

teleport 2 me

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by [MuseRepeats](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is a guest on The Tonight Show after his third Stanley Cup win. His (secret) boyfriend Ilya Rozanov watches from his home in Boston.

When Shane pulls out his slutty little glasses during the interview, Ilya goes to great lengths to get to New York City as soon as possible.

(Post HR, Pre TLG, the end of Ilya's last season in Boston.)

Notes

ALL THE PRAISE AND KUDOS to my new friend Jocelyn, who came up with this idea on Tiktok. Thank you for coming up with this fun plot. (And I will hype the hell out of your version whenever it's ready.)

I hope you all enjoy my take on this!

(Title is from the song Teleport 2 Me, Jamie by WZRD, which is a great song you should listen to.)

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

Ilya feels the buzz of his cell phone in the pocket of his sweatpants, and the Apple watch on his wrist. There's a message alert in bright blue. It could be anyone. Polina, his stepmother, still trying to harass him about his father's estate. His brother, unhappy with their arrangement as he tries to adjust to Ilya's boundaries. His coaches, his teammates, the press. Svetlana, checking in on him from Russia. Yuna, asking about how his house search in Ottawa is going. Those last options are the only other people he'd be happy to hear from. Other than Shane Hollander.

The vibration shakes his wrist again. He instinctively knows, hopes, that it is Shane.

Jane: Hey. You know I'm in New York right now?

Ilya feels his lips turn up into a smile as he reads the message.

Of course he fucking knows that Shane is in New York. Ilya follows Shane's socials, and a few of the fan accounts, on one of his finstas. He knew about The Tonight Show appearance before Shane could even tell him.

He's not jealous that the Metros won the cup, again, instead of the Raiders. (Though Ilya knows his final season in Boston, which ended in the playoffs weeks ago, was probably his last shot at the Stanley Cup for a while.) He's not annoyed that Shane has multiple appearances scheduled in New York to talk about the team's dynasty. He's not bothered that his boyfriend will probably win MVP.

No, Ilya is annoyed that he can't be there, by his boyfriend's side, standing in the wings of the Tonight Show set, watching Shane charm the audience with that practiced media smile that's an echo of his real one, the one Ilya gets to see when they're alone in bed with the sheets tangled around their legs.

Ilya sighs as he begins typing the text. "Supportive," he commands to himself aloud.

Lily: Yes, I know. What is happening?

Jane: Call me.

Ilya's thumb hovers over the screen for a heartbeat before he touches the Facetime icon, watching it pulse green beneath his fingertip. Shane appears almost instantly, dark hair slicked back, a face too pretty for hockey. He is backlit by what looks like dressing room lighting, his familiar half-smile already forming as if he'd been waiting with his finger on the accept button.

A moment passes in silence, their faces mirroring the same dazed, lovestruck stares that happen when they first see each other's faces after too much time and distance.

Ilya finally breaks, his voice deep and low. "You are being very bold, Hollander."

His boyfriend takes a glance around what must be the green room of the Tonight Show. "I missed you."

Ilya lifts one eyebrow, his voice deliberately flat. "This is becoming habit for you, this missing me." Then something shifts in his expression, the careful mask of unbothered boyfriend slipping for just a moment. "But yes. Same for me."

"Listen, you should watch tonight."

Ilya purses his lips and shakes his head. "Seems very boring. All your interviews are boring. Same thing over and over. I am Shane Hollander, Mr. Hollywood, the best at everything. I break this record, that record... MVP."

Shane rolls his eyes, still grinning. "Just watch. There is something you're going to want to see."

Oh, he's up to something, Ilya thinks to himself. He narrows his eyes at the screen, studying Shane's face for any hint of what he's planning. Ilya had *always* intended to watch Shane's interview, just like he consumed every ounce of content he could get his hands on when it came to Hollander.

"It is about me? Will you tell Mr. Jimmy that I am a better player than you and Boston was robbed."

Shane lets out an exasperated sigh. "No, not about you. I mean, sort of... Just fucking watch the show Rozanov, Jesus."

"Okay," he replies softly.

A knock at the door breaks their gaze, and Ilya watches as Shane's expression transforms in an instant—eyes darting upward, smile vanishing, replaced by the frown of caution they've both perfected over the years. The sight makes Ilya's heart hurt. They are still a secret. *We have a plan*, he thinks. *Someday it will be different*.

"One second!" Shane yells, then turns his eyes back to the screen to meet Ilya's gaze. "I gotta go. But I —."

Shane halts before he says anything more, the pained expression growing on his face.

Ilya doesn't *need* to hear those three words. *I love you*. It can't happen with a stranger so close on the other side of the door. But he *wants* to hear it. He wants to say it back.

Instead, Ilya just sighs and gives Shane a reassuring nod. "I know."

Shane's eyes soften. "I know, too," he murmurs, the corner of his mouth lifting slightly.

"Break legs, yes? Not your own. Text me after." Ilya forces brightness into his voice that doesn't match the heaviness in his chest.

“I will. Bye.”

An hour later, Ilya sits in the dark of his living room, waiting for Shane to finally appear onscreen. He's two Corona's deep, ready for the inevitable. His boyfriend will look sexy on the television. It will drive him crazy with want. He will push down his sweatpants, close his eyes, and imagine that Hollander is there, that his hand is Shane's hand.

The bottle of lube and a towel are both waiting on the side table.

A meteorologist with a nearly indecipherable Boston accent is talking about the year's first heatwave, and Ilya smirks as he thinks about the summer ahead. They are apart tonight, but soon, they will have sunny afternoons stretching into cool evenings on the lake. Together.

The local news ends, and the brightly colored set of The Tonight Show appears. Ilya is grinning at the thought of seeing his boyfriend.

After a genuinely boring monologue and a commercial break, Jimmy finally introduces Shane. The studio audience erupts in applause as he emerges from backstage. He walks out, a stride more confident than usual. Shane looks incredible - dark suit, Rolex dangling on his wrist, black leather boots with silver buckles that the stylist most certainly picked out. Shane Hollander really is the most handsome man in hockey.

Ilya's lips curve into a possessive smile. *That's mine.*

Jimmy and Shane trade jokes about hockey fights and playoff beards. Ilya realizes he's holding his breath as Shane speaks, watching for the telltale signs of anxiety only he would recognize: the slight stiffness in Shane's shoulders, the way his right hand sometimes twitches against his thigh. But tonight, Shane leans back in the guest chair, voice steady as he describes the final moments of Game 7. Ilya feels pride rise in his chest. His baby is doing so well.

Shane is joking with the host, offering to teach him some suggestive hockey stretches. Suddenly they both get on all fours and Shane instructs the host to spread his legs. It's ridiculous, and Ilya's eyes go wide as he registers what's happening onscreen. His boyfriend is grinding his knees on the ground, hips rising and lowering a slow, deliberate rocking motion, one that makes Ilya's mouth go dry with recognition.

Ilya lets out a loud laugh at the spectacle, matching the audience's reaction, but his dick reacts differently. All the blood is rushing down to his cock. An instinct rises to touch himself, but Ilya forces himself to wait. He bites down hard on his lower lip.

Ilya considers sending a text to Shane. *You are torturing me.* But he hesitates, not wanting to miss a second of what's on the screen.

Shane and the host make their way back to the seats to continue their conversation. Then, almost in slow motion, Shane reaches down to the suit pocket and pulls out his glasses.

Ilya's mouth drops open, his heart suddenly beating out of his chest. *Fucking glasses.*

It feels like time fucking *stops* when Shane presses his lips together, places the glasses on his face, and stares directly into the camera with a smirk. Ilya is breathless at the sight.

Millions of people are watching, but for a split second, the look in Shane's eyes is the most private thing in the world. The message is clear.

For you.

Ilya's mind is racing. He fumbles with the remote, rewinding to that precise second when Shane looks into the camera. He keeps the frame there as he tries to catch his breath. His sweatpants have become an unbearable constraint, his cock fully erect against the fabric. Release won't take long, not when he's this worked up. And he's not ready, not yet. Ilya wants to stay in this desire for a little longer.

His fingers dig into the sofa cushions, knuckles whitening as he clenches his fists.

"Fuck, Hollander," he groans and dips his head back against the couch, eyes closing tight as he imagines the things he'd do to Shane if they were together right now.

It's not enough. It's not enough to watch Shane on his screen, to imagine being with his beautiful man. He needs to touch Shane. Now.

Something reckless takes root in his mind.

He picks up his phone, opening up Google Maps to track the distance between his boring Boston suburb and Rockefeller Center. More than three hours of driving — too long. And a bad idea after the beers. It's almost midnight.

How the fuck can I teleport to New York? he asks himself.

New York is not that far away. He can take a train. But not at this hour.

Plane? No, Logan is a pain in the ass anyway.

Ilya loses all control once he eyes the Blade app on his screen. He can get a helicopter. He can get to New York in an hour, get his hands and mouth and every inch of his body all over Shane.

He shakes his head. *Ridiculous.*

His thumb hovers over the helicopter icon, then descends. Some decisions make themselves.

Shane feels satisfied, perhaps even content as he says his farewells to the studio team. Tonight went better than expected. These television appearances always twist his stomach into knots beforehand. Not the audience or cameras, which he handles fine during games. It's the circus around him, the handlers and stylists and makeup artists preening all over him. It's gotten easier, but it's still low on the list of things he likes about this life.

Now, he can take a breath and draw focus back to the thing he does enjoy most in this life. Shane secretly hopes that Ilya has stayed up late to take his call, but it's after 1am. Way past the typical bedtime for both of them. He'll take his chances and send Ilya a text. "*U up?*" is lame, but effective. If Ilya doesn't answer, he'll just head back to his hotel room and imagine that his boyfriend is there.

Shane bites his lower lip as a vision comes to mind. *I'd like to watch Ilya take this suit off with his mouth.* His throat tightens.

Patience, Hollander. He hears the thought in Ilya's accent.

Shane grabs his phone as he steps towards the exit doors of Rockefeller Center, waving to a few folks as he walks. There's an unread message from "Lily." Shane allows himself a moment to imagine what Ilya's text contains – perhaps a jab about the ridiculous hockey stretch demonstration that had the audience howling, or something filthier, sent from a bed three hours away.

His biggest hope is that Ilya noticed the glasses, the ones that Shane wore just for him. Maybe they can't be open about their relationship, maybe he can't talk about the fact that he's so fucking in love with the person everyone thinks he's supposed to hate, but he can give Ilya *something*, a signal that only he can understand. *I love you, I miss you, I'm still 100% mad for you. I'm going to marry you someday.*

Shane grins and sighs as he presses his finger against the message alert.

Lily: Get into the black SUV. NY Plate 47X81D. Just you, no one else.

Shane's brow furrows as he reads the message again. *What the fuck is he talking about?*

He steps outside of the building, nodding at a few security guards with a polite smile as he scans the alley. There is a black SUV. Nothing out of the ordinary, his agents always arrange drivers for these things. Shane squints at the license plate, confirms that it is the plate number Ilya sent.

Shane is at a loss for why Ilya is texting him about the vehicle. He glances at the SUV, then back at his screen. Maybe there's something waiting for him inside? A gift? His heart quickens as he steps cautiously towards the vehicle, quickly turning his attention back to his phone to send a quick message to Ilya.

Jane: What the hell?

He halts his steps for a beat as he looks at the screen again, three dots blinking under his text. Then it disappears. Shane picks up his pace again. Whatever his boyfriend is up to, he's about

to find out. And at least the privacy of the vehicle will allow him to Facetime Ilya again.

Shane waves off the security guard reaching for the door handle, sure to pair it with an appreciative smile. "I've got it, thanks," he says, his voice barely audible as he pulls the door open himself.

Rozanov. Ilya Rozanov is sitting in the vehicle.

The sight of Ilya's face staring back at him nearly sends Shane into cardiac arrest. He blinks a few times, with a very serious worry that he's gone crazy and is hallucinating. But Ilya, Ilya looks like heaven to him, if a little disheveled. There's a wild look in his boyfriend's eyes, as if he were the first human to experience teleportation.

"Jesus Christ," Shane mumbles, his knees buckling under him. A million questions rush into his head. *How did he get here? Was he already in New York? Is there a sturdy partition between the back seats and the driver so that I can get my mouth on every square inch of this man's body in privacy?*

"Get in," Ilya commands, and Shane nearly levitates into the vehicle.

He clocks a quick glance at the front of the vehicle. Sturdy partition - check. And then he dives into Ilya's arms, quickly straddling him on the smooth leather of the backseat.

Their lips meet with wild urgency, and then it's impossible to tell the parts of their bodies that don't meet. Shane is running his hands through Ilya's already tousled hair, pressing his tongue deeper into his man's mouth as he feels Ilya's hands squeeze his hips. They moan into each other, not daring to break the kiss as Shane begins to grind against Ilya's hard bulge.

It's so good, and god, Shane is so fucking in love and happy and grateful for however Ilya got here. He has to tell him, speak the words that he censored earlier that night as he sat in the dressing room.

Shane breaks the kiss and pulls his face back, taking Ilya's face into his hands.

"I love you," he says, louder than he intended. His breath catches in his throat as his eyes dart back to the partition for a moment. But then he lets himself take in the sight before him. Ilya gazes up at him with such adoration that Shane imagines himself sprinting down Broadway at midnight, shouting their secret to anyone who'll listen. Maybe he'll commission a billboard in Times Square announcing their love.

Ilya's grin turns into a growl and he flips Shane into a new position, his ass hitting the leather seat with a force that's just the other side of uncomfortable. Ilya straddles him, kissing him harder and then moving his lips to Shane's neck. "I love you, too. You made me crazy."

Shane laughs as he rubs a hand across Ilya's back, the other finding his boyfriend's straining cock pressing against his pants. "Crazy enough to get to New York... wait, how did you get here?"

"Hmmm, batmobile," Ilya teases, and pecks his mouth against Shane's freckles.

“No, seriously, Ilya. How did you get here?” Shane asks through a grin so big, it might break his face. “Were you planning this?”

Ilya smiles and lets his eyes scan Shane’s mouth, eyes, chest before he answers. “No, was not planning.”

“Well then... how?”

His boyfriend chuckles. “I think you were maybe planning. How did you expect me to react to those glasses?”

Shane offers a crooked grin.

“By the way, on,” Ilya says as he taps a finger onto his temple. He nods with satisfaction as Shane pulls the glasses from his jacket again and places them on his face.

“I wasn’t planning... I just wanted something for us. In public. Even if it’s just our secret.”

Ilya smiles so big, Shane thinks they both might burst.

Their mouths meet again, and it only then occurs to Shane that they get to spend the whole night together. He’s not tired, the adrenaline rushing through his veins.

Shane gasps as Ilya’s fingers find their way to his waistband, tracing the edge with deliberate pressure before working at the button.

Ilya breaks the kiss, his eyes dark as he frees Shane’s cock from his pants with surprising efficiency. “Those glasses,” he murmurs, voice rough. “When you looked at me wearing them? I couldn’t think straight anymore. So, I ordered helicopter.”

Shane bites back a laugh, closing his eyes as Ilya’s rough hands grip his length. “Unbelievable.”

“Yes, Blade. Very efficient.” Ilya begins stroking him harder. It’s a little dangerous, the two of them in the backseat with some random driver up front, but Shane’s so fucking hot for this man and the surprise of their stolen evening still sparkles somewhere inside his heart. “I thought, I could sit on this boring couch all night and beat off to Shane Hollander on the tv, or... I could fuck Shane Hollander, all night.”

Ilya slinks down the length of Shane’s body, his hands braced against Shane’s thighs, fingers pressing into the taut muscle there. Shane breathes out a barely audible “whoa” as Ilya takes his tip into his mouth, the wet heat enveloping him. His glasses slide slightly down his nose as he watches Ilya through half-lidded eyes. Ilya sinks down all the way, letting his tongue rub the underside of Shane’s dick. It’s better than any fantasy he could have imagined.

Ilya releases him with a loud pop, his eyes tracing back up Shane’s chest with a gaze so hungry and possessive it makes Shane whimper. Ilya takes a deep breath before he speaks. “Because Shane Hollander is mine.”

Shane reaches out to trace his thumb across the outline of Ilya's lips and nods. "Yours," he whispers, his voice breaking on the word.

Ilya breaks their stare as he dives his face back between Shane's legs. His designer pants are now bunched around his ankles. Ilya closes his mouth around Shane's cock and quickens his pace, leaving Shane panting as he runs his fingers through the light brown curls. He dips his head back into the leather seating, his orgasm building just as Ilya cups his balls with his right hand.

"Fuck," Shane moans. With one final deep stroke into his boyfriend's throat, he feels his release fill Ilya's mouth.

His boyfriend pulls away, wiping his mouth off with a satisfied smirk. Shane pulls him up, their mouths meeting again in another urgent kiss before they take their seats beside one another and Shane pulls up his pants, redressing himself.

They feel the vehicle stop. Shane glances at the window, nervous about the sudden reminder that this is still a secret, that shortly they will have to step into the city lights. He sighs with relief once he realizes that Ilya has made it all okay. The driver has taken them to the private entrance of his hotel. Shane hears a knock at the partition, and watches the driver exit into the building, surely an agreement that his boyfriend set up earlier to ensure their privacy. He turns back to find Ilya staring at him, with a little grin that seems to say, *I will always take care of us*.

Shane inches his hand over to Ilya's.

"Oh, are you... staying tonight?" Shane asks in a teasing tone.

Ilya lets his tongue run across his teeth, eyes narrowing. Shane feels butterflies in his gut as he lets his eyes scan his boyfriend's face. *That's mine*.

"Yes, Mr. Break Records," Ilya says, leaning in for a quick kiss. "Tonight, I break records for how many times you come."

Shane breaks into a laugh. "Ilya, you already hold that record."

"Yes," Ilya says as he takes Shane's hand in his and turns to open the vehicle door. "But I am very competitive."

End Notes

There really is a helicopter rental from Boston to NYC, but no, this fic is not sponsored by Blade. Also, should our boys be wearing their seatbelts at all times? Yes. But it's fiction. And the traffic of NYC means the driver was going slow.

Thanks for reading!

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