

Shane Hollander Teaches Jimmy a Hockey Stretch

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Shane Hollander Teaches Jimmy a Hockey Stretch

by [jinjjiri](#)

Summary

Shane is grinding down on live TV.

Ilya is close to having a heart attack, a whiplash, and/or a brain aneurysm.

Or

Ilya watches Shane's appearance on The Tonight Show where Shane (unprompted?) almost had sex with the floor. Ilya kinda wants to die.

Notes

I can't get this scene out of my mind. Please mind any typos and/or grammatical error, this fic is not beta read (I don't have one. I don't even know what a beta reader is), I wrote it in one sitting within 3 hours after I got home from work, I didn't proof read it, and English is not my first language. It's not even my second language. I could barely care less about the English language.

Ilya's reaction here is basically MY reaction when I watched the interview. The only difference is I watched the interview at work.

Inspired by [this tweet](#).

Ilya is currently in his Ottawa apartment, actively trying to stave off a heart attack.

Never in a million years did he imagine he would see this on live TV. He expected himself to do that on live TV, but not Shane. His sweet, timid, shy Shane.

Shane told him when he got the invitation to Jimmy Fallon's show, although for what or why, they both didn't understand. They were both kind of skeptical about it, because why would Jimmy Fallon invite a hockey player out of nowhere? Montreal *was* playing nice and on their way to maybe another cup, their fourth cup under Shane's lead, but it's not confirmed yet.

Yuna convinced Shane to do it, because again, when would an Asian-Canadian hockey player get invited to something like Jimmy Fallon? It's good exposure for all parties involved. Shane, being the attention-hater that he is, tried to get out of it, but. It's Yuna Hollander. Even Russian parents have nothing on her.

During the days leading to his attendance on the show, Shane was being oddly secretive. Ilya tried multiple times to talk about it: who's going to be dressing him, what kind of outfit would he wear, has he received the questions yet from the show's team so he could prepare his answers, yet Shane answered none. He gave Ilya noncommittal hums or just completely changed the topic every time Ilya brought it up.

Ilya flagged it as nervousness, so he didn't bring it up after multiple failed attempts to talk about it. He doesn't want to make Shane even more nervous, or worse, make it a distraction from hockey, although deep down he knows nothing could ever distract Shane from hockey. Well. maybe except for him.

And that's why he's currently feeling like his heart is about to jump clean out of his ribcage. He should've known better.

Shane sent him a picture earlier when he was in the car on the way to the studio and one mirror selfie when he's in his dressing room, both still wearing the same outfit: black t-shirt with a red leather coat, black shades, and jeans.

"You look different," Ilya had said when they called for a bit. "I was expecting you to wear your usual athletic stuff. You are now blowing up on Twitter. Mr. Stylish."

Shane had nervously chuckled. "Mom wanted me to look *snazzy* because she was told yesterday that fans started camping out. It's good that I don't have to wear Reeboks for once."

Ilya had been scrolling on his dump Twitter account all afternoon, cock half-hard seeing Shane so confident, throwing out peace signs in the middle of the crowd right after he got out of the car. Maybe it has something to do with American air or something, he's never seen Shane this confident before except when he's about to get on ice. "The Rolex looks good with that outfit. Wearing Reebok would ruin it."

“That’s what I said! I’m glad Mom agreed. I’m so nervous, though. I wish you were here. I want to hold your hand, I’m shaking so bad.”

“*Solnyshko*,” Ilya had said softly. “Deep breaths, sweetheart. You are prepared. Is just hockey talk. You are good with hockey talk. You are boring like that.”

“Fuck you,” Shane huffed with no heat in it. “You’re gonna watch?”

“No,” Ilya lied. The fact that he already has the TV on the right channel is something Shane doesn’t have to know. “Is boring. Why would I stay up to watch boring?”

Shane had gone quiet and Ilya had regretted his words. “Yeah.. Maybe it’s too late, you have early practice tomorrow,” he mumbled.

Ilya’s heart cracked a little bit. He tried to look up flights and rental cars that could bring him to Shane before he hit the stage. “Of course I will watch,” he said, “I want to see you in a talkshow for once. Not only in front of press. You will do great, *zvyózdnyy*.”

Ilya heard Shane huff a little laugh. “What’s that? I’ve never heard that one.”

“Little star,” Ilya said softly. “You are a star.”

They stayed quiet for a bit, but Ilya can imagine Shane’s bashful smile, his head down with a blush on his freckled cheeks and the tips of his ears. Then, Shane sighed. “I gotta go get changed. The team is knocking on my door.”

“Okay,” not for the first time, Ilya wished he could stay on the phone and talk to Shane until it’s actually his go-time. “You talk hockey every day, for years. You can do this. Send me picture later?”

“Will do,” Shane mumbled. “I’ll talk to you later. *Ya tebya lyublyu*.”

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*.”

About two hours after his call ended, Shane had sent him a picture of his hand, decked in rings, bracelets, and a Rolex watch, on top of his black-covered thigh. Ilya had asked for a selfie or a mirror selfie, but Shane didn’t respond, so Ilya assumed he’s on stage already. Or maybe meditating so he doesn’t push himself into a panic attack.

Ilya had to watch through previous guests, putting the TV on low while he scrolled on his phone while waiting for Shane. That Jimmy Fallon guy was boring him so much he almost fell asleep, until he heard Shane will be on after commercials.

He made himself comfortable on his sofa, leg on the table and his body halfway off the couch. He was sipping on ginger ale (he blamed Shane for that. He missed Shane so badly he picked the lonesome, singular, unopened can of ginger ale instead of his usual coke), TV on high volume, when Jimmy called Shane out.

“What the fuck,” Ilya sits up, hand under his nose because he just snorted that ginger ale like crack cocaine. He says it again one more time in Russian because he could not believe his eyes.

Shane is dressed in black from head to toe. This is not surprising because hockey players wear suits all the time. But this. Shane has never dressed like this before.

He’s wearing a black glossy shirt with a loose fitting black blazer, legs covered in black trousers. There are gold fasteners dangling from his collar and suit pocket, somehow making him look more expensive and completely erasing the classic, boring suits look. There’s his reading glasses tucked into his suit pocket as well. His long hair is pushed back in a messy, stylish way that makes him look like he just finished a round of light practice, with short strands of bangs framing his forehead.

“Montreal Voyageurs’ Captain, Shane Hollander!” Jimmy announces on Ilya’s TV, Shane walking in with a big grin on his face. He looks confident, hand waving, but Ilya could see the pink on the tip of his ears and the slight shake of his fingers.

Ilya could barely hear the talkshow despite having the TV on high volume. He could not take his eyes off of his boyfriend on TV, looking so damn good that Ilya almost pulled out his phone again to look up flights or rental cars to get him to Shane.

As expected, they talk hockey for a while, Shane explaining his feelings about getting his team on the playoffs again, how he’s playing after his last injury and concussion by Marlow. Jimmy pulls out a picture from the accident, and Shane puts on his glasses for show. Screams echo through the TV and Ilya nearly combust into flames. He pulls out his text with Shane.

Ilya: *you are crazy, crazy man*

Further down the questions, Ilya could see Shane getting more relaxed, his answers coming in more naturally. Shane is an absolute charmer, he just doesn’t show it well in front of journalists.

“You have made yourself a big fanbase, winning 3 Stanley Cups, going on to your fourth. There are people who never had any interest in hockey, but are now avid fans because of you. Maybe there are still non-hockey fans who watched hockey, just for you. Did you expect that kind of response from non-hockey fans?” Ilya smiles proudly when he hears the screams of the fans that are live in the studio. He’s proud of Shane, and he’s proud that there are many people rooting for him.

Shane smiles bashfully on TV, his eyes a bit surprised and manic when the screams came, still framed by those damn glasses. “No,” he laughs, *“I’ve heard the term ‘Boy Aquarium’? Right?”* he laughs when the crowd screams once again, directing his question to the audience. *“They sit behind the glass, and – Boy Aquarium! Which, I can see why. Not the first time I heard how attractive we look while sweating bucks and with missing teeth.”*

Ilya's heart swells with pride. Shane is so relaxed and confident now, just within a few minutes of sitting down. He's still a bit bashful and caught off guard every time the crowd screams, but it doesn't distract or bother him from answering questions.

They talk a bit more about Shane's influence, especially on kids getting into hockey. *"You have also built a hockey camp with your archrival, or, maybe I can't call him your archrival now, right? You built a hockey camp and a foundation with Ottawa Centaurs' captain, Ilya Rozanov. How's that been for you and Rozanov?"*

Shane's eyes soften a bit at Ilya's name. Ilya assumes Shane is wearing make up, but the faint pink of blush still shows up across his cheeks. *"Yeah, he approached me about the foundation and we partnered up to make a hockey camp, where the funds from the camp go directly to the foundation. It's something I'm very proud of, it's very close to both our hearts, as you know the foundation is named after Rozanov's late mother. We have big hopes that this foundation will help a lot of people. The hockey camp itself is also very fun, we invite many NHL players to coach. Last summer we had Hayden Pike and Wyatt Hayes coaching, and I mean, where else could you get coached by active hockey players like that? THE Ilya Rozanov, as well?"* Shane directs his face to the camera and points. *"So, send your kids to Game Changer Hockey Camp and we'll make your kids future NHL prospects!"*

Ilya runs his finger under his eyes, gathering moisture that builds up hearing Shane talk about him, the foundation, and the camp. He's still trying to get used to being Shane's friend-slash-work partner in the public eye, getting his name mentioned by Shane in a positive light instead of chirps. It warms his heart to no end to the point that he's searching for camera time so he can do the same about Shane.

"Shane, I was wondering if there's anything you could teach me here, tonight, about hockey?" Fallon asks. Ilya scoffs. As if.

"Ah!" Shane exclaims. *"Yes. Um. I can show you a stretch? It's very – I'll show you."* Shane drums his thigh and gets on the floor. On live TV. He's on live TV, in suits and glasses, and he's getting on the damn floor. Ilya has no idea what this boy is on.

"So, you can get down here on the floor with me. You're gonna get on your hands and knees, keep your knees apart. Keep your arm low to the floor." The screams get louder when the band plays jazzy, sexy music. Shane is as red as a tomato, but he's committed to the bit.

"No, no! We don't need music!" Jimmy laughs amidst the screams of the crowd. *"Where do I go?"*

"On your knees! We can go face to face." And then Shane starts doing his thigh-hips warm up that looks like he's grinding down to the floor.

To be fair, it is a very common warm up for hockey players. Everybody does that on the ice in every game. But Shane with that damn suit and that damn hair and that damn fucking glasses. Ilya sucks in a long breath when his vision starts to get darker around the edges, and he realizes he hasn't been breathing since Shane got on the floor.

He pulls out his phone again.

Ilya: ?????????????????????????????????

Ilya: *what the hell are you doing*

Ilya: *shane. SHANE*

Ilya: *is this why you hide the questions?*

Ilya: *shane get off that fucking floor*

Ilya's almost manic in his attempts to text Shane, despite knowing he's not going to get an answer because Shane is literally on live TV, teaching Jimmy Fallon some crazy hockey warm up.

"*Am I doing it?*" Fallon asks from his stupid position on the floor. He's not doing it right, he looks more like a sea lion trying to get sardines from a trainer.

"*Yeah! Yeah, and there's actually a thing – where you can do..*" Shane is standing up, hand rubbing the desk. "*If like – you need a smooth surface. If we go over here,*" he points to the vinyl floor of the studio. "*There's one that the hockey players do – Hi Mom! – um, and.. You kinda do like this..*"

And he starts grinding down into the fucking floor again, movements more fluid on the smooth surface. He's properly doing the warm up now, grinding down into the floor while the band plays another slow beat, jazzy tune. Ilya is actually going to die. He's going to die without ever winning a game with the Cens.

Ilya doesn't know if he's about to get a heart attack, a whiplash, or a brain aneurysm. Or all three at the same time. How could Shane innocently wave to the camera, saying *Hi Mom!* before doing a filthy move like that, in national fucking TV? How is Yuna okay with this?

Ilya closes his text tab with Shane and opens the one he has with Yuna.

Ilya: *yuna*

Ilya: *yuna what is going on*

Ilya: *yuna????? yuna are you seeing this*

Yuna Hollander: *Yes, honey. I'm in the audience*

Ilya: *how is this okay?????*

Yuna Hollander: *What is?*

Ilya is going insane. Why is no one seeing this problem? He snaps a picture of his TV screen, Shane on his hands and knees, mid-grind.

Ilya: *THIS! this is not shane on TV!*

Ilya: *shane is doing bad moves on TV!*

Yuna Hollander: *Ilya, what are you talking about?*

Yuna Hollander: *Shane is doing stretches*

Now Yuna is playing stupid. And Ilya is standing up in his living room, in front of his TV, one hand holding his phone and the other rubbing his forehead, eyes glued to the screen.

Ilya: *are you serious??*

Ilya: *yuna shane is having sex with the floor*

Yuna is now used to Ilya's filthy mouth. Only because she also curses like a sailor.

Yuna Hollander: *Oh you are being dramatic*

Yuna Hollander: *It's just a stretch. You all do it all the time*

Ilya: *yuna get him off the floor now*

Ilya: *i'm begging you*

Yuna doesn't respond to his texts anymore, and before long, his living room is filled with claps and Shane is waving goodbye to the audience as he walks behind the curtain. Ilya is panting like a damn dog.

He opens his text with Shane again.

Ilya: *i hate you.*

Later on, when Shane is in his hotel room, still dressed exactly as he was on TV, eyes tired and makeup removed, laptop propped up on his bed with Ilya's face on his Skype, Ilya made him take off his clothes slowly and edged him until he cries prettily. They both fall asleep with the Skype on, Shane first while Ilya watches the slow rise and fall of Shane's chest, his soft and even breaths lulling Ilya to a deep sleep.

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