

Unscripted Emotions

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by [minniekitten](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are asked to an ad campaign together for CCM, Shane deals with some emotion.

Notes

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

Even before Ilya opened his mouth, Shane already knew what his husband was about to say, that mischievous glint fooling no one.

"We should do it." Shane let out an exasperated sigh, his hands slightly trembling. "Moya lyubov, think about it."

"I am." And it was true. Shane had done nothing but think since they received an email from Farah early in the morning with the subject line CCM Duo Campaign.

After the Centaurs' victorious year, CCM wants Shane and Ilya to be the face of their new fall collection.

Without any surprise, Ilya had been over the moon with the prospect of doing a promotional photoshoot with Shane, his voice laced with nostalgia and happiness. Yet, Shane had remained hesitant.

Their wedding anniversary had been last week, and Shane had already been having a hard time processing in his mind that a year had passed since he left Montreal and his first hockey team. Soon, Shane would also celebrate his first year on the Centaurs team, where he had learn to love the sport once again and heal his own insecurities and past wounds. However, Shane still had some difficulty adjusting to being open about his marriage to Ilya and sharing it with the world.

His loving husband was looking at him with those beautiful, expectant eyes, waiting patiently for a response, but how could Shane explain the turmoil he was feeling?

Shane had never been the best at translating his thoughts into words. Another thing he was thankful for was Ilya convincing him to try therapy and work on himself.

To him, the CCM campaign back in 2010 had been the catalyst for everything, where Shane could no longer deny the physical attraction and pure lust for Ilya. Therefore, going back meant Shane's returning to a vulnerable time and place in his life, and Shane just felt he was dealing with an overload of emotions at the moment.

Could he do it? Could Shane allow himself to do it?

"Earth to Shane?" Ilya's voice brought Shane back to reality, and he could see the concern in his husband's eyes.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Let's accept the offer."

Ilya's mood instantly perked up, and a brilliant smile splashed across his face. "This is good news. I will call Farah right now." He kissed Shane as he stood up. "Do you think they will let us do a do-over on the shower?"

"Ilya!"

Innocently, Ilya threw his hands up in the air. "Just asking!"

Whatever concerns Shane had felt before accepting the offer vanished quickly on the day of the photoshoot. Although their agent, Farah, had spoken highly in favour of the director they would work with, Shane still felt those tingly feelings of uneasiness in the pit of his stomach.

The creative director for the shoot was a sophisticated woman in her early thirties who had a clear vision of what she expected from both him and Ilya. When they arrived, she asked to meet with them to go over her mood board for the photoshoot.

"I know how professional the two of you are, and how you have strived in your careers to separate your personal feelings from the game." She smiled at the two of them. "I respect it a lot, and I think you two represent the core values of sportsmanship and fair play, which is why I specifically asked for you both to participate in this campaign." Her smile gained a certain edge. "I believe the NHL should learn from you two."

For some reason, tears prickled in Shane's eyes, and he had to blink quickly to usher them away. "Thank you for the opportunity." He tried his best so that his voice did not betray the vulnerability he was feeling. However, Ilya noticed the shift in his tone because his husband always noticed the little things in Shane. Their feet touched under the table, a silent, comforting gesture that said so much without needing words.

"Yes, we are excited to be back." Ilya had his crooked smile that screamed he was up to no good. "We have to thank CCM that we are together."

"Oh God," Shane groaned internally, and he wanted to hit his husband.

"Pardon?"

"What?!"

The director and Farah exclaimed simultaneously, and Shane could sense the questions that were about to come. Despite his pretence, Ilya appeared confused by their reactions.

"Is it not true, lover?"

"Gross, Ilya. Please don't call me that." Shane covered his eyes, rubbing his forehead as he searched for the best way to explain. Realising Ilya would seize the opportunity to tease him endlessly, he opted for honesty. "When we did the photoshoot for CCM almost fifteen years ago, that's when we both realised we had feelings for each other."

"Oh wow." The director covered her mouth with surprise. "I did not know you had been together for so long."

"We haven't, but it is a long story." Shane's leg was bouncing nervously under the table.

The director cleared her throat, her composure returning. "Indeed, and I do not intend to pry." She waved her hand dismissively. "However, thank you for sharing because I know how private you two are about your relationship."

In that moment, Shane gained a newfound respect for her, his worries steadily reducing.

"Should we go over the plan? I don't want to stall."

"Yes, please," Shane answered with a smile, and the director left the room to grab something.

Shane looked pointedly at his husband.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Behave."

"I am!" Ilya turned to Farah, looking for backup, but she purposefully ignored him. "Farah!"

"Sorry, Ilya, you are on your own."

"Traitor."

To say Shane did not have fun would have been a lie. It was their first photoshoot together for a brand where they did not have to hide their feelings. After their unexpected coming out, some brands were cautious in having them as brand ambassadors, and they did lose some sponsors. After all, homophobia was still a tricky issue in the NHL sphere, and Shane and Ilya were still forging their paths after the fallout.

Yet, the CCM team had been nothing but supportive and welcoming to the two of them, trying their best to create a safe environment.

Together and solo, Shane lost count of how many poses they did with a panoply of outfits.

Two assistants were filming for the video advertisement, and Shane knew that this content would end up in a behind-the-scenes compilation. By the satisfied look on his husband's face, he could only imagine what shenanigans Ilya would be saying to the cameras. Yet, Shane felt at ease, his smiles coming naturally and more easily as time passed. At any other time, he would have panicked about the narrative being formed around them. Even with Harris, the team's social media guy, there had been an adjustment period for Shane in the beginning when he joined the Centaurs. Somehow, somewhere, Shane had found a way to trust this team in a short period of time, a small victory for himself.

"Okay, Shane and Ilya. Let's do the last pose." The director smiled at the two of them. "I thought it would be fitting to do a face-off pose, what do you think?"

"Perfect." Ilya winked at his husband, and Shane felt his cheeks burning up. They skated together until the centre of the rink, assuming the face-off positions. Nostalgia and adrenaline shot up in Shane's veins as the two stood face to face.

"Very pretty." Ilya wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Like a doll."

And Shane was thrown back to 2010 as Ilya had told him the same thing.

Shane smiled, "You are painted too."

"Yes, but I am not pretty."

The laugh that burst from Shane echoed across the walls. "I cannot believe you remember our conversation."

"When it comes to you, Shane Hollander, I don't forget a thing."

Shane did not think he could be even more in love with his husband, and yet Ilya proved him wrong once again.

Both the ad campaign and the behind-the-scenes had been a success as predicted. For the ad campaign, a video was created by combining parts from their first campaign, resulting in a more meaningful outcome. As a result, Farah had been bombarded with requests for more "Hollanov" content, and Shane and Ilya were still extremely selective about their choices to participate.

"Thank you." Shane had said to Ilya after the campaign had aired and they were lying in bed together.

"For what? It was you who gave blowjob to me a blowjob."

Shane rolled his eyes, pointly ignoring his husband's comment. "For convincing me to participate in the ad. I was having a hard time sorting out my feelings. It was one year after the whole Cameo debacle and the world finding out about us." Ilya remained silent, waiting for Shane to continue. "I am still navigating how to show my love for you freely. There are days that I still can't believe I can call you mine publicly. Then, Farah sent that email, and I was feeling so stupidly vulnerable, which is why I hesitated at first." Shane holds Ilya's hands, kissing his knuckles. "Because I still want some part of us to be private and just ours, but I am starting to enjoy having a part of us more public." Shane is biting his lower lip nervously. "Do you understand?"

"Da, moya lyubov," Ilya's russian accent instantly relaxes Shane and a small smile appears on the Canadian's face. "Thank you for telling me. We go at our rhythm, da?"

"Oui mon amour."

They share a passionate kiss before Ilya questions. "Does that mean we can do more PDA?"

"What is PDA?"

"I will show you more fun this way."

End Notes

Just a small fluff scenario!

Hope you like it! Kudos are appreciated.

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