

Stress Relief

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Stress Relief

by [RyRyCaptain](#)

Summary

“I think you just need something to take your mind off of this whole situation.”

“Oh and what do you have in mind, Hollander? Do you think we should do one of your yoga sessions?” Ilya mocked, clearly missing what the other man was implying.

“No dummy,” Shane said with a smile. “I was thinking about something more relaxing. Like maybe a blowjob?”

OR

Ilya is stressed out about his first game as a WAG, and Shane helps him forget with a blowjob.

Notes

This was inspired by everyone on social media who talked about how much they wanted to see WAG Ilya.

Ilya was stressing out over the first game of the season, which was weird because he wasn't even playing. He'd ultimately decided to retire the season before and it was nice not to worry about hockey and everything that could go wrong when he was risking his body every play. He didn't want to sound ungrateful though. He'd enjoyed every season he'd gotten to play both in Boston and in Ottawa. He'd especially enjoyed the seasons he'd gotten to play with Shane by his side. They'd formed somewhat of a dynasty in Ottawa together with their teammates. They'd made it to the playoffs every season they'd played together and even managed to win back to back Stanley Cups before Ilya had decided to retire.

Although he and Shane originally planned to retire together, Ilya had become bored with hockey. He'd never particularly enjoyed the game and instead often used it as a distraction from the stressors he'd experienced throughout his life, but now that his relationship with Shane was out in the open and he'd found more healthy coping mechanisms for his depression, he'd realized that he didn't have to play. If he was being honest with himself, he would've retired earlier if it weren't for Shane joining his team and the fact that Coach Weibe and his teammates were fun to play with. It wasn't like he wouldn't see them again now that he'd retired though. It was quite the opposite as he was getting ready to support his husband as he started another season.

Shane had struggled at first with the idea of Ilya retiring before him. After all they'd been playing in the league together in one way or another throughout their whole career, but Ilya was always going to be by his side. This season and the rest it would just be in a different capacity, besides Ilya had built strong relationships with the players' significant others during his time on the Centaurs and was excited to sit in the WAG box with them.

Despite his excitement, the main emotion Ilya was feeling was ultimately stress. He'd pulled apart his closet searching for a perfect outfit while Ayna chomped at one of the many chews she'd hidden around the house. There was no doubt that the dog was seriously spoiled by the two men.

"Which one looks better, Anya?" Ilya cooed at the dog. He held up two shirts and alternated their place in front of his torso.

He heard the front door shut downstairs and sagged in relief that Shane was finally back from his work out. Hopefully Shane could help him pick out something somewhat decent to wear. Scratch that actually. Shane sucked at putting together outfits so maybe the other man could just reassure Ilya.

"Ilya? Are you up here?" Shane asked as his voice grew clearer. He pushed the door to their bedroom open and Anya's tail started wagging a million miles per hour. Ilya glared at the dog, a mixture of jealousy and love swirling in his chest at the display. It was strange how Anya liked Shane more than she liked Ilya. Ilya had brought her into their home and spoiled her rotten, but she still preferred Shane, probably because the other man often made Anya her own dog safe portions of food whenever he cooked for them. Shane stepped around the piles of clothing scattered around the room and sat next to the dog, scratching behind her ears.

"What happened?" He asked. "It looks like a bomb went off in here."

“I’m trying to pick out an outfit for tonight,” Ilya explained. “But I do not have anything good to wear.”

“Ilya, you have like a million things to wear. What do you mean you don’t have anything?” Shane looked baffled, and Ilya couldn’t blame him. He had hundreds of clothing items, most of them being designer brands. He might’ve given up his luxury car collection, but he had replaced that with a closet full of nice clothing.

“Nothing is good enough,” Ilya complained. “I cannot go to the game looking like a bum.”

“Ilya, most of this shit costs more than some people make in a month. How are you going to look like a bum if you’re wearing it?”

“I don’t want to make a bad impression.”

“Who are you making an impression on? You’ve known all of these people for years and you’ve never cared how you looked before.”

“Yes but I’ve always known them as Ilya Rozanov the hockey player. Not Ilya Rozanov the hockey WAG,” he ranted, stress coming off him in waves.

Shane seemed to consider this for a few seconds before looking Ilya up and down and moving closer to the other man. He grabbed Ilya by the shoulders and pushed him towards the bed. “I think you just need something to take your mind off of this whole situation.”

“Oh and what do you have in mind, Hollander? Do you think we should do one of your yoga sessions?” Ilya mocked, clearly missing what the other man was implying.

“No dummy,” Shane said with a smile. “I was thinking about something more relaxing. Like maybe a blowjob?”

He straddled Ilya on the bed and began to kiss down the side of his neck. Ilya lost himself in the feeling of Shane’s lips before he was startled by the sound of Anya’s bark.

“Oh my god,” he exclaimed. “We cannot do this in front of Anya. We are going to scar her for life.”

Shane pulled back with a huff before climbing off of Ilya. “I’ll go let her run around in the backyard then. She needs to get some energy out before the game anyways.”

“That’s good thinking,” Ilya said leaning back. “I will wait here until you get back.”

Shane scoffed at him before calling for the dog and leading her out of the room. Ilya listened as they made their way down the steps before the back door opened and shut again. When Shane entered the room again he straddled Ilya’s hips again.

“Now where were we?” He joked, grinding his hips down onto Ilya’s erection. “Something about an outfit for tonight, right? I can call Rose and ask her for advice. She’s helped me with outfits before.”

“No. I do not want you to call Rose Landry,” Ilya groaned. He’d long since forgiven the famous actress for dating his husband, but now was definitely not the time to be talking about Shane’s old flings. “You promised me a blowjob, Hollander.”

“Oh that’s right,” Shane said before taking Ilya’s lips in a hard kiss. Ilya moaned into the kiss and grabbed Shane’s ass with his hands. The two made out lazily for a few minutes before Ilya pulled away. His dick was becoming uncomfortably hard in his boxers from Shane grinding on him, and if he didn’t get relief soon, he was going to explode.

“You cannot keep doing that,” he complained. “Or I am going to come in my pants like a teenager.”

Shane slid off his lap with a smile and dropped to his knees. “It wouldn’t be the first time,” he teased.

“Fuck off.”

Shane ignored the comment and tapped Ilya’s hip. At the touch, Ilya lifted his hips and Shane pulled off his boxers. Ilya’s dick stretched out between them and Shane reached up, running his thumb underneath the head of Ilya’s cock. When a bead of pre-cum dripped out of Ilya’s slit, Shane licked his lips.

Ilya’s hips jerked as Shane took his tip into his mouth, swirling his tongue over the head. At Ilya’s moan of approval, Shane began to bob his head, trying his best to relax his throat in order to take all of Ilya.

“Oh fuck,” Ilya moaned, digging his hand into Shane’s hair. “You’re so good at that.”

Shane reached up Ilya’s chest grabbing onto his pec and squeezing before he started to pick up the pace. Ilya could tell that Shane wanted it rougher from his actions, and he took control of the blow job. He guided Shane’s mouth up and down his dick, hitting the back of his throat. Shane moaned in pleasure, the vibration traveling up Ilya’s dick and increasing his pleasure.

“Fuck. Fuck. I’m going to come,” Ilya grunted. “Your mouth feels so good.”

With the warning, Ilya exploded and his vision went white. Shane swallowed his release before pulling off and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “Better?” He asked.

“Yes. All better. Now let me help you out,” Ilya said, reaching to pull the other man up off his knees.

“Um. No need,” Shane said, his ears bright red.

“What do you mean no need? I want to return the favor.”

“I, um, came in my pants.”

Ilya looked down at Shane’s crotch and noticed the wet spot that had formed. He couldn’t help but burst out in laughter at the situation.

“Shut up,” Shane scolded.

“I’m sorry,” Ilya said. “It is just so funny that you were making fun of me earlier and then it happened to you.”

Ilya knew how much Shane enjoyed giving him blowjobs, but he couldn’t remember the last time the other man had come in his pants while giving him one. “I will make it up to you another time then,” Ilya promised. “Maybe tonight if you win.”

“What do you mean if we win? Of course we’re going to win,” Shane scoffed.

“I don’t know, Hollander. Your team is without its star center this season. It might be rough.”

“Oh my god,” Shane said, scrunching his nose. They stared into each other’s eyes for a few moments, enjoying each other’s company before Shane spoke again. “Did that help? Are you still worried about what you’re going to wear to the game tonight?”

“No. I’m not worried anymore,” Ilya assured him.

“Good. Now I’m going to take a shower, can you please bring the dog inside?”

“I cannot believe I forgot about the dog. She was probably so lonely outside while we were fooling around,” Ilya said, shooting out of bed and throwing on the closest pair of pants.

“This is exactly why we need another dog.”

“I’ll think about it,” Shane called as Ilya rushed out of the room.

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