Show Off

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by smileatthesky

Summary

Ilya shows Shane a TikTok compilation of players struggling to get off of the ice after losing a blade, Shane thinks he can do better

Notes

first fic for this fandom!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane knew that his time was probably better spent working on some other skill. As much as he scoffed when Ilya brought it up, he maybe could use a bit of work on his backhand. Hell, maybe his time would be better spent watching films and working out the weak spots in his game. But no, he was committed to nailing power pulls.

It had all started a few days ago, Ilya had shown him a silly TikTok compilation – because of course Ilya was obsessed with the app – of players losing a blade on the ice and failing to get back to the bench gracefully. Ilya had teared up at an old video of Hayden pseudo-commando crawling back to the bench because the game was still in play and no one was close enough to help him. Shane agreed that the video was very funny, he especially liked seeing Kent and some of the other dickheads in the league looking stupid.

Then, he'd made the mistake of opening the comments section, breaking rule no.1 of being on the internet as a famous person. One comment in particular had stuck out to him;

Why are they struggling so much? Surely NHL players know how to skate on one foot?

He'd expanded the thread and seen many other commenters explain the difference between figure skates and hockey skates, and the difference between athlete preparation for their sports. But it bothered Shane because, the commenter was right. How did they manage to call themselves professional skaters if they couldn't even get themselves from A to B on one skate without looking like an idiot?

Shane had, of course, seen many figure skaters do what he knew were called power pulls. He generally understood the concepts of it, but never thought it was something worth learning. He could count on one hand the number of times he'd lost a blade in game, and most of them had been before he had professional-level skates. What was the point of learning how to solve a problem he wouldn't be facing?

His ego was the answer.

So, Shane had messaged his friend Dev, an Olympic men's figure skater, and asked for tips on learning power pulls. He had, as often was the case when trying something new, practiced over and over again until it was perfect. Shane couldn't remember the last time he spent this much time learned a superfluous skill since he mastered the *Rozanov* to fuck with Ilya.

He was fairly sure he had it down, he could even do the figure eights around the cones he'd set out like Dev had shown him on the video he'd sent. He had even been able to do them backwards. Shane's next goal was to be able to achieve them from a sitting start, with only one foot in use. Thankfully, he'd been a staunch fan of pistol squats for years, and his yoga obsession had given him more flexibility than almost anyone else in the league.

So, Shane was now sitting at center ice, a skate on one foot and a sneaker on the other, ready to try his new move. He was at the Centaurs training rink, Ilya had a captain's meeting with Wiebe and so had to stay late after training, and Shane was more than happy for the extra solo ice time.

“*Moya Lyubov*,” The aforementioned Russian called from the stands, “what are you doing down there? You look like *bespomoshchnyy kotenok (helpless kitten)*,” He came closer to the ice, eyes squinting at Shane’s feet, “Why you only have one skate on? Here let me help,”

Shane waved him off, “I’ve got it Ilya, just give me a second,” he shot his husband a look to tell him he didn’t need help. Ilya just grinned and crossed his arms, clearly eager for whatever antics he was about to witness.

Shane felt a bit nervous, what if he fell flat on his face in front of his husband after waving off his assistance? It wouldn’t really be the first time.

He adjusted his weight to one foot and pistol squatted his way upright, wobbling slightly on the sharp edge of the blade. He snuck a look at Ilya and saw impressed intrigue on his face. Shane smiled to himself, glad to have surprised his husband.

Shane rolled his shoulders back and used his free leg to gain momentum and began to power pull towards the boards Ilya was standing behind. He bit his lip to keep from smiling too hard and turned to go backwards in the same direction. At the last moment he spun around and stopped to sit on the edge of the boards. Unfortunately, he still had too much momentum and began to fall off the back of the boards. Ilya quickly caught him and helped Shane over the boards and onto the bench so he could change his skates out.

Ilya had a look on his face that Shane recognised, awe mixed with lust, “You are *vypendrezhnik moya lyubimyy*,” he pressed a kiss to the top of Shane’s head as he bent over to unlace his skates.

Shane looked back up at him, face scrunched in concentration, “nope, don’t know that one,”

“Means show off,” Ilya smirked, “very apt for you I think *kotenok*,” Shane blushed profusely, “but why learn? I mean is very impressive, but when will you be skating with only one foot?” Shane went to answer, but recognition crossed Ilya’s face, “ahhh, was that video I showed you the other day hm? Didn’t want to end up in a fails compilation?”

Shane ducked his head, confirming with his blush that Ilya was correct, “I just thought it’d be cool to learn. I mean, we’re professional skaters, why shouldn’t we be able to get ourselves off the rink if we lose a blade?”

Ilya laughed, used to his husband’s perfectionism, “just for you *moya lyubov*, before our next game I shall loosen the blade on one of your skates, so you get to show off for everyone hm?”

“Ilya do not do that, absolutely not,” Shane was pretty sure Ilya was joking, but he wasn’t certain. He was fairly sure his husband wouldn’t put him in harm’s way for a joke, but nothing could be ruled out with Ilya Rozanov.

*

Shane got his chance to show off only a few weeks later, and he was pretty certain Ilya hadn’t doctored his skates before the game.

The Centaurs were up 3-1 in the 3rd period against the New York Admirals on Ottawa's home ice, and Shane lost a blade on his left skate after catching an edge. The puck was in play, so when Haas went to offer Shane help up, he waved him off. He shot a glance at Ilya on the bench, where his husband was clearly bragging about what Shane was about to attempt to anyone who would listen. Wyatt gave him a nod from his goalie position and Shane heaved himself up with a pistol squat and used his well-practiced power pulls to get to the boards with no help at all.

The crowd was cheering raucously at the display of athleticism, and Ilya pressed a proud kiss on his helmet as he jumped the boards to join play. Shane felt his face flush in pride and embarrassment as he got claps on the back for his new trick from his teammates as the equipment manager changed out his blade.

Scott Hunter skated past with the lost blade in his hand, passing it across to one of the trainers, shouting to Shane as he went, "Nice trick you got there show off!" The smile on his face told Shane it was all in good fun.

Harris posted a clip to the Centaur's social medias and apparently the comments were filled with fans thirsting over Shane's pistol squat, and apparently power pulls made your butt look really good. Shane caught Ilya watching the video multiple times.

End Notes

inspired by an actual video and actual comment i saw talking about how surely more NHL players should be able to get themselves to the boards with only one skate

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