

Ilya's Second Halloween Party

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Ilya's Second Halloween Party

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Summary

Shane and Ilya host a Halloween party the first year that Shane is a Centaur. Just them being in love and hanging out with the team.

“Hollander. You can't go as a hockey player, you are a hockey player.” Ilya said with an eye roll when he walked in on his husband getting dressed in their bathroom.

“First of all, I can go as whatever I want. There are no rules to Halloween. Second of all, I am not a hockey player. I am going as Ilya Rozanov.” Shane smirked before their eyes met in the mirror and Shane's smirk morphed into a genuine smile.

He grabbed the Boston jersey that Ilya was just now noticing draped over the chair for the vanity. It had Ilya's old number on it, but instead of Rozanov on the back it said “Second Best Center.”

“Shane Hollanov! Are you making a joke?! I thought you were boring. And you are making a joke.” Ilya was giddy with excitement. He loved playful Shane.

“No.” Shane gave Ilya's cheek a kiss. “No joke. Just me, going as my husband, the second best center in the league.”

Ilya moved away from Shane. If he continued to make physical contact he would not be able to get dressed and the team was going to start arriving at their house for the party soon. He grabbed his own costume, this year he was going as a detective. He liked being known as perceptive. “We will see who is second best. I am on the first line, captain and leading the league in overall points.”

“Yes, well I have been on this team for four months and I am already the leading goal scorer. So, we'll see who is second best at the end of the season.” They grinned at each other.

When Shane joined Ottawa, Ilya had worried that being on the same team would mean they would have less opportunities to compete. They fell in love through competing, and he loved when they got to play against each other. He didn't want to lose that. But, he had worried for nothing. Turns out, being on the same team meant even more chances to compete. They scrimmaged against each other several times a week and battled it out in cardio and weight training. In fact, it's a good thing they had been practicing keeping hockey and their relationship separate for more than ten years, because there might be even more tension between them now that they were competing for the same ice time. Being married had not changed either of their drives to be the best.

After they both finished dressing, and made their way downstairs, Shane turned towards Ilya with a glimmer of mischief in his eyes. “What, you're not going to post our picture to Instagram? You're always trying to get me to take photos with you. But now that I am in this awesome costume suddenly you don't want to? Worried your fans will agree that you're second best?”

Oh. Now it was on. Ilya took two pictures, one of them together, facing the camera and smiling sweetly. And one of the back of Shane's jersey. He almost didn't want to post it because Shane's skater's ass looked too good and he wanted to keep it for himself. But, there was a contest to win. He posted both pictures to Instagram with the caption “Who is second

best?" He put the phone away and kissed his husband. They would let the fans fight it out while they enjoyed the party.

After everyone had arrived, Ilya found himself dancing in the middle of the makeshift dance floor - surrounded by beautiful women, and his teammates who were also beautiful. He was maybe a bit high. It felt a lot like last year, but this time when he saw his teammates dancing with their partners, he didn't feel alone. He glanced up at his husband who was chatting with Harris and waved him over.

Shane smiled shyly, said something to Harris and walked towards Ilya. "Hi." Shane said when he folded himself into Ilya's arms.

"Hi," Ilya replied as he wrapped Shane in tightly.

"We have danced together more in the four months since our wedding than in the ten years before. I like it."

Shane grinned at Ilya. "You just like touching me."

"Is nice" Ilya said as his hands moved down to Shane's ass.

Shane slapped his hand away. "Not here!" He hissed.

"Shane. No one is watching. It's fine." Ilya's eyes glimmered with playful heat.

"Nope. No way. We are out but not that out."

"Fine. Fine."

"Do you want to get some air? Someone started the fire pit." Shane said. Ilya nodded and Shane grabbed his hand to guide them outside.

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When they got to the outdoor seating area surrounding the fire pit Shane noticed that there weren't any seats left. Lisa stood up and moved into Wyatt's lap and Ilya took her spot. Ilya gestured for Shane to sit on his lap but Shane was not sure about this. They were out, and they held hands in public. But sitting on each other's laps? That was a lot of PDA. Like a lot. But, this was their team. The Centaurs had been nothing but supportive. And if Lisa and Wyatt could do it, why couldn't they?

Indecision must have been evident on his face because Bood spoke. "Roz, your husband won't sit on your lap? He thinks he will crush you?"

Ilya scoffed and looked at Shane with love in his warm eyes but that crooked smile that always meant trouble had made an appearance. "Hollander is so small. Claims to be 5'10, He's almost as short as Barrett."

"I am 5'10! And I am not small. You guys are the worst. Ilya, why don't you sit on my lap."

“What?!” Ilya said, his voice dripping with the easy teasing that they always fell into. “I will crush you. And we need the top scorer on the team to hold down the second line. I can't be the only one scoring.”

“Hey! I score all the time,” Bood exclaimed in mock offense.

Dykstra got in on the chirping. “Of course you do Bood,” he said with a wink. “Everyone knows it's Wyatt and my defense that keeps this team on top.”

“Now boys, quit your bickering. You are all very good hockey players.” Lisa said mockingly. “Shane. Just sit on your husband's lap already. No one cares and we need to change the subject before Tanner realizes no one thinks he is important to this team”

Everyone cracked up as Dillon frowned. But the joking and Lisa's encouragement put Shane at ease and so he did it. He sat on his husband's lap.

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Ilya couldn't believe it. Shane sat on his lap, in front of all these people. And he actually looked surprisingly okay with it. Ilya would need to thank Bood and Lisa later. They both had a way of making everyone feel at ease.

This party was so different from last year's. This year he had Shane touching him and being with him. He had teammates who knew and supported them. Nothing would beat the high of marrying Shane, but this was a pretty close second.

They all chatted and laughed in easy companionship. Until everyone started to leave around midnight. They said their goodbyes and locked up. And Shane made his way into the kitchen to start cleaning.

“Hollander. We are very rich. I hired cleaners. They will come tomorrow. Come here.”

Shane huffed. Ilya knew the mess would bother him. But Shane went over to where Ilya was standing in the middle of the living room anyway. It had been a dance floor just a few hours ago and Ilya wanted more time to dance with his favorite person.

Ilya kissed the top of Shane's head and started to sway them both softly. “Last year this party was so hard. You already know, but the next day is when I finally decided to see someone.”

Shane looked at Ilya with the weight of their love but Ilya could also see pain in his eyes. They had talked about it many times, but it had hurt Shane that Ilya didn't tell him about Galena when he first started seeing her. Ilya knew Shane understood his reasons, and they had grown a lot as a couple since then but it was something Shane still carried. “I am so glad you did. Galena has been good for you. For us.”

Ilya nodded and continued, “It was so weird to be so happy one moment, and so sad the next. I thought if you were here too everything would be okay. Galena taught me that's not true. I can't rely on you to make me happy. But right now, you are in my arms. And I am happy.”

“Ilya, I love you. I love standing next to you and touching you - within reason - in front of our friends. You make me happy too. So happy.” Ilya looked at Shane knowing that the world only turned because they were together. “And Ilya, thank you for trusting me with your depression. Hearing you talk about it makes my love for you grow.”

Then Shane reached up and pressed his lips softly and sweetly against Ilya’s. It was the kind of kiss that Ilya usually initiated until Shane lost patience and deepened it. But tonight, they both let the soft and loving pressure be enough.

They pulled apart and gazed into each other's eyes under the ridiculous Halloween decorations, no secrets left between them and swaying to imagined music and breathing under the warmth of their unending love. Until Shane apparently couldn't take it anymore.

“I know cleaners are coming. I just need to...” and Ilya lost him to the mess in the kitchen.

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