

Still Think I'm Boring?

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by [goindownshipping](#)

Summary

Sveta: Your husband is doing a fucking hockey player mating call on tv right now, in case you were curious

Ilya: ??

Sveta: Turn on Fallon you idiot

or:

Shane does hip stretches on Fallon and Ilya reacts.

Notes

After seeing the Fallon segment, I couldn't help but write a version of Ilya reacting to Shane doing those hip stretches on television. In this universe, our boys are married, and Ilya plays for Ottawa, but Shane still plays for the Metros - nothing bad happened because fanfiction lets us make everything happy and lovely. Yes, the boys are still doing distance from Montreal to Ottawa, but everything is good in this world.

Also, don't ask me about realistic hockey schedules.

Hope you enjoy this smutty little slice of life :)

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

Ilya's phone lights up from the bedside table, drawing his attention away from the copy of The New Yorker he'd picked up at the airport that day. Svetlana's name is enough for him to grab the phone and set the publication aside.

Sveta: Your husband is doing a fucking hockey player mating call on tv right now, in case you were curious

Ilya: ??

Sveta: Turn on Fallon you idiot

Ilya of course knew Shane was being featured on the late night talk show that night. The Metros are on the road in New York, and as the talk of the NHL, Shane booked a few engagements while in the city. Ilya intended to watch the full segment in the morning due to his own road trip to Florida with the Centaurs.

According to the hotel room alarm clock, it's nearly midnight, not that he would get any sleep tonight anyway. With a long sigh, he clicks the television on, navigating through the unfamiliar local news channels. He finally finds the right network, and his breath catches in his throat.

There, on national television, his boring husband is on all fours, parallel to Jimmy fucking Fallon, stretching his hips for the whole world to see. Shane's smile is wide and he's laughing easily as he shows Jimmy the mechanics of the stretch. They move in unison, knees sliding out and in. Ilya has seen Shane, and countless other players, do this exact movement on the ice, but there's something about his husband in the all black suit, his hair falling into his eyes, that lands differently than any other time.

Shane looks into the camera, a playful smirk on his face and Ilya's grip on the remote tightens. Shane arches his back ever so slightly, hardly noticeable to the average viewer. But Ilya isn't so naive. He knows exactly what his husband is doing. He drops his head back with a groan, imagining all the times he's seen Shane crawl toward him in that exact position. He lets out a long sigh, willing himself to remain unaffected by his husband's very public antics.

Finally, though it's really only moments later, the segment comes to an end, both Jimmy and Shane devolving into laughter and grins. They cut to a commercial break promoting the upcoming NHL schedule, of course emphasizing next weekend's game between the Centaurs and the Metros.

Sveta: I already knew too much about your personal life, but damn. Now everyone else does too. Good luck lol

Ilya: 👍

He pulls up the only pinned conversation in his phone, shaking his head fondly.

Lily: Still trying to prove you aren't boring?

To Ilya's surprise, Shane reads the message immediately, quickly followed by three dots, indicating an incoming message.

Jane: 🐱

Jane: Why are you awake? Don't you have an early meeting tomorrow?

Lily: Had to watch boring hockey player on boring talk show

Shane hearts the message, proving just how well he knows Ilya. It makes Ilya smile softly, unconsciously reaching for the ring he wears around his neck. He misses Shane deeply, but finds comfort in the matching ring he saw glimpses of on camera tonight.

Tiredness hits him suddenly, and he begrudgingly realizes he really needs to get some sleep if he doesn't want to be a zombie on the ice tomorrow. Shane must have the same realization, as a new message pops up in their thread.

Jane: I'm exhausted. See you at home tomorrow night?

Lily: Don't score too many goals tomorrow 😊

Lily: Good night my love

After flight delays due to weather, it's nearing midnight the next day by the time Ilya pulls into their garage in Ottawa. He smiles when he sees Shane's Jeep already parked to his right. Miraculously, they both have the next few days off from practice, allowing them a rare weekend spent together during the season.

He quickly turns off the car and hurries to the door, uncaring about the bags he leaves behind. Shane is waiting for him and he won't squander these precious moments together. He takes a deep breath as he crosses the threshold, immediate warmth flowing through him as the scents of *home* and *Shane* and *comfort* hit him.

Soft light filters in from the living room, pulling him further into their home. He expects to find Shane on the couch, probably already watching game tape despite the somewhat extended break.

When Ilya finds the room empty, he calls out for his husband. "Shane, moya lyubov?"

No answer comes, and Ilya smiles to himself. Shane must already be asleep. He's had a long road trip too, plus the addition of talk shows and interviews.

In the years since their relationship was made public, it seems they can't escape public interest in their lives. The attention has increased even further since their wedding the previous summer, and though it's exhausting, they both recognize what they represent for the younger generations.

While Ilya may still be the asshole of the NHL, he's softened the edges for the public, pulling back the curtain a bit on what it's like to be bisexual as a professional hockey player. It's important to both him and Shane that they leave the league better than it was for them and all the other closeted players. But he's totally still the asshole of the league. For sure.

As he approaches the bedroom, he expects to find Shane asleep and he's ready to crawl into bed with his husband and pull him close for a long night of sleep. What he finds when he rounds the corner through the door makes him stop short.

Shane is indeed in bed, but sleep is clearly not on his mind.

Ilya pauses, taking in the scene in front of him. Shane is stripped down to his smallest, tightest, black boxer briefs and nothing else but the wedding ring hanging from his neck. He's on all fours, knees spread wide and back arched facing the foot of the bed.

"Shane," Ilya chokes out. Heat fills his core, and he feels his cock quickly begin to harden behind the zipper of his dress pants.

Shane glances up, grinning mischievously as Ilya takes a small step forward. As if on autopilot, Ilya moves to untuck his dress shirt, but pauses when Shane shakes his head.

"That's my job," Shane pouts with a gleam in his eye. "Thought you might need an up close look at last night's demonstration. Gotta beat those boring accusations," he teases.

Ilya takes another step forward and gives Shane a firm nod, encouraging him to continue with whatever he has planned.

Shane slides his knees even wider, his hips dipping lower, further pronouncing his arching back. Ilya's gaze drifts from his husband's face, over his shoulders, and down his back, locking on the dimples just above his pathetic excuse for underwear. Ilya watches, transfixed as Shane brings his knees back toward the center, rising up a bit but then dropping from his hands to his forearms, sending his ass straight up.

"Fuck," Ilya breathes. "You showing off for me, Hollander?"

Shane winks and pushes back up onto his hands as his knees slide wide again. His pelvis tips, arching deeply once again. He feels his cheeks heat under his husband's intense gaze, but loves the feeling. What would have been embarrassing years ago is fun and exciting with Ilya. He revels in the way his husband's breathing gets shallow and he can see his cock getting harder from here.

He has this effect on his husband. He, Shane Hollander, has Ilya Rozanov wrapped around his finger. Neither of them would have it any other way.

"Come here," Shane croons as he all but crawls to the edge of the bed.

Ilya smirks down at Shane, knowing they're both thinking about that night in Vegas all those years ago. But it's different now. They're not hiding from themselves or each other. It was a long and winding road to get to this point but fuck if it isn't better than either of them could have imagined.

As soon as he's within reach, Shane pulls Ilya flush against the end of the bed, burying his face against his bulge. He drops his knees wide and smiles when he feels Ilya's warm hand glide down his back. His hand dips to Shane's side and he grips tightly at his narrow waist. His opposite hand comes up to hold the back of Shane's head, keeping him pressed against his now fully hard dick.

“This what you wanted, hm?” Ilya feels himself settle into the moment, confidence and control flowing through him as he holds Shane firmly.

Shane can only groan, his own control slipping through his fingers as Ilya takes soft command of the room.

Ilya loosens his hold on the back of Shane’s head, dragging his fingers under his chin to lift his gaze.

“You wanted to be the one to take my clothes off, so get to it,” Ilya quips.

Shane quickly scrambles out of Ilya’s hold and rises up on his knees. He quickly works down the line of buttons on Ilya’s dress shirt and haphazardly pulls the shirt out of his pants. The shirt is thrown somewhere across the room and Shane fumbles with Ilya’s belt. Ilya threads his fingers thorough Shane’s long hair, holding firmly as Shane tries to stay focused on the task at hand.

“Stupid fucking belt,” Shane mutters as he finally gets it open.

As soon as Shane gets Ilya’s slacks open, he’s reaching inside, groping Ilya’s warm, hard cock over his briefs.

Ilya’s grip on Shane’s hair tightens and he pulls just hard enough to bring Shane’s attention back to his face.

“Stop getting distracted and take them off, Shane.”

Shane nods quickly before firmly yanking on Ilya’s waistband, lowering his pants and underwear at the same time. He pushes them as far down as he can reach from his vantage point and full on moans when Ilya’s cock slaps up against his stomach.

Ilya takes mercy on Shane and finishes stepping out of his clothes. Shane drops back to his hands and knees and quickly starts mouthing at Ilya’s hips, drifting closer to his cock with every kiss.

“Missed you so fucking much,” he murmurs into Ilya’s warm skin.

Ilya lets out a shuddering sigh at the scene in front of him. No matter how long they’ve been together, in every iteration of their relationship, he will never stop thanking the universe for giving him Shane Hollander.

“You’re a fucking menace,” Ilya responds fondly.

Shane smiles up at him, grinning so wide he could be sunshine on the darkest day.

“Glad my plan worked,” Shane teases.

Ilya shakes his head with a smile as he brings both hands to the sides of his husband’s face. He presses his thumbs into Shane’s jaw, forcing his mouth to drop open.

“You want?” he confirms.

Shane just nods, mouth open and practically drooling.

Ilya runs a thumb along Shane’s lower lip before pulling at the corner of his mouth. Shane turns his head, chasing Ilya’s thumb, suddenly desperate to have something in his mouth. Ilya knows his husband better than anyone, and decides he doesn’t want to drag this out anymore than they already have.

“Come here,” Ilya grunts.

Shane practically swallows him whole as he’s pulled onto Ilya’s throbbing cock. Ilya throws his head back and steadies himself as Shane hollows his cheeks. Ilya has no shame in the way he moans loudly, swearing in a jumbled mix of Russian and English.

Ilya keeps one hand firmly threaded in Shane’s hair, while the other grips his shoulder tightly. He uses this leverage to start thrusting into his husband’s mouth, practically coming on the spot at how hot and wet it is.

Shane’s eyes water and he relaxes his throat, hoping to avoid gagging on his husband’s dick. As much as Ilya loves when he gags for him, he wants to be good for him tonight. He keeps one hand firmly planted on the bed while reaching up to hold Ilya’s hip with the other. Grasping firmly, he pulls Ilya even closer, silently urging him deeper.

Ilya watches Shane’s face, nearly pulling out when he sees tears start to drip down his cheeks. When he feels Shane pull him closer, he cries out loudly, feeling himself approach orgasm embarrassingly fast.

“Not going to last long,” he manages to get out through gritted teeth.

Shane moans loudly around him, pleased with how he’s made his husband lose control so quickly. He drops his hips to the bed, grinding his own leaking cock into the mattress.

“Fuck, yeah, that’s it sweetheart,” Ilya praises.

Shane’s hips move on their own accord, chasing the orgasm he’s been staving off since he got home and waited patiently for his husband. He’s torn between the satisfaction of having Ilya so close to coming down his throat and the sheer relief of nearing his own release.

He pulls back briefly, catching his breath before taking Ilya to the root, his nose pressed flush against Ilya’s firm abdomen. Ilya keeps him there with a firm hold on the back of his head. He thrusts in small but strong movements, the head of his cock constantly nudging the back of Shane’s throat.

Shane feels Ilya’s cock swell the slightest bit more and he steels himself for Ilya’s cum to spill down his throat. He’s suddenly yanked off Ilya’s cock and shoved backward, landing on his ass, limbs splayed out. Ilya practically tears Shane’s briefs as he pulls them off his hips and tosses them across the room.

Shane barely knows where he is when Ilya lands on top of him, slotting their cocks together. He wraps a large hand around both their dicks, stroking them frantically.

“Fuck!” Shane exclaims. “Gonna-” he cuts himself off with a long moan as he feels his orgasm take hold. He reaches for Ilya’s hips, holding him close as he chases his release.

Ilya drops his head to Shane’s shoulder and immediately sucks a deep bruise into the skin there. He rocks his hips in tandem with his hand, rutting hard and fast against his husband.

“Come for me Shane, come all over us,” he practically growls.

Shane lets out one final yelp as his orgasm rushes through him, spilling cum all over both of their cocks, making the glide of Ilya’s fist even slicker.

Ilya’s strokes lose rhythm as he feels himself finally fall over the edge, adding to the sheer wetness between them. Their hips continue to rock together, chasing their joint pleasure to the point of overstimulation.

“Fuck Ilya, oh god,” Shane stutters.

Ilya loosens his grip on their cocks, but doesn’t release them completely. He drags his fingers through the mess on their cocks, lazily stroking from root to tip. Shane shudders and Ilya lets go, instead dragging his fingers up Shane’s stomach, following the traces of cum already painted there.

Ilya lifts his head from Shane’s shoulder, instead pressing their foreheads together.

“You’re a fucking animal,” Shane mutters adoringly.

“Is your fault with your stupid hip stretches for whole world to see,” Ilya counters.

Shane smiles even wider, proud of how he can make his stoic husband crumble for him. Shane lifts his chin, pressing his lips lightly against Ilya’s.

“I love you,” he whispers against Ilya’s lips.

Ilya can’t help the matching smile he gives Shane.

“I love you, too. So much.”

Shane lets out a small giggle and Ilya lifts his head to see a cheeky smile stretched across his husband’s perfect face.

“I think,” Shane muses, “you might need to stay in the locker room during warmups next weekend.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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