

save a horse, ride a centaur

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by [catknives](#)

Summary

At first Shane had been doubtful about how a cowboy related to a Roman soldier, but Ilya had insisted it was based on a movie he'd watched on a plane once. He swore other people would get the reference.

"We will, uh, how you say, break the internet?" Ilya had said when he pitched the idea in bed last month.

"I don't think I've ever said that," Shane had replied, unable to resist the urge to be a little shit. It was their favorite type of flirting.

"Is expression," Ilya'd huffed.

"I don't think anyone's said that in at least a decade."

"Am I not anyone? I just said it. Keep up, Hollander."

For their first Halloween together as a married couple, Ilya convinces Shane to dress up in a couple's costume.

Notes

I thought to myself, wouldn't it be cute if Shane and Ilya did a couple's costume reusing Ilya's Gladiator costume? And thus this fic was born.

As the description says, it takes place their first Halloween as a married couple, which is Halloween 2021. Halloween was on a Sunday that year, so I imagine they had their party on the 30th. Maybe that doesn't add up with their hockey schedule, but frankly I don't care. I wanted soft Halloween fluff.

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

Shane felt ridiculous.

Looking in the mirror, he adjusted his kerchief for the umpteenth time, unsure how it was supposed to sit. Between the big black Stetson, clunky boots, and leather pants, he was pretty sure he'd never worn more leather in his life. Or faux leather, probably. Though he wouldn't put it past Ilya to drop the money on genuine leather for a stupid costume.

At first Shane had been doubtful about how a cowboy related to a Roman soldier, but Ilya had insisted it was based on a movie he'd watched on a plane once. He swore other people would get the reference.

"We will, uh, how you say, break the internet?" Ilya had said when he pitched the idea in bed last month.

"I don't think I've ever said that," Shane had replied, unable to resist the urge to be a little shit. It was their favorite type of flirting.

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"I don't think anyone's said that in at least a decade."

"Am I not anyone? I just said it. Keep up, Hollander."

The conversation had devolved from there, eventually leading to a wrestling match which culminated in playfully aggressive blowjobs, which was not an uncommon occurrence. Their bickering at this point was more foreplay than flirting.

At the sound of their doorbell, Shane looked up from where he was fussing with his costume. His kerchief would have to be good enough. He grabbed the fake pistols from where Ilya had left them for him on top of the dresser and holstered them.

When he walked down the stairs into their living room, Shane realized that he'd spent more time fixing his costume than he'd originally thought. The party was already in full swing, more than half their guests already there.

His eyes searched the room. Alongside the Centaurs players and their spouses, it looked like Hayden and Jackie had made it. Harris was there too, holding Anya and complimenting the ridiculous dragon wings Ilya had put on her. In the corner, Ilya was talking to Luca Haas, who was gesturing erratically in what Shane was pretty sure was a Star Wars costume.

He greeted a few of their guests as he made his way over to Ilya, trying not to look too much like he was making a beeline. As much as he loved their friends and teammates, being around big groups of people often unsettled Shane, and he needed his husband's calming presence to ground him. It was incredible how much longer his social battery could be extended just by Ilya's casual touch.

When he got closer, he caught the tail end of Luca's emphatic explanation, but he was pretty sure he heard the name Skywalker. Shane mentally gave himself a pat on the back for

correctly guessing the costume.

When Ilya saw him approach, his eyes lit up, a big grin breaking out across his handsome face. *God, he looked so fucking good*, Shane couldn't help thinking. He couldn't wait to take that costume off his husband later tonight.

"Sorry, Haas," Ilya interrupted with a cheeky grin, "but I must greet my husband. He is very handsome cowboy."

Ilya reached for Shane, wrapping an arm around his back and pulling him into his side. He placed a dramatic kiss on Shane's cheek. Shane immediately felt more relaxed with Ilya's hand on his lower back. Luca didn't seem to react beyond a small blush, which Shane suspected was more due to an ill-advised crush on Ilya rather than the gay stuff.

"Sorry," Shane smiled, not feeling very sorry at all, "I'm the other half of his costume."

"And my other half, period," Ilya said, his tone teasing. And yet, Shane knew Ilya still got a thrill out of openly talking about their relationship. He did it at almost every opportunity, though he always made sure to check in with Shane that he was not crossing some sort of line. And while Shane was still getting used to it, he couldn't deny that it felt good to hear Ilya talk about him so freely.

"Oh, you are from *Night at the Museum*, yes?" Luca asked, looking between them.

"Yes, you get it!" Ilya cheered, clapping Luca on the shoulder with the hand not on Shane's back. Luca's blush deepened a bit. Poor kid. His crush was painfully obvious.

Shane wasn't jealous about it, though. He trusted Ilya more than anyone else, and his husband had made it clear again and again just how much he loved him. At this point Shane just felt bad for anyone crushing on Ilya; the man was thoroughly and happily taken.

"It's a good movie. And a great costume. It's cool that you did one together," Luca praised.

The compliment must've gone to Ilya's head, because for the next twenty or so minutes, he paraded Shane around to their various friends to show off their costumes, his grin happy and free in a way that made Shane's heart melt.

Shane had never been all that interested in Halloween as an adult, but if it made Ilya this happy, he'd dress up in whatever stupid Halloween costume Ilya could think of for the foreseeable future. Within reason, of course.

"Oh hell yeah," Hayden laughed when they finally made their way over to him and Jackie, who had made the drive from Montreal just for the party. "Night at the Museum, right?"

"Yup, that's it." Shane confirmed. He was glad Hayden and Jackie were able to make it; their first sitter had fallen through and for a minute it seemed like they'd have to stay home.

"The twins love that movie," Jackie shared. Shane took a moment to give her a hug.

“They probably just love anything that gives them a break from hanging out with their boring dad,” Ilya teased, though there was no real heat behind it. “Are you dressed as an accountant?”

“Fuck off, I’m Clark Kent. Jackie is Lois Lane.”

“Ah, you were worried about fitting in the spandex for the Superman costume?”

“Shut up, Rozanov.” Hayden rolled his eyes. Shane and Jackie shared a look of shared exasperation at their husbands’ continued antagonism.

“I’m just saying, it makes sense you dressed up as the boring version.”

Hayden didn’t respond to Ilya’s taunt, instead turning towards Shane.

“Shane, buddy, offer still stands. I know some great single guys in Montreal, real hot bachelor types. You can do better.” It was not the first time Hayden had jokingly made such an offer.

“Too late, Pike. I put a ring on it,” Ilya taunted. He grabbed Shane’s left hand and waved it in Hayden’s face, like the sight of Shane’s wedding band would dispel him like a demon.

“Okay, boys, let’s not have a Superman-gladiator battle over Shane’s honor right now,” Jackie chided in the same tone Shane often saw her use with her kids.

“Jackie, as always it is lovely to see you,” Ilya said, a mischievous turn to his lips. Shane realized a moment too late what his husband was going to say next. “You know, I know lots of great single guys in Ottawa. Real hot bachelor types.”

Shane began to drag Ilya away, unable to keep the smile off his face.

“You can do better!” Ilya called as he was pulled towards the kitchen.

Shane double checked that the kitchen was empty, then crowded Ilya against the fridge. Ilya let out a giggle, and Shane wished he could bottle that sound. It would be the highest selling drug on the market.

“Having fun?” He asked with a raised eyebrow. He wanted to look stern, but Ilya’s happiness was contagious and he couldn’t keep the smile off his face.

“Of course I am having fun,” Ilya replied, leaning forward to brush his lips against Shane’s. “I am at a party with all my friends, my husband agreed to a couple costume, and he looks very sexy in his cowboy outfit.”

He punctuated his statement with a kiss to Shane’s lips. God, Shane was so in love. He leaned further into Ilya’s space, pressing his hips forward. He ignored the urge to reach under Ilya’s skirt to brush against his dick. He was half hard, and he could feel that Ilya was in a similar state. But Shane had strict limits when there were guests in the house. As opposed to Ilya, who Shane was pretty sure would fuck him right here if he asked.

“Aren’t you going to tell me how sexy I look in my outfit?”

Shane rolled his eyes.

“You know how I feel about your costume. Remember last year?”

Shane blushed a bit at the memory. He couldn’t wait to have round two of it later tonight.

“How could I forget? Though I could use a reminder,” Ilya said, leaning forward to catch Shane’s lips in another searing kiss.

Shane let himself get caught up in it for a minute, distracted by the tongue sliding into his mouth. He grabbed at Ilya’s curls, pulling just enough to make him moan into his mouth. God, he loved this.

When Ilya tried to sneak a hand down the back of his leather pants, Shane gently pushed him away. He needed to put an end to this now or else they’d never stop.

“Later,” he said, fond but firm. He smiled at Ilya’s pout.

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

Ilya wasn’t kidding when he said he was having fun. As they went back to the party, he silently marveled at the difference between this year’s Halloween party and the one the year before.

Last year, he had been incredibly depressed, missing Shane terribly and suffocating under the weight of the love locked up in his chest.

This year, that love was on full display. It was in the wedding photo framed on the mantle, in the combined trophy room down the hall, in the matching bands on their ring fingers.

It was in the stupid idea for a couple’s costume he’d thought of on a plane ride to San Francisco, watching a movie while Shane slept against his shoulder. Shane had even agreed to it with no issue. Well, with minimal issue. He’d made some alterations to Ilya’s original plan. (“No, Ilya, I’m not wearing assless chaps around our friends.”)

He and Shane sat themselves on the couch, joining a discussion between Bood and Wyatt about skate preferences.

Shane was never one to pass up the chance to talk shop, so he jumped right in, while Ilya sat and enjoyed the buzz of the party. All his favorite people (and Hayden Pike) were here, happy and celebrating. He was sitting next to the man who he loved so dearly. His *husband*.

He moved his legs over Shane’s lap, wanting to be closer to him. Shane placed a hand on Ilya’s thigh and quickly gave him a sweet smile.

When Ilya looked back at the party, he saw Harris pointing his phone at them. He'd have to ask him for any pictures he took. He wasn't sure if Shane would want to post them, but it couldn't hurt to ask. Shane was still a bit hesitant about sharing too much of their personal lives, but he was getting better about letting Ilya show off from time to time.

It turned out Ilya didn't need to ask, though. A half hour later, Shane frantically looked at him as if he was just realizing something.

"Shit, where's your helmet? We need to get a picture."

Ilya hadn't worn the helmet all night. It flattened his curls and made it hard to kiss Shane, which was a top priority that couldn't be sacrificed. Shane himself had taken off his Stetson once they'd sat down, placing it right beside them on the couch.

"I took it off a while ago. But Harris has been taking pictures all night, don't worry," Ilya reassured him. He'd caught Harris more than once grabbing snapshots of the team bonding. He'd also caught Troy pulling Harris away to make out in the bathroom, but he wouldn't mention that part.

"Yeah, but I want one we can post ourselves."

Ilya couldn't help it, he kissed Shane. He felt like his heart was going to explode. Shane was here, he'd agreed to the couple's costume, and now *he* wanted to post about it online.

Even though he'd done it several times now, there was something so intoxicating about Shane posting about them on social media. It was rare that Shane posted on social media at all these days, so whenever he dedicated a post to Ilya, it felt like a special treat.

Shane let the kiss continue for a bit longer, but pushed him back when Ilya tried to involve his tongue. Just like with social media, Shane still wasn't big on PDA, and Ilya respected that. He just liked to test the limit sometimes.

"Your helmet," Shane repeated, sounding exasperated and fond.

"I will go get it," Ilya promised, pecking Shane's lips with an obnoxious smack.

When he returned with the helmet, it seemed Shane had already grabbed Harris as their photographer. The two were discussing which area of the living room most gave off "museum vibes."

"The trophy room, for sure, right?" Harris suggested, and Ilya didn't miss the way a blush bloomed across Shane's face.

Since moving in together, they had made a habit of re-christening the shared trophy room every time a new accolade was added. It had gotten to the point that the simple act of placing a trophy on one of their shelves got Shane hard, much to Ilya's delight. Shane was almost certainly thinking about when he'd won MVP this past June, and Ilya had fucked him to the point of tears in that very room.

“Yes, definitely the trophy room,” Ilya smirked. He made eye contact with Shane, raising an eyebrow to silently ask *is this actually okay?*

Face getting even redder, Shane gave him a subtle nod, which made Ilya smile wider. Shane *liked* the idea of people seeing one of the places where Ilya regularly fucked him. He’d never admit that was the reason why, but Ilya knew his husband well enough to know that deep down Shane loved the idea of being on display.

Harris didn’t seem to pick up on any of this, and excitedly followed Ilya and Shane to the trophy room as he chattered on about how he and Troy had chosen their own couple’s costume.

By the time they finished taking their pictures, Ilya could tell that Shane was half hard again. God, he loved this horny little *kotyonek*. As much as he was having fun at the party, Ilya half wished everyone would leave so he could take his husband apart.

As if he could tell that his husband was onto him, Shane stepped away from Ilya, smiling instead at Harris. “Let’s, uh, get back to the party, right?”

“Oh shit, you guys are Jedediah and Octavius!” Tanner Dillon cheered as they returned to the living room, swaying in a way that indicated he’d had a bit too much to drink.

“Has everyone seen this movie but me?” Shane laughed, feeling just a bit self-conscious. Ilya already made fun of him for not listening to music, and now he was surely going to make fun of him for not watching movies, too.

Which wasn’t true, by the way. Shane watched lots of movies. *Slapshot*, *The Mighty Ducks*, *Face-Off*. And okay, yes, those were all movies about hockey. God forbid Shane loved the sport he’d dedicated his life to. Still, mentioning those movies when Ilya inevitably made fun of him probably wouldn’t help his point.

Ilya snaked an arm around Shane’s waist, squeezing in a way that meant he was definitely going to make fun of him later. And while Shane had put distance between them in the trophy room in an attempt to get his eager cock to calm down, he was glad to have Ilya’s touch on him again now that they were back in a crowd.

“It came out when I was a little kid. Grew up watching that shit,” Franklin Martinez, one of their rookies, replied. Tanner gave him a fist bump, for reasons Shane wasn’t entirely sure.

“Wow, Hollander, we are old.” Ilya laughed. Shane felt a sudden burst of anxiety at that.

“We’re not old, we’re only 30,” Shane huffed. He wasn’t insecure about his age, but he didn’t appreciate being called old. Old meant retirement. Ilya kissed his temple, gentle in a way that suggested he hadn’t meant to upset Shane.

“Shane is right, we have many more years of skating circles around you kids ahead of us,” Ilya joked. Shane immediately felt less ruffled, which he suspected was why Ilya said what he did.

The conversation moved on from there, and Shane let himself enjoy the night with their friends. He stuck by Ilya's side for most of it, though he did leave to chat with Hayden and Jackie some more at one point.

By midnight, most of the older players had left, making excuses about kids and families, while the younger players were excitedly making plans to relocate to a bar. They'd invited Shane and Ilya along, but that offer was quickly turned down.

"We have other plans," Ilya said with a wink, and Shane felt his face heat up. Their teammates didn't even bat an eye, though, which helped lessen his embarrassment.

After everyone was finally out of the house, Shane took off his hat and got started on cleaning up while Ilya went to take Anya out into the yard. When they got back inside, she went straight to the dog bed by the fireplace, laying down without letting Ilya take off her wings. It had been a big night for her, too.

Shane had gathered most of the bottles in cans into a bag when a pair of strong arms wrapped around him from behind.

"Have I told you yet how sexy you look in your costume?" Ilya asked into his neck, pressing kisses to his skin.

"Once or twice, I think." Shane leaned his head back, exposing more of his neck to his husband. Ilya snuck a hand under Shane's vest and shirt, grabbing his pec.

"You know, Bood told me there is saying here. *Save a horse*," Ilya whispered, taking Shane's ear between his teeth. Shane couldn't help the moan that escaped him.

"I think the full saying is *save a horse, ride a cowboy*," Shane said with a breathy laugh. Ilya slid his other hand into Shane's pants, stopping teasingly right above Shane's dick.

"Ah, but it makes no sense. Cowboys do the riding, yes?"

Shane moaned, grabbing Ilya's hair to pull him into a kiss. The angle wasn't perfect, but Shane could hardly care. He turned his body to face Ilya, who adjusted his angle so that he was properly touching Shane's cock.

"Bedroom," Shane exhaled into Ilya's mouth. He half expected Ilya to push back and insist they fuck right here, but he just nodded and pulled his hand out of Shane's pants.

The look he gave Shane was downright hungry, and Shane could only imagine what he looked like. Kiss-bitten lips, shirt open, kerchief askew.

He grabbed Ilya's hand and started towards their bedroom, but Ilya stopped him. He walked over to where Shane had placed his hat, picking it up with a smirk.

"Can't forget. We are going to need this."

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane moaned, throwing his head back as he sank down onto Ilya's cock.

Ilya gripped Shane's hips, holding him in place for a moment. He'd never admit it to his competitive husband, but he was worried about finishing too soon. Shane looked like a wet dream, straddling Ilya in nothing but his black Stetson.

After a few seconds to get his dick under control, Ilya nodded at Shane.

Shane lifted up until only the tip of Ilya's cock was still inside, then dropped back down in one fluid motion. He was so deliciously tight around Ilya, moaning as he bounced. Ilya could do little else than marvel at his drop-dead sexy husband.

"God, Shane, *fuck*, so good," Ilya gasped. He usually had more control in the bedroom, but Shane was running the show right now. He knew how to change that, though.

Ilya looked at Shane's cock where it viciously bobbed against his stomach. He reached for it with one hand, making Shane's hips stutter with a shouted *Fuck!* as he gathered the precome from the tip and brought it to his mouth to taste.

Shane groaned as he watched Ilya lick his fingers, his pace getting more erratic. Ilya smirked up at him. Too easy.

"Hold on tight, cowboy," he teased before planting his feet and thrusting up into Shane from below. Shane gasped, grabbing onto his hat with a shaking hand to keep it from falling off. His thighs were quivering a bit, and Ilya was sure Shane would be shooting off sooner rather than later.

Ilya caught that fuzzy look in Shane's eyes he sometimes got when they had sex, where he got so deep into his pleasure that he turned needy and desperate. Ilya loved reducing Shane to that state, feeling pride in the way he was able to give his husband what he needed in those moments.

Shane leaned down to try to kiss Ilya, whining and pulling off his hat when it inhibited his ability to do so. Well, it was fun while it lasted. Ilya couldn't be too disappointed with Shane moaning into his mouth.

Ilya was doing most of the work now, Shane's hips moving haphazardly as he chased his climax. Ilya could feel the heat building at the base of his spine that meant he was close too.

He gripped Shane's cock again, and it only took one or two strokes for Shane to finish with a cry, his release covering Ilya's chest. Shane fell forward onto his elbows, and Ilya wrapped his arms around his back and thrust up frantically as pleasure rippled through him.

He spilled inside Shane with a grunt, running his hands along his husband's back as he came down from his orgasm. Shane all but collapsed on top of him, his body blissed out and boneless.

Ilya kissed his shoulder, his neck, his sweaty temple. Shane was still making little noises, whimpers that he only made when he was too mindless to be embarrassed about them. Ilya cherished them.

He continued rubbing Shane's back as he came back to himself, though Ilya could feel how sleepy he was by the way that he made zero attempt to roll off him. Ilya didn't mind; he secretly loved when Shane laid on top of him like this.

He needed to grab a rag to clean them up before they actually fell asleep, but he gave himself a few moments to bask in the afterglow.

Last year's Halloween party had been an emotional roller coaster. This year, he had his husband, his dog, and his friends all around him, and he didn't have to hide any part of himself. He stored the memory in the mental vault he kept for his darker days, to remind himself that there was so much to live for.

That vault used to be smaller. Now it felt like it was near to bursting, unable to contain the amount of love in his life. It didn't make the dark days disappear, but it did make them a lot more manageable.

Shane let out a snuffle above Ilya that meant he was falling asleep, and Ilya patted his side to get him to slide off of him.

When he returned from their en suite bathroom with a rag, Shane was already asleep. Ilya grabbed the cowboy hat from where it was half stuck under Shane's body, gently placing it on Shane's nightstand.

He cleaned them both up quickly, being careful so as to not wake Shane up. After he was done, he laid on his back next to his husband. Shane immediately curled himself around him, abandoning his pillow for Ilya's chest.

Ilya carded his fingers through Shane's hair, sleep tugging at his eyelids. It had been a good night.

[Instagram post showing Shane and Ilya in their Halloween costumes. Shane is tucked under Ilya's arm. He's looking at Ilya, a shy smile on his face. Ilya looks directly at the camera with a big, open grin.

The caption reads:

ilyarozanovcentaurs with **shanehollanderhockey**: 🤪🏠🔪]

[Instagram post from the official Ottawa Centaurs account. The post includes several pictures showing off the players' various costumes. There are several group shots. In one candid, Ilya and Shane sit together on a couch, Ilya's legs on Shane's lap. They look at each other as they laugh.

The caption reads:

ottawacentaurs Wishing you all a Happy Halloween! Can you believe no one thought to dress up as a centaur?]

[Twitter.com trending page:

#NightAtTheMuseum

#HollanovCostume

#SaveAHorseRideACentaur]

@hollanov38 WHAT DO YOU MEAN MY FAVORITE HOCKEY COUPLE DRESSED UP AS THE GAY COWBOY AND ROMAN FROM NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM

@centaurspridepin omg omg omg i NEED to know whose idea this was

@goncharovspuck c'mon, there's literally no way this wan't shane's doing, look at how he's looking at rozanov in the pics

@ilyarozanovcentaurs  it was my idea. shane hadn't even seen the movie

@centaurspridepin OMG HI KING!!! please make your husband watch this important piece of queer cinema immediately

@hockeyluvr12 imagine trying to explain to someone that you're freaking out bc the homoerotic hockey rivals to lovers who ended up married dressed up as the homoerotic rivals to lovers who ended up married from your favorite childhood movie

@shanehollandertops yes i have seen the costume, no i cannot say what i am thinking out loud. just... save a horse, am i right?

@kissfromarozanov let's not theorize on their bedroom dynamics pls, we're lucky they even feel comfortable posting couples costume pics

@shanehollandertops dude block me, then. this page is for top hollander propaganda only

@gayhockeyfan27 imagine being so boldly disrespectful and so boldly wrong at the same time

@thetannerdillon  sometimes being on the same team as hockey's first couple sucks because no one is talking about MY awesome costume

@realzaneboodram  Dude, be so serious, no one was ever going to talk about your Spirit Halloween Indiana Jones costume.

@thetannerdillon  let a man dream, bood!!

@popcrave Hockey's First Couple Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander broke the internet with their viral couple's Halloween costume.

@ilyarozanovcentaurs  **@shanehollanderhockey** just making sure you saw this

@shanehollanderhockey  I'm literally in the other room, you did not need to Tweet at me.

@ilyarozanovcentaurs  and yet you responded in a tweet, you must really liiike me 🤔

@owenwilson  Does this mean I need to dress up as a centaur next Halloween?

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Kudos and comments are always appreciated <3

Come scream about Heated Rivalry with me on [Twitter](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!