

Rozy tries: Yoga

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Rozy tries: Yoga

by [Strange_johnlock](#)

Summary

But then Wyatt is moving closer, and Ilya finds himself pulling faces at the camera, checking with a sideward glance that Shane is still focused on his breathing. Ilya sticks his tongue out at Hazy who struggles to hold back a laugh.

“Ilya.”

Opposite him, Shane hasn’t moved, palms open on his thighs, one strand of hair falling into his forehead, but Ilya still feels like a school boy who got caught by the strict teacher.

“Is Hazy’s fault. He distracted me,” Ilya protests, which earns him a look, just one of Shane’s eyes opening, before he relaxes once more.

Or: Ilya has an online show trying out different sports with professional coaches. When his most recent filming partner cancels, he asks Shane to teach him about yoga instead.

Notes

Thank you, Michy, for beta reading

Chapter 1

“I’m really sorry, Mr. Rozanov. I was really looking forward to today. I just...” Her voice trails off just as Ilya’s gaze catches Wyatt’s behind the small, hand-held camera, finding his own disappointment mirrored in his friend’s gaze.

Today was supposed to be special. They were supposed to film the tenth episode of “Rozy tries”, a silly little online show they had started almost two years ago. The concept was simple. Ilya would meet up with an expert in a sport he had never tried before, they would teach him the basics, and Ilya would try his hardest not to embarrass himself in front of everyone.

It was fun, and it was a chance for Ilya to show people his real personality. The side his close family and friends already know. He could interact with people, laugh, flirt a bit and there were inside jokes with Wyatt, who was an active part of the show, even from behind the camera.

Ilya had tried step aerobics, tennis, horseback riding – the women had liked that one for some reason – and now, him and Wyatt had just been on their way to a dance studio so Ilya could learn about belly dancing. He’d chosen it because he was fascinated by the way bodies could move so smoothly, seemingly effortlessly, and because he wanted to do something sexy for his husband.

Shane supported his silly little hobby, watching every video, and even having Ilya teach him the steps he learned in fencing class. Now, Ilya couldn’t surprise him with a new episode, like he had hoped. The episode would have been uploaded on their third wedding anniversary, because the instructor, Nazli, had sprained her ankle while playing with her son that morning.

“Is okay. I hope you get well soon, and we make a new appointment,” Ilya says, trying to keep the disappointment and annoyance he feels out of his voice. She’s not to blame for this. “You can call me, or email, yes?”

“Thank you, I will. I really want to do this. I think it’s such a fun show. I’ll call you as soon as my ankle has calmed down.”

They say their goodbyes, then Ilya ends the call and sinks back into his car seat. Opposite him, Wyatt’s camera follows the movement. “What now?” he asks, and Ilya finds himself shrugging. They were already half-way to Nazli’s house, when they had pulled to take her call. Wyatt had quickly pulled out his camera to start filming from the driver’s seat, taking this show of theirs way too seriously. Ilya loves how much he wants to get it all right.

“Don’t know. We have road trip tomorrow. Is difficult to record episode in middle of play offs, and we have to think about new sport, find instructor, have them sign Yuna’s ten-page contract. Cannot do this today, I don’t think.”

“But we need a tenth episode, right? I bet we could find something. Do any of the guys on the team do other sports? I could take you on a bike ride. Not that much to learn, but it would

be fun. Doesn't Haasy go swimming on a regular basis? Maybe he's got time tonight."

"You just want to see me in swimsuit. Pervert," Ilya teased.

"I see you in the fucking showers like three times a week, you dick." Wyatt quipped back.

"Cannot get enough. I understand," Ilya grabbed his phone just as it lit up with a text from Shane.

Shane:

Just got back from our walk.

He has attached a picture of Anya happily splashing around in the brook close to their house.

Shane:

Have fun today. ❤️ Can't wait to see the result.

Ilya finds himself grinning down at the screen.

"Hazy, I have idea." He makes sure the camera was still running before he pressed call and put the phone on speaker.

Shane picks up on the third ring, obviously confused. "Ilya?"

"Hello, солнышко. I have bad news."

He hears shuffling as Shane moves, and Ilya wonders if he had sat down on the sofa to snuggle with Anya after their run together. "Bad news? About the episode?"

"Yes, about episode. Turns out I am too good at belly dancing. Will quit my hockey career now to become dancer, yes? I wanted to ask rich husband to support plan."

"Oh, fuck off, Rozanov. You know I would always support your dreams."

"Ah, I married right rich guy, then." Ilya runs a finger along the seam of his seat right next to his thigh. "There is real problem," he adds after a short pause. "Instructor has hurt her ankle. No dancing for me today."

Shane is moving now; Ilya can hear him walking around the house. "I'm sorry to hear that. You were looking forward to today."

"Yes, is true, but we will record another time. We just need to find alternative for today."

"I'm sure there is something. Let me think."

Ilya looked at the camera, letting a mischievous smile cross his face. "I was thinking you could teach me yoga. You are expert, yes?"

"Ilya, no. I don't... I love you, but I am far from an expert, and I am awkward in front of cameras and I..." Shane speaks very quickly, then takes an audible breath. "I just know the basics myself. I can help you with those, if you want."

Ilya loves him so much, and he cannot hide the soft smile pulling at his mouth, the one the outside world never gets to see. "Thank you, солнышко. We don't have to upload if you don't like it at end, okay?"

"Okay, I'll get the gym ready, okay?"

"Or we can maybe go outside? Yoga in sun, like in old documentary?"

On the other side of town, his husband let out an annoyed huff. "Fine. I'll set up my mats and the bluetooth speaker, maybe."

"And put on shorts I like."

"No, those will not be seen by anyone but you." Shane chides. "See you in a bit."

"Yes, half hour, tops. Thank you, Shane. You are saving show." Ilya blows a kiss at the phone, then ends the call.

He turns his gaze back to Wyatt who is smirking back at him. "You're so lucky."

They stop filming as soon as Ilya starts the car, not wanting to give away any detail about their neighbourhood or their house. They discuss a few details and Ilya texts them to Shane.

Ilya:

We will set up one camera next to big tree. It shows garden and trees, not house.

Ilya:

We will turn on camera when I step through backdoor. You can wait by mats.

Shane:

Okay.

Ilya:

Can I kiss you hello?

Public displays of affection are difficult for Shane, Ilya knows that. People tried so hard to get a picture of them kissing or holding hands, especially in the first few months of their marriage. The video of their kiss, the fan cam one, has millions of likes online and gets uploaded again and again. Although it is a good kiss, that feels like an invasion of privacy, still, and Ilya wants to make sure Shane feels comfortable to maybe have another clip of them circulate online.

He knows his husband is thinking about the same thing as the three dots dance across the screen for a while.

Shane:

Yes. I want to kiss you.

Ilya:

I'll even try to keep my hands off your ass. 🍑

Shane:

Dick.

Ilya:

Your dick, too, yes.

Shane:



Ilya:

Hazy says no music. Bad with the acoustics. Wind is difficult enough.

Shane:

Okay.

Ilya:

Thank you for doing this, Shane.

We can stop at any time, okay? I want you to be comfortable.

Shane:

I know. I want to do this for you. I know you care so much.

Ilya:

I love you. I'm excited we get to hang out.

Shane:

We hang out every day, Ilya.

I love you, too.

Ilya looks up when Wyatt nudges him. “Flirting with the husband, are you?”

Who is Ilya to deny it? Hazy knows – all of the Centaurs know – how in love he is, how devoted he is, to Shane. After hiding the fact from first himself, then Shane, then the world for so long, he does not want to waste any more energy and keep up a façade. Some part of him wants to share every photo, post every fun video they have, to show off his husband, to show the world how happy they are, but the larger part, the rational one, knows that what they have needs to be protected. Their love has survived so much, has grown and strengthened over years, and it is theirs and only theirs.

“Always,” Ilya quips. “Just want to make sure he is okay with this.”

Wyatt looks over his shoulder, as he turns left. “He’s a professional, isn’t he? With all the ad’s he’s done.”

Ilya finds himself nodding. Yes, Shane knows how to move in front of the camera, knows how to follow a director’s instructions, but this is different. They don’t do different takes; they just film the entire afternoon and then cut it together, into a twenty-minute episode. No redo’s, just natural interaction. It’s what they have always done, ever since Ilya had been in an interview that had involved him having to answer a question every time the interviewer made a point against him in table tennis. It had been a lot of fun, the fans had loved it, and then Ilya had joked around with Bood and Hazy about trying out other sports.

A week later, Ilya and Hazy had shown up at a step aerobic studio. Wyatt’s wife Lisa had introduced them to her instructor, Gabriel, and for over an hour, Ilya had tried not to break his neck as he jumped and turned on the platform. Fans had loved to see him struggle and break into sweat while Gabriel was making it look so easy, and some clips had gone viral quickly. It had just evolved from there. Their equipment had become more professional, but it still was mostly spontaneous.

Being spontaneous isn’t Shane’s strength. “Don’t want professional. Just want Shane. Don’t want him to think he has to be golden boy of hockey for this. But he might try and then think he was awkward.”

“We can still try and find something else if you’re not sure about this, Roz.”

“No. I am selfish. I want to show off husband. Even with Harris’ social media, people still think he is hockey robot. But he is not.”

And maybe it’s silly to want to prove something to the world. Maybe they don’t have to, but Ilya knows what it is like to live with a certain public image. He has been in a committed

relationship for over six years, married for almost three, but to some, he is still the playboy, the lady's man, the party animal he'd been in his early twenties. Maybe this silly little episode, of this silly little show, can give them back some of the control their accidental outing had taken from them.

"Not off the ice, he isn't," Wyatt agrees. "And it might be easier because it is just us, right? Just friends hanging out." He pulls into their street, and Ilya opens their gate via his phone. As they drive up to the house, Ilya feels himself getting nervous.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane is sitting on his mat when they arrive, back straight, face relaxed and Ilya knows that his husband is doing some breathing exercises to keep himself calm. He looks like he's been taken straight out of a TV ad, in his grey shirt and pants, hair put up into a messy bun, and Ilya's chest expands with pride, at the thought of being married to this man. He was chosen by him, despite all the difficulties and all the hurdles in their way.

"I don't know if he is best yoga instructor, but he is sexiest," Ilya looks at Wyatt instead of the camera, something he has learned works best to keep the videos natural. "Maybe we have to stop recording at some point." He winks, then turns towards Shane. They are still about fifteen meters away, but Shane perks up at the sound of his voice and elegantly gets to his feet.

"Ilya, Hazy," he greets, and the smile that starts professional, turns real, tempting Ilya to squeeze his cheeks. Instead, he steps forward to kiss him. He intends just a brief touch of lips, but Shane's lips are so soft, and his freckles are so cute, so the kiss briefly deepens.

"Hello, Shane," he whispers, thumb running over his cheek for a moment.

"Is this how you greet everyone in those videos?" Shane smirks, making Ilya grin like an idiot.

"Yes, I do. Is important to make people comfortable. We are professional show," he responds, and Wyatt cackles behind the camera. So much for professional. Shane nudges him in response, then turns to point at the little set-up.

"Let's try to be professional, then, and learn some basic yoga."

"Yes, soon. We need to install second camera, and I need to change," Ilya looks at Wyatt.

"You sadly cannot be there for that. I am married man." He winks. "Will see you in bit."

Ten minutes later, Ilya finds himself on a yoga mat, opposite Shane, and Ilya is trying very hard to remember what Shane is telling him about yoga, but his husband is looking so cute, freckles prominent against the slight blush that always tends to paint his cheeks when he is nervous. It is usually Ilya's job to keep him blushing, but right now, it is Wyatt with his handheld camera, walking circles around them, that has the same effect.

"You do yoga outside a lot?" Hazy asks, moving the camera to capture more of the view, before returning to film Shane in a close-up.

"No, I don't. Not sure many people do, because of the bugs and stuff. And it is more difficult, as a beginner, to keep your balance on the grass." He shrugs. "But Rozy insisted, so here we

are.”

“Ah, just want to show off beautiful husband in sunlight, not like on the ice,” Ilya smirks, expecting the pink to return to Shane’s cheeks. It does not disappoint.

“We should start,” Shane turns away from the camera to hide the blush. “Let’s sit down. Find a pose that feels comfortable for you.” He sits, cross-legged, back straight, hands on his knees, and Ilya mirrors the pose.

“We just breathe. Eyes closed. Focus on your breathing. Slow, in and out. Breathing is an important part of yoga.” Dark lashes fall against golden skin as Shane closes his eyes, and Ilya wiggles around on his mat for a moment before he closes his eyes as well. To defend his honour, he really tries, for about thirty seconds, to match Shane’s breathing.

But then Wyatt is moving closer, and Ilya finds himself pulling faces at the camera, checking with a sideward glance that Shane is still focused on his breathing. Ilya sticks his tongue out at Hazy who struggles to hold back a laugh.

“Ilya.”

Opposite him, Shane hasn’t moved, palms open on his thighs, one strand of hair falling into his forehead, but Ilya still feels like a school boy who got caught by the strict teacher.

“Is Hazy’s fault. He distracted me,” Ilya protests, which earns him a look, just one of Shane’s eyes opening, before he relaxes once more.

Ilya quickly straightens, closing his eyes. Breathing deeply, he follows the sound of his husband’s slow breaths, finding it calms him. This, yoga, might not be the right thing for this show, he realises, because it is about being quiet, and Shane takes that very seriously.

In six years of dating, Ilya has never joined Shane in his yoga session. It is mostly because Shane does them in the morning, far earlier than Ilya even considers getting up, and the Russian prefers to have a sweaty but relaxed Shane back in bed for another workout, anyway. But morning sex is not the only reason. The few times a week Ilya has made it down to their gym before seven, he has preferred to just watch. He’d just wink at his husband when he accused him of staring at his butt, but he is just very much in loves and enjoys Shane being all calm and relaxed. Shane is used to having the eyes of the hockey world on him, and he wears a mask of some sort as soon as they leave the house. It is one that he lets slip for just a few people. Some members of the team, the Pike’s, Rose, his parents. Yoga is something Shane just does for himself, and it makes Ilya endlessly happy that he gets to witness him like this. The butt is a bonus, of course.

Over the course of the next half hour, Ilya follows his husband’s instructions as he stretches and holds poses, threatening to fall over more than once, which, in the end, must be fun for the viewer. Shane and Wyatt seem to enjoy it if their laughter is any indication.

“Is stupid. Why am I wobbly like this?” Ilya complaints.

“Because you are not breathing. Slow, in and out. Now, one hand on the ground. It’s okay if you can only reach with your fingertips. It will get easier if you try regularly. Okay, good. Now, other arm up. Keep that leg at ninety degrees. Now hold.”

Ilya does, trying to keep his leg straight and not fall over, less he embarrasses himself. He is a professional athlete after all.

“Eight more. Hold. You are doing so well, baby. Lower your arm. Both hands on the floor. Let’s relax for a moment.”

Baby. Shane must have forgotten about the camera for a moment to let the endearment slip, and Ilya almost loses his footing again and the thrill of the world knowing about it.

“Now, tilt your weight forward a bit, and raise your leg up as far as you can.”

Shane’s leg and body form an almost perfect diagonal line now, only disturbed by his glorious ass. Maybe he should not focus on that right now, and keep his knees from giving in.

They do a few more poses, then Ilya finally gets to collapse on the grass and dramatically gasp for air, the back of one hand against his forehead. “This is torture, not sport. Last proof that middle-aged women are stronger than I could ever be.”

Shane actually throws his head back and laughs. “They are not the only people doing yoga, Ilya.”

“Oh, yes. My husband, too. Explains why he is best hockey player in world.”

And why he is so bendy, but that part he does not say out loud.

From down in the grass, Ilya watches Shane get up and reach out a hand. He takes it, then makes it dramatically fall back to the floor. “You realise you said that in front of a camera, right?” Shane says with a smirk.

“Yes, you forced it out of me. Now, I am dead. You need to do mouth to mouth.”

“You speak a lot for a dead guy.” Shane reaches out again, and Ilya finally lets his husband pull him up. “You did very well. There were some difficult poses in there.”

“You did well,” Ilya wants to say. “I’m so proud of you. And so grateful that you were part of this for me.” He does not say it but promises himself he will later, when they are alone, when both Hazy and his camera are gone.

“I know. You tortured me,” Ilya looks at Wyatt. “See what he does to me? If I ever have bad hockey day, is because my own husband made me do yoga again, and legs are noodles.”

Hazy replies with a laugh. “Shane’s right. You talk a lot for a dead guy. Don’t be a drama queen.”

Ilya makes himself drop to the floor, hand on his chest.

When he appears on camera again, he is holding it in his right hand, other arm loosely thrown around Shane's shoulder. Usually, he does that last part of the video by himself, talks to his viewers for a bit, but then, he has never done an episode with his husband before, so there are new rules now.

"So, as you learnt from beginning of video, this was not plan for this episode, but I think it was lots of fun. Was for me. Was it for you, too, солнышко?"

Shane, to Ilya's surprise, leans closer, until his hair tickles Ilya's face. "I did. Next time, I can teach you some hockey basics, okay?" He says, face all innocent on the screen. Ilya pulls back a bit, turning to face Shane.

"See? He is mean one. I am so nice, and he is mean one," he points an accusatory finger at the camera.

"Yes, you have to suffer endlessly. Poor Rozy." Shane pulls him close again, and Ilya's heart threatens to jump out of his chest. After so many years of hiding, being seen is still difficult, and here is his Shane, snuggling against him with that adorable, little smirk, like he has just made the best joke of his life. Ilya loves him so much. It makes him soften.

"I am actually very lucky. Get to make ten episodes of silly show because you people out there like it. Get to play hockey with my beautiful, mean husband." He cannot resist but to drop a kiss to the side of Shane's head.

"I see you in next episode. Maybe I bring along Shane. Then he will learn he is not good at every sport. Very humbling."

"Humbling. I didn't know you had already learned that word."

"See, mean. Making fun of my language, just because he speaks perfect French."

Shane laughs at that. "Yes, perfect at Yoga, hockey, French..."

"And other things, but we do not mention," Ilya adds, just to see him blush.

With that, the video ends.

"Shane, солнышко. Can you get off phone and come to bed? Is three years of marriage, not thirty. You still need to have hots for your husband."

Shane lifts his head, from where he is sitting on the sofa, face lit by the screen. "The internet has hots for you, so..." He raises his phone as proof; mouth curled in a smile. "These comments on new 'Rozy tries' episode are insane."

They had watched the video earlier, after their walk with Anya. Wyatt had edited it, but left in parts of the phone call and them arriving in the yard. Of course, Ilya almost tumbling over was still in there, as well as the last part they had filmed. Shane had been embarrassed to see himself on screen, but had otherwise enjoyed the clip. "You did really well, I still think you

should join me sometimes. I could do some other stuff in the early morning and wait for you with yoga.”

And wasn’t that the best love confession Ilya had ever gotten, Shane considering rearranging his perfectly scheduled mornings for him. Instead of answering, he’d just kissed him.

“This is not news, Hollander,” Ilya’s voice is casual, but he walks down the three steps he has already climbed, intrigued. “I am very beautiful.” He opens his arms, palms up, as to challenge Shane to disagree.

Shane does not. He is still grinning, though. “You are. People are just a bit much. Here, and I quote... I’d do downward dog for Rozanov as long as he wants me to.”

That makes Ilya laugh out loud. It also makes him sit opposite his husband. “Is your own comment, yes? Secret account,” He teases.

“It is not,” Shane firmly says, but pink is already spreading on his cheeks. “Just because I think that does not mean I share those thoughts with the world. I have some decency. Also, I don’t need to stroke your ego even more.”

“Hmm, but I do want you to stroke it,” Ilya leans in, bites at the only part of Shane he can reach like this, which is the side of his knee where he has his legs propped up. He uses the distraction to snatch the phone from Shane. His husband does not put up much of a fight.

“Bet they have hots for you, too,” Ilya scrolls through the comment section. It does not take long to find the Hollander fan girls. “Here... OMG – and she uses the emoji with the spit – Hollander is so perfect, I want to bite him.” Ilya smirks. “I agree. Very biteable.”

Shane dodges his attempt to dig his teeth into his leg again, giggling. “Quite sure she did not mean my knee, Ilya.”

“Oh? Which part did she mean then?”

Oh, how Ilya loves to see him flustered like that, as if he still does not believe people want him carnally, as if he does not know that all the exercise does not only make him a great hockey player, but has done wonders to shape his body.

“Not my knee, that’s for sure,” Shane repeats, avoiding the questions. Ilya lets it slide, for now.

“There are a lot of other comments, already.” Ilya notices, as he focuses back on the phone. “Not only from horny people.”

“Yes, I was reading through some. People seem to like us together. That’s just...” Shane trails off, his face doing a lot of complicated little things that Ilya has become an expert in reading.

I’m still worried about my public image.

I was so scared of seeming awkward.

I didn't want to be judged.

I was scared of people not understanding us as a couple.

They talked about those things before deciding to upload the video, and Ilya is really grateful that his husband had wanted to be brave.

“Read your favourites to me?” Ilya holds out the phone; watches Shane take it. He shuffles around until he is laying between his legs, hands on his stomach, eyes fixed on him. A happy, little sound escapes him, as Shane’s fingers immediately find his curls, gently tugging, nails scratching over his scalp.

“Hmm, my favourites. I like this one.” Shane clears his throat. “I think it’s great that we get to see their dynamic off the ice. I mean, we’ve seen them play, and it’s magic. But seeing them so in love is new. Thank you for the glimpse into your lives, Rozy and Hollzy.”

Ilya drops a kiss to the side of Shane’s arm where it rests next to him and continues to do so as Shane reads more comments.

“Relationship goals.”

“Their banter. The way they look at each other. I’m swooning.”

“OMG, Shane called him baby.” Shane looks up. “Wait, I did?”

Ilya nods, grins. “Yes, you did. You are obsessed with me.”

That earns him a poke in the ribs, and Ilya is too lazy to even try and retaliate. Instead, he listens, as Shane continues reading comments.

“Shane Hollander, tell me your secrets. How do I get a man like that?”

“Wow, Rozy loves him so much. Shane Hollander, you have tamed this...” Shane shakes his head. “I won’t repeat that, that is slut shaming. But they got that first part right.”

Ilya nips at his arm. “Yes. I am in love with my husband. Have you seen him?”

“Next one. Ahm...” Shane scrolls for a bit, eyes moving left to right as he reads. “I grew up thinking those two were rivals. It’s crazy how the media painted those two men, Canadian golden boy vs. rebel Russian. And I think they are still confronted with that regularly. Props to Shane and Ilya for taking over the narrative and showing us who they really are together.”

Ilya smirks. “Well, they got a... how do you call it... small part.”

“A glimpse into our lives. It is very parasocial to think they know us after seeing us interact for like fifteen minutes,” Shane drops the hand holding the phone, dark eyes focusing in on Ilya, fingers continuing to pet his hair, making him want to purr.

“But is good that they get to see a bit. They don’t need to know everything, but they can know we are in love.” Ilya moves forward, their kiss sweet, deepening. As it ends, Ilya rests

his forehead against Shane's temple. "Let's not focus on comments so much, okay? Can be toxic. Is enough that we know. That people we care about know."

Shane nods, something Ilya more feels than sees. "Okay. I'll try."

Ilya tightens his grip around him. "Thank you for being part of this. Means a lot."

"You're welcome. It was fun. It will be more fun watching the next one. People are going to go insane, seeing you attempt belly dancing. I mean, with an ass like yours. And rolling your hips...." Shane giggles.

"Hmm, you can have some rolling hips right now," Ilya drops a kiss to the side of his jaw. "Come to bed."

Chapter End Notes

Please nourish my poor little writer heart with some kudos and comments :)

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