

First Day at Work

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by [Tequila1989](#)

Summary

Shane is anxious, Ilya can't miss an opportunity to make it worse for Shane. In a very loving manner.

Notes

I started with trying to write something funny, but the boys are too adorable not to have them feel the feelings; and I don't think I'm everyone's cup of tea in terms of funny anyways. Enjoy!

“Why is your face so scrunched?” They were having breakfast at home before their first day at training camp together. “We trained for this half the summer. No one who pays us that much money is going to cut us from the team.”

“I know. It’s not that.”

“And you know the guys; they like us. And the new ones should not be the problem either. Or they’ll have to go through me.” Ilya lifted his hands in an attempt to show how good a boxer he could be. Shane didn’t laugh. They liked Ilya, and had never worked with Shane. What if they actually don’t like his honestly intense style of doing hockey. He didn’t need another reason for anxiety right now. “Okay, what’s up?” Ilya asked tenderly.

“I do not want you to make people uncomfortable about our relationship.” He emphasized the word “relationship”, hoping he wouldn’t need to actually spell the problem out for Ilya.

“No one is interested in our sex life, Shane.” Ilya said with a very amused smile on his face.

“I know, so I just want to ask you not to volunteer any information in any shape or form. And no PDA. I do not want anyone to have any ideas.”

“Ok, my love. I will not tell our colleagues how much you moan when I have my tongue in you hole.” Ilya was cleaning the table and dropped a light kiss on Shane’s forehead on the way to the dishwasher.

“For fuck’s sake, way to make it gross.”

“I’m not the one fantasizing here about talking about our sex life at our work place.”

Shane felt like his heart was in his stomach. It was their first day in the gym after the break, and his first time ever working out with the new team. He was at the door searching for Ilya with his eyes, going through the list of reasons why nothing bad was going to happen here today. Like the guys didn’t actually have a reason to dislike him; he had met some of them a couple of times already. They seemed completely indifferent to the fact that he was married to Ilya, and that didn’t seem like it was going to change. Also, he was a damn good hockey player, and they could all benefit from that. Not that it had stopped his previous team.

He took a deep breath and made the last step into the gym. He headed in Ilya’s direction not because he wanted to attach himself to him and never let go, but because he was standing next to the treadmills, talking to a hopeful rookie, a very young guy fresh off the draft.

“...just a tip, but you have to try it, you might really like it and it’ll help you stay looser.” He heard his husband’s voice and immediately felt his adrenaline rising. What was wrong with him today? He approached Ilya and the new guy even though he felt his cheeks getting redder. “Oh, Hollander, meet Connor! I was just telling him why you prefer running to biking.”

Shane felt stupid. Of course, Ilya would be appropriate. He was the captain of this team. And a nice person generally speaking if he wanted to be. That he usually wanted to be with the new people to make them comfortable before he could start teasing them mercilessly.

“Um, hi, Connor! We both watched you get drafted! Congratulations!” The rookie to be blushed and almost stuttered something that could be interpreted as his need for water or as if someone called his name before retreating from the two superstars.

“Here, Shane, you can use my treadmill, I just finished!” Ilya laughed in the direction of the runaway rookie.

Shane went on with his own warm ups and routine.

He was checking out what kind of equipment the team gym had in what looked like a stretching area, making mental notes on what he needed to request when he heard his husband’s voice again.

“Hollander likes it deep too. I usually help him with it,” Shane turned towards Ilya, thinking *What the fuck he’s talking about now?* It turned out he was helping Hayes with stretching. “Hey, Hollander, look, I have a stretching buddy for you, you practically do the same stuff, but he’s a little better than you.” Shane couldn’t believe that it happened at least twice today. It couldn’t be a coincidence, right? Ilya was slowly torturing him because Shane had a weak moment in the morning. He would never be honest with anyone again in his life. And he couldn’t do anything about it now except be polite and nice to both Ilya and Wyatt.

Once he finished his workout, he went to take a shower and saw that Ilya was also gathering his stuff.

And of course, it happened again. Shane was standing right there in just a towel, and he was sure Ilya saw him coming back from the shower with his peripheral vision.

“He swallows it so fast I don’t even know if he tastes anything.” How one even time that? Shane had had enough for one day.

“What the hell are you talking about now?” Shane sounded intense, so Ilya blushed and looked extremely satisfied.

“The ramen place, the one you like. Young just moved to a new area, not far from there. So, I told him to try it. Do you want to go have lunch there now, my husband? Or are we starting your performance diet today?”

Shane was entirely too annoyed, but once the thought was out there, that ramen was calling his name.

“Sure,” he rolled his eyes and went to his stall to put on some clothes.

Once they got to the car and were finally alone Shane couldn't hold it in for even a minute. "What the fuck were you doing?"

"I did a good workout, caught up with the guys, and then showered, and now I'm here," he said innocently.

"That's not what I meant. You know what you were doing. With all your words and innuendos"

"In you what? I don't know what you are talking about." He was openly teasing, not even trying to keep a straight face.

"Innuendoes! You know the word. I think I almost had a heart attack three times today. You made me think that—"

"Only three times? And if you think long and hard everything can be an innuendo."

"Stop it, or I'll divorce your ass!"

Ilya laughed at that. "You are so gullible. I'm offended that you would listen in on my conversations and—"

"I didn't, you were right there, and you saw me!"

"—and that you wouldn't trust me to treat you well. And now you threaten divorce. My own husband."

Shane blushed deeply at that and reached for Ilya's hand.

"I'm sorry I made you feel this way. Of course, I trust you."

"I could see it all day."

"Oh, shut up, you are not super innocent here."

"I am regular innocent; I'm not the one who started it. Okay, I'm sorry for making fun of you. Even though only I knew what I was doing. Because I would never, ever, never do anything for people to think less of you. I don't know why you would think... otherwise."

"I'm sorry. When you put it like this, it's obvious. I'm really sorry. I don't know how I even got the idea. Out of all reasons, my brain chose this one for anxiety."

"Did you have any reason for anxiety at all?"

"No, not at all." Shane answered quietly. "Everyone was busy with their own work and all of that."

"Exactly. Will you ever relax?"

Shane laughed at that. “Probably not. But I see what you mean.”

Ilya stopped at a traffic light and pulled on Shane’s hand. “Give me a kiss, or are we too public for that?”

“Oh my god, you’ll never let it go, won’t you?” He still gave him a peck on the cheek. “Now eyes on the road, I can’t wait to swallow my ramen. And I do taste it.”

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