

Gordie Howe Hat Trick

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Gordie Howe Hat Trick

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya go on their first road trip as teammates

Notes

Hi! I come bearing a gift!

A fun lil fic I wrote while talking to Olivia! Thanks for the encouragement! And a shout out to [bubbleomatic](#) for the added support and brainstorming assist!

I adore Shane and Ilya going on road trips with the team and the shenanigans everyone could get up to. I hope you enjoy this lil slice of silliness!

Enjoy! 💖

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

Chapter 1

“Are you coming with me to see Rose in L.A.?” Shane asked as he zipped up a bag containing one of his suits for their road trip.

“Of course,” Ilya replied, dumping several pairs of socks into his own bag. “I said I would.”

“I know,” Shane replied, folding the suit bag. “I’m just firming up plans. I have to text her later.”

Ilya hummed, watching his husband as he fiddled with the suit bag.

“Why are you nervous?” Ilya asked because it was obvious that Shane was. He was ninety-nine percent sure he knew what the answer was but he waited for Shane to reply.

Shane sighed, his shoulders hitching up a bit before relaxing, and he turned to Ilya, cheeks pink.

“It’s our first road trip,” he said.

Ilya smiled at him and nodded. “Yes.”

Ilya was undoubtedly excited about it. He used to enjoy road trips, before being apart from Shane got so difficult. And he was very much looking forward to their first together, as teammates.

“So, like, I don’t know. The guys are probably gonna chirp us and shit.”

“Probably. They do that all the time.”

Shane frowned, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I don’t want things to be weird.”

Ilya huffed fondly, just looking at Shane for a moment, before coming around their bed to pull Shane into his arms. Shane sighed, folding into him easily, his head coming to rest on Ilya’s shoulder, arms looped around him. Ilya kissed his forehead.

To Shane’s credit, he hadn’t really been all that anxious about the start of their first season together. He’d been just as excited as Ilya, and the team loved him already, which made things easier.

Ilya was happy to see how well Shane got on with everyone, which wasn’t surprising, Shane was easy to get along with. Ilya particularly enjoyed that Shane and Troy had made fast friends. He liked to tease Shane about it but truthfully, Ilya was glad Shane had someone he felt he could be close to that wasn’t Ilya.

He knew how difficult it had been for Shane to leave Hayden and J.J. behind and having another person on the team you could connect with (that wasn't your husband) was important.

Ilya could understand Shane's nerves about the road trip. When they were at home, it was easy to be professionals. They weren't that physically affectionate with one another at practice or during games because they were able to be at home, not having to hold back, or wait weeks to see one another.

Maybe there was some flirting, some meaningful glances, they spoke in Russian to one another on the bench and when they were on the ice for the power play together, but that was mostly so they could talk without anyone else understanding them as they strategized. They'd started a little ritual at the end of every game they won, with a hug, and Ilya kissing the top of Shane's helmet.

They had more time together than they ever had before and sometimes they needed space from each other, which was a whole new thing to navigate. There were a lot of those, if Ilya was honest. But he loved being able to explore all of those things with Shane, getting to learn new complexities about their relationship, even feeling more intimate.

This was different though. Being on the road meant sharing hotel rooms.

They'd decided, over the summer, that they would room with different teammates and not each other. They were professionals first when it came to hockey and Ilya was mostly respectful of this agreement, though he knew there were circumstances under which he would break it because he knew that Shane would, too.

Ilya did suspect the distance might be good, at least for a bit. Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that...

But he couldn't get too ahead of himself.

"Will be a little weird," Ilya replied honestly. "Is new for everyone, including us. But will be fine. I helped with the arrangements. Mostly you are with Troy and I'm with Hazy."

"Okay..." Shane replied, turning his face, and rubbing it into the spot where Ilya's shoulder met his pec. He huffed and looked up at Ilya. "You're sure?"

Ilya chuckled. "Yes, Shane."

Shane looked away and nodded and then looked back at Ilya again. "I love you..."

"I love you, too," he replied. "Even if you are a worrywart."

Shane rolled his eyes and pushed against Ilya's chest but Ilya only held him tighter.

"No! Let me go!" he laughed, not even trying very hard to get away.

"You do not want me to tide you over?" Ilya asked, wagging his brows at Shane. "Six days without sex, hm?"

Shane grinned at him, hands curling into Ilya's t-shirt. "Guess it would be silly of me to refuse."

They kissed, smiling and laughing into it. Ilya felt an upswell of joy and love, of being happy and silly with Shane like they usually were at the cottage. Only, they could do that all the time now.

Ilya walked them over to the bed, Shane collapsing back onto it, and taking Ilya with him. They parted intermittently to yank off clothing and for Ilya to grab the lube.

The past few months had been a wonderful whirlwind.

Shane signing with Ottawa, moving in together, getting married, an incredible honeymoon in Ibiza.

It was everything Ilya could have ever wanted.

They were garnering a lot more attention than they ever had before, being out, which was to be expected, but the reception had been so much more positive than anticipated.

They'd done several interviews and had a few others that were lined up. There were whispers of a documentary, maybe, that was going to follow them over the course of a few weeks, talking about their *true* history, and their relationship now.

It was a lot. Some of it good, some of it not. But Ilya felt that the good outweighed the bad.

Ilya's favorite interview had been for the local sports news in Ottawa. A bit of a full circle moment for Shane, returning to his hometown, who had welcomed him back with open arms.

Shane had gotten emotional during that interview, talking about how he had never had the chance to fully be himself, and what it was like to feel so free. It had been so poignant and sweet and Ilya had been so proud to be able to sit there next to him and talk about their love for each other and hockey.

He had loved being able to say how everyone knew Shane as one of the best Canadian hockey players of all time but that they didn't know what a truly wonderful person he was. How lucky Ilya felt to know him outside of their hockey careers.

They had already shared so many firsts with one another and it was exciting that they kept being able to do that. Ilya wasn't taking any of it for granted. He was so grateful and so lucky.

"I love you," he murmured against Shane's mouth, before working his way down Shane's body, kissing and caressing his warm, smooth skin, and the firm muscle underneath.

"Love you," Shane breathed, his fingers sliding into Ilya's curls. "So much."

Ilya smiled, pushing Shane's legs open a little wider to kiss a path down Shane's groin, to the inside of his thigh, before turning his head to press his mouth to Shane's balls, making Shane

gasp.

Ilya didn't know for sure if they would have sex on this road trip, so he supposed he really did need to make this count.

As difficult as the idea was to not have sex with his husband, who he would ostensibly see every day, he knew that Shane would be turned on by the discipline required to abstain. The amount of sexual tension they'd have by the end of the trip would probably be explosive and Ilya gave them a fifty-fifty chance of having sex in the car before they even left the parking garage at the airport to come home when all was said and done.

But he could worry about all of that later.

For now, he wanted to get Shane off spectacularly, pulling out all the stops, and doing all of Shane's favorite things; sucking on his balls, eating him out, fingering him until he begged, then fucking him hard.

Ilya ran his tongue along the seam of Shane's sac, sucking one of Shane's balls into his mouth, listening to Shane pant, fingers tightening in Ilya's hair. Ilya loved doing this, getting to hear Shane enjoying himself, and having the chance to appreciate every inch of him.

He took his time, letting one perfect, delicate orb slip from his mouth, focusing on the other, rolling it gently in his mouth.

"Fuck," Shane whimpered.

Ilya hummed, making Shane moan, running careful fingers along Shane's perineum, teasing him as he gave Shane's balls all the attention they deserved.

"Fuck, Ilya. Love this."

Ilya knew but he appreciated being told so. He smiled, finally pulling away, and patting Shane's hip.

"Turn over."

Shane did as he was told, moving further up the bed, which was very sexy to watch. Ilya enjoyed seeing Shane crawl and the view of his ass like that was pretty spectacular.

Finding a more comfortable spot, Shane rested his chest on the mattress, ass in the air. Ilya chuckled, grabbing Shane's ass cheeks in both hands, squeezing.

"Second most perfect ass in the NHL," he purred, before leaning in to bite Shane's right cheek.

"Ow! Fucker!" Shane yelled and Ilya made a soft noise.

"Wasn't that hard," he said, admiring his handiwork.

Shane looked over his shoulder at Ilya, dark eyes flashing.

“If I have a bite mark on my ass...”

Ilya just chuckled, running his tongue over the mark, and kissing it. “Is fine.”

“Ilya, I swear to god...”

“No one will see it unless they are looking.”

“Ugh.”

Ilya laughed, kissing along Shane’s waist and a little up his spine in placation, before returning to his ass, pulling his cheeks apart, and diving in. He fluttered his tongue gently against Shane’s rim, the way that he knew Shane loved, and smiled to himself as Shane relaxed.

“It’s a good thing you’re so good with your tongue,” Shane murmured, words a little slurred.

“Brat,” Ilya grumbled, nipping him lightly this time, before using longer strokes of his tongue against Shane’s hole. Shane pushed back against him and Ilya held him in place, switching between the flutters and long strokes until he could poke his tongue inside.

“God, yes, fuck. So good.”

Ilya fucked Shane’s ass with his tongue for a bit, just listening to the way that Shane whined and panted and moaned as he did it, before he pulled back, reaching for the lube and snapping the cap open.

He slicked his fingers, pushing his thumb slowly into Shane, watching the way his back arched, a punched out sound pulled from him.

“Oh shit,” Shane whimpered. “Jesus...”

Ilya hummed, giving Shane a moment, before adding his other thumb. Shane’s hands gripped their comforter, his body pulled taut.

“Fucking hell, Rozanov. That’s... *a lot* ...”

“Mm,” Ilya replied casually. “But you are taking it so well.”

Shane was breathing hard. Ilya gave him a little longer to adjust, before carefully stretching him apart to use his tongue once more, slipping into Shane.

“Holy God. Fucking... *Ilya*, fuck—!”

Ilya kept going, listening to the way Shane moaned and swore. He pulled away eventually, removing his thumbs, and giving Shane a moment to resetttle, his back rising and falling in harsh waves.

He was so stunning like this. Ilya loved when Shane was all riled up and horny and needy. He wasn’t burdened by his anxiety or embarrassment. Ilya loved watching the way the muscles

of his ass, thighs, and back moved, the perfect display of athleticism.

Ilya rubbed his index finger against Shane's entrance, pushing inside, nudging up against his prostate, and started a rhythm.

"Are you trying—" Shane gasped. "To kill me?"

"No," Ilya cooed. "Making it worth your while. Want you to remember this."

Shane moaned and Ilya kept going, adding another finger, and then a third, fingering Shane until he was a shivering, whimpering mess.

Ilya withdrew his fingers and Shane whined, breathing hard, his cock leaking all over their comforter. Ilya just admired him for a few more moments, before flipping his husband onto his side. He wanted to watch Shane's face as he fucked him.

Shane looked perfectly debauched; his hair was mussed, lips swollen, eyes dark and full of desire, face flushed.

"Are you gonna finally fuck me?" he asked, turning his head to look at Ilya and Ilya made a show of slicking his aching cock with lube, which gave him some relief. Getting Shane worked up like this did it as much for him as it did for Shane.

"What do you think?" Ilya asked as he straddled Shane's leg, resting the other on his shoulder as he pressed his dick against Shane's hole.

"Fuck, yes. Come on. Want you in me."

Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane's muscular thigh, moving carefully because this position was different and relatively new to them. Shane groaned, hands fisted in the comforter as Ilya pushed inside, overwhelmed by how fucking good Shane felt. He always felt so good; so hot and tight and perfect.

"So tight," Ilya breathed, in Russian. "So perfect."

He gave a few tentative thrusts, slightly adjusting his hips, and finding a good rhythm. It didn't take long for Shane to get loud. Ilya loved when he was like this, loved hearing him moaning and gasping and whining. He loved when Shane made his pleasure known, uninhibited.

"Yes, Shane. Let me hear it."

"So fucking good, Ilya. Love having you inside me. Love you. Don't stop."

Ilya had no intention of stopping. He held Shane's leg with one arm, the other hanging by his side as he fucked hard into his husband, chasing his pleasure.

"Yeah. Fuck yeah. Shit. Just like that."

Ilya pressed his face to Shane's shin, kissing his skin.

“You are so beautiful like this, my beloved. I love being inside you. Love watching you.”

Shane reached down, stroking his cock furiously.

“Yes. Come on. Let me see it.”

“Fuck, fuck, I’m coming, ah—!”

Ilya watched as Shane came all over his hand, body spasming around Ilya. He fucked Shane through his orgasm, feeling that familiar pressure building, before he came, too, emptying himself into Shane.

They were both breathing heavily and Ilya closed his eyes, soaking up the pleasure of the moment, resting his hand on Shane’s thigh.

“That was incredible,” Shane breathed and Ilya laughed, kissing Shane’s calf, before carefully pulling out of him. He eased Shane’s leg down, then flopped next to him, stretching out languidly, all pleasantly floaty.

The moment was interrupted as Ilya’s bag fell on the floor.

“Shit!” Shane exclaimed and Ilya jumped too.

“Ehn,” he huffed. “Whatever.”

Shane started laughing and Ilya laughed, too, rolling over to press his face into Shane’s ribs, kissing his warm skin.

Shane shifted, curling around Ilya, his face buried in Ilya’s curls.

“I love you so much,” he hummed.

“I love you, too,” Ilya replied, his heart feeling too big for his chest. “So much, Shane.”

They stayed curled together for a bit before finally getting up to clean up the mess they’d made and finish packing.

They changed back into their clothing and Shane turned to Ilya. He cupped his face in his warm hands, looking up at Ilya with his earnest eyes.

“What?” Ilya asked softly, wrapping his fingers around Shane’s wrists, turning to kiss one palm.

“I’m so happy I’m married to you,” Shane said, soft and awed.

Ilya smiled at him, his insides melting into goo.

“Me, too. I am proud to be your husband.”

Shane nodded, his thumbs stroking over Ilya’s cheekbones.

“Thanks for tiding me over.”

Ilya chuckled, pulling Shane into his arms and holding him close.

“Of course.”

Shane pressed in close, nuzzling into Ilya, and Ilya kissed into his hair.

It would be a tough week of travel and (mostly) refraining from sex, but they would have coming home to look forward to. They would be just fine.

Chapter 2

“Goodbye, Anya,” Ilya said, cradling the dog in his arms, and kissing her face goodbye. “Be a good girl and we will see you in a few days.”

Shane chuckled, watching his husband and Anya fondly, reaching out to stroke Anya’s soft fur. While Ilya was the obvious favorite, he and Anya had managed to form a bond of their own. He would miss her while they were away.

“Have fun, Anya. We’ll miss you,” he said.

Ilya gave her a few more kisses before finally handing her over to the amazing staff at *Black Dog Pet Resort and Spa*. The place was nicer than some of the hotels Shane had spent time in while on the road and he knew it comforted Ilya to know that Anya was well taken care of.

Ilya got Anya all signed in, getting all of her information so he could watch her on video in her room and know her schedule for feedings and exercise and play time, and they left the hotel to head back to the car to get to the airport.

“You okay?” Shane asked, resting his hand on Ilya’s thigh as Ilya drove.

“Fine,” Ilya replied. “Is just hard to leave her.”

“I know,” Shane soothed. “But she’s a pro at this by now. She’ll be fine.”

Ilya nodded in agreement, getting them back on the road.

It took them about twenty minutes to get to the airport, parking the Mercedes, and grabbing their bags. Evan Dykstra and Wyatt Hayes had arrived with them and they all walked together, grabbing some snacks that the kitchen staff had provided for them, along with some water bottles for the road.

They were flying overnight, which was kind of rough, but they had a free day to spare when they got to the west coast, which allowed some recovery time.

Ilya left Shane to attend to some Captaincy duties and Shane fell into stride with D and Hazy, chatting with them easily.

The entire team had been so warm and welcoming to Shane that his transition had felt pretty seamless. He had had to learn a new coaching style, of course, new styles of play, and line combinations, but everyone made it super simple.

They were a fun group of guys and Shane was really understanding what Ilya had meant by the “impeccable vibes.” They really were amazing. Everyone was just so friendly and open. They’d done a few team bonding things during pre-season, grabbing dinner to welcome Shane to the team and a barbecue at Zane Boodram’s place with everyone’s partners. Shane felt like he had known everyone for years, rather than weeks.

And it was clear how much they adored Ilya as their Captain.

More than one of the guys had mentioned to Shane how happy Ilya was, which had made Shane simultaneously pleased and sad. Pleased because Ilya was happy and he should always be happy, sad because it had been obvious how down Ilya had been.

Ilya was good at hiding his feelings but there was a lot he had sacrificed for Shane, and Shane didn't want him to feel that he had to do that any more.

Getting to see so much of Ilya's life, the pieces that Shane had never gotten to see, was eye-opening and humbling and gratifying. He hadn't thought it was possible to love Ilya more than he did, but god, he loved him more and more every day.

Shane loved all of the things about Ilya that he never got to experience first hand. They had always talked about workout routines and when they saw their trainers and how it was with their teammates, but it was a whole other thing to experience it.

Shane loved seeing how the team and coaches and staff loved Ilya. He had such good, easy rapport with everyone. Ilya was hard *not* to love, really.

It just filled Shane with so much pride and love and happiness at seeing Ilya in his element like this and he felt so grateful to be a part of it. To share this experience with him in this way. Another layer of intimacy for them.

Shane caught up with his teammates as they headed onto the plane, grabbing their seats, placing their things in the overhead bins. Shane made sure to have his iPad available for later, his charger, his phone.

He sat in the window seat, greeting other teammates and staff as they boarded the plane, striking up a conversation with Troy, who was sitting behind him.

Ilya finally flopped into the seat next to Shane, still talking to Nick Chouinard. Shane chuckled softly to himself and nudged up against Ilya a little. Ilya nudged back.

They settled in when the pilot announced they were taxiing for takeoff. Ilya was a little tense in his seat, threading his fingers with Shane's. Ilya had said he was better about planes than he had been after January but there was still some residual anxiety.

Shane was happy to offer support and he would gladly take any excuse to hold Ilya's hand.

Take off was perfectly normal and fine and once they were free to roam about the cabin, guys moved around in their seats, asking who wanted to play poker, who was watching basketball, guys settling in to watch movies, or listen to music, or play games on their phones.

"You gonna play poker?" Shane asked Ilya.

"A few rounds," Ilya replied. "You?"

"Maybe watch something and then go to sleep. I'm tired."

“Okay,” Ilya replied, offering Shane a smile, and brushing his fingers against Shane’s arm.

“Hey, Roz!” Tanner Dillon said, handing Ilya a hat. Ilya took it curiously and Shane realized a bunch of the guys were snickering around them. Ilya and Shane peered into the hat, to find individually wrapped bags of earplugs.

Ilya burst out laughing and Shane felt his face begin to heat.

“It’s just a precaution!” Bood called from somewhere behind them. “Just in case y’all forgot that this is a road trip and not your honeymoon!”

“Oh my god,” Shane groaned, placing his head in his hands. “We won’t! We have rules!”

“Oh, rulesssssss! Right!” chimed Hazy.

“Aren’t those meant to be broken?” Ilya asked cheekily and Shane swatted at his husband.

God, why couldn’t Ilya be on his side for once?

“These,” Shane said, pinching the earplug bag in his fingers and wiggling it in Ilya’s face. “Won’t be necessary.”

“No, of course not,” Ilya replied teasingly.

Shane rolled his eyes. “I hate you.”

Ilya grinned at him. “You love me.”

“Awww!” some of the guys around them cooed and Shane scowled unhappily at Ilya.

“I’m gonna look up divorce lawyers while you’re playing poker,” he grumbled.

Ilya simply chuckled some more. “Is only fun. Relax, Hollander.”

Shane huffed. He knew that their team was just teasing them but Shane was serious about being professional on this road trip. He really didn’t need their teammates hearing them have sex or even knowing that they were having it.

Shane’s idea of an audience was a pure fantasy. In reality, the idea made him a little queasy.

Ilya seemed to know exactly what was going through his mind because he settled his chin on Shane’s shoulder and looked at him with a soft expression.

“Is fine,” he murmured. “We have our rule. We will be professional. Nothing you do not want, okay?”

Shane, mollified, nodded his head.

“Okay.”

Ilya hummed and pressed a kiss to his cheek. “I’m going to play poker.”

“Okay,” Shane chuckled. “Don’t lose all your money.”

Ilya grinned. “Do not worry about me. Worry about D.”

Shane shook his head and allowed Ilya to steal a quick, chaste kiss, before he was out of his seat, joining some of the guys for poker. Shane settled in his seat, picking up his iPad, turning it on.

He put in his headphones and scrolled through his apps. He’d downloaded a few movies, mostly ones that starred Rose, and one season of a TV show that Jackie had recommended the last time they had seen the Pikes.

Shane wasn’t much of a TV or movie guy, but he didn’t mind having some background noise.

He got himself all comfortable and settled in his seat, pulling one of the airplane blankets over himself, and started the first episode of the first season of the TV show.

It didn’t take him very long to fall asleep after that, waking up as someone adjusted his blanket, kissed his cheek, and took his iPad.

“Mm?”

“Go back to sleep,” Ilya murmured. Shane hummed, taking out his headphones.

“Did you win a boatload of money?” Shane whispered, watching as Ilya settled into his seat again. Shane snuggled up against Ilya’s side, resting his head on his shoulder.

He felt more than heard Ilya’s chuckle. “Not that much. Some. Like, five thousand.”

“*Nice.*” Shane was honestly impressed. That was a decent amount.

Ilya hummed and kissed the top of Shane’s head. Shane sighed and was back to sleep in moments.

They arrived in L.A. and finally made it to their hotel.

Shane looked at the table set up that had the envelopes containing their room numbers, keycards, and who was rooming with who.

Shane found his name and smiled at seeing that he was rooming with Troy, as Ilya had said.

“Shane has a very long dental routine,” Shane overheard Ilya saying to Troy. He turned, looking behind him, arching a brow at Ilya as Ilya met his eyes.

“Good luck with that,” Ilya said to Troy.

“Fuck you,” Shane replied.

Troy just smiled and shook his head. Ilya beamed.

“Looks like it’s you and me, Roz,” Wyatt said, resting a hand on Ilya’s shoulder.

“We are the party room,” Ilya replied. “The most fun.”

Shane rolled his eyes, opened the envelope, and handed a keycard to Troy.

“Thanks,” Troy said. “Wanna head up?”

“Sure.”

Of all the people on the team, Shane felt closest to Troy. Ilya had said that he thought that they would get along well and Shane had been only a little annoyed to find that Ilya was right.

They were both Canadian boys, having grown up in hockey, and known it their whole lives. They had hit it off at camps and Shane had been surprised how Troy had confided in him. But he understood.

There were only four active, openly queer hockey players in the NHL. It was sort of funny that three of them were on the Centaurs but they were still a minority. Not being able to talk about who you loved and all of the feelings around that was hard and if Troy felt like Shane did, it was a relief to have someone to talk to about it.

Shane told Ilya pretty much everything but having an external reference point was... nice. Shane knew he needed more queer friends and this was a good start. Troy and Harris had come by their house a few times during their camps, bringing Chiron so he and Anya could play.

It had been really good. Being open and hanging out and not having to hide any more. Ilya and Shane had left all of their pictures up from the wedding and Shane had decided, for Ilya’s birthday, to have a whole photoshoot for them.

They didn’t have any pictures that were romantic, besides whatever pictures friends had managed to take at their wedding. They hadn’t had a photographer, they hadn’t had engagement photos.

Shane knew Ilya would appreciate it and he thought it would be a good way to surprise him.

“I have a pretty decent facial routine so, don’t worry about it,” Troy said, bringing Shane back to the present.

Shane laughed. “I’m not. Ilya just likes being a dick.”

“That is kind of his deal, yeah.”

Shane snorted and Troy chuckled.

They took the elevator up and got to their room, dropping off their bags.

“You want anything from Starbucks?” Shane asked Troy as they unpacked some of their toiletries and hung up their suits.

“Yeah, that’d be great,” Troy replied and Shane typed out his order in his notes app.

He texted Ilya, asking if he and Wyatt wanted anything, then changed into more comfortable clothes as Troy went to take a shower.

Ilya texted back with his and Wyatt’s coffee requests and Shane went downstairs to the Starbucks in the hotel.

He texted a bit with Rose, ordered the four coffees, and then headed back upstairs when they were ready.

Ilya and Wyatt were staying a few rooms down from Shane and Troy on the same floor. Shane knocked on the door and Wyatt answered.

“Hey! Thanks!” he said warmly, accepting the two coffees. “Ilya’s hashing out bus boarding times and team meals with Coach if you’re looking for him.”

Shane smiled. “No problem. That’s okay. I know he’s busy. I’ll see you later.”

“Sounds good!”

Shane went back to his room, finding Troy changed, and texting.

“Harris?”

Troy nodded. “Yeah. Just letting him know we’re here and settled in. Thanks.”

Shane smiled as Troy took his coffee.

Troy and Shane chatted for a bit, drinking their coffee, before they both got texts. It was Ilya in the team text chat, letting everyone know what time they’d need to be on the bus for the game, and what time lunch and dinner were for the team tonight. People were on their own for tomorrow.

“So much time to nap,” Troy sighed. “Thank god.”

Shane laughed. “Yeah, exactly.”

The rest of the day was pretty relaxed. The team had lunch together in the hotel and more or less everyone went back to nap. Some of the guys were going to walk around and go shopping before dinner, some were going to play Mario Kart in one of their rooms.

Shane and Ilya would see Rose tomorrow before the game, so he was fine with just taking it easy today, amused that Ilya was going to be playing Mario Kart.

Apparently this was his practice for the “tournament” they had at the children’s hospital in Ottawa. He allegedly had a title to uphold as “Mario Kart Champion.”

Shane napped and hung out with Troy in their hotel room before heading out to dinner, which was fun and a little rowdy. It was kind of weird not seeing Ilya all that much and so they caught up a bit at dinner.

“So, did you win?” Shane asked as they sat together, Shane pressing his thigh against Ilya’s under the table.

“Hm?”

“The Mario Kart thing?”

“Oh!” Ilya laughed. “I did. Of course. Have to practice so I can win when we go to the hospital.”

“The hospital?”

“Yes. The tournament we play with the kids. I am the champion.”

“Oh, yeah. I remember you telling me about that.”

They talked a bit about the game and then got wrapped up in other conversation about their upcoming game and other sports and things people wanted to do in the different cities on their road trip.

After dinner, mostly everyone went back to their rooms.

Before, when Shane and Ilya were on separate teams, they would text or video call, and usually have sex. So it was a little strange now, being together, openly, and not going back to either of their rooms to have sex.

“Well, goodnight, I guess,” Shane said to Ilya as they stood outside Ilya’s hotel room door. He toed at the carpet, sort of wishing Ilya would break the rule they’d made, but knowing he probably wouldn’t. Not yet at least.

Ilya didn’t say anything. He shifted slightly and slid a finger under Shane’s chin, lifting his face. Ilya looked at him, his expression assessing, fond. Shane looked back, his heart wobbling in his chest. Ilya held Shane in place and kissed him.

Shane sighed into it, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s neck, one hand in his curls. Ilya slid his hands into the back pockets of Shane’s jeans to hold him close, kissing him in that commanding, tender way of his, dancing along the edge of filthy, and making Shane feel adored and precious.

It was exactly what Shane needed and also the last thing that Shane needed.

They broke apart and he sighed, resting his forehead on Ilya’s shoulder, whining softly.

“Will be fine,” Ilya soothed, running one hand up and down Shane’s back soothingly, his other hand sliding along his waist to hold him.

“I know... just...”

Shane was half-hard in his jeans just from that kiss and he needed a few seconds to cool his blood.

Ilya hummed in agreement.

Shane looked up at him and stole one more kiss before stepping away.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too.”

“See you tomorrow.”

Ilya smiled, warm and amused. “Goodnight, Shane.”

“Night.”

Shane stuffed his hands in his pockets, walking backwards, watching Ilya key into his room, and step inside. He blew Shane a kiss and closed the door. Shane sighed, staring up at the ceiling and turned on his heel, heading to his own room.

After he and Troy went about their nighttime rituals, they watched a random late night talk show.

“You know,” Troy said, shifting on his bed.

Shane turned to look at him.

“If you and Roz wanted to like, hook up and stuff, the team wouldn’t care.”

Shane blinked at Troy, surprised. He felt his cheeks warm a bit, but he turned on his side to better look at him.

“You think?”

Troy nodded. “Yeah. I mean, everyone would chirp the shit out of you guys, but like, no one would actually care if you did. You’re married. And you’re lucky. It’s cool to be able to play with the person you love. At least, I can imagine it is.”

Shane laughed and nodded. “Yeah. That doesn’t surprise me. I would expect that. And yeah... it is pretty cool. I feel really lucky. I guess it’s just hard not knowing where to draw the line. We’re professionals. I’m not meant to get, like, special treatment or anything. We don’t want anyone to feel uncomfortable.”

Troy smiled. He had a nice smile. One that transformed his normally serious face into something more relaxed and boyish.

“I think you would be the last person that Roz would give special treatment to.”

Shane laughed properly at that, flopping back onto his pillows, a hand in his hair. “God, you’re right. I hate when he dicks around and doesn’t try and I know he feels the same about me. The last thing he would do would make me feel special.”

Troy chuckled. “I think this is the happiest any of us have seen him. Being on the same team as you.”

Shane blushed deeply at that, his heart aching. He was glad that Ilya was happy but it reminded him of how much he hadn’t seen. How sad and alone Ilya had felt last year.

“I’m glad. I’m happy, too. It’s pretty cool.”

“Yeah,” Troy agreed and then shrugged. “Anyway. Just putting that out there.”

“Thanks,” Shane said, smiling. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Chapter 3

The vibes for this road trip were perfect.

The team had won all of the games that they had played so far. Everyone was in high spirits and they were all having fucking fun.

Road trips were so great for helping the team really bond and click and it was enjoyable getting to see everyone meshing so well, to be a part of it all, and to actually be having fun. They'd planned some excursions, which were always a nice addition, and a good way to relieve stress while on the road.

All work and no play never really did anyone any good.

Ilya had realized over the course of the season so far how he hadn't really been himself. He'd known it, and the last year had been hard in a lot of ways, but he was starting to see just how affected he had been at the time.

His meds were working well, therapy was good, marriage was excellent. It did kind of suck to have to jerk off quietly in the shower while Shane was only a few rooms away. But besides not being able to have sex with his husband, Ilya felt good. He felt like himself again. It was really nice.

Currently, the team and some staff were on their way to Lake Louise in Banff. Ilya had never been before but had heard a lot about it from Shane and other Canadian teammates. He'd seen pictures and the place looked gorgeous.

They were going to a hot spring after, too, which Ilya was very much looking forward to.

When they made it to the lake, Ilya was awestruck. It was more beautiful than he could have anticipated. He saw people post pictures and videos skating on Lake Louise all the time and it seemed impossible it could look this incredible, but it really was.

"It's beautiful, right?" Shane said, sidling up to Ilya's side. He was wearing his winter jacket and a toque, hands stuffed in his pockets, his cheeks and the tip of his nose were pink from the cold. He looked so perfectly cozy and beautiful. Ilya wanted to kiss him.

"It is," he replied, turning his gaze only briefly away from his husband to look at the lake and mountains.

"We should take some pictures," Shane said and Ilya smiled, nodding, his heart warming at Shane suggesting it.

Ilya wanted to take as many pictures as possible with Shane. So many years together and almost no pictures of their relationship. He wanted to make up for lost time. He wanted to take pictures of everything they did together. He wanted to make sappy posts for holidays and birthdays and anniversaries.

He wanted the whole world to see how much he loved Shane... even if they were on a road trip for work.

“I would like that.”

“I know.”

They smiled at each other and went to join the rest of the team, slipping on their skates.

“Don’t be a bunch of idiots!” Coach Wiebe warned as they went out onto the lake. “We’re still on a road trip! No unnecessary injuries!”

“Yes, Coach!” most of the guys responded.

Coach turned to Ilya, sighing. “Keep an eye on them, Captain.”

Ilya gave him a salute. “Yes, sir!” he said in Russian and went out onto the ice, Wiebe and Shane chuckling behind him.

Ilya skated out onto the frozen lake, mesmerized. The ice was so clear, the water underneath so blue. It was gorgeous and skating on it was magical. He looked down at his skates, watching the way his blades cut the ice. It was like art.

“This is amazing!” Luca said as he skated by Ilya, laughing. It made Ilya laugh, too, smiling. The whole team was having a good time, skating together, uninhibited and joyful.

Nobody was really doing anything stupid, either. They were all just marveling at the lake and the mountains, skating together.

Shane came up next to Ilya and Ilya glanced at him, smiling. Shane was a beautiful skater. Ilya always enjoyed watching him when he could, feeling spoiled that he got to experience it almost all the time. He moved so fluidly, with an expert grace that was wonderful to watch.

They had never skated together in a non-professional setting. They’d never been to a local ice rink or been on the Rideau Canal, though Shane promised him they would this winter. Being here, another first for them, felt special.

Ilya smiled as Shane skated backwards in front of him, doing some crossovers, hands in his pockets.

“Show off,” Ilya teased and Shane grinned at him, looking absolutely gorgeous, with the mountains as a backdrop. Was it possible to love Shane more, in this moment, than he ever had before? He felt like he loved Shane more and more each day, with every new experience, and every moment they got to share, without having to wait.

“Always,” Shane replied, laughing.

He came to skate back by Ilya’s side and took Ilya’s hand. They skated together, moving in tandem, glancing at one another every so often. Ilya lifted Shane’s gloved hand to his mouth and kissed the back, which made Shane giggle.

“We never got to do this before,” Shane said, looking up at Ilya. “It’s nice.”

Ilya felt so full of love he could have rocketed into space. “It is.”

They skated around some more as a pair, Ilya taking Shane’s other hand, and skating backwards in front of him, both of them laughing.

Shane asked Troy to take a few pictures of them, arms wrapped around one another, grinning widely.

“These are great,” Shane said as they looked at the shots Troy had snapped. “I’ll send them to you.”

And they were great. The two of them, smiling widely, looking happy, and *together*.

They were on the ice for about an hour and a half of skating, before taking their leave. They headed back into Banff, where they were all ushered up to a very nice resort that housed the hot springs. There were lockers for their clothing and shoes, with towels and robes available.

The resort was all very fancy and upscale, the furniture all comfortable and loungey. There were all different kinds of amenities beyond just the hot springs, like massages, yoga, and Reiki.

The hot spring they were utilizing was empty except for the team, the outdoor area was humid and steamy, but still a bit chilly. Sliding into the hot water felt amazing.

“Have you ever done this before, Roz?” Wyatt asked as they sat together against the hot spring’s wall.

“No,” Ilya replied honestly. “Lots of saunas, not hot springs. I do not think hot tubs count.”

Wyatt laughed. “Definitely not.”

“Have you?”

“A few times with my family when I was young. It’s been years since I’ve been. I should take Lisa sometime...”

Ilya smiled and stretched his arms out on either side of the pool wall behind him, looking around as the other guys floated or sat and chatted. It was very relaxed, which wasn’t surprising. The Centaurs weren’t a particularly rowdy group. They all had fun but in a chill kind of way.

“You hanging in there, Cap?” Wyatt asked.

Ilya turned his head to look at his goalie. “Yes. Of course. We are winning and this is very relaxing.”

Wyatt chuckled. “For sure. It’s been good.” Wyatt tipped his curly head toward Shane, who was talking to Bood and Luca. “But I meant with Shane.”

Ilya shrugged casually. "Is fine. A little strange. This is new for us."

"I bet. Kind of wild. But good, yeah?"

"Yes," Ilya replied, watching Wyatt carefully. "Should I be concerned?"

"No, man. Not at all. We're all happy for you and Shane. We love having him on the team. He's a great player and an awesome guy! I know we were chirping on the plane, but like, you know no one cares if you guys are like, couple-y and stuff, right?"

Ilya chuckled at hearing that. Not surprised to hear it but it was nice for Wyatt to say it.

"I thought maybe not, but..." he shrugged again.

"Shane's an anxious guy."

Ilya nodded. "Yes."

Wyatt hummed in understanding. "I'm just letting you know that no one cares. You're both professionals and we know that. We trust you."

"Thanks, Hazy." Ilya smiled at him. "That means a lot."

"Hey. It's true. Just wanted you to know."

Ilya nodded in understanding.

"So, do you know why we're passing right over Ottawa and going straight to Toronto instead of home?" Wyatt asked, changing the subject in the random way he often did.

"No," Ilya chuckled. "Poor planning on the part of the NHL schedulers, I think."

Wyatt sighed. "Fair enough, I guess. My family's gonna be there! So that's cool!"

Ilya sat with Hazy and chatted a bit longer, mostly about what he would be getting up to with his sister, her wife, and their son. A few of the other guys came by, just to talk.

After the hot spring, they all went back into town for lunch, before they would head back to their hotel.

They found a bistro that everyone seemed enthusiastic about and Shane stepped in to be the de facto leader, as he was the only person on the team who spoke fluent French.

Ilya stood behind his husband, listening to him as he spoke to the host, the way his voice changed slightly, the lilt a little different. It was ridiculously sexy for no reason, but he supposed that this was how Shane felt about Ilya's accent and speaking in Russian.

They were seated at a large table in the back of the bistro, helping the servers move tables to accommodate them all.

“What do you want to eat?” Shane asked as they looked at the menu after they were passed out, his chin hooked over Ilya’s upper arm.

“I think, this?” Ilya replied, pointing to an item on the menu that he was pretty sure was a chicken sandwich. The menu was in French, so he wasn’t entirely sure.

Shane chuckled. “The chicken sandwich with aioli?”

“Yes. Please.”

“You want the truffle fries, too?”

“Of course.”

Shane smiled and pressed his thigh against Ilya’s under the table, which he’d been doing every time they sat next to one another at a team meal. Ilya was enjoying it.

“Got it,” Shane said.

Shane ordered their lunch for them in his perfect French, which was a ridiculous and unfair turn on for Ilya. Ilya was pretty sure Shane knew what he was doing and Ilya was beginning to suspect several things about his husband.

One , he was regretting their no sex rule, but *two* , was too stubborn to take it back, so *three* , was now making it a challenge.

Ilya knew that they were both going to break at some point... it was just a matter of who would break first. And Shane wanted it to be Ilya.

He definitely didn’t want it to be him but it was really fucking hard to not be horny for Shane when he was looking so handsome and talking all sexy in French.

“What?” Shane asked, as if he didn’t know exactly what he was doing. He had a little smirk on his face, the little shit.

Ilya shook his head, smiling ruefully. “Nothing.”

They got their food and ate with the rest of the team, joking and laughing.

Shane stole some of Ilya’s fries off his plate and gave Ilya his pickles.

Everything was casual and relaxed and nothing about it was weird or uncomfortable.

Everyone knew that Shane and Ilya were together and no one blinked an eye. They didn’t treat them differently or look at them strangely or anything.

Ilya loved this team so much. He loved their acceptance and good humor and how personable they all were. He loved the lack of judgment and how hard everyone had tried to be understanding and open.

Lunch was paid for and they were back on the road to head to their hotel. Ilya was sitting next to Luca, who had fallen asleep on his shoulder. It was very sweet and he was staying very still so as not to disturb him.

Bood had already snapped a picture and sent it along to their social media admin, along with some other pictures from their outing, including one of Ilya and Shane hugging. He was a little nervous about that picture, but also excited about that post going up.

One of the first official posts from the team that showed them being... close.

Nothing was posted yet, so he was just idly scrolling on Instagram when a text from Shane came in.

Shane: Today was really great

Ilya: yes. It was

Shane: Everyone is so... chill. I forgot how much fun it can be to hang out with your teammates. It's really nice

Ilya: Did you miss it?

Shane: Yeah. I think I spent so long being wrapped up in perfection that I forgot about this. J.J. and Hayden are great but...

Ilya: Not the same when everyone gets along

Shane: Exactly

Ilya: ❤️

Shane: I love you. Thank you

Ilya: I love you, too. I did nothing

Shane: for letting me have some of your fries

Ilya: You are a thief

Shane: 😊

Shane: ❤️

Ilya chuckled softly and looked out the window as they went, feeling very lucky for this team.

Chapter 4

Shane woke up before his alarm.

He gave himself a few moments to just lay in bed, warm and comfortable, waking up slowly, before reaching an arm out from under the covers to grab his phone and turn off his unused alarm.

He was acutely aware of sleeping alone and feeling a stab of forlornness at knowing that Ilya was so close, yet so far away.

Shane checked his phone for the time and any texts, finding none, and quietly got out of bed.

He moved around the room as carefully as possible so as not to wake Troy, changing into workout clothes. He slid into his sneakers, grabbed his phone, and made sure he had his keycard, before heading to the hotel gym.

Shane closed his eyes as he rode the elevator down, opening them when the elevator arrived at the proper floor. He followed the signs for the gym and found it empty except for one other person.

Shane smiled, his heart skipping a little at seeing the familiar head of wild golden-brown curls.

Ilya was on the floor of the gym stretching, his back to Shane. His phone was by his leg, along with his airpod case, and it was highly likely he was listening to music.

Shane approached his husband, kicking his sneakered foot. Ilya looked up, his expression softening at seeing who was disturbing him. He paused his music.

“Hey,” Shane said.

“Hi,” Ilya replied.

Shane joined him on the floor and they stretched together, in silence, before heading to the treadmills. Ilya offered Shane one airpod wordlessly and Shane took it, sliding it into his ear, to listen to whatever Ilya was listening to.

It had become something that they had just started doing whenever they worked out together during the season. Ilya had wanted to expose Shane to more music and Shane humored him. Though, he did enjoy being able to bond with Ilya about various different topics.

New layers of their relationship had started to appear now that they were married and living together. Some of it was filled with growing pains but they had gotten better at navigating those. Mostly, they both delighted in new things they were learning and discovering about one another.

Shane still marveled at finding himself feeling like he was falling more and more in love.

Actually getting to date and be out in public. To be seen. For others to know that they were in love.

But this was something just for them. Their own special intimacy.

They ran for a bit, listening to a mix of EDM and pop music. Ilya peeled off his t-shirt half-way through, hanging it off the side of the treadmill, which Shane knew he had done on purpose.

Ilya was always unfairly handsome and sexy, but even more so when he was drenched in sweat.

They walked on the treadmills for a bit as a cool down when they were finished and Shane gave Ilya his airpod back. He watched Ilya drink from his water bottle, still fascinated by the way his throat worked. Ilya glanced at him, smirking, and held out the water bottle, shaking it at Shane.

Shane took it, squirting water into his mouth, maintaining eye contact with Ilya as he did it. Ilya chuckled.

“Does this remind you of anything?” Ilya asked as they got ready to leave, crowding into Shane’s space, reaching up to fiddle with Shane’s ponytail.

Shane looked at his husband through his lashes. “Maybe.”

“Less competitive.”

“Still hot.”

Ilya smirked and chuckled, ducking his head to nuzzle Shane’s jaw, and kiss him just under his ear.

“Are you going to think about me when you jerk off in the shower later?” Ilya whispered.

“Stop,” Shane murmured weakly, resting a hand on Ilya’s damp chest, fingers splaying out, feeling his warm skin, the catch of his chest hair under Shane’s palm. God, he missed touching him, tasting him. And yeah, fuck, that was *exactly* what he was going to do. Just like the last time...

Why did this almost feel worse than when they were on separate teams?

Maybe because Ilya *wasn't* forbidden. Shane could kiss him, touch him. They could sneak away for a quickie somewhere. But it was making the commitment to have self-control and not give in that did it for Shane.

Even if it was fucking *hard*.

Ilya just hummed, brushing his lips over Shane’s cheekbone.

“You and your rules.”

Shane huffed, flicking Ilya’s pec with his finger. Ilya laughed.

“We’re professionals.”

“Yes, yes,” Ilya replied, putting his t-shirt back on. “Come on.”

They went back upstairs together, meeting a mother and daughter in the elevator who recognized them and were very excited about it. That interaction pretty sufficiently killed whatever sexual tension there was between Shane and Ilya.

They parted on their floor with a prolonged look, heading back to their respective rooms.

“Alright!” Shane cheered as he slammed his body into Ilya’s, hugging him. Ilya was smiling, hand resting on top of Shane’s helmet, knocking their heads together, grinning.

“Beautiful pass, Hollander!” Ilya yelled over the crowd and Shane beamed at him.

A moment later, Troy, Bood, and Dykstra joined them, squeezing in to hug and cheer.

Ilya had scored a gorgeous backhand shot on the goalie’s glove side, pushing them into the lead against Minnesota.

Shane loved being on the ice with Ilya for the power play and having the privilege of watching Ilya when he was on the bench between shifts.

The group dispersed and Shane watched as Ilya went down the line of their bench, sliding his glove down as he went. He looked so fucking good, all geared up, his stubble a bit thicker, not quite a beard yet, but rugged, his curls just barely poking out at the bottom of his helmet.

And he was smiling.

Shane was definitely half-hard in his jock but he couldn’t even be self-conscious about it.

Shane and Ilya had always teased one another but Shane had to admit that Ilya always looked *so fucking cool*. Effortlessly so. Having fun.

Shane would never not take hockey seriously and he loved the sport but there was something about Ilya’s devil-may-care attitude that was appealing in all kinds of ways. And was maybe rubbing off on Shane a little.

The game was going well. So far they were up by two points at the beginning of the third, so they just had to maintain this or keep scoring.

“Nice job on the power play, fellas!” Wiebe said. “Let’s keep it going!”

He rested his head on Shane’s helmet, rubbing the top of it. “Nice pass out there, Hollander!”

“Thanks, Coach!”

Shane smiled, shaking his head a little, and grabbed a water bottle.

Ilya came off after his shift, the bench rejiggering, and he sat next to Shane, bumping up against him, nearly tipping Shane over.

“Asshole,” Shane huffed, shoving him back.

Ilya just laughed, squirting water into his mouth, and grabbing a towel, wiping off his visor.

They talked a little about the game so far, watching Luca on the ice. It was his second year, and while many promising rookies often had sophomore slumps, Luca was doing fairly well.

He was a very talented player and while knowing that Luca was basically ten years younger than Shane was (and that was *exhausting*), he kind of liked being able to be a mentor of sorts.

“Come on, boys!” Shane called, watching as the time ran down.

The buzzer sounded. Ottawa won, 4-2.

They all went out on the ice to thank Hazy, Shane standing between Bood and Tanner.

“Amazing game, pal,” Shane said to Hazy, bumping their helmets, patting the top of Hazy’s.

“Thanks, Shane! Nice goal!”

“Thanks!”

Shane smiled, skating toward the bench, where Ilya was waiting. Shane’s heart did a little flip as he slowed down.

“Good job, beloved,” Ilya said softly, in Russian, as Shane hugged him.

“You, too, Captain,” Shane replied, also in Russian, cheeks warm, heart wobbling. Ilya kissed his helmet and Shane patted his chest protector, before he was headed off into the locker room with the rest of the guys.

On the bus, Shane was sitting with Luca, texting with Ilya.

Shane: Do you think we could, like, sneak away?

Ilya: What? And break our rule? 😊

Shane: Shut up. I’m fucking dying

Ilya: Yes

Ilya: me, too

Shane: I'll text you at the hotel

Ilya: Okay

Back at the hotel, Shane tried not to rush. He changed into joggers and a sweatshirt, sitting in bed, texting Ilya.

Shane: Come around the back, meet me in the stairwell

Shane: Ten minutes?

Ilya: 🔥

Fuck. This felt a little like before. Planning a clandestine meeting. Shane didn't really have a plan, besides climbing Ilya like a tree in the stairwell.

He asked Troy if he wanted anything from any of the vending machines, relieved when Troy said no.

Shane left the hotel room and went to the stairwell, going down one floor, and waiting.

Ilya appeared a few moments later, wearing his winter jacket, and Shane gave him a confused look.

"Had to make it look like I was going somewhere," Ilya explained.

"Whatever," Shane huffed, fisting his hands in Ilya's jacket, and pulling him close, behind the stairs. He shoved his husband up against the wall and kissed him, moaning softly into it.

He felt like a starved man.

He wanted to touch Ilya everywhere; running his hands into his thick curls, over his scruffy cheeks, squeezing his shoulders through his jacket. Ilya kissed Shane back, his hands on Shane's ass, big hands squeezing.

He slid a thigh between Shane's legs and Shane rubbed against him. He'd missed this. Needed it. Feeling Ilya. Tasting him. Smelling him. Being pressed this close with Ilya's hands on him.

"Fuck," he breathed, tilting his head back as Ilya kissed his neck.

"So," Ilya murmured. "What is the plan? You want me to fuck you here?"

"I don't know," Shane breathed. "Maybe we could—"

Shane didn't get a chance to finish that sentence when the fire alarm in the building started going off. Shane jumped and Ilya wrapped his arms around him, pulling Shane against his chest protectively.

"Motherfucker," Shane hissed.

“Come on,” Ilya said, taking his hand, and leading Shane around to the stairs. They went down the flights of stairs, people starting to spill into the stairwell from other floors. They made it outside, everyone gathering across from the hotel on a small patch of grass.

“Wait here,” Ilya instructed and Shane knew he was going to do a count to make sure that all the guys had made it out. Shane stood on the grass in his sneakers and nothing but a hoodie, wrapping his arms around himself, shivering.

Ilya came back several long minutes later, looking harried, but otherwise okay. Shane reached for him.

“Everything okay?” he asked.

Ilya nodded, wrapping his arms around Shane. “Fine. Everyone is out. Come here, you must be freezing.”

Ilya let Shane go, stepping back slightly to unzip his jacket. Shane smiled gratefully, stepping into Ilya’s space, and letting his husband wrap him up in his jacket with him. Shane tucked his head under Ilya’s chin, and closed his eyes.

Ilya was wonderfully warm and Shane burrowed against him, his fingers burning as they warmed up. Ilya kissed the top of his head, resting his cheek there as they waited.

He hoped there weren’t any serious issues and that the alarm had gone off by accident or maybe some kids played a dumb prank.

They were outside for almost an hour before the fire department gave the all clear. By this point, everyone was cold and exhausted as they filed back inside.

Ilya took Shane’s hand and walked Shane to his room, which was one floor above Ilya’s.

“You didn’t have to,” Shane murmured to him.

“I wanted to,” Ilya replied softly.

They stood in front of the door, looking at their joined hands, where Ilya was brushing his thumb over the silicone band Shane was wearing in place of his metal wedding band.

“We should get these tattooed,” Ilya said.

Shane smiled. “Okay.”

Ilya lifted his eyes to meet Shane’s, eyebrows raised. “Okay?”

Shane nodded. “Yeah. Maybe for our anniversary?”

“You are serious,” Ilya said, starting to look tentatively excited.

Shane smiled. He’d never gotten a tattoo before and he was sure it would be painful, but he wasn’t new to pain and he liked the idea of something permanent like that.

“I still want to keep my wedding band, but like, yeah. Why not? You’re stuck with me forever so...”

All Shane saw was Ilya's brilliant smile before he was cupping Shane's face in his hands and kissing him. Shane laughed into it, curling his hands around Ilya's wrists.

“I love you,” Ilya breathed, nuzzling their faces, foreheads pressed together.

“I love you, too,” he hummed warmly, holding Ilya’s hands to his face. “We can talk about it more in the spring, maybe?”

“Yes. Okay.”

Shane hummed, kissing Ilya again, soft and sweet.

“I’m sorry about tonight...”

“It’s okay. Not your fault at all. We need to sleep.”

“Yes.”

Ilya let Shane go and they hugged, stepping back when Shane noticed Troy coming down the hall.

“Goodnight, beloved,” Ilya murmured, in Russian, and gave Shane one last, quick kiss.

“Goodnight, baby,” Shane murmured back and caught Ilya’s soft, surprised smile.

They parted and Shane watched as Ilya stopped to talk with Troy briefly, patting his shoulder. Shane smiled at Troy, keying into the room.

“Everything okay?” Troy asked.

“Yeah. We’re good. You okay?”

“Yeah,” Troy sighed. “Called Harris and told him not to freak out if something popped up on social media.”

“Oh, smart. I’m sure it’ll be all over sports media.”

“Probably,” Troy yawned.

Troy let Shane get ready for bed first. Shane brushed his teeth, then slipped into bed, texting Ilya once more.

Shane: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Shane: Sorry we got cockblocked by the fire alarm

Ilya: 😂

Ilya: Yes. me, too

Chapter 5

Their last game on the road was in Toronto before they headed back home to Ottawa for a few days off before their first home game against New York.

There was a bit of tension with being in Toronto. No one liked the Guardians, for a multitude of reasons; their treatment of Troy and Wyatt, the overt homophobia, and Dallas Kent, just to name a few.

Dallas was on trial for the sexual assault allegations against him and was therefore suspended from the League until further notice. Shane had been tracking the trial and things were not looking good for Dallas, which was pretty excellent in Shane's opinion

But there was a sneaking suspicion amongst the Centaurs that Toronto's weird loyalty to Dallas and their weird hatred of Ottawa, the queerest team in the NHL, meant that the game was probably going to be a rough one.

Everyone had the intention of winning, but guys were gearing up for fights.

Ilya seemed completely unbothered. His philosophy was to ignore any potential instigations and pretend that whoever was tossing around homophobic slurs didn't exist. He had no problem being physical but he wasn't going to give anyone the satisfaction of a fight.

He'd already punched Dallas and that had been enough.

Shane remembered watching the clip of that. It had been pretty satisfying to see, even though Ilya had gotten a game misconduct, and hadn't been able to play the rest of the game. It had still been very sexy of him and Shane had made sure that Ilya knew it.

Shane didn't know how this game would go. He was a little on edge, since everyone else seemed to be as well, despite Ilya trying to convey a sense of calm.

It was possible that it was one of those rip the Band-Aid off moments. You just had to get through the first game, see it wasn't that bad, and then move on.

By the time the game had started, it was obvious that Toronto had an agenda.

They were very specifically targeting Ilya. Shane suspected that part of it was because of the punch to Dallas and the fact that he still had cronies on the team and because they wanted to injure Ilya to make the Centaurs less dangerous.

Ilya simply ignored the attempts at fighting but he was getting beat on repeatedly with some big checks, though he'd managed to out maneuver many of the guys. Ilya was faster than a lot of them, which helped.

Every time Shane was on the ice, they would taunt him. He just ignored it, but it wasn't any less irritating. He knew that Troy was getting the same treatment.

“You okay?” Shane asked as he sat next to Ilya on the bench.

“Going to be bruised,” he sighed, sounding a little agitated. “But I’m fine.”

Shane nodded, bumping against Ilya reassuringly.

They cheered on as Luca scored a goal, everyone on the bench buoyed by it. Toronto was up by one, but that was a gap they could easily close.

And an opportunity came when Toronto got a slashing penalty.

Ottawa was on the powerplay, so Shane and Ilya were on the ice. Toronto didn’t have a great penalty kill and they seized on that weakness. Shane scored on Ilya’s assist and it was so satisfying. A neat little wrist shot top shelf.

Tie game.

Second period was a bit more eventful.

Shane got an assist on Troy’s goal, only for Toronto to answer back with two more goals of their own, giving them a one point lead.

Ilya and Troy were out on the ice and Shane was feeling good about their chances of scoring again. Their play was perfect. Troy, Bood, and Ilya moving seamlessly up the ice, until Ilya was bodied by one of Toronto’s defensemen, landing hard on his back, and just laying there.

Everyone on the Ottawa bench was on their feet as play stopped, two of the trainers going out onto the ice.

Troy was up in the defensemen’s face, both of them being separated by the linesmen. It was surprising that no actual fights broke out.

Ice ran through Shane’s veins. Injuries were stupidly common in the NHL. Cuts, bruises, concussions, dislocated shoulders, torn ligaments. It was just part of the game. But he couldn’t help his immediate reaction of concern and fear whenever it was Ilya.

Because as much as Shane would have preferred to turn off that part of his brain when he was working, he couldn’t. Shane cared about all his teammates and never wanted anyone to suffer a serious injury, he just couldn’t help that he felt that ten times more when it was Ilya who was hurt.

After a few minutes Ilya was able to get to his feet and left the ice on his own volition but he went right down the tunnel.

Fuck.

Shane hoped it wasn’t anything serious.

Penalties were doled out and Shane sat back on the bench, restless, leg bouncing.

“He’ll be okay,” Nick Chouinard said to Shane, tapping the top of his helmet. Shane offered a wry smile and a nod.

Someone rested a hand on his back a few minutes later, leaning over. It was Ed, one of the lead trainers.

“He’s okay,” he told Shane. “Just had the wind knocked out of him. Had to do concussion protocol because of how he hit the ice but he didn’t hit his head.”

Shane filled with relief and nodded. “Okay. Thanks.”

He turned his attention back to the game. His relief morphing into anger.

He was fucking tired of these guys being fucking bullies.

“You’re up, Hollander!” Coach said and Shane swung his leg over the boards, getting out on the ice, ready to make some heads roll.

Ilya came back out onto the bench to see Shane on the ice. He sat heavily next to Bood who wrapped an arm around his shoulders and gave him a little shake.

“Good to have you back, Captain,” he said and Ilya smiled, nodding his head.

He was fine. No real, concerning injuries, but having the wind knocked out of him was never fun. That had been a hard hit and he had been stunned and uncomfortable, struggling to take a breath.

He’d shaken it off and he’d be fine but he wouldn’t mind the few extra minutes on the bench to resettle.

He didn’t really get that much time before a fight broke out.

Between Shane and Marcel Houde.

Ilya was on his feet with the rest of the bench, watching mostly in shock and awe, at seeing his husband fighting.

For all of the time that Shane had been in the NHL, all twelve seasons, he had never once been in a fight. Not even with Ilya!

Ilya let out a disbelieving laugh before he started cheering along with the rest of his team, banging his stick against the boards, hollering.

Shane had Houde by his jersey, the two of them trading blows, before Shane managed to get Houde on his back on the ice.

He was saying something and looked pissed, but Ilya wasn’t sure what he was saying. He had lost his helmet, his long hair damp and in his face. His expression was one of anger. His

gloves were gone, knuckles bruised, and there was a cut on his cheek.

It was maybe one of the sexiest things that Ilya had ever seen Shane do in the entirety of their sexual relationship, and that was saying something, because there had been *a lot* of sexy things.

Ilya knew that, as he watched Shane brush his hair back, he was going to break their no sex rule. He didn't care that he was "losing" the undiscussed challenge that Shane had started. He was going to fuck his husband so good tonight. He deserved it.

He laughed as Shane was taken to the penalty box, the entire arena cheering.

Ilya knew that they were going to win this game.

And they did.

Final score, 5-4.

It had been a rough win, but they'd managed it, and that was all that mattered.

In the locker room, the guys went nuts, dumping water and Gatorade all over Shane, cheering for him. Shane was a mess, soaked through, and laughing. It was the most beautiful Ilya had ever seen him (except maybe at their wedding).

Their post-win ritual in the locker room now involved a jean vest that Dykstra had made, with spikes along the collar, and all kinds of patches on it; some were for the team, like their logo and a horseshoe, they had a pride flag, a gay flag, and a bi flag patch. It was very punk.

The vest was given to the MVP of the game that day, passed on to that person from the MVP from the previous game.

Ilya went first, congratulating them on their win, for standing up for each other, before Luca stood up with the vest.

"Hell of a game tonight, boys. Good win. Gotta keep that up once we're home. And I think we all know who this goes to," Luca said, smiling, as he brought the vest to Shane.

Shane beamed, standing up to give Luca a bro hug, accepting the vest, and sliding into it as the boys clapped.

"My hero!" Ilya called and everyone laughed, including Shane, who had turned adorably pink in the way that Ilya loved.

"Speech! Speech!" the team called.

"Great job tonight, guys. Hell of a win. Glad we could keep the momentum going this whole road trip. Get some rest so we can keep it up back on home ice."

The guys cheered and clapped and Ilya stuck his fingers in his mouth to whistle.

Video and pictures were taken for social media and they talked to some sports reporters, everyone intermittently hopping into the shower to get ready to leave.

By the time they were back on the bus, Ilya was already scheming.

He was going to go to Shane and Troy's room, unceremoniously kick Troy out, and then fuck his husband's brains out.

It was highly likely that Shane would let it happen. But they would see when they got there.

Shane loved winning. Ilya knew that he was horny as hell right now, especially given that they hadn't had sex in six days, and they were around each other almost all the time.

They got back to the hotel and Ilya got changed. He slid into a pair of joggers, a sweatshirt, no shirt, and slid several condoms, and a few packets of lube, into his pockets.

He was half-hard just from thinking about his plan and what he wanted to do to Shane.

Coming out of the bathroom, Ilya found Hazy lounging in bed.

"Don't wait up for me," Ilya told him, leaving the room.

"Oh, okay," he heard Wyatt say before the hotel room door closed.

Ilya walked down to the other end of the hall, knocking on Shane and Troy's door.

The door opened and Troy stood on the other side of it, blinking his blue eyes at Ilya, head tilted up, given their height difference.

"Hey Roz."

"Out," Ilya said, resting his hand on the door. "Now."

Troy blinked again. "Yup. Sure."

Troy ducked under Ilya's arm and went into the hall and Ilya stepped into the room. He latched the door behind him.

"Ilya?"

Shane had slid out of bed, standing by the end of one of two full sized beds in the room. Ilya didn't say anything, he just grabbed Shane by the front of his t-shirt, pulled him in, and kissed him, sliding his tongue into his husband's mouth greedily.

Shane melted into him without even putting up a fight. He wrapped his arms around Ilya, his hands restless, sliding into Ilya's curls, down the back of his neck, over his shoulders, chest, and back to wrap around his neck.

Ilya ran his hands down Shane's back, to his ass, squeezing it in both hands, pulling Shane close.

They kissed for a while because they both had missed it, touching and rubbing against each other, eventually pulling apart to breathe.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane sighed.

“Take off your clothes,” Ilya said, stepping away from Shane, walking backwards towards the bathroom, watching.

Shane reached back to pull his shirt off, dropping it to the floor. He had a cut and bruise on his cheekbone and *fuck*, it was sexy seeing Shane all roughed up. Ilya slipped into the bathroom, grabbing an extra towel.

When he came back out, Shane was naked, and on the bed.

Ilya tossed the towel to Shane and tore off his own clothes, making sure he had the condoms and lube within reach, before crawling into bed. He kissed Shane again, pushing him onto his back, and Shane wrapped around him.

“Is this because—” Shane gasped as Ilya kissed his neck, sucking a mark into his skin. “Of the fight?”

“Yes,” Ilya replied when he released Shane, running his tongue over the mark he’d left on Shane’s perfect skin, kissing it. “Was fucking *sexy*, Shane.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes,” Ilya repeated, leaving another mark where Shane’s neck met his shoulder. “Was incredible.”

Shane squirmed and made a soft moaning noise as Ilya licked and kissed this new hickey, nuzzling Shane’s jaw, lifting his head to look down at his husband.

“Do you want a reward, my beloved?” he asked, in Russian.

Shane’s eyes were dark with desire, his lips kiss swollen, cheeks beautifully flushed. He bit his bottom lip. Ilya wanted to devour him.

“Shit, yeah.”

Ilya grinned at him, dipping his head to kiss a line down Shane’s chest, between his plush pecs, veering off to tease his nipples until Shane was panting, and then continuing down to his abs.

“I want you to be quiet,” Ilya said as he sat up, reaching for a packet of lube. “Don’t make any noise, but I will fuck you the way you like it.”

“God, Ilya,” Shane breathed, arching his torso a bit.

Ilya smiled at him, turning his eyes down to what he was doing, slicking his fingers, and stroking his fist over Shane’s cock.

“Ah—!” Shane gasped.

“Shh,” Ilya purred.

Shane bit his lip and breathed hard out of his nose as Ilya kept teasing him, dipping his head to suck on Shane’s balls. One of Shane’s hands fisted in his hair, the other into the bedsheets, and his noises quieted to harsh breathing, low sighs, and barely contained whimpers.

Ilya had missed this. He fucking loved giving Shane this kind of attention, especially after doing something so spectacular and *cool*. It was rare for him and Ilya wholeheartedly believed it deserved rewarding.

Ilya gave Shane’s cock and balls much of his focus, before flipping Shane onto his stomach where he lay against the towel he’d laid out while Ilya had undressed.

Shane’s chest lay on the mattress, his ass up, and Ilya squeezed his cheeks, pulling them apart to get as deep as he could, fluttering and laving and circling his tongue against Shane’s rim, listening to the way he tried to keep quiet, giving Ilya soft mewls and quiet pants, his hands fisted in the sheets.

This did it for Ilya as much as it did for Shane. His obedience was absolutely delicious and Ilya had to be careful himself. He couldn’t get too carried away.

“So beautiful,” Ilya hummed. “Perfect, Shane. Was so hot watching you fight. I love watching you on the ice. Up close.”

Shane pushed his ass back and Ilya pushed his tongue into him, watching as Shane’s back arched. He made a punched out noise, nothing else but a breath.

Ilya loved playing like this. He loved getting to enjoy Shane’s body and pleasure him and make him work for it. And god he’d *missed him*.

He’d missed being with him. Touching him, tasting him, smelling him. Having time together, just them. They needed the balance.

“You’re being so good for me,” Ilya praised, in Russian.

Shane made a very soft moaning noise in response.

Ilya pulled away, slicking his fingers, teasing one against Shane’s rim, before slipping inside. He took his time fingering Shane, opening him up, watching the way he arched and pushed back on Ilya’s fingers, and made barely any noise at all. Ilya praised him, told him how gorgeous he was, how perfect, his voice soft and tender.

When he knew Shane couldn’t take any more he pulled his fingers out and carefully pushed on Shane’s lower back, having him lower his hips to the mattress so he was laying flat, then tapped his thighs until Shane widened them a bit.

Ilya ran a proprietary hand up Shane’s back, appreciating the flex of warm, firm muscle under his palm, bringing his hand back down to squeeze a perfect ass cheek. He wanted to smack it

but that would be too noisy.

“Condom?” he asked quietly.

“Are you staying?” Shane replied, just as softly, glancing over his shoulder.

“Yes.”

“Then no.”

Ilya nodded, picking up the lube, making sure he was slick and ready. He came up behind Shane, one hand curved around his hip as he slid his dick between Shane’s ass cheeks, partly because he wanted to tease, and partly because it was hot as hell to look at.

Ilya watched Shane’s hands spread out on the mattress, head turned to the side, mouth open.

Ilya teased him for a bit, watching, before finally pressing up against Shane’s hole.

“This?”

Shane nodded frantically and hummed. “Fuck yes,” he murmured.

Ilya pressed into him and it was heaven. They had been apart far longer than this before but now they were spoiled. They got to spend nearly every day together, never having to worry about when they could or couldn’t have sex, and the self-imposed rule seemed so silly.

Why would they ever be without this? There was no reason for it.

Shane arched as Ilya slid all the way in, hips pressed to Shane’s ass. He gave him a moment to adjust, hands flexing in the sheets, before Ilya started a rhythm. He was slow at first, finding the right angle, listening to Shane breathe.

Ilya looked down, one hand on Shane’s lower back, fingers curled around his hip, the other hand pressed flat to Shane’s shoulder blade, watching the way his cock disappeared into Shane’s ass over and over. How perfect Shane felt around him; hot and tight. Ilya gripped Shane’s ass in his hands, fucking him harder, snapping his hips, watching the way Shane’s ass bounced as Ilya fucked into him.

He loved this so much. He loved Shane so much. He fucking loved that they were playing hockey together and that Shane had gotten into a fight, for *him*. Ilya didn’t need to be protected or for Shane to fight his battles for him but it was sexy as fuck that Shane did it anyway. Because he loved Ilya and was angry on his behalf.

Hot. As. Hell.

Shane had buried his face into the pillow under him, his noises louder now, but muffled by the pillow. Ilya smiled, more turned on just from knowing that Shane couldn’t be quiet, and having to find some other way of managing it.

Ilya eased his thrusting for a moment so he could lean over Shane, his chest pressed to Shane's back. He slid his hands under Shane's chest, fists pressed to the mattress, and pressed open mouthed kisses to Shane's back. He picked up the pace again, snapping his hips, and both heard and felt Shane's whine.

"So good," Shane breathed, voice muffled. "Gonna come. Don't stop."

Ilya growled and kept going until he felt Shane's body begin to tense. Shane lifted his head, tilting it back, and he came, breathing out hard, mouth open, body clenching and releasing around Ilya.

Ilya fucked Shane through it and bit Shane's shoulder as he came inside him hard.

Ilya rested his forehead between Shane's damp shoulder blades, breathing heavily as Shane caught his breath under him. He tenderly kissed the bite he'd left in apology and Shane hummed.

Ilya settled his weight carefully against Shane's back and they stayed like that, Ilya peppering soft kisses to Shane's skin. He made a happy noise, nuzzling against Shane's skin, and Shane reached back to touch his curls.

"I missed that," Shane sighed. "Missed you."

Ilya smiled, kissing the skin under his lips. "Me, too."

"Love you."

"I love you."

Eventually, Ilya's softened dick slipped out of Shane, and he kissed a path down his husband's spine until he could slide out of bed.

"Hey," Shane protested and Ilya chuckled.

"One second."

Ilya went to the bathroom, cleaning up, before bringing a wet cloth out for Shane. He'd rolled to his back, the towel folded, and Ilya leaned over him, kissing him gently, before cleaning him off, swiping the cloth back and forth gently over his slightly swollen rim.

Shane hummed and shivered happily and Ilya kissed him some more because it was impossible not to. Eventually, he tossed the cloth aside, and stretched out next to Shane on the bed.

He reached out, brushing a careful thumb over Shane's injured cheek, then took his bruised hand, bringing it to his mouth to lightly kiss the abused knuckles.

"I'm okay," Shane said softly, smiling. "Hurts a little but not too bad."

"You should ice it."

“I did,” Shane chuckled. “And then you showed up.”

Ilya narrowed his eyes at Shane but Shane just smiled.

“I’m fine.”

“Okay.”

Shane shifted closer and Ilya slid an arm around him, their heads resting on the same pillow.

“This’ll be cozy,” Shane said, indicating the full sized bed.

“We have had worse,” Ilya replied, chuckling. “And you like spooning.”

“I do,” Shane agreed, shaking his head fondly.

He sighed, rolling into his back, and stretching out, before turning back to Ilya.

“You think they know?”

“Absolutely.”

To Ilya’s surprise, Shane just laughed softly, his cheeks pink.

“Well, it was going to happen sooner or later, I guess.”

“So why did we have a rule again?” Ilya asked, eyeing his husband.

Shane grinned. “I did win.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “We both lose.”

“Mm, I don’t know. I’m not the one who instigated this whole thing.”

Ilya narrowed his eyes at Shane, pushing him onto his back, straddling him. He ran his hand down Shane’s side, right along his ribs, and squeezed.

“No!” Shane squealed, wriggling, but Ilya didn’t relent. Shane was impossibly ticklish here.

“Ilya!”

Ilya placed his hand over Shane’s mouth.

“Shh!”

His husband wheezed with laughter as Ilya tickled him. He had one hand clamped to Ilya’s wrist, the other patting the mattress in a ‘tap out’ motion. Ilya relented.

Shane gasped.

“Fuck,” he huffed. “You.”

Ilya cackled softly.

Shane shoved at his chest, though it wasn't very hard. Ilya grinned at him and kissed him.

Shane sighed, exasperated, when they parted.

"It's a good thing I love you..." he grumbled.

"Mm."

Shane shook his head.

They did get up and get ready for bed. Shane had an extra toothbrush, because of course he did. They didn't bother with clothes, turned out almost all the lights, and crawled back into bed together.

"Troy is staying with Wyatt tonight," Shane said, looking at his phone.

"Good."

Shane laughed, texting Troy back, before plugging in his and Ilya's phone, since he always had a spare charger, too. Ilya loved him so much he ached with it.

Shane turned off the bedside light, settling down. Ilya spooned up behind him, resting an arm around him. Shane curled against him, his body relaxing.

"I'm glad you're here," he whispered.

Ilya kissed his shoulder. "Me, too."

Chapter 6

Ilya woke up to familiar fingers toying with his curls.

He hummed, snuggling deeper against the pillow, and heard Shane chuckle, felt his body heat as he shifted closer, skin against skin.

Soft kisses were pressed to his shoulder and Ilya turned his head, peeking an eye open to see Shane. Shane lifted his head to look at him, his expression soft and fond.

“Good morning,” he murmured, rubbing his nose against Ilya’s.

“It is,” Ilya sighed.

Shane hummed, curling into Ilya’s space, a leg toss over Ilya’s waist. They lay like that for a bit, dozing together, warm and comfortable. This was one of life’s simple pleasures. Waking up, all sleep warm and drowsy, in your husband’s arms.

Ilya knew they couldn’t linger very long. They had a plane to catch and Troy would need access to all of his stuff. But Ilya allowed himself to indulge a while longer, breathing in Shane’s familiar, sleep warm smell.

“We should probably get moving,” Shane murmured.

“No,” Ilya sighed, rolling onto his side, and pushing himself into Shane’s space, face pressed to Shane’s chest. “Ten minutes.”

Shane huffed a laugh, wrapping his arms around Ilya, and burying his face in Ilya’s hair. They stayed like that for longer than maybe they should have, before pulling apart, stretching, and checking their phones.

“Oh god,” Shane laughed.

“What?”

“My parents. They sent me a clip from SportsNet.”

Shane clicked the link and showed Ilya.

An action packed night in Toronto for the Guardians and Centaurs game. Shane Hollander had a Gordie Howe hat trick, the first of his twelve year career! After a goal scored in the first, an assist in the second, Hollander tossed down the gloves to tussle with Toronto’s Marcel Houde in the third...

Ilya chuckled, watching the clip of Shane fighting Houde. He nuzzled against Shane’s neck.

“So sexy,” he purred, kissing over one of the hickeys he’d left on Shane.

“Stop,” Shane said, but he didn’t sound like he meant it at all.

“Do we have to brush our teeth?” Ilya asked, nipping Shane’s earlobe.

Shane sighed. “Fuck it.”

Ilya grinned as Shane shifted so they could kiss properly.

Ilya threaded his fingers into Shane’s hair, gently fisting the silky strands, before resting his hand on Shane’s back, holding him.

Shane pushed Ilya onto his back, rubbing up against him, and Ilya ran both hands down his back, smacking an ass cheek, before sliding his hands back up to Shane’s shoulders.

They found a packet of lube and Shane slicked his hand, wrapping it around their cocks and stroked.

It wasn’t quite as indulgent as Ilya would have liked, but the clock was ticking. They kissed messily, Shane pressing their foreheads together as he jerked them off, both of them panting against each other’s faces.

“Gonna come for me?” Shane breathed out and Ilya chuckled breathlessly, smiling.

“Yes. Fuck, Shane.”

Shane hummed and Ilya could tell he was close, too.

“God. Shit. *Now.*”

Shane’s eyes rolled closed as he came in hot bursts over his hand and Ilya’s belly and Ilya followed right after, head tossed back on the pillow, making a further mess all over himself.

Shane groaned and Ilya made a pleased sound, wrapping his arms around his husband tighter, holding him, and kissing him sloppily. They laughed about it and snuggled, uncaring about the mess between them.

Ilya closed his eyes, enjoying the points of contact between them, and having Shane back in his arms.

While this had been faster than Ilya would have wanted, they could take their time when they got home, which filled him with a pleased kind of warmth. They would return home together and would be afforded that time to be slow and soft.

God, he loved being married.

Ilya cleaned up, bringing back a cloth to clean Shane up, and then got changed, leaving Shane sated in bed, wrapped up in the sheets. He looked stunning like that and Ilya had to restrain himself from diving back in there with him.

“I love you,” Ilya murmured, sitting on the edge of the bed, holding Shane’s face in his hand as he kissed him goodbye.

“I love you, too,” Shane murmured back, smiling softly. “See you in a bit.”

They parted and Ilya left, heading back to his and Wyatt’s room. Troy was still in there, drinking coffee with Wyatt.

They hung out for a bit, nothing weird or awkward between them, and Troy left to get changed.

“You have fun?” Wyatt asked as Ilya gathered clothes to change into.

Ilya chuckled. “Always.”

They were sitting at team breakfast back in Ottawa. It was a short flight from Toronto to Ottawa and the team was eating together before they parted ways for their rest days in-between games.

Shane was sitting next to Ilya on his right and Troy came and sat down on Ilya’s left, in the free seat there. He nudged him and Ilya looked up, sipping his coffee, raising a curious brow at Troy.

“Thanks for the thousand dollars,” he said.

Ilya’s brows furrowed as he considered what that meant. A bet? He narrowed his eyes at Troy.

“Did you bet on how long it would take us to have sex?” Ilya asked.

Troy grinned an enormous, shit-eating grin that Ilya had never seen on his face before. He had grown to like Troy very much but now there were parts of him that were coming to the surface Ilya hadn’t experienced before.

He was glad that Troy was feeling so comfortable, that he could be more of himself, but this was a new level he hadn’t been prepared for.

“Yup,” he replied.

Ilya burst out laughing, because *of course*, they had. Why would he expect anything less from this ridiculous team?

“Oh god,” Shane said, having overheard the conversation.

Ilya turned to watch Shane pull his hoodie up completely over his head, pull the drawstrings closed so his face was covered, and put his head down on the table.

“Aww, it’s okay, buddy,” Bood soothed, resting his hand on Shane’s back.

Ilya just kept laughing.

“Who was in on it?” he asked, wiping tears from his eyes.

“Me, Bood, Hazy, Dykstra, and Nick.”

“And you won?”

Troy nodded, chuckling. “Yeah.”

“Only one thousand dollars? I would think you would bet more! Cheapskates! You each only bet two hundred? Come on!”

Ilya playfully argued back and forth with Troy about how his sex life was worth more than a two hundred dollar bet, while Shane seemed to be attempting to slide out of his chair, and under the table.

“I think we killed your husband with embarrassment,” Troy noted.

Ilya waved his hand dismissively. “He is fine.”

“I hate you both so much,” Shane said from inside his hoodie.

Breakfast was, besides learning about the bet, otherwise uneventful. Shane eventually emerged from inside his hoodie, laughing along about the whole situation.

No one was taking things too seriously. It was all in good fun. Playful teasing. But no one was weirded out or disgusted or anything.

They weren’t any different than anyone else on the team and Ilya was so grateful for that. He loved this team so much and he was excited about what the rest of their season held for them. He was hopeful. Truly hopeful. And it felt good.

Shane finished in the shower, toweling off his hair some more after slipping into a pair of sweats, and one of Ilya’s t-shirts.

He came out of the bathroom, finding his husband cradling the dog. Ilya was propped up against the headboard, his long legs stretched out, crossed at the ankles.

He looked so sweet and soft like that, just relaxing with the dog, and Shane watched from the doorway for a few moments, admiring the domestic, peaceful tableau.

He finished with his hair, putting the towel back, and joined Ilya and Anya in bed, getting some kisses from the dog, before he wiggled out of Ilya’s arms, and curled up in a little ball at the end of the bed.

“She knows,” Shane murmured as he cuddled against Ilya’s side, Ilya’s arms wrapping around him.

“She does,” he chuckled, kissing the top of Shane’s head.

Shane hummed, snuggling against Ilya, sliding a hand over his chest, resting over his heart, and closed his eyes.

They were both exhausted from the trip, looking forward to having some time off to just rest and relax.

“Did you have fun?” Shane murmured against Ilya’s neck, nuzzling him there.

“Yes,” Ilya replied, his voice warm. “Was a lot of fun. Did you?”

“I did,” Shane replied honestly, opening his eyes. “It was great.”

“See? I told you.”

Shane chuckled, pressing a kiss to Ilya’s neck, resting his face there, breathing in Ilya’s familiar smell. He always smelled so good.

“I’m glad no one cares.”

“Mm?”

“About us. Like. Everything is normal.”

“Of course. This team is the best.”

Shane huffed a laugh. “I think it really is.”

Ilya made a satisfied sound, as if his point had been proved. Which, in a way, it had.

Shane was grateful for the team. For not caring about him and Ilya being married. For treating them just like the rest of the team.

It was reassuring and Shane felt like things had clicked into place.

He was on a great team, with amazing players, and an awesome coach.

And he was so proud of Ilya. Of how amazing a Captain he was. How much the team loved him.

It made Shane happy. Seeing Ilya so beloved. And getting to see him shine.

He was at his best when he was having fun and it seemed like he was having fun again.

Shane wanted that for him, always. And if he could be a small part of that, then all the better.

He was better. Better at paying attention. At listening. At offering things. Ilya was so selfless with himself. So giving of his time and energy, sometimes to his detriment. It was a work in progress for them both but Shane was making sure that he was paying attention.

His anxiety was still difficult sometimes but he was getting better at managing it. If Ilya could take care of his depression, then it seemed only fair that Shane did the same about his anxiety.

He was proud of where they were, proud to be doing life with his favorite person.

Shane leaned away, lifting a hand to gently smooth back some of Ilya's wayward curls, cupping his cheek in his palm. Ilya smiled at him, eyes crinkling, and turned his head to kiss Shane's palm.

Shane's heart did a little flip and he smiled, too.

"I love you more than anything," he said, in Russian.

Ilya's face softened, his hazel eyes tracking Shane's face. "I love you, too. More than anything."

They kissed, soft and sweet and warm, Shane's toes curling in his socks.

When they parted, Shane nuzzled their faces together and hummed.

He was happy. He couldn't wait for more adventures together.

FIN

Bonus

Chapter Summary

Troy's POV

Chapter Notes

Because I HAD to

Chapter 4

Troy lounged on his bed in the double room he was sharing with Shane.

Shane was currently in the bathroom, getting changed. He was trying to act normal but Troy knew that Shane wasn't being normal.

It was easy to see, at least to him, that Shane and Roz were fucking *dying*. You could cut the sexual tension between them with a knife.

Troy had to admit that they were doing better than anyone had probably anticipated. For all their flirting and attempts at secret glances and smiles and little intimate touches, they'd managed to make it more than half-way through the road trip without breaking.

If Troy were honest with himself, if Harris was here, he wouldn't last more than a day. Maybe two.

But he did suppose that their relationship was a little different. Harris was in communications. He wasn't a teammate and Troy could respect that Shane and Roz were trying to maintain boundaries and not make things weird for people.

The thing was though; no one really cared.

Troy had tried to make that clear to Shane. If Shane and Roz wanted to fuck, then they should! They were married for fuck's sake. And Troy knew several of the guys would die to be having sex with their partners right now. Himself included.

Troy was of the opinion that they should just take advantage of their situation.

But he had met them. And spent time with them. He was pretty sure they were into, at minimum, some light kinky stuff. He wouldn't put it past them for the denial to do it for

them, especially after having an eleven year long distance situationship-turned-romance.

At the end of the day, it wasn't Troy's business. Whatever Shane and Ilya decided to do, that was up to them. Troy just hoped that they didn't keep torturing themselves and just got it over with.

Shane finally came out of the bathroom and Troy looked up from his phone. Shane looked a little restless, his hair tucked behind both his ears. He really was cute and Troy was happy for Ilya. They made a really sweet couple.

"You want anything from the vending machine?" Shane asked Troy, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at the door.

Troy considered this.

Yes. He did want something from the vending machine. He was fucking dying for a Snickers. But he knew that Shane just needed an excuse to leave the room so he could, hopefully, get dicked down by his husband.

And Troy wasn't going to stand in the way of that.

"Nah, man. I'm good. Thanks."

"Okay," Shane said, nodding. "Uh, I'll be back."

Troy watched as Shane hurried to the door and left the hotel room. He smiled to himself, shaking his head.

He texted Harris.

Troy: They're killing me

Harris: They still haven't done it?!

Troy: Nope

Harris: Damn!

Harris: It must be part of their foreplay

Harris: I could never

Troy: 😂😂😂

Troy: I'm gonna hang out with Wyatt. Might be slow texting

Harris: No worries, babe! Have fun! Tell Wyatt hello and keep me posted about the juicy deets!

Troy: 😊😊😊😊

Troy switched over to his text chat with Wyatt.

Troy: You want anything from the vending machine?

Chapter 5

“Your hand okay?” Troy asked, smiling as he looked at Shane. He was sitting, propped against the headboard of his bed, a small bag of ice on his hand.

“Yeah, it’s fine,” Shane chuckled. He took the bag off, flexing his hand. “Gnarly.”

Troy chuckled. “Pretty sick fight.”

Shane shrugged, but he was smiling, his cheeks a little pink. “Houde had it coming.”

Troy nodded, opening his mouth to reply, when there was a knock at the door. Troy and Shane looked at each other, before Troy went to answer it.

Looming outside the door was Ilya.

Troy blinked up at Ilya, head tilted, given their height difference. Looking into his face, Troy could tell that he was a man on a mission. And that mission was to fuck his husband, who was inside this hotel room, and Troy was in the way.

“Hey Roz,” Troy said automatically.

“Out,” Ilya said, resting his large hand on the door, using his *Captain’s Voice*. “Now.”

Troy blinked again. “Yup. Sure.”

He ducked under Ilya’s arm and went into the hall, turning as he watched Ilya step into the room. Troy heard the door latch.

He pressed his lips together. Well. Alright then.

He had his phone in his pocket and his keycard, though he wouldn’t be able to use it. He chuckled to himself, walking down the hall.

Troy got to the room Ilya was sharing with Wyatt and knocked.

“Y’ello!” Wyatt said, opening the door. “Oh! Hey, Troy.”

“Hey, Hazy,” Troy said, hands in the pockets of his basketball shorts. “Can I come in?”

“Sure!”

Troy stepped into the room as Hazy closed the door behind him. They walked into the room together and Troy sat down on what must be Ilya’s bed.

“I thought you were Roz,” Hazy said and then stopped. “Oh shit!”

Troy started laughing. Hazy turned to face Troy.

“Are they banging?!” he hissed.

“Oh yeah, dude.”

“THANK FUCK!” Hazy exclaimed. “Finally!”

He flopped onto the bed, on his back, legs dangling off the edge, arms spread wide on the mattress.

“I was getting so tired of their tension. Fuck,” he huffed, running his hands down his face. “I was ready to lock them in a closet myself.”

Troy laughed, sliding off his shoes, and sitting cross-legged on the bed.

“Guessing you won’t mind if I crash here tonight, then?”

“Not at all, buddy!”

Wyatt sat up, grabbing his phone.

“Who won the bet then? Bood?”

“Me,” Troy replied, smiling impishly at his friend.

“Damn! Nice, Barrett!”

“You wanna split the winnings?” Troy asked. “I feel like you should get half for having to put up with Roz.”

Wyatt laughed. “He’s not that bad. I think Shane is worse.”

“Oh, yeah, by far.”

They both shook their heads.

“They’re perfect for each other, really,” Wyatt chuckled.

Troy nodded his head in agreement. “They really are.”

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#) or [Bluesky](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! <3

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