

(Accidental) Hard Launch

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(Accidental) Hard Launch

by [hist0ry_huh](#)

Summary

Four time Shane and Ilya are less than careful about hiding their relationship and one time they finally say fuck it

Notes

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

Despite what people may think, Ilya enjoyed playing for Ottawa. He loved the light hearted nature of his new team and the way the fans interacted with the players, both things made hockey feel personal again. Playing for a new team helped Ilya remember why he started playing and let him find fun on the ice again instead of feeling like he was just there for the paycheck. And for the first time in years, Ilya felt lighter on the ice. He felt happy, especially now with his current view.

Ilya did his best to let his eyes wander around the arena, trying not to make it obvious that every few minutes they'd land back on one specific spot at the other end of the rink. Montreal had taken the ice for their pre game stretches, and it was taking everything in Ilya not to skate over to where Shane stretched his hips against the ice.

The third time his eyes found Shane, he looked up, making eye contact with his boyfriend. Ilya felt his stomach twist when Shane smirked at him and purposefully rocked back onto his thighs. Mimicking his movement from when they were last together, two weeks ago, when Shane had lazily ridden Ilya on the couch.

Ilya shook his head and skated over, looking over his shoulder to make sure the few other Russian players were well out of earshot. Only Pike and Boiziau were close enough, both seated on the bench, messing with their equipment a few feet away from Shane. "Shlyukha," He says while skidding to a stop.

"Tol'ko dlya tebya," Shane says, his voice barely audible over the sound of the pre-game music and fans trickling in the arena.

Ilya extends a hand out to Shane, pulling him to his feet. "Privet, moya khokkeynaya shayba."

Shane arches an eyebrow, unsure what Ilya had called him. "Hockey puck, thought that might be a good one for you to know."

Shane rolls his eyes but accepts Ilya's hand. "You look very nice on your knees." Ilya quietly says when their chests press against each other for just a moment.

"Ready to get your ass beat, Rozanov?" Shane asks when he shoves away, putting some space between them.

"Why is Pike joining my team?"

"Oh fuck off, Rozanov!" Pike yells, climbing over the boards to come stand next to Shane. "What are you doing over here anyway? Don't you have captain shit you should be doing?"

"Just giving my good friend Shane here some stretching advice." Ilya says while moving to stand next to Shane, throwing an arm over his shoulder.

"I think Hollander's got stretching down by now. Save your chirping for the face off." Pike says.

“Well, yes, but I think he might. Now what’s the word?” Ilya asks, making a show of tapping his finger against his chin. Shane knew now he was doing this just to fuck around with his friends, but he wasn’t expecting the next words to come out of Ilya’s mouth. “Appreciates. I think he’d appreciate the way I stretch.”

Pike groans, “Don’t think that’s the word you were going for.”

Ilya shrugs, huffing a laugh when Shane ducks his face to hide his blush. “Either way, don’t need your captain getting hurt from improper stretching now do we?” His arm falls from Shane’s shoulder, the palm of his hand firmly slapping against Shane’s ass, before he throws his head back laughing and skates away.

“That’s a little gay of you, Roz.” JJ calls after him, Hayden elbowing JJ in the ribs, nodding his head in Shane’s direction as if to say ‘he’s gay’.

“Yes, just a *little* gay.” Ilya says, winking at the three of them over his shoulder.

As predicted, Ottawa loses, the Montreal changing room was loud with their victory. Music blasting from a speaker while players coordinated their plans for the night since they didn’t fly out till late afternoon the next day.

“Dude, why does Rozanov think he can just smack your ass?” Hayden says in a way of greeting when he sits down next to Shane, who quickly flips his phone over on his thigh.

“No idea, man, sports shit. I don’t know.” Shane says, standing and finally starting to take off his gear.

Hayden shrugs, satisfied with Shane’s answer. “Come out with us?”

“Not tonight, buddy.”

“Ah, come on. I know your parents are out of the country, so you can’t use visiting them as an excuse.” Hayden pauses, watching the soft smile spread across Shane’s face. The same soft look in his eyes when he used to text Lily, who Hayden knew now wasn’t named Lily after all - even though Shane refused to tell him the man’s actual name.

“What did he come up from Boston for the game or something?” Hayden says, smacking Shane’s bare shoulder, watching his friend bite his lower lip, considering.

“He kinda lives here now actually, closer to Montreal, it’s making things easier for us.”

Hayden blinks, “Fuck man, you’re not even gonna let me meet the man that moved countries for you?”

“Maybe someday Hayde.” Shane says, grabbing his towel and disappearing into the steam of the communal shower.

Hayden shakes his head, clearing it of seven years of thoughts of his best friend hooking up with Boston Lily, only to recently learn that it had been a fake name. Shane refused to tell him anything about the mystery man, only that he was a fan of hockey, traveled a fair amount

for his own job and apparently had been able to move to Canada to be closer to Shane. So now Hayden guessed that he might be Canadian.

But another thought pushed to the front of his mind. Lily traveled on a very similar schedule to an NHL team. From what Hayden could tell and the only text he'd ever seen from Lily on Shane's phone had been a very long message detailing his issues with a call a ref had made during a game he and Shane (and apparently Lily) were watching on an off day. Neither of these things alone or even together put Hayden any closer to figuring out who the unknown man was, but now knowing that he'd moved from Boston to Ottawa with how Rozanov acted on the ice earlier, stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Lily," Hayden murmurs under his breath, "Ilya."

"Roz!" Wiebe yells at him before his skates even touch the ice. "Harris wants to see you about some quote before practice starts, think he's in his office."

Ilya snapped back on the one skate guard he'd managed to get off before his coach got his attention. "And kick Barrett out of the office if you find him, boys been late to practice twice already this week hanging out in there." Wiebe shakes his head, a good natured smile on his face

There's a flurry of movement when Ilya pushes Harris's office door open, Ilya laughing when the two men spring apart.

"Oh, um, crap. Fuck. Sorry." Harris mumbles, blushing and moving as far away from Troy as he can in the small office.

"We were just," Troy starts, rubbing the back of his neck when he can't think of a plausible excuse.

"Kissing, yes?"

Harris squares his shoulders, "Not going to be a problem, is it?"

"What you haven't told your own boyfriend?" Ilya asks.

"Not in the habit of outing people, buddy." Troy says, shrugging.

Ilya turns to Harris, "I'm bisexual. Kiss boys and all that, so you don't need to worry about me caring that you also do, but if we're being honest, you could do much better than this idiot who's been late to practice twice a week because he likes kissing boys so much." Harris laughs while Ilya hooks his thumb over his shoulder, forcing Troy from the room.

"Wiebe said you wanted me to approve a quote?"

Harris blinks, clearly a bit shocked at Ilya's coming out. "Um, yeah. Sorry, I paraphrase what you said about appreciating the fans, ya know, took out a few swear words but wanted you to give it a once over before posting."

“You look like you have questions,” Ilya says while he reads.

“I didn’t expect you to be homophobic, you never really know with hockey players, though but I wasn’t expecting you to be bi?” Harris asks, arching a brow.

“Is not something I’m public about, with Russia.” Ilya says, waving his hand in the air as if his action would explain his home country's views on homosexuality. Harris only nods along. “And I know I have you could say a reputation for being with women, but there have been men too.” Ilya pauses, weighing his options. “There is a man.”

Harris' jaw drops. If someone told him that today, Ilya Rozanov would not only come out to him but tell him he had a boyfriend, Harris would have told them they were insane. “Is private, so that stays between us, yes? Well, I’m betting Troy too.”

“Is he not out?” Harris says, immediately regretting blurting out the first thing that came to his mind.

“To some people, not very public, but no he is not hiding it.”

“Then why?” Harris starts. “Shit, sorry, this isn’t something for me to ask.”

“It’s fine, it’s actually nice getting to talk about him. Even just a little bit.”

“So,” Harris grins, eyes mischievous. “Why?”

Ilya blinks, a few different answers floating around his head before he finally lands on “There is a large group that would not understand us being together. As you said, some hockey players are homophobic, well I believe that also goes over to some fans too, unfortunately.”

“So he’s a player, that makes it easy cause I only know of like two maybe three gay players, and the two for sure are cause they’re ya know dating men, so that only leaves-”

“And that’s enough of you and your guesses. Maybe I will tell you later.”

“Oh come on, let me make one guess, is it Sh-”

“Goodbye, Harris,” Ilya says, a soft smirk on his face.

Shane loved the farmers market as a kid, going every weekend with his mom to pick up fresh produce and spend hours looking at the handmade goods at the little booths set up by the local vendors. He woke up early, still buzzing from the successes of their first Game Changers hockey camp. Not even Ryan Price walking in on Ilya pushing him against the desk and kissing him could dampen Shane’s mood. They had done it. They had successfully launched the charity that would be the first public facing part of their relationship. A friendship built over a shared drive to make hockey accessible for everyone and care for mental health. So why couldn’t two friends go to a farmers market together? Shane thought while he slowly woke Ilya up by trailing kisses down his chest.

“It’s like an open air market, yes?” Ilya questions when the park.

“Well, it’s inside, but yes. Farmers and people who do crafts bring vegetables or other things they’ve grown or made to sell.”

“You would be excited about fresh produce.” Ilya jokes before looking around the parking lot, noting that they were the only car in their row before he quickly leans in and presses a chaste kiss to Shane’s lips.

They walk around, Shane making them both grab a basket that he starts to fill with different vegetables, fruit and even fresh homemade bread while they wander around the market before Ilya sees something out of the corner of his eye, walking off and disappearing into the crowd before Shane can stop him.

When Shane eventually finds his boyfriend, he’s talking to an elderly woman in fast Russian, the woman grinning up at Ilya while he gently holds her hand. Shane only caught a few words - glad, love, Ilya playing Hockey for Ottawa.

“Find something you like?” Shane asks when he’s made it through the small line and to Ilya’s side.

“Pryaniki, my mama would make these. The whole house would smell of honey.” Ilya says, his eyes growing misty. Without thinking, Shane trails his hand down Ilya’s arm and links their fingers, squeezing his hand before letting go.

“Oh,” the woman says, letting out a small gasp when both men look at her, finding her eyes wide but the same soft smile on her face. “No worries.” She says in an accent thicker than Ilya’s before pressing her finger to her lips and pointing to a small rainbow flag positioned next to flowers that seemed to be made out of yarn sitting on the corner of her booth.

“Shane pleaaaaase,” Rose whines, drunk, through the speaker on his phone.

“You know I hate clubs.” Shane counters.

“But you don’t hate me! I’m only here for one more night, and we’ve only seen each other for like thirty seconds.”

Shane sighs, “It was three hours, Rose. We had a whole dinner.”

“Three hours, thirty seconds. Who knows the difference?” Rose said, her voice loud over the base of whatever music the club was playing.

Shane pauses, weighing his options. Rose knew, she’d known for a while now, but he knew exactly what she (and his boyfriend) would do if he told her he wasn’t alone. “Ilya’s here.”

Rose squeals, “Oh my god! Now you have to come, I need to meet him. I could sneak you guys in.” Ilya laughs, the noise soft and deep but loud enough for Rose to hear over the speaker. “Shane Mildred Hollander, is he there right now?”

“Mildred?” Shane questions, his face scrunching while Ilya’s soft laugh grows louder

“I realized that I don’t know your middle name, so I just went with it, but that’s besides the point. Is he there?” Shane groans, switching his phone to speaker and setting it down on his thigh.

“Rose Landry,” Ilya says, his accent curling around the vowels.

“Oh fuck, your voice is sexy, I can see why Shane’s obsessed.”

“I’m not obsessed.”

“You’re a bit obsessed.” Rose and Ilya say at the same time.

“Send Shane the location, we’ll be there in thirty minutes.” Shane groans while he hears Rose giggle and clap through the line,

And that’s how Shane finds himself sitting in a booth in a private room at some club he’d never bothered learning the name of in downtown Montreal. Rose kept true to her promise and had her bodyguard meet them at the back kitchen entrance. Ilya sat next to him, one arm resting on the back of the booth behind Shane’s head, keeping a careful few inches between them. And despite the loud music and flashing lights that could be seen and heard through the foggy glass wall that separated them from the rest of the club, Shane was having a good time.

It was hard for them when they first got there, they’d left space between them when they sat playing the two friends who run a charity together card, but after three drinks he was feeling at ease. And with Shane normally not being a drinker, he was having to fight against the urge to lean into Ilya’s warm body next to him at every turn. Not trusting himself to speak, the more he felt the alcohol coursing through him, Shane spent the night quietly drinking, chiming in on whatever conversation Ilya, Rose and her few friends were having every so often.

“You don’t have to look afraid of him.” Rose says, sitting down on Shane’s other side and pushing him towards Ilya.

“I don’t, I’m not-” Shane starts, finding himself at a loss for words and taking a long sip from his drink/

“No one here is going to say anything, give your pretty boy some love.”

“Yes Shane, give your pretty boy some love.” Ilya chimes in, his hand coming up to gently grip Shane’s chin and turn his face to him, brushing their lips together for the briefest moment.

The light touch of Ilya’s lips against his loosens something in Shane’s chest, making him feel light, happy. Happy to be able to press his back against Ilya’s chest in public, to feel his boyfriend's hand curl around his hip and his grin against his neck when Ilya kissed the soft skin behind his ear.

“Oh, so they’re finally deciding to act like a couple?” Miles asks when he appears at the table's edge, passing out shots from the small tray in his hands. Ilya laughs and smacks a wet

kiss to his cheek when Shane coughs at Miles words while taking the shot.

“Malop'yushchiy” Ilya says just loud enough against Shane’s ear for the table to hear.

Shane tilts his head, turning to look at Ilya, “Something about drinking?”

“You would say lightweight.” Ilya says, matching Shane’s gaze and giving him his full attention.

“Not all of us grew up drinking fancy Russian vodka.”

“Yes, I apologize that your country's national drink is ginger ale.” Ilya jokes before he leans in and gently presses their lips together, his tongue slowly tracing over Shane’s bottom lip before he pulls away. “Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Navsegda.” Shane says simply, resting his forehead against Ilya’s.

“Holy shit.” Rose’s voice was just loud enough to be heard over the music and draw them from each other’s attention. “You guys are in love.”

“Yes, and I think it’s time I take this one home.” Ilya says, pulling Shane up to stand with him while Rose waves over her security.

Roses’ bodyguard steps in, blocking their way. “Ms. Landry, there is quite a crowd of photographers outside.” Shane stiffens at the words.

“Can you have the car pulled around back?”

“Well yes, but there is only one way out and,” the man looks between Ilya and Shane. Ilya’s arms wrapped around Shane, the alcohol hitting him when he stood, forgetting for a moment that they were in public and mouthing at Ilya’s neck.

“Put us in the back with Rose, this one can lie down. Won't be the first time I am photographed leaving a club with a pretty actress.” Shane grumbles something inaudible, his face squished against Ilya’s collarbone. “Yes, solnishko, you are prettier.”

Ilya’s plan works, Rose climbs in followed by Shane then Ilya, the latter laughing when Shane lays his head down in his lap and nuzzles into his thigh. Ilya does his best to ignore him, eyes going wide at the bright light of the camera flash paired with the warm feeling of Shane’s breath through the thin material of his pants. Shane moves to sit up, only to be met by Ilya’s hand between his shoulder blades pushing him back down into his lap.

“Head down unless you’d like to be caught on camera coming up from my lap.” Ilya says, his voice low and firm.

Shane makes a noise halfway between a groan and a sigh but lies back down, both Ilya and Rose thinking he’s fallen asleep when they’re nearing Shane’s apartment when he speaks, “Ilya?”

“Yes, Shane?” He replies, carding his fingers through Shane’s hair and smiling when his boyfriend turns to look up at him. Freckles standing out against his alcohol reddened cheeks, and his eyes were half-closed.

“I want your dick in my mouth,” Shane says, words clear before he’s turning his head back into Ilya’s lap, completely oblivious to Rose clutching her sides, laughing, while the car pulls to a stop at the back entrance of Shane’s apartment building.

“Rose,” Ilya starts, climbing out of the SUV and pulling Shane behind him. “It was nice to finally meet the woman who made him realize that he is gay.” Rose snorts, wiping her eyes. “We’ll have to have you out to the cottage next summer, so we can talk longer, but I should get inside and deal with him.”

“Yeah,” Shane gives them both a sideways grin. “Deal with me.”

“Oh, my god.” Rose says, Miles giggling from the front seat and Ilya ever thankful for staff NDAs.

They barely make it inside before Shane pushes Ilya against the stairwell wall, trailing open mouth kisses down Ilya’s neck while his fingers find the button on his pants. “Hey, hey,” Ilya stops him, his hands covering Shane’s. “Now I’d love for someone to walk down here and find you on your knees for me but you’d be very mad.” Ilya says, guiding Shane up the stairs.

“Bedroom,” Ilya says, shaking his head and pushing Shane towards yet another set of stairs.

“What’s got you so hot for me?”

Shane shakes his head, trying to make sense of his thoughts. “Being out with you, not hiding how much I love you.”

Ilya sits on the edge of their bed, boxer briefs pulled down over his hips just enough to allow his hard cock spring free, stroking himself while watching Shane watch him from where he stands. “On your knees.” He says, pointing to the spot on the plush carpet in front of them.

Shane kneels, Ilya loving the way his eyes slightly widen before he pulls his briefs fully off and swallows his cock in one swift motion. If Ilya had to pick a favorite thing Shane did in the bedroom, it’d be a close tie between the way he used his mouth and when he would ride him. Shane took him in his mouth and sucked, using his tongue to trace over the sensitive ridges of his cock and then across the tip while his hand came up to gently massage Ilya’s balls. Ilya moaned, one hand bracing himself against the bed while the other found the back of Shane’s head, allowing him to fuck into his mouth. Shane moaned and looked up to meet Ilya’s eyes while he took him down his throat.

When Ilya hitting the back of his throat becomes too much Shane hollows his cheeks and focuses on Ilya’s sensitive head, flicking his tongue over the leaking slit and gently letting his teeth slide over the shaft while he bobbed his head, using his free hand to stroke what his mouth wasn’t able to reach.

“Fuck, Shane. Lyubite svoy rot.” Ilya says, his hand gripping tighter in Shane’s hair, his boyfriend groaning while he fucked his mouth.

“Rot ili litso?” Ilya asks when Shane can tell he’s getting close.

Shane pulls off, breathing hard, “My face, please.”

Ilya smirks down at him, pushing Shane back slightly and taking his cock into his own hand. He gives it a few strokes, watching the way Shane sits back on his heels, waiting with his mouth open and tongue slightly out before his cum coats Shane’s face.

“You’ve been staring at your phone like it’s wronged you for the past five minutes,” Shane says, not bothering to look up from the book he’s reading on the couch.

“Instagram changed its layout and I keep hitting the wrong button. Fucking muscle memory.” Ilya says, glaring at his phone before he tosses it down onto the couch next to him when he sits.

“Ouch, asshole, you could at least ask me to move my legs before sitting on my shins.”

“Your lap is occupied, so I picked next best option.” Ilya shrugs while he takes Shane’s book out of his hands and scoots into his boyfriend’s lap.

Shane laughs, “Does someone want attention?”

“Yes, give me kiss.” Shane could never say no to that, not when Ilya was in his face, their noses practically touching and his eyes looking softly into Shane’s. The kiss lingers, moving into make out territory when Shane finally gets sick of feeling Ilya’s phone vibrate against his foot.

“Check your phone, it won’t stop going off,” Shane says, shoving Ilya back.

“Fuck, oh fuck.” Ilya says, looking down at his lit up phone screen without picking it up.

“What?”

“Instagram went live.”

Shane’s face goes pale. “So your followers heard.”

“They’re asking who you are, some have guessed based on your voice,” Ilya says, watching Shane sit up and put his head between his knees.

“I’ll turn it off, just give me a-” Ilya starts, not expecting Shane’s hand to come out and stop him.

“Fuck it.”

“What?” It was now Ilya’s turn to ask.

“There’s no hiding this, it’s out there so we might as well own up to it.”

“Are you sure?” Ilya asks while Shane nods and he picks up his phone.

“Um, hi, hello Instagram. I’ve never done one of these, a live.” Ilya starts. “And this one was not on purpose. Yes, yes. I see the questions. I tossed my phone down and the video must have started then, but to answer the most asked question, yes I am here with my boyfriend.” Ilya chuckles, reading the (mostly) positive comments that stream in. “They want to know if you’ll come on screen?”

Shane sighs, weighing his options before he slides over next to Ilya, kissing his cheek before turning to the camera. “Hey, everyone.”

End Notes

inspired by this [tweet](#)

a huge thank you to my love Becca ([ilyaspring on twitter](#)) for talking through ideas with me, giving me line suggestions, tagging me in the original post and making amazing Hollanov edits

thanks for reading comments and kudos are always appreciated and here's my [twitter](#)

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