Karma is the guy on the screen coming straight home to me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77405626.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	post TLG, Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), POV Alternating, Married Couple, Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Established Relationship, Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Anxious Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Speaks Russian, Interviews, Teasing, Edging, Shane makes Ilya wait, Protective Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander goes on The Tonight Show, Butt Plugs, Anal Sex, Kissing, Neck Kissing, Rough Kissing, Supportive Ilya Rozanov, Not Beta Read, Not Edited, Texting, Flirting, Pet Names, Idiots in Love, Mentioned Hayden Pike, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Husbands, Proud Husband Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of In a world post TLG
Collections:	my fav gay hockey players
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 8,071 Chapters: 1/1

Karma is the guy on the screen coming straight home to me

by mickeysmyheart

Summary

After two games lost because of Ilya's antics, Shane decides to torture him via his appearance on The Tonight Show while Ilya is back home in Ottawa.

Notes

hiiiii fwiendssss <3

thanks so much for the love on my last fic, the way it's now my most kudos'd fic is WILD, so thank you!!!!

this fic is loosely based off two tweets that i will link below + of course because of hudson's iconic appearance on the tonight show. this is set post the long game, so if you didn't read it there are some spoilers.

translations in the end notes, if they're wrong lmk!!

hope you enjoy this! ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

inspired by this + this

Having their entire world be exposed for all of the world to see had a crazy ripple effect for Shane and Ilya, but it was the best thing to ever happen. They get to live their lives as a married couple and still play for the MLH— and on the same team.

Shane joining the Ottawa Centaurs was an adjustment for him but it didn't last long. After playing in his first games on this team, he realizes just how special a team it really is and why Ilya does love being the captain of this team even though they didn't win.

Shane loves being on the same team as Ilya. He used to wonder what it would feel like to play on the same team as him and not have to be his rival. He got a taste of it years ago at the All Star game in Tampa that changed everything for them. Now it's his reality.

It's his first game against Montreal and Shane's nervous about it. He hasn't spoken to anyone on the team apart from Hayden and more recently JJ. Ilya reassures him leading up to the game that he's still the number one player in the league— yes, even above himself— and that they'll demolish them. He also tells him not to worry about anything other than them winning. He knows he's right so that's what he does.

However, Ilya doesn't follow his own advice.

By the midway point of the game, Ilya's on the bench when Shane gets checked hard into the boards and loses his balance, landing hard onto his side. Ilya stands immediately but is told not to move. Shane's able to get up with some help. Ilya's quick to grab his arm and help him to sit on the bench.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asks immediately, looking all over his face— looking for signs of pain. The last time Ilya saw Shane fall on the ice, he ended up in the hospital.

“I’m fine,” Shane tells him. “Really,” he adds when Ilya doesn’t look like he believes him.

“Rozanov, get in there,” Coach calls.

“Go,” Shane says when Ilya looks at him.

Ilya nods, heading onto the ice.

Shane watches as Ilya faces off with the new captain of the Metros. The Metros win the face off but within a minute, Ilya is slamming directly into him, knocking him right down as he had done to Shane.

The referee comes right to them, stopping a fight that’s about to start between the teams. Ilya’s given a ten minute penalty and sent to the box. Ilya spits next to the captain before skating off back to where Shane is.

Shane glares at him, watching as Ilya goes to the penalty box. He keeps his eyes on the game even though it hurts to watch now that the team's best players— him and Ilya— are out. By the time Ilya is back on the ice, he won’t be able to catch up alone and Coach doesn’t want to let Shane play the rest of the game.

Shane’s pissed.

He hates that his former team— former brothers— hate him like this, that they’d check him for no reason. He hates that he’s now hurt because of it and can’t help beat his former team. He hates that Ilya’s now out of the game for ten minutes and they might end up too far behind to catch up and win.

But he also loves that his husband immediately retaliated against the player who knocked Shane on his ass, hurting him. He loves how protective he is towards Shane, even if it fucked them over for this game.

In ten minutes of Ilya being in the sin bin, the Metros score two goals. Ilya is able to catch up a bit but by the time the game is over, the Centaurs lose 5-4. Shane's pissed because they could have won if Ilya didn't get a penalty, or if Shane didn't definitely bruise his ribs. The goals they did score tonight are split evenly between Shane— prior to him being checked into the boards— and Ilya.

Shane doesn't speak to Ilya until they're both showered and changed, and now left alone in the locker room.

"I'm sorry, moya lyubov'," Ilya says, cautiously stepping into Shane's space, tentatively placing his hands on Shane's waist.

Shane allows it but doesn't touch him back. "You can't do shit like that, Ilya," he tells him instead.

"He hurt you," Ilya says seriously.

"I'm okay, I'll be fine to play our next game," Shane reassures him. Ilya's searching his eyes and seems to see that Shane really is fine. "What's not okay is fighting assholes on the ice and getting penalties when this team needs you— especially when I'm not even able to play," he adds.

"I don't apologize for checking asshole who hurt you," Ilya tells him and before Shane could argue, Ilya brings his finger up to Shane's lips and says softly, "—but I am sorry for being put in penalty and that we lose first game against horrible Montreal."

Shane lets out a soft laugh before kissing Ilya's finger. Ilya moves his finger and Shane says, "They won, they aren't horrible, but thank you."

"They are terrible for what they did," Ilya says. "Fuck the Metros."

Shane chuckles when Ilya shakes him softly, careful of his tender sides. “Fuck the Metros,” Shane says back.

Ilya kisses him softly and Shane says as he pulls away, “Just behave, okay?” Ilya waggles his eyebrows and Shane smacks his chest. “No more penalties,” Shane adds.

“Okay,” Ilya says with a small shrug before smacking Shane’s ass. “Let’s go back to the hotel.”

Losing to Montreal in Montreal sucks. Hopefully their next game in New York will be better.

***

The morning after the game in Montreal, the Centaurs fly to New York where they have the day off. Shane and Ilya enjoy their first time being out together in New York. They get recognized everywhere and start to find it too overwhelming before just heading back to the hotel.

“Your appearance will be crazier than this,” Ilya tells Shane as they lay in bed, sweaty, letting out steam before their game tomorrow night against the Admirals.

Shane has an appearance on The Tonight Show the day after their game. When he found out about it, he couldn’t believe they wanted him— well the league wants to send only Shane— to be on a late night talk show. He knows that they’re coming out was a big deal and became *news* but he didn’t think they’d get the response they’re getting. He and Ilya have gotten even more famous overnight. They’ve always been famous but they’re now famous with people who don’t watch hockey.

“Don’t say that, you know I’m already nervous about it,” Shane tells Ilya.

“I don’t know why we could not go on together,” Ilya says, looking up from where his head is resting comfortably on Shane’s chest— laying down much like they did after their first

ever time together.

Shane rolls his eyes and smiles at his husband fondly, “You know why.” Ilya looks at him expectantly so Shane adds, “You’re a menace.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Ilya says, turning his head back around.

Shane laughs softly. “I wish you could come with me too,” he says, kissing Ilya’s head.

“You will do great— after we win against their team,” Ilya says smirking.

***

The game does not go well the next evening.

Ilya first gets a two minute penalty for chirping too much at Scott for being old even though it’s all in good fun. This referee is an asshole. Shane is not happy about it but at least it’s just two minutes and Shane’s feeling much better today.

But then Ilya gets into a fight on the ice *again* but this time with a rookie.

Ilya’s yelling at Scott to *control your boy* before he’s given another penalty. A ten minute penalty when that’s basically what’s left in the game and they're down one goal right now. Shane’s pissed but focuses back on the game to try at least tie before the time’s up, ignoring his husband for now.

It doesn’t work and they’ve lost 4-3.

Shane ignores Ilya until they’re back in their hotel room.

“Are you not going to speak to me?” Ilya asks, leaning against the wall looking at Shane who sits on the bed.

Shane looks up at him, “You said no more penalties,” he says annoyed.

“Technically,” Ilya says, making a face as he tilts his head, “— *you* said no more penalties and I said okay.”

“Are you serious right now?” Shane asks, getting more annoyed.

“Sweetheart, it is not big deal,” Ilya sighs, walking over and sitting next to him on the bed.

Shane scoots away a bit so he can turn to look at him. “You fought on the ice *again* when you said you wouldn’t, how’s that not a big deal?” he asks, eyeing him.

“You do not hear the things he said,” Ilya tells him, shaking his head.

“I don’t care what he said, Ilya,” Shane says. “I asked you something and you did the opposite.”

“I am not going to just allow some der'movyy fucking rookie talk about my husband like that,” Ilya tells him with finality. “I am sorry you are upset but he deserved to get his ass kicked.”

Shane’s annoyance and overall hurt from feeling dismissed by Ilya gone, knowing that he yet again was just trying to defend him. “I hate when you fight on the ice, I just don’t want you to get hurt or keep being put in penalty when we are *trying* to get into the playoffs,” Shane reminds him.

“I know,” Ilya sighs. He reaches his hand out and Shane takes it, holding it in his lap. “I’m sorry,” he says softly, lifting their hands and bringing them to his lips so he could kiss Shane’s hand.

Shane smiles at him softly. “You will pay for this though,” he says as he pulls his hand away.

“You’re not serious,” Ilya says now.

Shane smiles at his husband proudly. “You can handle it, don’t be a baby,” he says before getting up, making his way to the washroom.

He can hear Ilya throw himself back onto the bed, groaning.

No sex tonight and then tomorrow night they’ll be apart is just step one in Shane’s new plan to get him back for the three penalties. Step two comes while he’s on The Tonight Show tomorrow night, Ilya just doesn’t know it yet.

***

Shane wakes up to Ilya’s alarm going off. Ilya groans, turning it off before throwing his arm back around Shane and holding him close.

Shane wiggles himself back into his husband, their briefs barely containing both of their morning wood. Ilya moans into Shane’s neck, pressing himself up against him harder at his little wiggles. Shane would love to tease him more but he’s also hard right now and if he tries to, he’ll probably end up giving in before he’s even fully executed his plan. He turns around in Ilya’s arms and leaves a soft peck to his nose before getting out of bed.

“You have a flight to catch,” Shane tells him as Ilya shoves his head into the pillows.

He turns back around, looking at Shane, he says, “You’re trying to murder me.”

Shane smiles fondly. “Maybe,” he teases, making Ilya smile softly at him before groaning again.

Once Ilya is finally up and showered, he gets dressed and Shane watches him gather up all his things. He kisses his husband goodbye on the lips by the door, Ilya walking him back into the wall, pressing into him.

Shane moans into the kiss, getting lost in it for a moment before pushing Ilya back by his chest softly. “Have a safe flight, moya lyubov',” Shane says sweetly. “Text or call me when you land.”

“I will,” Ilya says, kissing Shane’s cheek softly. “You will do great today, don’t worry, sweetheart.”

Shane smiles softly, his husband knows him so well. “Thank you,” he says softly. Ilya takes Shane’s chin in his hand as he usually does, feeling his fingers graze his neck and cheek. He leans into the touch and kisses Ilya back, sliding his tongue into his mouth.

“Mmm,” Ilya moans into the kiss. He slows the kisses down before saying against his lips, “Ya tebya lyublyu.”

Shane says it back softly, always feeling a little shy when he speaks Russian back to Ilya even though Ilya *loves* it.

Ilya smiles at him softly before opening the door and leaving to catch his flight with their team.

Shane puts on some workout gear— a compression shirt, shorts, sneakers, and his airpods in his ears— and makes his way to the hotel gym. There aren’t many people in there and the few people in there are focused on their own workout leaving Shane to focus on his.

Once he's done, he takes a shower, puts on a pair of jeans and a comfortable black sweater, a leather jacket, and heads out. Without getting noticed, he's able to walk to a coffee shop near the hotel to grab coffee and a bagel, taking it with him back to his room.

He's supposed to get to the studio to get ready and film around three o'clock so about a couple hours prior, a team shows up to his hotel room. His stylist, groomer who takes care of his 'makeup' and hair, and he also has a security waiting downstairs that will help escort them in and out of the building. He's informed that there's a big crowd waiting outside of the studio waiting for him, some even being there overnight.

That terrifies Shane but he tries not to think about it as he looks at what his stylist has prepared for him to wear on the show. It's time for them to leave, and thankfully they are able to get into the car waiting for them outside the hotel easily.

It's when they pull up in front of NBC Studio 6B that Shane sees what they were talking about at the hotel room.

"Oh fuck," he mutters, already hearing some of them scream as the car comes to a stop.

His stylist and groomer step out first then Shane goes last. He's got sunglasses on which he's thankful for now that he sees everyone with their phones out taking pictures and videos of him attempting to walk through the crowd to the door. He smiles and nods at people who call his name but mainly he tries to focus on not tripping on anything. Thankfully his security has his arm around his waist walking him to the entrance.

He gets inside and there's a line up of fans but they're a lot more calm than the ones outside and there's thankfully way less of them waiting. They do call his name and take pictures, so he waves at them as he's escorted towards the elevators.

He lets out a breath once the elevator doors close and the team with him start laughing softly.

"You did it," his stylist says, patting his shoulder.

“That was insane,” Shane says.

The elevator doors open and they’re brought to a dressing room that has Shane Hollander written next to it. This all feels so surreal.

His stylist lays out the garment bag on the sofa that’s in the dressing room, opening it up and taking his suit out to hang before he needs to get dressed.

Jimmy Fallon comes to meet him just as he’s dressed and done getting his hair styled. He tells him he’ll be great and not to worry too much and that his crowd is always a lot of fun. Shane appreciates the thought but he’s still nervous as fuck.

He takes some photos and even gets some taken on his phone so that he can send a few to Ilya right away now that he knows he’s back home safe. Ilya went by his parents house to see them for a bit and to pick up Anya who stays with them when they travel for games. He’s really happy that they’re all living in the same city now.

Ilya answers his text immediately.

Ilya

Holy shit, Shane

Ilya

You look so hot

Ilya

You are trying to murder me for real

Ilya

Why do you hate me?

Ilya

I need to see how your ass looks in those pants

Shane blushes as he reads every text that comes in at rapid speed. He attempts to take a selfie in the mirror to show how his ass looks and sends that.

Ilya

Fuck

Ilya

Need to put my tongue in there now

Shane almost drops his phone at that last text.

Shane

I’m at the tonight show, you can’t just say that

Ilya

Why not? Is Jimmy Fallon looking at our texts?

Shane

??????

Shane

You know why you can’t

Ilya

You are hard thinking about my tongue deep inside that perfect ass of yours that I love so much?

Shane

Ilya…

Ilya

Shane…

Shane

I have to go, gonna start soon

Ilya

You will be great, moya lyubov'

Ilya

Call me after

Shane

❤️

Shane leaves his phone in his bag with his clothes that he arrived in and checks himself out in the mirror. He takes his glasses and hangs them from the little pocket square of his suit jacket and heads out of the dressing room.

***

Knowing that Shane is done filming his interview with Jimmy Fallon and out at dinner with his team to celebrate and Ilya still has to wait for the episode to come on the air fucking sucks. He's been on social media all day seeing the frenzy outside of the NBC Studios, seeing how many fans were there waiting for him even all night while he was curled up in Ilya's arms in the hotel room, seeing what all these news outlets are saying. It's *a lot*, and he's glad that Shane tends to stay away from social media and all that comes with it.

Ilya does save a few pictures that fans took of Shane coming out of the car when he arrived at the Studio and some of him leaving. He can't help it. His husband looks like a fucking superstar and he's so proud of him, even if it all terrifies Shane so much.

He doesn't send them to Shane though, he knows that it'll just freak him out even more. They've been famous since they were barely legal adults but this newfound fame because of how they were outed and well, them pretending to be rivals for over a decade, has pushed their fame past just the hockey world.

The episode is finally about to begin shortly when he gets a text from Shane.

Shane

Got back to the hotel, did my skin care and in bed now

Shane

I can't believe I'm about to watch myself on TV being interviewed by myself

Ilya

We can FaceTime

Shane

God, no, that’ll make me more nervous

Shane

Just text me and we can FaceTime when it’s over

Ilya

As you wish ❤️

Ilya’s lying down on the sofa with Anya curled up by his side as he watches the not so funny intro monologue and sits through an unfunny comedian guest and then the actress from the dragon show he never actually got around to watching until finally, Shane will be on after the next commercial break.

He texted Shane throughout asking when he’d be on, and how he’s going to be better than the other guests. The final ad break before Shane’s turn is finally over and he sits up a bit more where he has been laying on the couch watching on the big screen in their living room.

“Our next guest is the two-time Stanley Cup winner, former Metros and new Centaurs player, who has had a crazy past few months, everyone, please welcome Shane Hollander!” Jimmy Fallon says before Shane steps out and walks up the two steps to the host to shake his hand then awkwardly hug him.

Ilya

You look so fucking good

Ilya

Seriously, how are you mine?

Ilya focuses back on the TV to see his incredibly sexy husband sit on the seat next to the desk where Jimmy Fallon sits on the chair behind the desk. The crowd is cheering loudly for him

and Shane smiles awkwardly, flinching slightly at how loud they are. Ilya smiles fondly at the TV.

Shane

Shut up

Ilya

Shhhh my husband is speaking on TV

Shane

🙄

“First of all, how are you doing? This is your first time on late night TV,” Jimmy says on the TV.

Shane laughs awkwardly and says, “Yeah, it is, uh— it’s kind of overwhelming to be honest.”

“But you’d think you’d be kind of used to this by now, no? You’ve been in the spotlight since you were— what— like eighteen?” Jimmy asks.

“Yeah, just about,” Shane laughs awkwardly again. “It’s different though… before I had like sports fame, now it’s—”

“Now it’s global,” Jimmy provides.

“Terrifying,” Shane laughs.

Jimmy laughs with him. “There is a ginger ale there for you, by the way, we know it’s your favorite drink so don’t be shy,” he adds. Shane grabs the can, cracking it open and takes a sip.

“I wanna talk about what blew up the internet and well— brought you here,” Jimmy says.

“Yeah,” Shane says softly.

“You and Ilya Rozanov were seen kissing in the background of a video your good friend Hayden Pike had made for a fan. What exactly happened there? Are you and Hayden okay? I need to know everything,” Jimmy laughs.

Ilya tries hard not to cringe at his questioning, focusing on Shane. “No, I hate— I’m just kidding,” he laughs, and so does the audience and Jimmy. “No, Hayden’s my best friend, it was an honest mistake. I mean, it was a stupid mistake, he could have looked at the video before sending it but my husband and I don’t blame Hayden whatsoever. I honestly didn’t take it that well, you know, considering, but afterwards it sort of just felt like a weight was finally lifted off my shoulders.”

Ilya smiles brightly at hearing Shane say *my husband* in reference to him on national television.

“When you say considering… you mean with the league,” Jimmy questions.

“Yeah…” Shane trails off. “Hockey has never been the most inclusive sport. Not until Scott Hunter did something about it.”

The crowd cheers at Scott’s name and Ilya rolls his eyes even though Hunter has sort of become a friend to him and Shane now.

“Yeah, everyone loves Scott Hunter,” Jimmy says, noting the way the audience clapped. “Speaking of Scott… that kiss— what did that do for you? Did it change anything?”

Shane smiles softly. “It did. Not to come out or anything since that happened back in 2017 now but it changed things for Ilya and I in our relationship and I’ll always feel thankful to Scott for the role he unknowingly played in our life together,” Shane tells him and Ilya can hear the *awwww* from the audience which Shane mimics.

“That’s really sweet,” Jimmy smiles, before reaching for something and then putting a photo of Shane and Ilya on the desk for Shane and the audience to see. It’s one of the pictures that Ilya had posted on Instagram when they were finally out and could actually make a post about their relationship.

Then Shane does something that would have knocked Ilya on his ass if he wasn’t already sitting down.

He puts on glasses that Ilya didn’t even register were hanging from his suit jacket because he was so enamored by his beautiful face.

Ilya

You’re fucking joking

Ilya

You are not wearing your glasses on TV right now

Ilya

This is not real, right?

Ilya

You look so fucking hot

Ilya

This is torture

Ilya looks at the TV to see Shane smile when he can tell what picture it is. The audience says, *awwww* again and Shane laughs softly.

Then he fucking looks into the camera and winks.

Shane

😉

Ilya

I fucking hate you

Ilya

I hate how hot that was

“This is from Ilya’s Instagram that he posted once you guys could talk about your relationship,” Jimmy explains to the audience.

“Yeah, that’s actually a picture my mom took of us at our— mine and Ilya’s— cottage,” he clarifies.

“The caption was very sweet and it caught me off guard how sweet it was given your husband’s reputation— which congratulations on getting married by the way,” Jimmy says.

“Thank you,” Shane smiles— a real smile, which warms Ilya’s heart. “Yeah, well, he does have a reputation but— he’ll probably kill me later for saying this but— he’s actually just the sweetest guy. He’s an asshole— oh sorry,” he says, realizing he just swore.

“Every guest so far has swore, I don’t think we’ve ever bleeped so much from an episode,” Jimmy jokes.

Shane turns bright red but continues on, “Anyway, yeah, he can be a real jerk sometimes, especially on the ice, I would know, but he’s a real sweetheart to those he loves and I’m lucky enough to be one of those people.”

“Probably *the* person, not just one of,” Jimmy says.

“Well, yeah,” Shane blushes again.

Ilya

You are very cute when you are nervous

Ilya

Which is impressive because you look insanely hot too

Shane

Knew the glasses would get you going

Ilya

My husband is the biggest tease in the world

Ilya

And you’re still in fucking New York and not here where I can fuck you

Jimmy puts the picture away so Shane removes his glasses, tucking them back onto the square of his suit jacket. “So you and Ilya were never really rivals?” he asks.

“Uh—” Shane laughs awkwardly. “Kind of? I mean, the MLH said we were from day one so it kind of did feel like we were but no, not really. We’ve kept up a secret relationship of sorts since the summer before our rookie season and—”

“The summer before your rookie season? That’s like your entire career!” Jimmy says, shocked, but seemingly eating it up.

Shane laughs, “Yeah— I know, it’s kind of crazy saying it out loud, but yeah, no, we’ve always been rivals on the ice, that wasn’t fake. I always did want to beat him, and he wanted to beat me, neither of us would ever willingly let the other win. We both take the sport very seriously,” he adds.

Ilya smiles sweetly at his husband. Shane takes hockey very seriously, Ilya never really cared that much, only did it because he’s really good at it, but it’s sweet that his husband hypes him up like this.

“Have you learned any Russian in the time you’ve been with Ilya?” Jimmy asks.

Shane blushes slightly. “Yeah, I’ve been learning over the past few years. I can understand a lot of it now, I’m still not great in holding full conversations in Russian, but I’m not bad,” he says.

“Can you do a Russian accent?” Jimmy asks.

Shane laughs. “This is perfect Russian accent,” he says, mimicking Ilya’s accent.

Jimmy laughs, “Oh my God, that’s great,” he says. “Can you say something in Russian for us?”

“Do skoroy vstrechi, moya lyubov',” Shane says, looking into the camera as he says it.

Ilya feels his heart start pounding harder in his chest.

Ilya

I can't wait to see you

Shane

Me too baby

"I wanna speak a bit about you moving to the Ottawa Centaurs this season. Can you tell me a bit about that move and why you made it? I know it's your hometown," Jimmy says, bringing Ilya's eyes back to the TV.

Shane looks nervous again, wiping his hands on his thighs. "Yeah, it's my hometown, I've always loved the team so I'm really happy to be a part of it now, and to be on the same team as my husband. That's something I always imagined when we were *rivals*—" he says using air quotes around the word. "So I'm very happy with the move. I'll always love Montreal, it was a home to me for a decade, my mom is from there, but with my parents in Ottawa, Ilya in Ottawa, it felt like the right move."

Shane doesn't elaborate further even though he should call out the Metros for how fucking awful they were to him but that's Shane for you, always the sweetest guy.

"You had your first game against your former team a couple days ago, which admittedly did not go well," Jimmy says.

"Ahh," Shane nods, "No, it started out well, I scored two goals, Ilya scored one, but yeah… I bruised my ribs a bit so I had to sit out the rest of the game and with Ilya's penalty, the odds were stacked against us."

“And your game against our own Admirals last night,” Jimmy says. “I can’t say that I’m sorry your team lost,” he laughs.

Shane laughs, “Of course, gotta support your team. Playing the Admirals is always a great time. We have a few friends on that team, Hunter and Vaughn being two of them, so yeah, I mean it’s great to get to play against them again, and they played really well, but we will beat them next time,” he winks again, driving Ilya crazy.

Jimmy laughs, “We’ll see about that! Okay, before you go, could you show me any hockey moves or anything?”

“Well—” Shane laughs. “Actually, I can show you something,” he considers before he stands up.
“I can show you how us hockey players stretch before a game.”

Ilya

You’re lying

Ilya

You are not about to show Jimmy Fallon how we stretch on TV

Ilya

Shane!!!!!

Shane

Shut up and watch 😘

Ilya watches the TV as Jimmy Fallon makes his way around the desk to join Shane who in his very nice suit gets down onto his knees and gets into the position that always drives Ilya wild seeing him do it on the ice.

Ilya

On all fours on national television

Ilya

You really are trying to murder me, Hollander

The audience cheers as Shane gets into the position before saying in a Russian accent, “On your knees,” when Jimmy asks what he has to do.

Ilya’s cock twitches in his sweats hearing Shane say those words in Ilya’s accent like he’s said to Shane so many times before.

Ilya

You did not just tell the host of his own show to get on his knees in front of you

Ilya

I married a crazy person

Ilya’s eyes are back on the screen in time to see Shane tell Jimmy Fallon to open his hips wider to get the proper stretch.

Ilya

Your ass is fucking insane in those pants

Ilya

You are keeping this suit, yes?

Shane

I did, yeah

Ilya

Fuckkkk

“Actually,” Shane on TV says, before getting up leaving Jimmy Fallon on all fours standing in front of him.

“Where are you— why are you standing while I’m still on my knees?” Jimmy asks, as Shane starts walking off the platformed stage.

“To do the proper stretch, we need a smooth surface,” Shane tells him as Jimmy stands and follows him. “Can we do it here?” he asks, pointing to the floor in front of where Shane made his entrance from.

“Sure, yeah,” Jimmy says, watching as Shane gets onto his knees again, and doing the same. They start playing music and Jimmy adds, “No— not this,” he laughs. “Put some hockey music or something.”

“The way we properly stretch is like this,” Shane says before he does the most obscene move Ilya’s ever seen. It looks like he’s humping the floor and Ilya can’t look away.

Shane laughs, covering his mouth as he sits back on his knee, and puts one foot on the floor. “You go,” he tells Jimmy.

Jimmy tells him to do it with him so they both get into position and do the move together once before stopping and laughing. They both end up sitting down on the floor while Jimmy thanks Shane for being there and saying they’ll be back with their musical guest. He watches

Shane awkwardly hug Jimmy while they sit on the floor before the screen cuts to commercials.

Ilya turns the TV off and immediately FaceTimes Shane.

He picks up right away, his face coming onto his screen. He's sitting up against the headboard in the same hotel room that Ilya left him in this morning. He's wearing a white t-shirt and his glasses.

"So?" Shane says.

"You're insane," is the first thing Ilya says. "You had Jimmy fucking Fallon on all fours on his own show."

"Was it too much?" Shane asks, looking worried now.

"No, it was amazing," Ilya reassures him. "You were so fucking hot, Shane, like almost too hot doing that, that now I am upset because so many people will see this and how you say—thirst over you even more."

Shane rolls his eyes, "People don't thirst over me."

"Don't make me show you what people have been saying about you all day," Ilya tells him. "*Everyone* is thirsting over you, moya lyubov'."

Shane blushes. "If you say so," he says. "I only care about *you* thirsting over me."

"Oh I am, so much," Ilya tells him. "I'm so fucking hard for you right now, I want you so bad."

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane says softly, almost moaning it.

“Does that make you horny? Knowing the kind of effect you have over me even from this far away?” Ilya asks, biting his bottom lip. “Hmm?”

“Yes,” Shane says softly. “But—”

“But what?” Ilya asks.

“Because of those stunts you pulled, you’re not allowed to touch yourself. You will wait for me to get home and only when I allow it, will you be able to come for me,” Shane tells him.

Ilya’s cock twitches and he can feel precum leaking out from the tip. “Fuck, Shane,” he moans softly. Shane doesn’t usually take control like this and it’s really doing it for Ilya right now. “I was right, you are trying to murder me.”

Shane chuckles, surely pleased with himself. “Maybe next time, when I ask you to do something, you’ll do it,” he says.

“Mmm, probably not,” Ilya teases. “Especially if this is the result,” he smirks.

“You’re insatiable,” Shane shakes his head.

“For you, yes,” Ilya says.

Shane blushes softly. “Let me see it, I wanna see how hard you are,” he says.

“*Jesus*,” Ilya curses. He reaches his hand into his sweats and moans softly at the friction his hand brings just by wrapping around his achingly hard cock. He pulls it out and angles his

phone so that Shane could see it.

“Don’t touch,” Shane tells him so Ilya lets go, both of them watching how his cock moves on it’s own. “Fuck,” Shane moans softly. “So hot knowing your cock is that hard already and that you can’t have any release tonight.”

“You’re a demon,” Ilya says but his cock twitches and Shane can see it.

“You’re into it,” Shane points out.

Ilya puts himself back into his pants and brings the phone back to his face. “What time is your flight tomorrow?” he asks.

“Eight o’clock, need to leave here before six,” Shane tells him.

“You should get some sleep,” Ilya realizes just how late it actually is, even though he does *not* want Shane to leave him like this.

“I should land before ten,” Shane says.

“I’ll be there to pick you up,” Ilya tells him. “I will track flight so you are not waiting.”

Shane smiles at him sweetly. “Thanks, baby,” he says.

“You were perfect by the way. It was a great interview. He is a bit much but you are perfect, moya lyubov'. I’m proud of you,” Ilya tells him, smiling at him softly.

Shane does his cute little pouty face and says, “Thank you. I was really nervous.”

“I could tell but luckily you are very cute when you are nervous,” Ilya teases.

“I love you,” Shane says with a slight eye roll, making Ilya chuckle softly.

“I love you,” Ilya says back. “Goodnight, Shane.”

“Goodnight, Ilya,” Shane smiles before ending the call.

Ilya groans, tossing his head back onto the sofa. Anya looks up at him and he meets her eyes. “Don’t look at me like that,” he tells her before getting up, Anya following him.

***

Shane wakes up a few hours later so that he can pack everything back up into his bag, shower quickly, and well— he preps himself for the silicone butt plug he’s going to wear on the flight in preparation for seeing his husband after *barely* two days of no sex.

He also knows that it’ll drive Ilya crazy knowing Shane’s got one in.

With his bag packed, butt plug in, he’s ready to check out of this hotel. He returns the hotel key and gets into the Uber he scheduled to pick him up at a quarter to six in the morning.

The car ride to the airport is a little bumpy, making the buttplug press into him in all the right — *wrong*— places. He tries not to think about it too much.

Everything goes smoothly and quickly at the airport and with a bit of time to spare, Shane’s able to grab a black coffee from the airport coffee shop and a small breakfast sandwich before getting back to his gate. He’s in the first group to board so he shows the attendant his passport and boarding pass before heading onto the plane.

Shane settles into his first class seat, his bag in the overhead compartment, and takes his phone out of his pocket to text his husband.

Shane

Just boarded the plane

Ilya

Good

Ilya

I miss you

Ilya

Have a safe flight, I will be waiting for you when you land

Shane

Thanks, baby, I miss you too

Shane

Here's a little something for you before we take off 😘

Shane

photo of a buttplug in his ass

Shane

Remember, no touching yourself!!! Ok bye, love you

Before Shane could get any of Ilya's texts, he turns his phone on airplane mode, torturing his husband one more time before he gets home.

The hour and a half flight is kind of brutal with a buttplug up your ass, and Shane's kind of regretting it halfway through, but he keeps it in, knowing it'll be worth it to be able to just get Ilya inside of him the second they get home.

Finally, the plane lands so Shane turns airplane mode off and immediately a bunch of texts from Ilya come in.

Ilya

What the fuck

Ilya

Shane

Ilya

You cannot send me that and then leave!!!

Ilya

Fuck, look at that tight ass

Ilya

It's so perfect

Ilya

You might not be able to play next game after I’m done with you today

Ilya

Fuck, you must be so hard on that flight with all the movements of the plane

Ilya

Might not even make it home, might just fuck you in the car outside of the airport

Ilya

I would have already jerked off to this like five times if you didn’t stop me

Ilya

I’m on my way, text me when you land

Ilya

Here waiting for you

Ilya

I can’t stop looking at this picture…

Ilya

You landed? I see you opened text

Shane laughs softly to himself at the last text and blushing furiously at all the other texts, trying really hard *not* to get hard but he’s been semi-hard the entire flight.

Shane

Yes, we just landed, waiting to be let off the plane

Shane

I can’t wait to replace this plug in my ass with your cock

Ilya

Hurry the fuck up

Shane stands, grabs his bag, and exits the plane after a couple people. He makes his way out and through to customs before heading towards the exit.

Shane

Be there in a minute

Ilya puts a heart to the text before Shane puts his phone back into his pocket as he makes his way outside of the airport and to Ilya’s car. He tosses his bag into the backseat as he sits down in the passenger seat.

Ilya leans over and kisses him hard on the lips, Shane moaning softly into it, feeling Ilya’s hand grabbing onto his thigh. He pulls away from the kiss and says, “Missed you.”

Shane smiles fondly. “Missed you,” he says as Ilya puts the car in drive. Ilya reaches his hand over to Shane’s thigh and Shane takes it into his hands, holding it in his lap.

“How does it feel?” Ilya asks, glancing over at him with a smirk on his lips. “The plug inside of you.”

“Oh— it’s—” Shane stutters, letting go of Ilya’s hand

“Were you hard whole flight? Are you hard right now?” he asks, his hand sliding up Shane’s thigh now.

“Ilya, you’re driving,” Shane reminds him.

“I know,” he says, his hand still teasingly close to his hard cock.

He presses his hand against Shane’s crotch and mutters, “Fuck,” softly under his breath. “You are driving me crazy,” he tells him, putting both hands on the wheel now.

Shane smiles smugly, loving the effect he has on Ilya.

***

Ilya drives as fast as possible without causing any issues on the road since it is winter here in Ottawa and the roads could be slippery, but all he can think about is the fucking buttplug in Shane’s ass right now as he sits next to him, moaning softly every time Ilya hits a pothole or a rough patch of road.

Finally, Ilya drives into their garage and turns the car off. They both get out of the car and Ilya says, “Leave your bag, can get it later,” as he rounds the car and presses Shane up against the nearest wall.

Shane moans into the kiss, his hands all over him, grinding hard against Ilya’s thigh that’s between his legs.

It takes all of his strength to pull away from Shane. He takes his hand and leads him to the door. They take their shoes off and go inside. Anya’s there, ready to greet them both. Shane bends down to pet her but then moans as the plug must have shifted inside of him.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya says, watching his husband stand back up. “Anya, we will play with you later, after I play with—”

“Ilya,” Shane warns. “She doesn’t need to know this.”

“You are right,” he tells him, bending down to pet Anya before she runs off to play by herself.

Ilya takes Shane’s hand and leads him through their home and up the stairs to their bedroom. Once they’re alone in the room with the door closed so Anya can’t interrupt them, Ilya presses Shane up against the wall, his mouth immediately on him.

Ilya easily lifts Shane up into his arms and walks him to the bed. He carefully drops him onto the bed as he immediately follows, climbing onto the bed as well.

They’re both quick to undress, tossing their clothes to the floor, before Ilya says, “On your stomach.”

Shane turns around, getting on all fours, presenting himself to Ilya so he could see the plug inside of him.

“*Fuck, Shane*,” Ilya moans, seeing the plug nestled inside of him.

Ilya runs his fingers over it, pushing on it slightly, which causes Shane to moan out a soft, “*Fuck*.”

“Tell me what you want, you are in control here,” Ilya tells him.

Shane turns back around, laying back on his elbows, and says, “Want to ride you.”

Ilya smirks. He knows that when Shane wants to ride him, it'll be for a few minutes until he's ready for Ilya to flip them over and fuck him hard into the mattress.

"Can I take this out of you first?" Ilya asks, touching the plug again where Shane's got his feet planted on the mattress, legs spread.

"Yes," Shane says softly, practically moaning the word.

Ilya pushes on it instead, seeing the way Shane moans loudly, throwing his head back, and seeing the way his dick twitches. "Fuck, look at you, so pretty," Ilya says as he takes hold of the plug and moves it in and out slowly.

"*Fuck, Ilya*," Shane moans. "I need you inside of me."

Normally Ilya would tease Shane but Ilya's been hard for days practically and he *needs* to get inside of him just as bad as Shane wants him inside of him.

Ilya slowly removes the plug as he kisses his way up Shane's body to his neck and then his lips, shoving his tongue into his mouth. Shane flips them so that Ilya's on his back as he climbs on top of him. Shane reaches for the lube, putting some onto his hand and strokes Ilya a couple of times.

Ilya's moaning, his hands grabbing Shane's pecs and squeezing them before Shane finally lowers himself onto Ilya's hard, leaking cock. Ilya grabs onto Shane's hips, guiding him down onto his cock until he bottoms out, both of them moaning the other's name.

Shane rides Ilya hard, moving with purpose, moaning loudly above him. Ilya watches Shane's cock bounce up and down between them before looking up to see Shane watching him.

Their lips meet in a messy kiss full of tongue. Ilya wraps his arm around Shane when he starts to slow down a bit and flips them over without pulling out. With Shane on his back,

legs wrapped around Ilya's waist, Ilya starts pounding into him harder, deeper, faster.

"I'm so close, Ilya, *fuck*," Shane moans.

"Touch yourself," Ilya tells him.

Shane takes his cock in his hand, moaning immediately as he starts to stroke himself in time with Ilya's thrusts.

"I'm gonna come, *fuck, baby*, come with me, please," Shane moans as he starts coming hard into his hand.

Ilya pounds into him, chasing his own orgasm, moaning, "*Shane*," as he comes hard inside of him.

Ilya plops down on top of Shane, both of them now sweaty and sticky from Shane's come between their bodies, as they both try to regain their breaths. Shane kisses Ilya's forehead softly before Ilya tilts his head up so he can press a soft kiss on Shane's chin.

"That was so fucking hot," Shane says, smiling softly.

"Yes," Ilya agrees, chuckling softly. He lifts himself just enough to kiss Shane on the lips again. Shane smiles into it, making it harder for them to kiss. "We should shower," Ilya says.

"Yeah," Shane agrees. Ilya slowly pulls out, kissing Shane on the cheek softly when he makes a soft little purring noise at Ilya pulling out.

They take a shower together before they put on some sweatpants and Ilya puts on a black tank top and Shane puts on one of his black t-shirts. He hugs Shane from behind, loving the way he looks in his clothes. He kisses his neck softly, feeling Shane's hand come up to touch

his head. Shane turns in his arms, kissing him softly on the lips as he wraps his arms around Ilya's neck.

They're interrupted by Shane's phone ringing with an incoming call from his mom so they pull apart while Shane puts her on speaker to hear her go on and on about his Fallon appearance and what people are saying. Ilya makes them food as Shane sits at the counter with the phone on the kitchen island in front of him.

Ilya brings the plate of food over to Shane, putting it down in front of him before he kisses him softly on the head. He grabs his own plate and sits next to him, seeing the way Shane blushes listening to what people are saying about his interview.

Ilya puts a reassuring hand on his thigh, squeezing him gently. When Shane looks at him, Ilya winks which makes Shane smile, putting his hand on top of Ilya's, feeling better about hearing everything people are saying knowing that Ilya is here with him and proud of him.

End Notes

if you liked it, pls hit the kudos + leave me a comment ♡

come find me -
twitter + tumblr: @mickeysmyheart

+

translations:
moya lyubov' - my love
der'movyy - piece of shit
do skoroy vstrechi, moya lyubov' - see you soon, my love
Ya tebya lyublyu - i love you

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!