

Glasses, an arched back and a love confession

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Glasses, an arched back and a love confession

by [m00nflowr1](#)

Summary

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He couldn't believe his eyes. His mouth wide open in disbelief.

Shane Hollander was on the floor.

Kneeling down.

Legs apart and slightly angled,
grinding the floor of the studio.

They made Shane Hollander grind the fucking floor of the studio.

And Shane looked ridiculously sexy doing it.

His beautiful slutty arched back on national TV for thousand of people to see and the fabric of his pants tightly hugging his full ass cheeks, looking extremely bitable.

Ilya gulped loudly, this would be the death of him.

Or Shane makes an appearance on the Late-Night-Show and his husband Ilya watches from the the hotel feeling all kinds of emotions and can't believe his eyes when Shane shows his slutty arch on national TV, that should only be reserved to Ilya's eyes, at least if you ask Ilya. (completely inspired by Hudson's appearance on the Tonight's Show yesterday)

Notes

I saw sooo many tweets hypothesizing about Ilya's reaction if Shane ever went to a Late-night show and grinded down on the floor (tweet credit to [@acdsbff](#) and [@mickeysmyheart](#) on X!)- so I let my imagination run free. There are some slight changes, however, because Shane would never do all the freaky stuff Hudson did (but the main happenings are still referenced). I hope it's to your liking.

Also, first fic ever so kind of nervous, literally just got the invite email. If you see any mistakes, no you did not. I wrote this fic in a couple of hours & English is not my first language. Not written by AI, only source is my slutty, touch-deprived brain. I'm probably not the only one writing specifically about this, so please check out all the other ones, e.g. one I found was from the writer [@jinjjiri](#).

Lastly, I'm in desperate need for people to talk about Heated Rivalry. I don't really post stuff on X but you can still reach out under [@m00nflowr](#).

Enjoy <3

Ilya knew how nervous Shane was about the live appearance. They received the request from the Late-Night Show with Billy Jallon a month ago and Ilya had to seriously talk Shane into accepting the deal, because *hell* he deserved every attention he got for being one of the best hockey players in the entire NHL, so together they flew to New York.

The whole flight long, Shane was working on his answers. Trying out new wordings, changing-up some words and asking Ilya if something sounded okay and if the joke he planned to make was actually funny and not boring. And Ilya was working on reassuring Shane the whole flight long. That he would do great, everybody would love him and that he wouldn't need to worry about anything, because anyone who wasn't completely enchanted by Shane was an idiot and undeserving of any love.

Ilya knew that Shane wasn't aware of his own charm. It wasn't like Ilya's loud and confident charisma, but he had his own special touch with his light soft smiles, which were melting Ilya's heart away every time he saw them.

Nevertheless, Shane stayed anxious. He was so nervous that he even demanded for Ilya to stay at the hotel that evening and not accompany him to the production.

"I need complete focus and well..., you are... quite distracting" Shane had told Ilya, looking him up and down with a slightly raised eye-brow.

"Distracting?" He had answered a smirk on his lips going up to Shane and giving him a sloppy wet kiss on his cheek.

"Yes..., distracting me with your idiotic comments," Shane had replied slightly out of breath and Ilya had the sudden urge to give Shane a big hickey on his neck.

A deep purple bruise the make-up artists would have a hard time covering up, so the whole world would know that Shane Hollander had a husband and they belonged to each other. But he was able to hold him back, Shane would absolutely kill him and give him a 3-day long sex ban (which would probably be broken on the second day by Shane himself).

And so, he stayed at their hotel, despite some protest of not having Shane by his side for three hours, a rare occasion because they were normally glued to each other by the hip. (Ilya couldn't even remember how he endured not seeing Shane for six months when they still had the fuck-buddy relationship). But Shane had drown out all his portest by giving him a deep goodbye kiss, making Ilya all fuzzy in his brain and he made sure to reassure Shane again, stating that whatever will happene he would be so proud of him.

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The show was on. Ilya sat on the couch, volume turned up, waiting for Shane's entrance and when he finally walked in, it felt like all the air in his lungs was violently pushed out.

He was sure of it. Someone dressed up Shane with the intention to kill Ilya tonight.

This was deliberate, orchestrated.

Someone made sure that Ilya would have a heart attack tonight by simply looking at his husband.

Star hockey player Ilya Rozanov found dead at New York Hotel after his husband's sexy appearance on the Late-Night Show!

What a headline that would make.

But Rozanov wasn't going to die anytime soon, he had to watch his husband absolutely nail his first appearance on international stage. Ilya took his time to muster Shane up and down, making sure to take in every single detail of his appearance to memorize it for desperate times, when Shane wasn't next to him in bed.

He looked irresistible.

Somebody, and that somebody definitely deserved a raise, put him in a simple but classy black suit which tightened just around the right curves of Shane's trained body. His hair was slicked back with small strands falling onto his forehead and his freckles were lightly peeking out under the stage make-up.

So fucking beautiful.

Ilya imagined taking off Shane's jacket, slowly unbuttoning his shirt with Shane's hot breath on his skin. He would place kisses on his neck, slowly making his way downwards just until his face was right in front of Shane's crotch, where the imprint of his hard cock was already waiting for Ilya's mouth. By then, Shane would already be begging for him to hurry up and suck him off and Ilya would.

He would gladly.

Shane had walked in so casually as if this wasn't his first time on a Live Tonight's Show and he greeted the screaming audience. He nailed the interview; he delivered every line he had neatly prepared on the plane with a smile on his lips. The audience and the boring host absolutely loved his jokes erupting in loud cheers everytime he did make a joke, which made Shane always look a bit surprised and uncomfortable (which only Ilya noticed, since he knew Shane was easily overwhelmed by load crowds, the exception being of course a hockey stadium).

Ilya could only snicker at the loud screams of the audience. He was so happy that Shane was finally able to see how much the public adored him and he deserved every second of it and even more than that.

But still, he couldn't suppress the slight jealousy boiling up. Shane stood on the stage like a hot snack, waiting to be devoured (preferably by Ilya and he would gladly volunteer) and there were probably thousands of women and men wanting to hit it off with him. Also, this boring interviewer was smiling at his Shane. Smile way too wide.

He didn't like that at all. In fact, he hated every minute of it. He was here for Shane and Shane only and this host really got on his nerves with his smiley-flirty-whatever eyes mustering Shane way too intensively for Ilya's liking. He let out a frustrated huff.

He really wanted to throw the remote control on the TV, but was able to hold himself back. He wasn't a 17-year old highly frustrated teenager anymore, that acted on his every whim. At least, he tried to convince himself that he was above his teenage self. Instead he settled on making a slightly passive-aggressive Instagram post later, confirming who *really* was the husband here.

The show went on and when the host showed Shane and the audience a picture of a thirst tweet, Shane put on his glasses, to get a better read.

And *wow*.

Ilya inhaled sharply, he didn't think it was possible for Shane to get even hotter than he already was. The glasses together with the outfit added something *new* and *exciting*, something he would really like to explore together in bed.

Ilya had loved Shane's glasses since the first day he saw him wearing them. He loved it especially, when Shane would slightly push them up his nose, annoyed by one of Ilya's teasing remarks, brows lightly furrowed and a snark comment ready to be fired back.

Ilya was so obsessed with Shane's glasses that one time he even proposed that he could role play as a teacher with his sexy glasses on and Ilya, as the bad boy hot student, would blow him off under his desk for a better grade. Sadly, Shane rejected the idea very quickly with bright red cheeks rambling about the immorality of a sexual teacher-and-student relationship. However, Ilya still noticed his arousal.

They had sex that night; wild sex. And Ilya had made sure that Shane's glasses stayed on.

They talked about Hockey. A lot about hockey. About Shane's beginnings and first draft for the NHL. The interviewer also made sure to highlight that Shane won the Stanley cup two times in a row, Shane visibly embarrassed by the amount of praise he was getting (but Ilya knew that his husband loved the praise, especially in bed). Thankfully, the show decided to skip over the forced outing and the ordeal with the Montreal Metros and jumped right back into Shane signing with the Centaurs.

Ilya was focused on Shane's face the whole time, barely listening and paying attention to the questions and boring remarks from the host. Complete attention on the way Shane's lips moved when he smiled shyly at the camera; the way his eyes beamed when talking about hockey and his teammates and the surprised look when the audience went crazy about a joke of his.

But his focus reverted, when the host asked Shane a question that involved him.

"Shane, how is it like to play on the same hockey team as your husband. I mean does the tension on the ice sometimes translate in your everyday life? Be honest with us, how can you two manage being so close to each other all the time?"

Instantly, a big smile graced Shane's face and he started his answer, while slightly playing with his fingers (a sign of nervousness, only Ilya was able to clock).

"I'm so happy having Ilya by my side all the time. I really think he makes me a better person and after spending so much time apart from each other..., like only being able to meet a couple of times per year in secret..."

Shane paused for a brief second and Ilya's heart was pounding hard against his chest as he was staring at the TV following Shane's every word.

"You definitely learn to cherish every single moment you have with your partner, even if it's just sitting next to each other on the couch, both scrolling mindlessly on the phone," Shane chuckled and continued "It definitely feels like he completes me and just gets me. I've never felt that comfortable and loved by any other person in my life apart from my parents."

Ilya noticed tears swelling up in his eyes. His grip around the coffee cup in his hand tightened, trying to suppress the urge to start sobbing like a child.

"And...", Shane smiled shyly and scratched the back of his head "uhm...- I know my husband is watching right now, so Ilya if you see this, I love you so much and I can confidently say that I am the happiest man alive on earth because I have you by my side."

The studio was silent for a brief second until the audience erupted into loud cheers that didn't stop for another 20 seconds.

It felt like his brain just lagged. Not being able process what just happened, his tears no longer stoppable.

A full-on love confession from Shane on a televised live show in front of thousands of people. It felt surreal.

He snuggled himself deeper into the couch cushion, craving a warm hug from Shane, wishing he was here to dry his tears.

His tears of joy and pure love.

He was so proud of Shane. He knew how much effort it took for him to be so publicly affectionate. He knew how anxious Shane was about the comments and articles about their public display of love for each other. Shane doing *that* in front of such a large audience made Ilya so fucking proud that Shane was finally able to accept himself; having enough self-worth to truly show who he was and whom he truly loved.

He reached for his phone and wrote Shane multiple messages with slightly trembling hands, snuffing his nose.

I love you so much, Baby.

You did so good. Everyone loves you.

I'm proud.

You are best thing ever happened to me, moya lyubov. I can't wait to hold you in my arms and kiss you all night long.

He reached out for the napkins on the side table.

Before he was even able to fully process Shane's love confession, he looked up and choked on his saliva.

He couldn't believe his eyes. His mouth wide open in disbelief.

Shane Hollander was on the floor.

Kneeling down.

Legs apart and slightly angled.

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Before every game they would do the infamous hockey stretches openly for everyone to see, it was common hockey practice. Yes, maybe to outsiders it looked weirdly sexual but for them it was just a warm-up, nothing much to talk about.

But seeing Shane grinding the floor, with his sexy tight suit on display for the whole world to see, while the audience was going feral made Ilya feel something.

A weirdly possessive feeling. Shane's arch was an intimate matter for him. It should only be seen by *him* in the privacy of *their* home when he fucked Shane senseless, until he was just a mess of high-pitched moans.

And the worst part: Shane didn't even notice that everyone was going crazy for his arch and perfect ass. He had a serious look on his face while explaining to the audience, remaining in this slutty position, which muscle group he was stretching and why it was so important to warm up before any game. He was utterly oblivious of his own sex-appeal and that made Ilya even more furious.

He wanted to sprint to the studio and kiss him all over the face, making sure every camera captured their steamy kisses from every possible angle, until everyone down to the last one would know that Shane Hollander was *HIS* husband and *HE* Ilya Rozanov should have the sole privilege to see Shane's arched back and ass sticking out, waiting for Ilya's dick, that was starting to become a little bit too active in his sweat pants.

“Get on your knees” Shane told the host, encouraging him to also try out the warm-up motion.

Ilya’s mouth dried up (if it was even possible to get even drier). He imagined Shane telling *him* to get on his knees; raspy voice, eyes full of lust. And hell yes, Ilya would get on his knees instantly and blow him off until Shane was no longer able to conjure a sentence.

The show ended, with both Shane and the interviewer on their knees, Shane explaining in a serious tone the medical importance of warm-ups before partaking in any kind of physical activity (Ilya almost lost his mind at that comment), before being cut off by the interviewer thanking him for his visit and saying their goodbyes to the audience, that was still absolutely infatuated with Shane’s little arch.

The Show ended, but Ilya was just sitting there completely motionless. TV on mute, staring at the screen now filled with advertisements.

The number of emotions he had felt during the 20-minute interview made him go crazy. He felt like he went insane.

He stood up and sat right back down, not knowing what to do with his body and the storm of emotions raging in his mind.

He wanted to hold Shane so badly right now. Kiss him, leave marks all over his body, and fall asleep together in their bed. He wanted to do unimaginably things with him and if he told Shane about them, he would instantly turn red, slap Ilya’s hand away trying hard not to look like he actually liked his proposals.

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It felt like an eternity passed, when Ilya finally heard a car arriving and a key rattling in the lock of the front door. He was quick on his feet and met an exhausted-looking Shane already standing in the door frame.

Without a word Ilya took him in his arms and Shane immediately leaned into him, his arms tightly around his back. Ilya left small kisses in Shane’s hair, the sweet perfume he had put on in the morning still lingering, making Ilya’s stomach flip. He cupped Shane’s face and directed him to look into his eyes.

“You did so good, sweetheart. You are amazing” He whispered looking into Shane’s eyes with a loving smile.

Shane grimaced and looked back down at his shoe tips.

“Was it really good? I didn’t know if the people were laughing at me or actually enjoyed what I said...” Shane said, a bit out of breath and Ilya noticed him becoming more restless as he left Ilya’s arms, leaving behind a cold emptiness. Shane took off his shoes and threw himself on the couch and Ilya followed closely and sat next to him. Even though Shane was clearly exhausted, stress had settled down onto his face, he was still so beautiful.

“I don’t know, I’m not like an interesting person. I only have hockey. What if people got really bored with me speaking about hockey the whole time?!” Shane mumbled clearly tired and anxious. He had closed his eyes, hands folded on his chest, as he tried to regulate his breathing with deep controlled inhales and exhales.

Ilya knew that this was Shane’s way to handle his chaotic feelings and organize his thoughts, so he let him be and just continued to silently sit next to him, knowing Shane needed some silent minutes.

After a while, when Shane’s shoulders seemed to relax a little bit and his breathing regulated itself, Ilya started to caress his hair.

“No, Shane. Is bullshit. They invited you FOR hockey stuff. You didn’t hear the audience scream?”

Shane crunched up his nose, knowing Ilya had a point. “Yes, I heard the audience maybe a little bit too much.”

“And did you not see the flirty eyes of the host? Everyone was completely enamored with you, my love,” Ilya added, his undertone maybe a bit too sour.

Shane noticed right away, of course he did. He opened his eyes and looked right into Ilya’s face with a confused look.

“Flirty host?”

“Nothing. It’s nothing,” Ilya sighed, Shane was already too exhausted for Ilya to tell him, that Shane made him jealous of every single human being in this world (with some special kind of anger directed at the host).

Shane hummed in agreement to tired to keep asking. They sat there in silence for a few minutes.

“What you said...uhm.. about me,” Ilya started, suddenly feeling nervous.

Fuck, they were married but Shane was still able to make him nervous. It was pathetic.

“Was very nice. I know is hard, so thank you for saying that.” Ilya’s voice trembled slightly at the last words and Shane quickly got up, taking Ilya’s hands into his lap and searching his gaze, instantly noticing the tremble in his voice.

“Hey, Ilya. It ... it kind of felt right to say it in the moment, like I didn’t really plan for this to happen. I mean this is not something new...I’ve felt like this for a long time.” Shane sighed and softly directed Ilya to his face with a hand on his right cheek.

“I’m sorry, I was never able to just say it outright like that in public. But yes, I meant everything I said today on stage. You’re probably the best thing that ever happened to me, Ilya.”

Ilya gulped. Tears swelling up his eyes for the second time. He was blown away by the love-filled eyes of Shane.

“Right after Hockey, of course,” Shane added with a playful smile which made Ilya snort.

He couldn't believe his luck, that this sexy, hockey-obsessed, overly anxious and caring man (his HUSBAND to be exact) was sitting right across from him, only centimeters away. He leaned into Shane's hand on his cheek like a dog, waiting to be petted.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” he was able to get out.

“And I love you too Ilya, so much. And every morning when I wake up and see your face, I'm reminded again and again how much you mean to me.”

Ilya closed the small distance between their faces, and their lips met each other in a delicate and honest kiss. Their mouths were moving, picking up the pace and Ilya's hands found themselves on the bare skin of Shane's back. He didn't know what he did to deserve him.

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Later, after Shane took a quick shower and Ilya prepared a simple meal, they sat down on the couch again, cuddling and watching a movie Ilya was sure both of them really didn't pay attention to. They simply laid there, both enjoying each other's comforting presence. Shane was snuggled next to him, his head resting on his shoulder, the silent breaths showing that he was asleep.

Before Ilya brought Shane to bed, he made sure to snap a picture of Shane sleeping on his shoulder and him kissing his hair on Instagram and wrote in the caption: MY husband <3 #ShaneHollanderonlylovesIlyaRozanov #Myhusbandlovesme #ShanesarchisIlyasproperty

With a satisfied smile on his face Ilya posted the picture. This would surely show them that Shane and he belonged to each other, and nobody could take that away from them.

He carried Shane in bridal-style to their bed and gave him a good night kiss, before slipping in the bed covers himself and falling asleep, tightly hugging Shane.

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