Sex Is Not a Hobby

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Sex Is Not a Hobby

by CaptainDuckduck

Summary

"His hobbies were hockey (which was also his job, so didn't count), clubbing (which he did less now, in favour of Shane), and sex.
It wasn't directly homework, more like a challenge.
Find something that brings you joy, that you can do on your own. Or, in the least, without having to involve Shane.
What do people even do in their free time?"

Or
5 times Ilya tried to find a hobby that fits him, and one time he succeeded.

Notes

How did I end up here?
Thank you to my sister and my wife for proof reading. I love both of of you.
Take car
Peace

Ilya stared at the road ahead of him. Which was probably a good thing, since he was driving, but in reality, he was deeply in thought.

His therapist had said maybe he should try getting into a hobby. Something boring.

In the session they had talked about Ilya outside of hockey and his relationship, and his fear that there really wasn't much to him.

His hobbies were hockey (which was also his job, so didn't count), clubbing (which he did less now, in favour of Shane), and sex.

It wasn't directly homework, more like a challenge.

Find something that brings you joy, that you can do on your own. Or, in the least, without having to involve Shane.

What do people even do in their free time?

After he had done some research (looked up a list of hobbies), Ilya had set some ground rules.

- It had to be something productive, in a way, something he could look at later. So no reading or anything.
- He didn't want to have to come up with something himself. Creativity was not his strongest suit.
- It shouldn't make him feel ridiculous.
- Also, connected to three, he should not be terrible at it. Ilya knew he didn't have the time and patience to turn disaster into something good, so he should have at least some kind of talent for it, whatever it was going to be.
- Maybe not sports related. He did enough sports.

1. Journaling

That he only tried because it sounded easy. Truth was, it wasn't easy at all. Ilya wasn't sure what to write, so he kept staring at the page in frustration. It also reminded him why he had set rule number two.

Also, he forgot it all the time, and it felt more like a chore than anything else.

After a week, he had quickly disregarded it.

2. Meditation

He also broke his own rule number one while attempting meditation. To be honest, Ilya only tried it because Shane did it, and it seemed easy enough. Maybe he could reconnect with himself or some shit.

Nobody told him meditation was such a pain in the ass.

After five minutes of silence, he wanted to bash his own head in.

Ilya talked about it with his therapist, who, to his surprise, told him that it was actually pretty normal. While some people found meditation relaxing, others felt the complete opposite, and it made them more anxious.

He was not a person who could sit in silence, so he didn't try again.

3. Painting

Ilya had no idea why he chose such an artistic hobby to try next, potentially violating rule number two again.

He was hesitant at first, also because painting would require some material that, if he ended up not liking it, would probably get thrown away.

What a waste.

Also, he was not an artist, and not confident enough to call some paint splatters art.

After a bit of scrolling, he got himself a colour-by-number thing of a black cat smoking a cigarette. This way, he had the painting without having to think of it himself, and he would have a maybe decent picture afterwards.

Also, Shane said he was a black cat, and who knows, maybe he could get a good laugh out of this.

He could hang it in the kitchen.

The painting was bigger than he thought, and also cost him more nerves than he thought.

If he learned one thing about himself, it was that doing details was not for him. His hand cramped, and shook, and his eyes hurt after some time.

Ilya was not a quitter though, and he finished the painting in agony.

Looking at it, it actually wasn't that bad. He could see why this was fun for some people. Not for him, though. Once was okay, but not twice.

Since he didn't need a portrait of himself, he decided to bring it over to Shane's the next time he visited. After some thinking, he hung it in the living room. Right next to the TV. Where everyone could look at it in all its glory.

Shane only noticed after he was gone. He got a whole phone call about it.

"What is this picture in my living room?"

"Hello, my love, my beautiful sunshine, how are you?"

His boyfriend groaned. "I am good, thanks. Now, what is this picture?"

"You don't like it?"

"It's just random! Where did you even get this from?"

"I made it."

It was quiet.

"You?"

"Yes. Well, I coloured it. You could do it too."

"It looks like you."

Ilya sat down. "Well yes, that is why it's at your place, not mine. Now you have picture that will remind you of me, but not everyone who comes visit you will know."

Shane sighed. "Well, fine. Since when do you paint, anyways?"

"I tried it. I didn't like it very much, but the picture is alright."

"Well, okay. Thank you, I appreciate it, it's funny to look at."

"Thought so."

4. Lego

Maybe painting wasn't for him.

When Ilya asked his therapist what she or her husband did for hobbies, for ideas, she told him that her husband liked to build Legos. Apparently, he had gifted her a Lego flower bouquet for their anniversary, to symbolise their everlasting love.

It was an incredibly cheesy gesture, but the more Ilya thought about it, the less he disliked it.

Maybe he could build something for Shane.

He went on a quest again, and after looking at flowers and googling way too many meanings of flowers (something Svetlana brought onto him, after he asked her if he should get tulips or roses or something else), he chose a hibiscus plant. It even came with a pot, so they could set it out.

Or Shane could set it out. Maybe at one point they would have it on their table.

Not his table or Shane's. Only theirs.

The Lego was better than the painting.

Not as much of a mess, more mechanical. The tiny parts still annoyed him. It seemed like his hands were constantly in the way of him.

He let out a long string of Russian curses when he dropped a piece and it flung itself all the way under his couch and he had to crawl around on his floor to get it back.

There were, however, two major downsides to Lego. One, Lego was not exactly cheap, considering that the things were build pretty quickly, if you didn't buy a massive set. Two, it required a lot of space to store (and he needed to clean it) (okay, three downsides).

Another downside was transport. After he had spent hours putting it together piece by piece and almost turning his couch upside down, he anxiously watched the plant pot on his passenger's seat.

That bitch better don't break. He would scream. Maybe cry. And Ilya rarely cried, but that could bring him to the edge.

Thankfully, he and the plant made it. He let himself into Shane's apartment, yelling "I'm home!", into the place. It felt right. He knew Shane loved it.

Speaking of, his boyfriend appeared from the kitchen. "Hey! I have been waiting for you."

His boyfriend almost skipped over to press a kiss to his lips.

"What is that?" He pointed to the plant.

"It is a gift. For you. I made it."

"Again?" Shane laughed. "I mean… Oh wow, thank you."

"It's a hibiscus. It stands for beauty, elegance and love."

His boyfriend smiled. "Aw, look at you, little romantic."

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Yes, make fun of me."

"No. I love it. Thank you, Ilya. I'll set it on the table."

5. Crosswords

“I thought you didn’t read the New Yorker?”

“I don’t know, it ran into me. Figured I would give it a try.”

Ilya grabbed the actual physical copy of the New Yorker, something that he never thought he would do, and read a bit through it. Unsurprisingly, it was mostly boring stuff. At the back, however, he ended up at a crossword.

“Sign of bad service”

“Leading man in “The rock””

“frequent sight at airport security”

“so-called Prince of Humanists”

“What does this even mean?”, he mumbled.

Shane came back and set his portion of scrambled eggs down. “God, I hate the crossword. My dad is really good at it though.”

Ilya shook his head and closed the newspaper. “Hell no. Too much English.”

+1.

Shane took the last macaron from the package with a deep sigh. “I fucking love these.”

“Yeah?”

“They are the best. Maybe I should come to Ottawa more often. The ones from the store just aren’t the same.”

Ilya playfully nudged him in the side. “You and your sweet tooth.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Don’t remind me. I feel guilty for eating these either way.”

“Don’t. Don’t feel guilty. One macaron won’t make you get out of shape.”

“Maybe not one, but I have eaten about six now.”

Ilya cuddled up to his boyfriend. “Six macarons won’t make you get out of shape either. You work hard, you deserve a treat.”

“Thanks. That does make me feel better.”

A plan was forming in his head as he stared at the last macaron getting devoured by Shane.

How hard could making macarons be?

Making macarons required more things than he thought.

And Ilya had all things for cooking, he was fine with that. But baking?

After some back and forth, not really knowing if maybe he should search for a used kitchen machine first before spending a minimum of 300 Canadian Dollars on a new one.

He was in the middle of brushing his teeth when he had a revelation that he could actually just call Yuna.

It took about two rings for her to pick up.

“Ilya! How nice of you to call, how are you?”

He smiled. It had taken both of them a bit of getting used to it, but now they got along pretty well. Ilya would rather die than admit it, but it was nice to have someone you could call and ask and just talk to. Not that he was trying to replace his mom. He had a feeling she would understand.

And Yuna had reassured him that he could call her whenever, for all intends and purposes.

“Good. Everything good with you? I hope I didn’t interrupt you with anything.”

“Oh no, of course not. Me and David are in the middle of planning our vacation, but nothing important.”

He nodded. “Sounds exciting.”

“We are still brainstorming.”

“Actually, there is a reason I called.” He bit his lip. There was no reason to be nervous, but he couldn’t help it. As much as he loved Yuna, she was a bit scary. “I wanted to ask if you have a kitchen machine.”

“A kitchen machine?”

“Yes. You know, with a bowl?”

“Oh, I know what you mean! Well yes, I do.”

“Can I borrow it?”

He could hear the confusion in her voice. “Well, yes, of course. I didn’t know you bake.”

“Well, I am trying. You know the macarons that Shane likes? I will try and make some.”

“Oh, that is so cute, I know he is obsessed with those. Are you sure you want to start with macarons though? They are a bit difficult.”

Ilya peaked over to the recipe he had open on his laptop. “It doesn’t look that difficult.”

“Well, whatever you say. Of course you can borrow my stand mixer, and anything else you might need.”

“It also say I need a piping bag, but I could use a plastic one, right?”

“You can borrow a piping bag honey, don’t you worry. I have everything you could need.”

Yuna was truly the best.

If he liked it, he would buy his own stand mixer.

Ilya had looked up basically everything there was to know about macarons. The folding the sifting the measuring the everything. He had opted for a raspberry variant, one he was sure Shane would like.

It couldn’t be that hard. He had to be exact and that was it.

He spent the next two hours going through the steps both the recipe and following a video guide. In between was some waiting, yes, but he also had dishes to do.

Ilya didn’t even notice how much time went by until he had to turn on the lights because it had become dark outside. It felt almost surreal how occupied he was. Even the part where he had to use a thermometer to heat up sugar and make a syrup, a step he was initially hesitant about, worked like a charm.

The only real problems he ran into was the piping, something he had to figure out how to best do it alone, but thankfully, the video gave some good tips.

The second one was when he wanted to assemble the macarons and had to find out there was a reason he should wait when his raspberry-white chocolate mix decided it didn’t want to hold up and melted away like nothing.

At the end, he had a batch of macarons.

Beautiful, red, raspberry macarons.

It had taken him about three hours in total. Maybe because that was how long macarons took, maybe he was just slow.

But they were there.

He took one of them, looked at it from every angle. Then bit into it.

The shells were a bit airier then he liked. But they were good.

Incredibly good. Especially considering he had never baked before.

He took a photo and sent it to Yuna.

Bit airy but they are good

She texted him back around ten minutes later.

They look incredible! Me and David would love to try some, if you don't mind :)

He packed six macarons for them. Also as a thank you for the stand mixer.

Maybe he should get one for himself.

This has been fun.

"I am slowly starting to feel bad", Shane joked. "When you always turn up with a gift."

"Shut up, I like to spoil you. Now try them."

"Okay, sure." His boyfriend reached for the container and stuffed one of the macarons in his mouth.

"Hm. Mh. Oh wow. Where did you get those?" A second macaron had already disappeared.

"Don't make fun of me if I tell you."

Shane frowned. "What? Why?"

"I made them."

He froze. "What?"

"What?"

"By yourself? Entirely?"

Ilya nodded. “Yes, of course.”

“Wow. Aren’t they hard to make?”

He tried to take one of his own macarons, but Shane immediately got the container out of reach. “Hell no, those are mine.”

“I didn’t find them that hard. Now give me one, you little shit.”

“Nu uh, go away!”

If his macarons were that good that Shane would wrestle him over them, maybe he should make more.

He did make more.

Soon, everyone in his life got to try his baking.

He and Shane couldn’t eat all of it alone, after all. Yuna and David got plenty, sometimes the neighbours, sometimes his team.

Actually, even people outside of his life got to try them.

Sometimes, Shane packed some of his baking for practice for his team. All of them loved it, and he got lots of feedback through his boyfriend to “say thank you to your partner” and “tell them we love them”.

For his birthday, he got his own stand mixer from Shane.

So, on his list of hobbies he now had hockey, clubbing, sex and baking.

That was probably enough for now.

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