

Let me hear your body talk

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Let me hear your body talk

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Shane does a workout interview with Men's Health Magazine. When the video drops while he's out with Hayden, Ilya's at home watching it and having strong Feelings about it.

Notes

hiiii

thanks so much for the love on my last fics, it means so much ♡

after seeing hudson's interview with men's health magazine, i, like others, said that if this was shane, ilya would go feral over it so this fic is basically that.

hope you enjoy it! ♡

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

Ever since Shane and Ilya were outed, Yuna has been doing everything she could to secure both of them different brand deals or interviews. They hated seeing fake narratives about them everywhere but they knew that's what comes with being famous, especially to the scale they are now.

Shane Hollander and rival, Ilya Rozanov, not actually rivals

This was headline news and they couldn't escape seeing all the articles about what people think they know about their relationship so they're glad to have Yuna Hollander do what she does best— redirect the conversation.

Brands had no issue signing with either Shane or Ilya, or both of them, wanting the attention they bring to their brands. Talk show hosts and news outlets want the exclusive from them directly, knowing the attention it'll bring to their shows and magazines as well.

With the heat of their coming out slowly fizzling out, they finally feel like they could breathe and just *be together* as the husbands they are.

Shane has one more commitment to wrap up before they're able to get back to the cottage and coach their hockey camps for the summer. He heads over to meet with the people from Men's Health Magazine where he's going to be interviewed while he does his workout routine.

This is a type of interview Shane feels like he can do and not feel too awkward or unsure of himself. He knows how to workout, he does it every day, he's got this.

It goes well, he's there for about an hour being asked questions about him and Ilya, about his longstanding career so far, if he thinks the Centaurs can win back-to-back Stanley Cups, what it felt like to win the cup in his first year on the Centaurs with his husband, and many other questions relating to hockey and his husband— his two favorite subjects even though the latter does still make him blush.

It's not until a couple weeks later that the interview drops.

Shane's out with Hayden— one on one time because for some reason Hayden feels the need to steal Ilya's husband away from him now that they're no longer on the same team.

Ilya's at home, lounging on the couch with Anya when he sees the notification that a new interview with Shane Hollander has dropped. No one needs to know that Ilya has notifications on for anything and everything related to his husband.

He sees that it's an eight minute video posted on YouTube by Men's Health Magazine. Ilya remembers Shane saying that he felt good with how the interview went but didn't really give him much detail. All he said was that he was asked a lot of the same questions they always get now that people know about them, but overall it went well because it was mainly focused on his workout routine, things he eats, and what people can do to get a hockey butt— to which Ilya sees that Shane told them to '*ask my husband*'.

Ilya's stomach flips at that. He knows he has a good ass but hearing Shane talk about it is making him feel all shy and he just *knows* he's blushing. He's thankful to be home alone watching this. He's beet red, smiling so much his cheeks hurt, and he's half hard the second he sees the way Shane's big arms move with each workout, the way his thighs shake, and the sweet yet flirty way he talks about Ilya and their relationship.

Ilya takes *many* screenshots while watching the interview, obsessed with how good Shane looks during it. He even makes one of them his new phone background— he's got a cheeky little smile and his freckles stand out so well over his slightly flushed cheeks, and his arms are just fucking massive, Ilya feels like he's going insane with how good his man looks.

Ilya finishes the interview and goes to the instagram post that Men's Health Magazine posted about the interview. It's a one minute version of the interview and Ilya starts leaving a few comments on it.

ilyarozanov81: you're so hot @shanehollanderofficial be mine, oh wait

ilyarozanov81: get home now @shanehollanderofficial

ilyarozanov81: this was a great interview thank you for asking good questions

ilyarozanov81: his body is insane

ilyarozanov81: never had an appropriate thought about him

Ilya knows Shane won't even see any of this since he always deletes instagram from his phone and only downloads it when he should make a post, but it doesn't stop Ilya from being a menace as Shane puts it. He already notices a bunch of replies to his comments and Men's Health liking all of his comments.

Ilya closes the app and goes to check Shane's location. He's still out with Hayden.

Ilya

Come home

Shane ❤️

What's wrong?

Shane ❤️

Did something happen?

Ilya

Yes something is wrong

Ilya

I need to fuck you

Shane ❤️

There's so much wrong with you

Shane ❤️

I thought something bad happened

Ilya

Something bad did happen

Ilya

I'm horny and you're not here

Shane ❤️

That's not a real problem, Ilya

Ilya

Yes it is, Shane

Ilya

I'm so hard and I'd rather fuck you and not my hand...

Shane ❤️

I'll be home in twenty minutes

Ilya

That's my good boy

Shane ❤️

Don't you dare get started without me

Ilya

Hurry up

Ilya checks Shane's location and can see it moving. He smiles.

Ilya goes back to the video so he can take some notes. He has a plan, he just needs Shane to get home already.

Shane gets home within twenty minutes like he said, making his way in and greeting Anya who ran to meet him at the door. Ilya also gets up, putting his phone in his pocket.

"Hi, baby," Shane says to Anya, petting her head.

Ilya leans against the wall watching them, smiling softly. "I thought I was *baby*," he teases when Shane looks at him.

Shane smiles, walking over to him. He puts his hands on Ilya's waist, running them up his sides as he presses himself against him. Shane's wearing jeans, a navy blue crewneck

sweater, and a white tank top underneath, and Ilya's in loose grey shorts and a black tank top. Ilya puts his hands on Shane's chest, cupping his tits through his sweater before his right hand trails up to his neck, pulling Shane's face to his.

Shane's tongue is in his mouth immediately, deepening the kiss, and pressing himself harder against him. Ilya moans into the kiss, his erection still there and getting harder as he feels Shane hard and pressed against him.

"Hi, baby," Shane says softly against his lips, laughing softly.

Ilya bites his bottom lip before pulling away from the kiss. "Come with me," he says, taking Shane's hand and leads him intently to their home gym.

"What are you— why are we going to the gym?" Shane asks, confused, but still follows his husband.

Ilya doesn't answer yet, instead he opens the door and turns the light on, dimming them to the perfect lighting level for what he has planned. He closes the door behind them so that Anya doesn't come in and interrupt them.

Shane easily goes with Ilya further into the gym, waiting for Ilya to say something.

They come to a stop in the middle next to the bench where Ilya looks at him, his pupils dark. "Your Men's Health Magazine interview dropped while you were out," Ilya tells him.

"Oh, I didn't know, and is it—" Shane says but stops when he sees the way Ilya is looking him up and down.

"It's so fucking hot, moya lyubov'," Ilya tells him. "Almost indecent to have other people see you like that."

Shane's blushing, his freckles standing out on his flushed cheeks. Ilya takes Shane's jaw into his hand, a familiar move for him, tilting his head up slightly so Shane could meet his eye before he closes the distance, kissing him hard on the lips. Shane moans into the kiss, his hands grabbing onto Ilya's waist.

Ilya trails his lips over to his neck and he says into his ear hotly, "I couldn't stop watching it and thinking about fucking you in some of those positions."

"*Fuck*," Shane moans, his fingers gripping onto Ilya tighter.

Ilya's right hand is now grabbing onto Shane's hair at the back of his neck—the best decision Shane ever made was not to cut his hair short again after seeing just how much Ilya's obsessed with his longer hair.

He pulls his head slightly so he can look at him and says, "Take your jeans and sweater off."

Ilya lets him go so that Shane can do exactly as he said. He first removes his sweater, pulling it over his head. Ilya takes it from him while Shane then goes to remove his jeans. Ilya takes both and folds them, putting them down on a shelf, knowing Shane will get distracted by it if he just tossed them to the side.

Shane stands in just his boxer briefs, white tank top, and white socks, waiting for Ilya to walk back over to him. He slowly does, eyeing him up and down as he makes his way over.

"Get on the bench and do the dumbbell fly workout," Ilya tells him when he's within reach but he doesn't touch him.

"What?" Shane asks, confused.

"The way you looked in that interview was fucking sinful, sweetheart. All I could think about was getting you in some of those positions and fucking you hard and deep until you beg me to let you come," Ilya says in his most seductive, sexy voice, knowing the effect it has on

Shane, seeing the way his cock twitches in his briefs, a small wet patch already showing on them.

“Ilya...” Shane says softly.

“Dumbbell fly, moya lyubov',” Ilya repeats.

Shane does as he's told. He walks over to their weight rack and grabs some dumbbells. They look lighter than what he'd normally use but Ilya lets that slide. He stands there and watches as Shane lays on the bench the way he did in the video and starts doing his first set.

Ilya stands over him for a moment to watch, seeing the way Shane blushes looking up at him. Ilya then walks to stand in front of his slightly open legs at the end of the bench and then just sits himself down onto Shane's lap.

“*Fuck*,” Shane groans, his hips twitching up into Ilya feeling his weight on top of him and his ass grinding hard against his already aching cock.

Ilya smiles at him teasingly as he puts his hands on Shane's chest as he grinds on him. “Do your workout, Shane,” he tells him and Shane does as he's told.

Ilya does this for the first rep then climbs off and drops to his knees.

Ilya puts his hands on Shane's thighs and slides them up gently. He can see Shane start struggling with his second rep but recovers well.

“Ilya...” Shane says again as Ilya takes Shane's hard, leaking cock out of his briefs.

“Don't stop,” Ilya tells him before he takes Shane's cock into his mouth.

“Oh fuck,” Shane says, looking at Ilya and seeing him deep throat him. Ilya winks at him and Shane swears under his breath again, his head hitting the bench as he tries to focus on his workout.

Ilya works his mouth over Shane’s cock, his hands caressing his thighs and hips, teasing him with light, gentle touches as he swallows around his hard cock.

Ilya looks up and catches Shane’s eye as he watches Ilya work his mouth over him. “Fuck, baby,” Shane moans. He finishes his reps quickly, Ilya hearing the sound of the weights hitting the ground before he feels Shane’s hand grab his.

Ilya slowly pulls off of him and smiles up at him with wet lips. He stands up and tells Shane to stand too. He gets Shane on the ground, onto one of the mats. He walks over to grab some heavier weights and places them next to Shane’s mat by his head.

“Take the rest of your clothes off,” Ilya tells him as he’s kneeling by Shane’s feet. Shane takes the shirt off and tosses it to the side making Ilya smirk then he removes his briefs. “You do dragon flags now, and I will fuck you while you do them,” Ilya tells him.

Shane groans, “*Fuck, Ilya*, I’m— I don’t know if I can.”

Ilya takes Shane’s face in his hands and kisses him hard. “Yes, you can,” he tells him between kisses. “Do this for me, sweetheart.”

Ilya kisses him again, his tongue deep in Shane’s mouth, feeling him relax in his hands. He pulls back and Shane says softly, “Okay.”

“Good boy,” Ilya says before kissing him again. He pats Shane’s cheek softly, winking at him as he moves away to let Shane get into the right position to start this workout.

Ilya gets back up so that he can strip down too. He does it a little slowly, putting on a bit of a show for his man. He takes the lube he put in his shorts and gets back onto his knees by

Shane's feet. He puts some lube onto his fingers and when Shane lifts his hips up, Ilya holds Shane's ankles with one hand as he brings his right hand to his hole. He slowly works Shane open as Shane stays in this position.

"Please, baby, fuck me, I'm good," Shane begs.

Ilya removes his fingers gently before slicking his cock up and lining himself up with Shane's hole. He spreads his legs, placing his ankles onto his shoulder as he presses himself inside of him. Shane moans loudly as Ilya bottoms out.

Ilya takes Shane's ankles into one hand, keeping them together again so that he can fuck him in the right position as the one he saw him do in the interview.

Ilya sees the way Shane's abs constrict and *fuck*, it's so hot. He starts moving faster, fucking him deep until Shane starts begging for more.

"Go higher," Ilya tells him so Shane does, lifting his hips more, giving Ilya better access to fuck him even harder, deeper.

"*Oh my God*," Shane moans loudly when Ilya hits his prostate, fucking him faster and harder. "Right there, Ilya, don't stop, *fuck*."

"*Fuck, Shane*," Ilya moans, driving into him deeper.

"I'm close, baby, *please*—" Shane moans, and Ilya can see that he's gripping onto the weights hard.

"Please what? Tell me," Ilya says.

"Can I please come? *Please*—" Shane moans when Ilya hits his prostate again, his back arching even more. "I—*fuck, Ilya*," he moans again.

How could he deny him when he sounds this fucking wrecked?

“Come for me, baby,” Ilya tells him and he watches as Shane moans his name loudly, coming hard all over himself and Ilya who lets Shane’s ankles go, letting his legs spread open so Ilya could lean down and kiss him hard on the lips as he comes hard inside of him, moaning deeply into his mouth.

Shane’s hands are caressing his back as he comes down from his orgasm, laying flat on top of him, still inside of him. “That was so fucking hot,” Shane says softly.

“Yes,” Ilya chuckles. “Thank you, sweetheart.”

Ilya looks at Shane who blushes softly, smiling at him sweetly. “I’ll do anything for you, even recreate your random fantasies,” he teases.

“Oh, is not random, I am sure everyone who watched the interview had the same thoughts I did,” Ilya tells him, kissing his chin sweetly. He sees the way Shane blushes and he loves just how in denial he is to how fucking hot and desirable he is to literally everyone in the world.

“Well, you’re the only one I’d do this for,” Shane says, his fingers working through Ilya’s curls softly.

“I know,” Ilya smiles, kissing him again before slowly pulling out of him. He gets up to grab a small towel from the rack, wetting it in the sink they had installed in there, and brings it back over to Shane to clean him up gently. He helps Shane up and the two grab their clothes and leave the gym.

They make their way upstairs to toss their clothes in the laundry hamper before taking a shower together. Later, when they’re both cuddling on the couch watching a movie, Shane gets a text.

Ilya's lying down on his back with Shane curled up next to him, his head on his chest. Shane reaches over Ilya to grab his phone. Ilya can see that it's a text from Hayden and groans.

"Shut up," Shane laughs softly as he opens it. "Oh, Ilya, what the fuck?!" he says before shoving the phone in his face to show him a screenshot of comments Ilya had left on the instagram post from Men's Health Magazine.

"Hayden is such a narc," Ilya says, rolling his eyes while taking the phone and tossing it aside. He rolls them over and gets on top of Shane, kissing all over his face, making him laugh, and forget all about the thirsty comments he made.

End Notes

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translations:

moya lyubov' - my love

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