me and my wild boy, and all of this wild joy

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me and my wild boy, and all of this wild joy

by colacatenjoyer

Summary

All in all, it could have been worse.

It’s not like you can measure the full length of Shane’s dick, or see the exact moment that Ilya swallows down the mess of spit and his own cum from Shane’s mouth after he sucked the life out of him.

It’s just, well, everything else.

Notes

i had no idea what to name this so i plucked one singular taylor swift lyric from my big book of taylor swift lyrics and here we are. ther are a buncha undertones and themes that i could have explored maybe theyre here maybe they arent idk girl i wrote this in a wild haze and didnt edit it like at all!!! also idk how this website works. im hitting publish before i get too scared. if u like it then yay if u dont then thats ok too just dont tell me. okay mwah bye

2/17 edits: just formatting stuff

See the end of the work for more notes

All in all, it could have been worse.

It's not like you can measure the full length of Shane's dick, or see the exact moment that Ilya swallows down the mess of spit and his own cum from Shane's mouth after he sucked the life out of him.

It's just, well, everything else.

The video is obviously of them. They couldn't even try to pass it off as anybody else, what with the golden glint of Ilya's chain and the curls and the hyper-specific way that Shane swipes his fingers through his messy hair that their fans have made into numerous video compilations. It's grainy and a bit shaky and the only audio is of the person recording whispering to their friend about how they *can't believe this is happening.*

It's also really, really hot.

Shane only gets through fifteen seconds before he has to walk away and stare at the wall. He hears Ilya's heavy breathing and knows that it's in a combination of anger and arousal. He knows because he feels it too, starting to press up against the inseam of his jeans. A minute later, Shane hears the click of his husband putting his phone on the counter, the thud of his footsteps, and feels strong arms wrap around his waist from behind. "It could have been worse."

Shane reminds himself to breathe. "It could have happened when we were still closeted."

"Or it could have been filmed in 4K."

"There could have been audio."

"And it's only two minutes."

"But still…"

"Not ideal." Ilya finishes, rubbing his thumb over where it rests on Shane's hip and kissing the curve of his neck. They're both quiet, the impact of this settling in both their minds, not as heavy as the previous leak of them but decidedly uncomfortable and very, very invasive.

The video is taken through a window from a fair distance. It's dark outside but the room's lights are on, and after years of uninterrupted hotel hookups with opened windows on penthouse floor heights, neither of them had thought to yank the curtains closed after their thrilling win in Seattle. So, yes, the view of Shane riding Ilya into the mattress is extremely visible. They're pressed together, skin flushed and mouths panting into each other as Shane rocks back and forth on Ilya's (very long, very thick, semi-visible) cock. His back arches on one particular movement and he keens backwards, pulling Ilya with him, until he's laid out on the bed with his thighs spread wide over Ilya's bent knees. They'd had the blanket over them at some point, and some of the topsheets still remain to cover a bit of Shane's dignity, but the blissed-out facial expressions and the way his fingers fist the sheet are more telling than even his (wet, reddened, untouched) erection would be.

Ilya drives into his husband without mercy, chiseled muscles flexing and swollen lips forming filthy words that are blessedly kept private from the viewer. It's rough and heavy and very, very explicit. Shane is impressively flexible. Ilya is attentive and precise in his loving, and when he leans forward and folds Shane in half to take him in missionary, their faces are obscured as they kiss and kiss and kiss and-

It's undeniably sexy and intimate and *private.* The most private thing possible, most people would say, and yet, there it is. Posted anonymously on Twitter at 6:47 this morning and spread like wildfire by the time Shane had turned on his phone at 8:30.

—

Kai she/her @kaisaslut • Dec 9

ngl i'm surprised it took this long 😭😭

noelle 🎄@hollzywoodgirl • Dec 9

Me tryna peek behind that sheet to see the Shmeat…

Hottie 👅 @ducksworth • Dec 9

You all owe me 100 canadian dollars for saying that THEE Ilya Rozanov could ever be a bottom

| **daniii @boodramsleftelbow • Dec 9**

| Hollander vers truthers… i'm sorry. u were always wrong. but im sorry nonetheless.

Margaret @sweet_margs • Dec 9

can yall stop spreading this shit it's disgusting

| **gio 💜 @geegeegeegeebaby • Dec 9**

| disgusting because it's gay or disgusting because it's private info…

| **Margaret @sweet_margs • Dec 9**

| gio we've known each other for 4 years if you think i'd come out as homophobic now i'm gonna block u on all platforms

| **gio 💜 @geegeegeegeebaby • Dec 9**

| now That’s homophobic

Toya Jones @toya_emerald • Dec 9

And I always knew they fucked nasty!!! That soft couple act the team pushes is SILLY they could NEVER keep a real freak down!!!

hollanov child #4 • @shanesmeow • Dec 9

can my mathematicians see how much roz is packing cause that shit looks SUBSTANTIAL

j loves gelphie @shaydenspike • Dec 9

i’d like to rescind the previous statement that i made back in 2021. ilya rozanov CAN in fact handle all that

leo SAW THE CENS @neoworship • Dec 9

so we ain’t gonna talk about hollander’s impeccable hip work. ok.

| **botoxbratt @badddddddesttt • Dec 9**

| Girl, I was taking notes!

Mr Hockey 🏒 @HaasIsKing • Dec 9

As someone who’s followed him for years… I can’t believe it took until 2024 for Roz to get his dick posted somewhere.

mosey dosie @roselaundryss • Dec 9

I feel so horrible for H*lland*r and R*zan*v. First they’re outed by some random guy posted his P*ke Cameo. Now they’re being recorded having private time in their own hotel room and it’s posted for the whole world to see. I can’t imagine.

| **carrie 🏳️‍🌈 @carsfourfan • Dec 9**

| idk they could’ve closed the curtains lol

| **Men Fan @rupauls_wigg• Dec 9**

| “private time” meanwhile hollzy is putting pretzels to shame

| **roz fan thats it @ilyanal • Dec 9**

| irdgaf ive been rubbing my shit crazy style all day

—

“We could ignore it.” Farah starts, and Shane tries to make himself shrink to microscopic levels. They’re sat on the couch in their TV room with their agent on a laptop Zoom call, all curtains drawn shut and phones left on the nightstand upstairs. Farah had texted them both within the hour the video had been uploaded, and after Shane had swallowed down several cold glasses of water and paced the entire perimeter of the house approximately three times, he had tucked himself into Ilya’s arms and accepted the call.

“That is an option,” Ilya tilts his head, “at least on a professional level. I do not think a reporter will be bold enough to talk about this to our faces.”

“It is very unlikely that you’d get a comment on it in official media settings. I’m thinking more about fellow players and primarily fan interaction. And if you want to take legal action, we can get right on that.”

Ilya lets Shane trace spirals on his palm. He’s in one of those moods where his mouth doesn’t want to speak, the ones that Ilya doesn’t understand but accommodates for and loves fiercely. “Are we able to track the account who posted it?”

“I honestly don’t know. I’ve gotten everybody in my contacts to start taking the video itself down by any means necessary, but you know that won’t eliminate it from existence.”

Ilya thinks for a second. “I’ve had girls post about me before. On forums or whatever. Anyone who is interested could likely find very detailed recounts of my younger self’s experiences. I don’t care what these people say about me. What matters to me here is Shane. He should be the one to decide what we do.”

Shane gives his husband’s hand a tight squeeze and wills himself to speak, staring at the wall behind his laptop. Farah *knows* him. Farah has been there for him. Farah is safe. Shane’s throat feels dry, but he forces out the words. “Has anybody from the league said anything? Not Crowell-level, but maybe someone who works in the media? Like on a personal account?”

Farah nods. “I’ve been sent two posts so far. One is by an opinion journalist who frequently writes up official stories for the NHL, and the other from a social media intern. They’re both, well-“ she pauses.

“Homophobic.” Shane supplies.

“Thirsty.” Ilya suggests.

Farah smiles despite herself. “You’re both right. The intern’s post is, ah, enthusiastic.”

“Great.” Ilya says flatly. Shane rolls his eyes. “Could we, I dunno, just wait? See what happens over the next day or two? I want to talk to Rose, at least, ‘cause she knows this stuff better than me.”

Farah gives him a soft smile. “Of course, Shane. I just wanted to let you both know that I’m doing everything I can to protect your privacy, and that any sort of hateful behavior that we see will be stomped out immediately. Shoot me a text if you want anything specific to happen. Again, we can try to take legal action. Just say the word.”

Shane and Ilya say their thank yous and goodbyes, and the second the call ends Ilya slaps the laptop shut. “We should tape over every camera in the general Ottawa area. I never want to feel this *watched* ever again. Surveillance state, like Russia. Or America.”

Shane chews on his hoodie string and swallows his poorly timed laugh. “Don’t you like being watched?” He feels Ilya scoff and then laugh and sits up, moving to settle himself in his husband’s lap and feeling his whole system exhale when Ilya wraps his arms around his middle.

Shane shoves his head into the crook of Ilya’s neck and lets himself be pulled even closer. “I’m sorry this happened to you,” he whispers, kissing under Ilya’s ear.

“I’m sorry this happened to you as well, *moya lyubov.* I don’t know what else to say.”

"You don’t have to say anything. Being you is enough.”

“You are so sweet to me.”

“I love you.”

“And I love you.” Ilya turns his head to capture his husband’s mouth, chaste and soft. Shane falls into it like breathing, the brush of their lips anchoring them both on the couch while whatever media storm surrounding their sex life rages on in the cloud.

Their kisses turn dirty, as they usually do, and when Shane slides his tongue into Ilya’s mouth the younger man groans, big hands pulling their chests flush together, with Shane’s groin slotting easily to the curve of Ilya’s waist.

“I hate that people saw you fuck me,” Shane groans, “I hate that they know anything at all.”

Ilya’s lips turn up into a grin. “Me too, *kotenok.* You know how I hate to share you.” Shane’s eyes are dark when he pulls back. His cock is filling out at a dizzying rate as he grinds his ass down into his husband’s lap. Ilya licks at his neck, pushing the hood of Shane’s sweatshirt away to sink his teeth into the skin there, and chuckles.

“It’s not funny.” Shane says, voice tight with lust but clearly truthful. “You’re right, it’s not funny.” Ilya pauses. “It is very hot video though.”

“Fuck, Roz, *I know*-“ Shane moans into his mouth, rolling his hips harder. Ilya’s hands drag from Shane’s waist to his ass and squeeze.

“Love seeing you move like that. So eager, so pleased.”

“Because of *you,* baby,” the older man gasps as Ilya bites his neck, “and your perfect fucking body, *my God.*”

“*Da,* Hollander, think about that. How good it felt to have me inside you, to have me fuck the life out of you after we demolished that stupid fucking team.”

Shane rides him on the couch, hips snapping and breaths mixing until both men finish within seconds of each other. Ilya pulls out after several more minutes of wordless kissing, then cleans them both up and collects the clothes strewn across the floor. He murmurs Russian into Shane’s ear, something with the words “*sweet*” and “*rest,*” but Shane finds himself too tired to translate. Ilya tells him that everything will be fine, and then he’s asleep on the sofa for an hour.

—

Coach Wiebe sends them both a text saying that they are free to skip practice today. That’s the only communication that either of them look at. Shane hands his phone over to Ilya for the day as they end up heading to the arena anyway, after nearly two hours of debating whether or not they want to show their faces in public before their next game.

Entering the locker room is tense despite everybody’s attempt to make it seem normal. Shane and Ilya smile and nod at their teammates, who have clearly been told to *not bring up the video,* and Shane feels himself flush under the noticeable glances of a rookie defenseman. Ilya, ever observant, is able to handle exactly five minutes of this thick silence before he snaps.

“Alright, alright,” he sighs loudly, turning around and clapping his hands for attention, “there is an elephant in the room. I will say firstly, I do not care if you have watched this video. As one person on Twitter said, I too am surprised that it took this long to happen.” He smiles and half the room tries to laugh. “Hollander and I are fine, and we will continue to be fine, yes? Please stop treating him like a little lamb. Just because he is small and delicate-“

“Fuck you, we’re the same height.”

“-and is the bottom-“

“Ilya!”

“-does not mean he cannot handle some public perception. We are grown men. We have a wonderful team. And we have excellent sex.”

Shane is staring at him warily, having paused the lacing of his skates at Ilya’s *delicate* comment. Ilya grins down at him. “Plus, you have all overheard us fucking anyway. Which,

as always, I will not apologize for. If you choose to jack off to those thrilling two minutes, do not tell me. Now-"

Shane looks like he wants to melt into the floor. Ilya pats his shoulder. "-queers and also the rest of you. I want to see ten million goals during this practice. Not actually. I want to see fundamentals and creativity and, above all, some good fucking hockey. Yes? Yes!"

—

Shane loves his team. He loves playing hockey with his husband, and helping to build this group almost from the ground up. Since signing with the Centaurs, he's added two Stanley Cup wins to his already impressive tally. He's blissfully happy and settled and as close to content as he thinks he ever will be.

Shane also thinks that he will slice the throat of the next person who talks to him with his skate blade.

After Ilya's silly, revealing speech, the tension in the locker room had evaporated and dissolved back into the familiar chatter and clatter of objects as the team went to hit the ice. Ilya ordered a very intense set of warmups for everybody, then organized a small scuffle between each half to the team to work on their defense. Everything was normal, which is to say, their team had quickly gotten very comfortable saying whatever they felt like.

"Hollzy, could you hug the boards on that play? Give 'em a nice, tight ride?"

"Should we really have the jumbotron on right now? We all know how Cap feels about being recorded."

"If you keep that up, Edmonton is getting fucked as good as Hollander tomorrow."

One of the kids had even gotten involved, saying, most eloquently, "*His dick is huge, bro,*" right to Shane's face when he sat on the bench. He'd then seemed to remember who he was talking to and skated away faster than one would expect from such a large boy. Shane tries to focus on himself, his stick and his skates, but the sight of him laid bare under Ilya flashes under his eyelids, knowing that half the team - half the *league* - has probably seen him *like that,* leaves a pit in his stomach.

"Are you alright, *lyubov?*" Ilya skates up next to him in between drills, checking in with a soft voice and a touch to his shoulder. Shane doesn't look at him. He doesn't think he can stomach it. "I'll be fine."

His husband doesn't press. They're in public, kind of, and Ilya knows the sickening turmoil inside of Shane doesn't want to be seen until it's just them two. Ilya knocks his helmet against Shane's, whispers, "*my perfect man,*" and goes to discuss something with the assistant coaches.

Shane's heartbeat thunders in his ears for the rest of practice and through the shower he takes at the arena. He barely speaks to anybody, his mouth not obliging when he tells it to move, and he clutches Ilya's hand like a lifeline when they walk to their car. He doesn't let go the

whole drive home, as Ilya plays old Beyoncé and orders Starbucks. The drive-thru barista recognizes him and draws a smiley face on his and Shane's coffees.

—

"What are people saying?" He says over dinner, twirling his pasta in between small bites. Ilya looks up from his phone. Shane hasn't asked for his own back yet.

"Jokes, mostly," Ilya answers, "some funnier than others. I have seen some people try to say that it is not us in the video, but that is bullshit, and a strange form of homophobia, I think." Shane nods and eats a chunk of meatball. "Are you sure you don't want to talk?"

And *damn,* there are the tears. Biting at his waterline and then dropping onto his plate. Shane feels Ilya take his hand on the table and shakes his head. "I just can't believe it happened again." He sniffs, then laughs bitterly. "Actually, no. I totally can, because people are fucking evil sometimes."

"Yes."

"And I guess I thought I was, like, over the internalized stuff, but my brain is still mad at me when I remember that people *know.* And now they know I'm the one who takes it, and-" He chokes on a breath. Ilya squeezes his hand. "-and that has nothing to do with the sex itself, because I know that's what I like, but I still have that thing in my head that tells me it's not okay, or allowed, or whatever, for me to do, or want, or anything." He sucks in a breath to stop the rambling. Ilya is quiet, just watching him and rubbing his thumb over Shane's knuckles.

"We have to go play in front of people tomorrow. Who have definitely seen me getting dicked down in a hotel room, which is crazy because we did that for so many years and *nobody* knew! And, fuck, baby, our games are televised and shit- people could be tuning in just to see if we're acting weird. And it's gonna be a whole thing, even if the reporters are normal, they might make jokes on the livestream. I was so tense even with the guys today, I don't think I could deal if a fan walked up and, I dunno, made a joke, or a face, or something."

Ilya, his only sense of grounded normalcy in any of these anxiety spikes, acts like himself. Shane knows he's grateful for it, for the way that Ilya knows how to best respond to his thinking, but Ilya's natural normalcy is to be very annoying.

"Our games are televised, because it is 2024, and people will talk on the internet, because it is not 2009 anymore." Ilya pops a meatball into his mouth. Shane scoffs.

"You're a dick."

"Nine inches of me, maybe, but not all."

Shane almost laughs. Then he thinks about one last possibility, one that makes his blood run cold.

“Fuck, baby, what if my parents saw it?” Shane moans, digging his free hand into his hair. He hears Ilya snort and looks at him with distress.

“Sorry, sorry. It is not funny. I just know, well-“ Ilya shrugs, “they have already seen a lot.”

Shane flushes. “We agreed to never mention that again.”

“I know, love,” Ilya sighs, holding Shane’s hand up to his lips and pressing a kiss to the inside of his wrist, “I’m sorry your mind does this to you. And I am more sorry that there is real reason for it to start down that path, but it is not your fault, or mine.”

“It’s not our fault. It’s that guy who decided to post our unofficial sex tape to the entire internet."

“So, legal action?” Ilya says, a glint in his eye as he teases. Shane rolls his eyes. “Only if something really crazy happens.”

“Like if our *official* sex tape leaks.”

Shane smacks his bicep and Ilya laughs. That would never happen. Because their sex tape (*tapes,* to be truthful, but who’s counting) is kept on a hard drive in the bottom of Shane’s sock drawer. It’s inside a sock, actually. Shane really doesn’t want anybody to find that hard drive.

—

Shane does some square breathing, because his therapist recommends it, then asks for his phone back. He’s sure that Rose and Hayden and anybody else with an online presence has reached out to him. Ilya hands him his glass brick of doom. Shane stares at it, then hands it back.

“Wait. First, can you delete Twitter from it, please?”

"Sure. You don’t use it anyway.”

“I’d start scrolling and never stop.”

“Yes, and that would not be good. We have already made it onto many porn bot accounts. I don’t want you to get any ideas.”

Shane rubs his temples. “I’m not making porn with you, Ilya.”

“Good. Though I would understand the demand. The video is, again, very hot.”

Shane responds to some texts, saying he’s fine. He watches the video in full, just to know exactly what people have seen, and then Ilya sucks his dick because, yes, it is very hot.

—

The Centaurs win against the Oilers 4-2. Shane gets a goal and Ilya an assist, and without his phone Shane is having a great night. After a shower and one mocktail, Ilya gets him on his back with hardly more than a kiss. *So easy,* he crooned, as Shane had tossed his jeans away.

“This okay?” Ilya says, voice low and accent thick, one hand busy stretching Shane open. Shane whines.

“Yes, fuck, baby, always okay-“

“I mean *that,*” Ilya follows, his fingers slowing their movements and letting Shane open his eyes. He smiles at the sight of his husband above him, shower-wet and gorgeous, and then notices what Ilya means. All their curtains are thrown open. The window on the far right wall is cracked as well, letting air flow into the bedroom and any noises, inside or out, to escape into the night.

Shane is quiet for a second, contemplating. Ilya crooks his fingers again. Not enough to hit Shane’s most sensitive spots but enough to make him bite his lip. He turns again to look right at Ilya, and nods.

He knows there’s nobody around. He’s safe in his big fucking house with his big fucking yard in lowkey-middle-of-nowhere Ottawa, completely alone inside save for his (big fucking) husband. And their dog. But logic often fails under his anxiety, and Shane knows that Ilya worries. He just knows him so, so well. “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

Ilya’s smile is radiant. “*Ya tebya lyublyu, moyo okno.*”

He gets three fingers inside Shane before the older man is a mess in their sheets, cock leaking onto himself as Ilya takes him apart. “*Oh*- Ilya, baby, need you to fuck me. I did good, I got a goal, please, *please* fuck me.”

Ilya shushes him with a forehead kiss and the withdrawing of his fingers. Shane’s lower lip trembles with the loss until he’s rewarded with a hand on his cock and a teasing bite at his earlobe. “I have idea.”

Shane’s pleasure-addled brain catches the grammatical error, the kind that Ilya doesn’t make unless he’s having a bad brain day or is extremely turned on. Shane hums, clenching around nothing, needy enough that he’d probably oblige to just about anything that his husband asks.

"Come here, sweetheart.” Ilya says lowly, taking each of Shane’s hands in his and guiding him to his feet. Shane, mind muddy and body thrumming, lets himself be walked towards the wall, turned, and then held from behind. Ilya kisses his shoulder, the back of his neck, as Shane stares out their window.

Oh. *Oh.*

“Fuck, Ilya.”

Ilya hums. “Yes, Shane?”

Shane's back arches almost by itself as he braces his arms on the windowpane and widens his stance. He glances back over his shoulder, at Ilya's dark gaze, and the way that he looks like he wants to eat him whole. Shane shudders and returns his gaze to the glass that separates him from the trees outside. He gets crowded against the window and feels his husband mouthing at the back of his neck, his hands on his ass, and then he's being guided deeper into the arch and- "*Oh my god.*"

Ilya presses into him little by little, legs trembling and chest heaving, until he's filled entirely. It's so dark outside and there are thick rows of trees between their property and the neighbor's, but the thrill of being fucked against the cold glass is so exciting, so sexy, so good. Shane tells his husband as much, between sharp gasps and slaps of skin, as he's taken roughly and deeply. Ilya holds him steady with one hand on his hip and the other braced against the windowpane, all but growling every time he drives inside. Shane bites his lip so hard it aches, heat radiating through his every limb. One shaking hand reaches backwards to hold onto Ilya's waist as he fucks into him, nails scraping against the painted windowsill until he feels Ilya's hand grab his own, hold their clasped fingers over Shane's beating heart. Ilya's free hand wraps around Shane's cock and pulls, and Shane's eyes roll back into his skull.

Shane falls over the edge with a loud cry of Ilya's name and a slam of his fist against the window, coating his husband's hand with his release and feeling him spill inside him a moment after. They breathe together as they come down, Ilya collapsing against Shane's back and wrapping his arms around his waist, and they laugh.

Like the day before, like every day, like always, Ilya takes care of him. He lays Shane down and kisses him until he can't breathe, then cleans up their mess, brings them water, does everything that Shane had never thought he would have. Ilya wraps him up in his arms and his blankets like he can make a physical barrier between his husband and the world that loves to poke and prod at them both.

"Mine, only mine. Always." Ilya murmurs into his hair, holding him, warm and safe.

"Yours," Shane pulls back and kisses him, "always."

End Notes

something about calling ilya's dick "substantial" made me giggle. good job me. that was funny

russian translations:
kotenok - kitten/kitty
lyubov - love
ya tebya lyublyu - i love you
moyo okno - my window

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