

I'm never talking to you again

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by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Ilya is having a little too much fun at practice, and Shane pays the consequences.

Notes

I don't think I'll ever tire of them being on the same team. Ever.

Ilya skated away from the bench where Harris was shaking his head, probably regretting his life decisions right now. Ilya, on the other hand, was having a great start to practice. It was still early, so only a handful of guys were on the ice, getting off to an easy start, stretching their legs and taking soft wrists on the empty nets at each end of the ice.

Of course, he skated to Shane first.

“Hello, second best player in the league,” he said as he stopped next to him, giving him a loud smooch on the cheek.

Thankfully Shane laughed. “I thought we agreed on no PDA at work.” He bonked their helmets together playfully.

“Practice has not started yet. Not working right now.” Ilya shrugged innocently. “What are we having for dinner tonight?”

Shane leaned on his stick and looked like he was going through the list of food on their pre-approved meal plan. “I can’t remember. Fish maybe? Why?”

“Can we get shawarma instead? We can get the platters and more of the salad instead of the potatoes.”

“How can I resist garlic breath,” Shane laughed. “If we do that, we have to detour downtown for the good one though.”

Ilya faked a shocked gasp. “You are agreeing to cheat on the meal-plan?”

“Why did you ask if you thought I’d say no?”

Ilya shrugged. “We have been very good lately, and I know you will say no to poutine. Thought I’d try.”

“I’d disagree on you being good, but I don’t mind cheating on the meal plan. As long as we get the good stuff.”

“Deal.” Ilya was about to attempt to steal another kiss but was interrupted by their goalie skating by.

“I thought you promised to stop with the PDA, man?”

“Not working yet. It does not count,” he shouted back. Shane skated away laughing before Ilya could go in for more blatant PDA to bug Wyatt. Fine, he’d get him later. “You scared Hollander, Hazy. I will need to score on you today as punishment.”

Wyatt laughed. “Cause you usually take it easy on me? I still have a bruise on my ribs that would suggest otherwise.”

Ilya was skating around the net now, letting Wyatt stretch. “That was only a little my fault. It bounced off the post.”

“You’re lucky I love Hollander.”

“No love for your captain, huh?”

“Nope, not a drop.” Wyatt was smiling wide at him as he said it. “Still on for a double date this weekend, right?”

“Of course,” Ilya answered as Wyatt slid to the left, easily blocking a shot Shane had sent his way like it was nothing, before standing again and carrying on the conversation.

Goalies were weird creatures Ilya would never understand.

“Awesome. Lisa got a reservation at that place with the yummy cocktails. She is very excited.”

One of the rookies got a shot past Wyatt, and he focused his energy solely on him now, so Ilya skated away.

Ilya loved being on the ice early for practice. Everyone was relaxed and it felt fun – like hockey always was supposed to. Ilya skated by the rookie and stole the puck as he was about to shoot on Wyatt again, getting a shot in himself, which completely missed and earned him some chirping from both players. He went to the other end of the ice and found Boodram and Dykstra talking about some new movie they’d seen over the weekend. Luca jumped on the ice and Ilya started passing a puck around with him, talking about a new superhero movie trailer, and asking how the design for his newest tattoo was coming along.

When coach Wiebe, followed by the rest of the coaching staff, came on the ice, Ilya skated over to say hi.

“How’s my captain doing today,” Coach asked easily, like they were talking about the weather. Ilya appreciated it more than his coach would ever understand.

“Better. Things are less... I do not know the right word, but definitely better. Brains are weird.”

Ilya’s brain had been an asshole for the past week. He thought they’d finally managed to get the meds dosed properly, and he’d been sleeping better and had seen his therapist. But even with doing everything *right* things hadn’t felt that way. Everything felt foggy and dark and just plain harder than they should. Not as bad as they’d gotten before, but still. His coach had been amazing – as had the whole team. They had all pledged to do better when it came to advocating for mental health, and not just on the one league approved night either. They all spoke out about it with each other, on their social media channels, and at events in the community. Ilya had been the first to do so, and everyone on the team had followed his lead. And now, asking how things were wasn’t some bullshit question that had to be answered with pleasantries.

“Happy to hear that. Of course, figured you might be feeling more like yourself since Harris mentioned today’s video.”

Ilya grinned. “I promise to behave.”

Coach Wiebe raised an eyebrow at him as he brought the whistle hanging around his neck closer to his lips. “You? Behave? You’re definitely not feeling well if you promise me that.”

Ilya barked out a laugh as the coach rounded them up and explained today’s drills – focusing on special teams, since their penalty kill had taken a dip over the last couple games. Ilya took in the info from his coaches, focused on his role and then went to work.

This part of practice didn’t leave much time for chit-chat with his teammates, but he still got in some solid chirps and praise in, and went extra hard on narrating a sequence where he somehow managed to split their D-men with a fake that had everyone scratching their heads, and put it past Wyatt.

“PK is easy,” Ilya chirped. “Just stand around and make me look good!”

Ilya knew he was full of shit. Their PK had kicked ass today and that was the only time they’d let him or Shane through, and he still had no idea how he’d managed it. But it was damned hard to resist saying something.

He regretted running his mouth as soon as he saw the gleam in his coach’s eye.

“Hey, Nicky. How about you switch spots with Rozanov for a bit,” Coach called out with a smirk

Both Chouinard and Ilya let out echoing groans.

“I was just joking,” Ilya whined, and he was sure he heard a snort from Shane who was standing nearby.

“Gotta put your hockey sticks where your chirps are, Roz.”

“That was terrible, Coach.”

“Good thing they don’t pay me to be funny around here.” He was laughing as he said it, and Ilya shook his head.

A whistle blew and one of the coaches threw a puck in their general direction. Shane was on it in no time, and for a second, Ilya forgot he had to try and take it away from him.

Or at least not let him score.

He followed his husband around, giving him just enough space to move but not enough – at least he hoped – to get a shot in. So far so good. Shane had to pass back to Luca, who had no choice but to tip it immediately to Nicky. The poor defencemen wasn’t used to being in this spot so he shot it back to Shane. Unfortunately he missed, and the puck ended up by the

boards. It was easy enough for Ilya to trap Shane against the board as they fought to get the puck out.

“You know, I love being on the same team,” Ilya huffed out as they fought for control. “But I miss these moments.”

“Same,” Shane ground out, trying to shove Ilya off him. “Not fair to have the best player on the same team as you.”

“Second best.”

Shane groaned as Ilya pressed him in the board more – how had this drill not ended yet! – and then a smirk graced his lips. “That’s not what you said before,” he said quietly. “In the trophy room, in Montreal?”

“Shane,” Ilya warned, probably not for the reason he thought.

“I could swear you admitted to me being better than you when-“

Ilya let him go and Shane let out a triumphant sound and skated off, Ilya hot on his heels.

Shane managed to score, and the whole PK team chirped Ilya for letting his husband win.

“He was playing dirty, not my fault,” Ilya answered lightly as he sprawled on the ice, pretending to be completely exhausted.

He knew full well Shane wouldn’t have forgiven him if he’d let him finish that sentence. And that wasn’t worth looking bad in front of his team and a few reporters.

~●~

“Why is your phone beeping so much,” Shane asked his husband.

Ilya was walking out of their ensuite, buttoning up his dress shirt. His tie draped over his shoulders. Of course he couldn’t resist pulling him in for a kiss, letting his own tie drop from his hands. How he managed to keep his hands off Ilya before every game was truly a mystery. The man looked good in a suit. Of course Ilya looked *good* in just about every piece of clothing he owned. And out of them too.

Shane groaned at that thought and Ilya pulled away with a laugh. “No time for that. We are already behind.”

“We’re only behind if we stop for coffee,” Shane pointed out, getting back to his tie.

“I need to follow my pre-game routine or we lose. Is science.” Ilya winked at him and Shane shook his head, a wave of fondness washing over him.

Ilya’s phone chimed again, and Shane asked him once more if he knew what was going on. Ilya just shook his head but picked up his phone from the charger and started swiping and tapping about.

“Oh, my mic’ed up video got posted. The guys are just talking about it.”

Shane grabbed his jacket from the bench at the end of their bed and he frowned a little as he tried to remember when the heck that had happened. “You haven’t been mic’ed yet this season?”

“Mm-hmm,” Ilya replied. “Yesterday at practice.” He pulled on his black tuque and grabbed his jacket, kissing Shane’s temple as he walked by like nothing was worrying about that statement.

“You didn’t tell me!?”

“Why would I? Then you are all... what is word again. Stick up your butt. And not the fun kind of butt play.” Ilya winked at him as he exited their room.

Shane groaned in frustration as he followed Ilya down the stairs. “I am not uptight. I just tend to be a bit more professional.”

“No one wants to see anything tight up your butt except me.”

Shane grumbled once more about not being uptight as he grabbed his sunglasses and phone.

Ilya grabbed the car keys before Shane could reach them, which meant they were taking his Mercedes in today. “The guys all agree it is fun. I’m sure Harris did not post anything embarrassing. Is fine.”

Shane opened the garage door and headed for the passenger seat. At least he’d get to watch the video on his drive to work. “Excuse me for trying to cultivate a professional image *at work*. We can’t all be mister fun and easy going all the time. Not everything is a joke.”

“Shane. Is a video, for the club’s social media. Is supposed to be fun.”

Shane buckled up in the car and waited for Ilya to pass their neighbor’s house before queuing up the video that Harris had sent in the group chat.

The video opened on a shot of Ilya and Harris, taken from the stand. Ilya was waving to the camera, with the widest grin on his face. Shane had to admit he looked really fucking cute and happy.

“*You’re going to make me regret this, aren’t you,*” Harris said with a laugh.

“*Never!*” Ilya skated away and Harris shook his head.

The camera followed Ilya as he skated around, making a beeline for him.

“Oh God, I hope Harris took out the part about our meal plan,” Shane mumbled.

“Why? Most of the guys have cheat days, is not a big deal.”

“Maybe not for you, but I don’t think the trainers like me much. They’ll be pissed if they find out-“

“They won’t be. And they love you, stop it. You are just grumpy right now.”

“Oh shit! I forgot we said the one near our place was bad! That might be worse,” he complained as he saw the conversation displayed on the closed caption.

“We did not say it was bad.”

“We might as well have.” Shane was truly mortified.

“Everyone knows the best shawarma is downtown.”

Shane mumbled in agreement and watched as Ilya made the rounds, talking with almost everyone on the ice, putting them all at ease in his own unique way.

“You’re a great captain, you know that?”

Shane leaned his head on the headrest and turned to watch Ilya. He didn’t look back, pretending to concentrate on entering the Starbucks drive thru line instead. Shane reached over and squeezed his knee, knowing that was still a topic that could go either way with Ilya still. He looked back at the screen where Ilya was talking to the coach, then singing to himself as he waited for their PP unit to get some ice time, and a bunch of little scenes unfolded.

Ilya handed him his small coffee, and took a sip of his ginormous vat of iced something or another than likely contained no coffee at all in it. On the screen, their past selves were playing as Ilya sounded like he was practicing for a future career in broadcasting with a pretty solid play-by-play.

“I still don’t know how you managed that move around Nick,” Shane said, mesmerized by Ilya on the tiny screen.

“Was luck, I think. And we were all tired near the end of practice. “

Shane hummed and chuckled as coach called him out. And then he stopped laughing when he heard them banter.

“Fuck. Shit, I forgot I said the thing- about Montreal. *Damn it!*”

“Relax.” It was Ilya’s turn to squeeze his knee. “No one knows what you are talking about except me.”

“Ilya, my mother watches these!”

“And you told Yuna I fucked you in there?”

“God no!”

“Exactly. People will think we were looking at your rings and trophies and shit, and I lied and said you were a better player than me. Nothing else.”

Shane whined, as he read the words in the closed captions, and prayed Ilya was right.

The video ended with Ilya sprawled on the ice, fake-complaining about something, just as they arrived in the team’s underground parking garage. They made their way to the dressing room, Ilya hamming it up for the camera as always.

“I hope Sara puts me on the best dressed list today,” Ilya said as he hooked his index and Shane’s pinky together for the rest of the walk to the dressing room.

“As long as Bood is on this team, she will always pick him over you,” Shane chirped him, earning himself a light hip check from Ilya before they rounded the corner to the dressing room. “Speaking of.”

Bood was just taking off his blazer in the change room, a fantastic plaid three piece number that completely eclipsed Ilya’s own suit game.

“Sorry babe,” he whispered in Ilya’s ear with a chuckle, managing to sneak a kiss by his ear, before making his way to his cubby, which was thankfully on the other end of the room from Ilya’s.

They changed into their pre-game Centaurs branded athletic wear and more of their teammates came in. The chatter picked up and Harris dropped by to say hi before the game started. Ilya mentioned he liked the video, and Harris laughed, saying it got great engagement, like all his videos did. No unsavory comments, or upset shawarma shop owners, were mentioned and Shane relaxed. He lost himself in the routine of taping his stick and double checking his equipment, and listening to the team chat and laugh and go about their usual routine.

When they went to the hallway with the soccer ball, Shane had all but forgotten about the mic’ed up video. He passed the ball to Luca and was following the touches and calls. And then Bood spoke.

“So, Shane. Do we want to know about your trophy room or should we not even ask?”

Ilya barked out a laugh, Shane missed the ball completely when it was sent his way, and he felt his face flush.

“I am never speaking to you at work again,” he called to Ilya as he threw the ball in his direction.

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