approving of Bood’s comments.

“I do not know why you think that, he never said you were the best.” It was Ilya’s turn to laugh as Shane’s face immediately looked put out.

Shane didn’t justify that with a response. He liked the post and Zane’s comment before going back to his own.

He finished writing his caption and then showed Ilya what he had written. Shane watched Ilya’s face as he read it, loving the way that Ilya’s smile grew the longer he read.

After, and accompanied with a few kisses, Ilya said, “I cannot wait either, sweetheart.”

shanehollanderhockeyplayer Today was a day that @Rozanov81 has been working towards for several years. After playing hockey and living here for the past 7 years, we were both delighted to attend his citizenship ceremony this morning. He has belonged to Canadians for years already, and Ilya is so proud he officially belongs to Canada now. I was honoured to be by his side throughout this all. Ilya, I cannot wait to continue our lives in this country together 🍁❤️

End Notes

if its bad i don't want to hear it

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