

## MOSCOW MULE

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Mature</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
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| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander &amp; Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Rose Landry</a> , <a href="#">Svetlana Vetrova</a> , <a href="#">Troy Barrett</a> , <a href="#">Anyia</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov's Dog</a> , <a href="#">Jackie Pike</a> , <a href="#">Benito Martínez</a> , <a href="#">Bad Bunny</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Song: Moscow Mule (Bad Bunny)</a> , <a href="#">Song: Callaita (Bad Bunny)</a> , <a href="#">Song: Voy a llevarte pa PR (Bad Bunny)</a> , <a href="#">Song: Ojitos Lindos (Bad Bunny)</a> , <a href="#">Song: EoO (Bad Bunny)</a> , <a href="#">song: Weltita (Bad Bunny)</a> , <a href="#">Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Concerts</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">POV Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Birthday Party</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Bad Bunny concert</a> , <a href="#">POV Alternating</a> , <a href="#">Famous Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Famous Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Traveling Together</a> , <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV) References</a> , <a href="#">Romantic Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Domestic</a> , <a href="#">Husbands</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Series:          | Part 3 of <a href="#">All the things they didn't say</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 2,476 Chapters: 4/4                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |

# MOSCOW MULE

by [probablyrunning](#)

## Summary

Ilya's thirty-fourth birthday is around the corner. Shane is freaking out because he hasn't been able to get the Bad Bunny tickets for Ilya's surprise birthday trip.

## Notes

This is for funsies, my knowledge of hockey extends to what I've read in romance books. However, a google search told me that playoffs could last until mid-June, overlapping with Ilya's birthday. Timelines and Bad Bunny residency dates were used very loosely. Also, I know they could probably charter a private jet, and as super hockey stars, they could probably get concert tickets easily. For the sake of the story, ignore those things. I just wanted Ilya to have a club scene he was hoping for in the show and in The Long Game. This short fic is complete. Hope you enjoy!

\*\*Thank you to Kayla for beta reading!

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

## Chapter 1: Callaita – Bad Bunny

Shane knew that for his thirty-fourth birthday, Ilya wanted one of two things: the latest Ferrari something something or to go to Bad Bunny's sold out residency in Puerto Rico.

Shane would rather give away his cottage than encourage Ilya's dangerous love of sports cars. The closest he'd gotten to conceding was when he agreed to go with Ilya to the Canadian Grand Prix. And even then, Shane was extremely wary when Ilya insisted on going on a joy ride with his favorite F1 driver. The team on the track promised Shane that Ilya would be completely safe and would return to him in one piece. Begrudgingly, Shane had let Ilya go. But his heart thundered in his chest until he had Ilya safe and sound next to him in the paddock.

So that left Shane with only one choice: get tickets for Bad Bunny. At this point, even Shane, who's not into Latin music that much, knew most of Bad Bunny's songs, courtesy of Ilya always insisting on taking the aux chord on car rides...because Shane's choice in music or podcasts is "boring".

### **Ilya's surprise party group chat:**

**Shane:** Have you heard from BB's agent?

**Rose:** I just texted him, Shane. Relax. We'll manage to get tickets.

**Shane:** Thirty-four is a big year, Rose. Everything has to be perfect.

**Svetlana:** [Rolling eyes emoji]

**Jackie:** I can't believe Hayden and I will miss it. I'm so jealous!

**Shane:** We don't even have tickets yet. So...

**Rose:** Shane...

**Shane:** I know, I know, I'm sorry. I'm just nervous.

Shane never left things until the last minute, but this surprise depended on if, and when, Ottawa made the playoffs this season. So, he didn't have the time he wanted to fully plan Ilya's surprise.

Shane's phone vibrated again with an incoming text.

**Troy:** We have our plane tickets. Anya can stay with Harris's parents by the way.

**Shane:** Thanks.

That's one less thing to worry about. Anya's doggy hotel would've been the easiest option. But, then Ilya would inevitably know Shane was up to something when the doggy hotel sent Ilya a confirmation email. And let's not forget, they still didn't have the tickets for the concert. Just the assurance from Rose that she could get them.

"Hollander," Ilya said from across the kitchen island where he was preparing our lunch.

"Mhm?"

"Why are you so nervous?" He popped a piece of lettuce into his mouth.

"I'm not nervous," Shane lied. Then realized he was bouncing his leg up and down and commanded it to stop.

Shane knew it was futile to lie, because Ilya knew Shane like the back of his hand. So when Ilya started circling the kitchen island of their house in Ottawa, Shane had to think quick on his feet. Shane hadn't spent the better part of a month planning this surprise for Ilya to find out because of Shane's anxious behavior.

"I'm worried Reebok is pulling out as a sponsor."

Ilya's brows furrowed. "Why would they pull out?"

"I never wear Reebok. They're threatening to cut me off for next season."

"Okay?" Ilya dropped his elbow on the counter, studying Shane's face. "Then wear more Reebok."

Shane nodded a little too enthusiastically.

"Shane."

"Ilya"

"You're lying."

Shane pressed his lips together before standing up and walking away. He had to get out of the kitchen before he spoiled the surprise.

\* \* \*

Ilya knew Shane was hiding something. He had been for weeks. However, his attempt at concealing the secret, made the whole thing that much more interesting. Ilya had suspected Shane would fold and have told him by now. That hadn't been the case.

Ilya was very impressed with his husband's commitment. This is the longest Shane's been able to keep a secret since they got married.

When Shane abruptly stood from the kitchen, making the stool wobble, Ilya thought this would be the perfect moment to push his buttons. Even after all these years, he still loved to rile Shane up.

"Wait, wait," Ilya followed Shane, grabbing his wrist. When Shane stopped, Ilya pulled him backwards and corralled him against the nearest wall. "Why are you running away?" Ilya fought the urge to kiss each and every one of Shane's freckles that were slowly turning a maddening shade of pink.

"I'm not," Shane argued.

"Mmm." With his free hand he traced Shane's cheek, down his neck. "Are you sure?"

Shane nodded but his Adam's apple bobbed.

Ilya cut the distance between their lips, but stopped just a breath away from kissing Shane. "If you tell me what you're hiding, I'll reward you."

Shane stayed put, but Ilya didn't miss how Shane's eyes drifted to Ilya's lips. "And if I don't?"

Ilya considered the alternative for a moment. Instead of replying, Ilya shifted his attention to Shane's neck. Dropped a soft kiss there. Then another.

Shane parted his lips and let out the smallest exhale. "I told you, I'm just worried about Rebook." His fingers buried themselves in Ilya's soft curls. Shane's body relaxed under Ilya.

With abandon Ilya started making his way down Shane's collar bone, kissing his chest, hands sliding down his toned abs. With his fingers, he traced the outline of Shane's cock over his workout shorts.

Shane started rocking his hips against Ilya's hand.

"Is that your final answer?" Ilya whispered against Shane's ear. The little whimper that escaped Shane's mouth made Ilya want to stop playing and kiss his husband senseless. Shane would tell him when he was ready, no need to coax anything from him. And yet, this cat and mouse game seemed to be turning them on beyond belief. Ilya was as hard as a rock and Shane, Ilya knew, was close to combusting.

A loud ring broke the tension in half.

Shane frantically fished his phone from the pocket of his shorts and answered the call at once. "Yes?"

The reply from the other side of the line was muffled.

Shane gave a hearty exhale. “Oh thank God.” Then dropped his head against the wall behind him. For a second, terrible scenarios flashed through Ilya’s head. Maybe whatever Shane was hiding was actually something big.

“Shane?” His tone full of worry.

Shane opened his eyes, grabbed Ilya by the fabric of his shirt, and kissed him. Hard.

The intensity left Ilya completely breathless. And boneless.

When Shane finally broke the kiss and left Ilya mourning for his lips, Shane’s grin tugged at Ilya’s heartstrings.

“Pack your bags,” he said to Ilya.

Ilya raised his eyebrow, a little whiplashed from the last few minutes.

“I have a surprise for you.”

## Chapter 2: VOY A LLeVARTE PA PR – Bad Bunny

The next morning, Ilya felt like a kid on Christmas Eve. No matter how much begging or attempts to coerce the surprise details out of Shane, he wouldn't tell Ilya where they were going or why. Ilya's birthday was only a few days away, so it was probably for his birthday.

When Shane had asked Ilya a few months back what he wanted for his birthday, he threw two of the most outrageous things he could think off. Secretly though, all he really needed was to spend his birthday in Shane's arms.

But as they made it through airport security, Ilya felt giddy.

"Hollander, this is kidnapping. You are kidnapping me." Ilya said as Shane grabbed his hand and pulled him towards what Ilya could only suppose was their gate. Ilya was the type of traveler that took his sweet time. He arrived at the airport with just enough time to go through security, then stopped for a coffee, and then strolled to the gate. Shane, on the other hand, needed to be there the night before, it seemed.

"Hurry, we're going to miss our flight."

Ilya rolled his eyes but let Shane pull him through Ottawa's international terminal.

\* \* \*

"Surprise!" Troy and Harris screamed when Shane and Ilya approached their gate... to Washington?

Low and a little suggestive, to get under Shane's skin, Ilya whispered in Shane's ear, "So Troy and Harris are my surprise, which I get. They are hot."

Shane slapped him playfully in the shoulder. "No. They are joining us."

"To Washington?" Ilya was growing more confused by the second.

Shane beamed. "It's just a layover. We got tickets for Bad Bunny's concert."

For a full minute, it seemed, Ilya's jaw dropped to the floor.

At his speechlessness, Shane added, "Svetlana, Rose, and a few of our friends are already waiting for us in Puerto Rico."

"Not Hayden, right?" Ilya deadpan.

Shane shook his head in disbelief. "No, him and Jackie won't make it."

Hayden had grown on Ilya over the years, but Ilya's jabs never failed to exasperate Shane.

"Good."

"Do you like the surprise?" Shane asked a little coy.

Ilya's heart felt like it would explode inside his chest. This is what Shane had been keeping all these weeks, a surprise trip for Ilya with all the people they loved. The gift itself didn't matter, but Ilya's eyes turned glassy all the same. Shane made him feel so special. So loved and cared for.

The grin that broke on Ilya's face was so wide, he could feel it stretching his skin. And instead of answering Shane's question, he kissed him.

It never stopped feeling like a blessing, kissing his husband in public. Letting everyone in the world know that this gorgeous, sensitive (and extremely boring) man was his.

"I'll take that as a yes?" Shane asked a little breathless after breaking their kiss.

Ilya nodded and buried his face in Shane's neck, hugging him as tightly as he could.

### Chapter 3: WELTiTA– Bad Bunny

Shane woke up early the next morning for his daily six mile run. The flights to Puerto Rico had gone without a hitch but had left them exhausted. Ilya was still sleeping when Shane got back into their hotel suite overlooking the ocean.

As he was preparing his coffee and fixing a cup for Ilya from the room service cart, Shane felt strong arms wrap around his waist.

“Good morning,” Ilya murmured in a sleepy voice against Shane’s ear.

The warmth of Ilya’s naked chest against his back was everything to Shane. He melted into his husband’s embrace. “How did you sleep?”

“Great.” Ilya planted a few wet kisses in Shane’s neck.

Shane closed his eyes and drowned in Ilya’s touch. “Good,” Shane said. “We’re meeting everyone at the beach in an hour.”

Ilya groaned. “Why? I want to stay here with you. Maybe fuck you against that balcony. Or the shower. It looks very roomy. I can think of several ways we can use that built-in bench.”

“Ilya,” Shane warned but all those things sounded wonderful.

“I still haven’t thanked you for my surprise,” Ilya said.

“Later,” Shane replied. But Ilya’s hand was already snaking down Shane’s stomach and cupping Shane’s very hard cock.

“Or now.” Ilya countered.

“Fine, but make it fast.” Shane relaxed his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

“Sweetheart, you always come fast.”

“Asshole.” Shane tried to sound annoyed, but he couldn’t. Not when Ilya’s hand was stroking his dick so deliciously.

After asking Shane to spit on his hand for lubrication, Ilya took his time. Each pump was slow and perfect.

Shane turned his head, dropping kisses on Ilya’s jaw. “Please kiss me,” Shane begged.

The kiss, just like Ilya’s touch on Shane’s dick, was slow. Passionate. Shane felt worshipped.

This beautiful, rugged man was all his.

“I’m close,” Shane whimpered against Ilya’s lips.

Instead of picking up the pace, Ilya kept stroking Shane at the same speed. But his kisses became more hurried. More hungry. Shane pumped his hips harder against Ilya's hand, desperate for more friction but Ilya wouldn't relent. Shane was about to combust from both Ilya's touch and the frustration that he had kept Shane close to the edge for this long.

"Ilya, please," Shane moaned. "Make me come."

That's when Ilya started pumping harder. Shane's arm snaked under Ilya's chin and his fingers sank into Ilya's curls, pulling slightly, as Ilya's mouth kissed the tender skin behind Shane's ear. Shane was enthralled at the sight of his dick in Ilya's strong hand. The need to come bloomed in Shane's spine, threatening to shake his entire being.

Ilya pumped faster and Shane exploded into Ilya's hand. Shane's chest struggled to catch his next breath.

"Thank you for my surprise," Ilya murmured against Shane's skin. "I love you."

Messy and all, Shane turned around, grabbed Ilya's face in his hands, and got lost in his eyes. "I love you too."

## Chapter 4: Ojitos Lindos – Bad Bunny

### Ilya's surprise party\_group chat:

**Ilya:** Where is everyone?

**Rose:** Wait there, we're coming.

**Ilya:** We're going to miss the opening act.

**Svetlana:** [voice note in Russian]

**Ilya:** Okay.

A group of ten people walked into Ilya's hotel suite with a birthday cake. Shane dropped next to Ilya on the couch and gave him a peck on the cheek while their friends sang an off-tune rendition of Happy Birthday.

"Make a wish," Shane said.

Ilya turned to his wonderful husband. With his thumb, Ilya caressed the freckles that had driven him mad from the day he was lucky enough to lay eyes on Shane. His Shane. "I have everything I want, right here."

Then dropped a chaste kiss on Shane's lips. A chorus of 'aww's' and 'get a room' echoed through the hotel room.

\* \* \*

### **EoO – Bad Bunny**

Ilya still remembered the times he wasn't allowed to touch Shane in public. He was so relieved that wasn't the case anymore. He loved touching Shane whenever he wanted. Holding his hand as they walked in public. Kissing him.

As their group danced to their hearts content in 'La Casita', Ilya hugged Shane from behind, with his chin resting on Shane's shoulder. He inhaled Shane's scent.

"Are you having fun?" Ilya asked.

Shane nodded.

Historically, Shane didn't love parties. And disliked dancing even less. But he was smiling and laughing while swaying his hips against Ilya's.

Ilya was officially thirty-four. And if someone had told him twelve years ago that this would be his life, he wouldn't have believed them. He would've never thought he would get so lucky.

The first notes of Shane's favorite Bad Bunny song started playing. Every time Ilya played it in the car or during a workout, Shane bobbed his head.

Bad Bunny, who two songs ago had moved from the main stage to the 'La Casita', approached the side where Ilya and Shane were dancing.

To Ilya's utter shock, Shane untangled himself from him and walked towards the singer. And started singing along. Sharing a mic with Bad Bunny. Serenading Ilya.

Ilya couldn't help but laugh. Even after twelve years, Shane never ceased to amaze him.

When the song ended, Ilya shook his head. "Of course you know Spanish."

Shane chuckled and shrugged.

Ilya couldn't help it. He rolled his eyes then proceeded to kiss Shane as hard as he could.

## End Notes

As always, thank you so so much for reading, your lovely comments, and kudos! They seriously make my day. Feel free to come find me over on threads or Instagram -- @romancerunner. I post updates on fics and other upcoming projects.

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