

Winning Times

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Winning Times

by [little_passions](#)

Summary

“You’re misbehaving,” Ilya remarked idly. Not discouraging, just curious. He set his hands on Shane’s hips and waited to see how far this would go.

“We’re married,” Shane breathed, as if marriage was somehow an excuse for public indecency.

Notes

Firstly, I'd like to thank Hudson Williams, who called Shane a beautiful neurotic flower. This made me spiral at 12AM on Monday, and my jetlagged brain carried me home.

Secondly, if you see multiple lines about Ilya putting his hands on Shane's hips/waist, just know I couldn't help myself. That one bit in the trailer has looped in my brain without end. I didn't think that my first fic in three years would be so...thirsty, but it is what it is.

Thirdly, I hope you enjoy these two being absolute menaces. Marriage doesn't end hijinks!

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

There must be something in LA's air, Ilya considered as Shane crawled into his lap. His husband had only had two drinks - and he'd drank them at least an hour apart, but here he was, unashamed and eager to give strangers a show. Canadian weather had never inspired such passion.

If not the air, maybe it was the fact they'd caught the replay of their championship win before leaving their hotel. Shane had stood in front of the television, transfixed as he watched them receive their well-earned trophy. He'd completely ignored Ilya's reminders that Rose had reserved a table for them. It was only after the awarding ceremony had completely ended that Ilya was able to successfully pull him away.

Shane loved winning. It seemed he enjoyed winning with Ilya even more.

"You're misbehaving," Ilya remarked idly. Not discouraging, just curious. He set his hands on Shane's hips and waited to see how far this would go.

"We're married," Shane breathed, as if marriage was somehow an excuse for public indecency.

In his younger, wilder years, Ilya had come close to getting in trouble over such things. He usually got let off the hook with his own charm. The closest call had led to an awkward talk with a representative from the Boston Bears' legal department, and despite his shaky grasp of English at the time, even Ilya could understand that he was being told to *get a fucking room*.

He'd told Shane about all of those adventures. Usually late at night, when they were already tangled together in bed. Shane would be loose-limbed, soft, and satisfied. Sometimes he did it to make Shane laugh, but most of the time, he did it when he felt that Shane could be persuaded into having another round of sex.

He'd never considered that one day Shane might want to give it a try. But now, here he was, toying with Ilya's gold chain before moving onto twisting his fingers into the fabric of Ilya's shirt, seeking permission. Ilya was still processing. The sight of Shane's wedding ring seemed oddly arousing at the moment. He blinked twice. Maybe he was the one who'd had too much to drink.

"Shane," Ilya could barely breathe as Shane mouthed at the sensitive skin at the base of his neck. He ran his tongue along Ilya's collarbone, then all of a sudden, Shane started grinding down against him.

His beautiful neurotic flower of a husband had become a stranger. He'd never expected him and Shane to ever become boring after marriage, but he hadn't expected *this*. His husband, repeat recipient of the Most Sportsmanlike award, was now rutting against him in full view of anyone who might consider looking their way.

Ilya was a simple man - who was he to say no?

As Shane had just said, they were married. It was his duty to fulfill his marital obligations. And if anyone had complaints, they could look the other way or leave. They weren't at church.

So when Shane pulled at his shirt again, he lifted it up. Warm hands grasped at his skin, and Ilya repositioned Shane on his lap. His thighs bracketed Ilya's body, and Shane cupped his face as he kissed him eagerly. He was squirming on Ilya's lap, caught between his desires as he rocked against him while trying to remain as close as possible.

Shane pulled away, his lips already swollen. He was a beautiful sight. Ilya wanted to bend him over their table immediately.

"I need more."

The words took a while to process, and before Ilya realized what was happening, Shane had already slid off his lap and snuck under the table. It was an out of body experience. Something he'd dreamed up when Shane was so close yet so far away. But this was real, and Shane was now pushing his legs apart so he could settle between them. Ilya scanned the room. Unless someone walked right up to their table, no one could see Shane. And even at a distance, the most someone might see would be the top of his head. Ilya hoped he'd remember to thank Rose later.

But that was for some other time and right now, he had a husband who was at his feet and currently unzipping his jeans. Ilya slid forward in the leather seat so he could get a better view. Shane always looked so pretty on his knees, so desperate for him, so eager after all these years.

He watched in anticipation as Shane mouthed at his dick through his boxers. His cock was straining for release. He licked his lips as Shane eased the tented fabric down, finally taking his cock in hand. He let Shane stroke him, it was a little rougher than he usually liked. They didn't have lube on hand, but he knew Shane would sort things out soon enough.

He reached for Shane with his left hand. His wedding ring disappeared out of view as he carded his fingers through Shane's hair. Bored with just watching, Ilya tugged lightly. Not enough to hurt, but a warning to get his attention. Shane's eyes lifted up, his mouth halfway to Ilya's cock.

"You look so good like this."

Shane gave him a soft smile before finally sliding his lips around Ilya's length. Ilya threw his head back, and he groaned as Shane swallowed him down. He'd become so good at this. His pretty lips stretched around Ilya's cock as he became numb to pleasure and let Ilya take the lead. He fisted Shane's hair and kept him in place.

Once Ilya started moving his hips, one of Shane's hands squeezed at his thigh tightly. He could both see and feel Shane grinding against his leg, desperately trying to ease the friction of his own arousal.

“Is this how a good husband behaves?” Ilya asked. His mind was a mess, but he knew Shane was probably worse off. Even marriage hadn’t quite increased Shane’s stamina. He was always too eager to please and to *be* pleased. It delighted Ilya to no end.

He paused his movements and pulled Shane off slowly. His beloved husband looked at him with dazed eyes. Ilya knew he needed a gentle hand at this moment, so he cupped Shane’s chin gently and tilted his face up. “Maybe we should go home.” Shane opened his mouth to protest, and Ilya slipped two fingers inside.

Shane closed his lips around Ilya’s fingers instantly. Ilya smiled.

“Should we stay?” He drew out of Shane’s mouth. Ilya then tapped his fingers against his husband’s cheek. “What do you think?”

“Are you serious?” Shane argued. He’d snapped out of his aroused daze once his brain finally realized that Ilya was toying with him. “Your dick is already out.”

Shane was red in the face, defiant, and annoyed. But Ilya had the bad habit of playing with his food, both on and off the field, so he couldn’t resist pushing another one of Shane’s buttons. No risk, no reward. So then and there, he decided to push Shane’s hands off his thighs. And before his husband could grab him, Ilya managed to tuck his dick away, pull his pants up, and slide out of the booth.

He glanced back. Shane was panting and on all fours under the table. He looked up at Ilya, his face scrunched up in frustration before promptly looking away. Ilya waited him out. He’d wait until Shane said the words he wanted to hear.

“Please.” Shane crawled forward, and Ilya’s resolve wavered. He inched forward to go back, but Shane scrambled onto his feet and crashed their bodies together. “We’re not done. I’ll make you feel good, I promise.”

And because Shane also knew what Ilya liked, he kissed Ilya’s jaw and whispered into his ear. “You’ve ruined me.” He rocked his hips slowly, “I dropped to my knees in public for you. You know I’d do anything for you. I’ll stay on my knees as long as you want -”

Ilya grabbed Shane and pushed him against the nearby wall. “Bathroom, now.”

Shane kissed his husband sweetly and gave him a look. Ilya recognized it immediately. Shane had flashed that smile at him numerous times throughout the years. He’d done it every time he’d scored a goal on him. But before Ilya could comment, Shane slipped a travel-sized bottle of lube and a condom into the back pocket of his jeans.

“Lead the way.”

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Shane’s last memories of a sexual encounter in a club were awkward and unpleasant. No names exchanged, just a knowing look that led to shallow fulfillment and ended with him

wallowing in self-loathing. He'd never told Ilya, but all he remembered of the man was the slight curl in his hair and a gruff accent that wasn't quite right.

But this, being with Ilya as he manhandled Shane into a bathroom stall - *this* felt right.

And once Ilya started speaking dirty to him in Russian, Shane couldn't help the carefree laugh escape his lips. He was eager and desperate, but he also felt cherished. He felt safe and loved, and all he wanted was Ilya to feel as good as he did.

"Let me finish what I started," Shane pushed Ilya against the cubicle wall. Undressing him was practically muscle memory at this point. "Let me give you what you need."

For the second time that night, Shane dropped to his knees. He slipped his mouth back around Ilya's cock and sucked. They groaned in sync, and familiar hands settled into his hair as Shane worked him deeper into his throat.

"Fuck, Shane -"

Shane couldn't look up. His dick was throbbing in his pants, and he didn't want to lose control, not yet. He'd been so close a while ago. He hollowed his cheeks and kept going, no longer discreetly rutting at Ilya's leg in a desperate attempt to take the edge off.

"Oh sweetheart, you take me so well." Ilya murmured lovingly, "Always so ready for me." Shane squeezed at Ilya's thighs. Implicit permission to take more from him. Ilya responded by thrusting into his mouth.

"You must be leaking," Ilya continued. He began to pump into Shane harder and faster, "You can't help yourself, can you?"

Shane whimpered. He fumbled with his own pants, his brain lost to desire as he surrendered control of the situation. It was too much. Ilya was fucking into him now, the wet sounds of his dick slipping in and out ringing in Shane's ears as he barely remembered to breathe.

"You're perfect," Ilya groaned. And Shane couldn't help it, he needed to see Ilya. He finally opened his eyes and met Ilya's hungry gaze. The grip on his hair tightened, and this time, Ilya repeated himself in Russian, punctuating his words with rough thrusts. "You're perfect."

The praise pushed him over the edge. Shane had only just barely freed his cock when suddenly he was coming, Ilya's dick sliding out of his mouth as he moaned and gasped for breath. He was a mess but he didn't care. He rested his face against Ilya's thigh, his cheeks warm with guilty pleasure.

Ilya's hand stroked his face gently. He bent down and brought Shane back up to his feet, side stepping the puddle of cum on the bathroom floor.

"Sweetheart," Ilya whispered softly in Russian, "Are you okay?" He slipped his hands under Shane's shirt as he rubbed at his bare skin. Shane went boneless in his arms and breathed in the warm scent of Ilya's cologne. He buried his face into his husband's neck and hugged him tightly. He felt better, but not satisfied. They weren't done, not yet.

“I’m okay,” Shane replied back in Russian before adjusting to reassure Ilya with a kiss. It deepened quickly, and just as Ilya was about to take himself in hand, Shane grabbed his wrist.

“Fuck me.”

There wasn’t any time to reply before the door to the bathroom opened. They both looked in the direction of the approaching footsteps. But before Shane could even consider rescinding his offer, Ilya pressed his large hand over Shane’s mouth.

“Get out!” Ilya yelled. “We’re busy, and we don’t do free shows!” The person responded with a loud fuck you, which only made Ilya laugh. Shane on the other hand, was in a confused state between panicked and aroused. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to interfere because he didn’t really want to end the night interrupted either.

“Fuck *you*! We’re married, and you’re just old and boring.” Ilya snapped. “There are other bathrooms!”

“I don’t fucking care if you’re married. It doesn’t matter asshole!” The guy yelled back.

“Fucking -“ Ilya let go of Shane, haphazardly buckled his pants, and strode out of the stall. The man let out a surprised noise, and Shane covered his face in embarrassment.

“What did you call me?”

“You’re being - “ The man cut himself short. Shane didn’t blame him. He’d seen a pissed off Ilya more times than he could count. It was quite a sight. Shane almost wished he could see him this time around.

After a few tense seconds, Shane heard the man retreat. But before he shut the door, he yelled at Ilya to keep his dick in his pants. Ilya shouted back with a few choice words in Russian before returning like he’d simply gone out for a quick walk.

Shane’s lips curved into a smile. Ilya’s hair was wild, his shirt was half open, his gold chain was visibly displayed on his broad chest, and against all reason, he was still hard. Ilya re-locked the door then unbuckled his pants. At that point, he finally noticed Shane’s attention. He paused, made a vague shrug of his shoulders, then placed his hands on Shane’s waist so that he could casually pin him against the wall.

“No one gets to hear you but me.” Shane nodded obediently, his cheeks flushed under the heat of Ilya’s gaze. Ilya pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“Now, be nice, and repeat your words.” Ilya murmured. “I already forgot what you asked me.” He brushed his lips against Shane’s forehead then proceeded with more deceptively sweet kisses. Shane held back, curious to see what would happen next. Ilya waited, but after a minute grew impatient. Realizing that he couldn’t quite coax Shane with honeyed words and gestures, he pressed Shane a little bit more firmly up against the wall.

“Tell me what you want.”

“Please fuck me,” Shane whispered. He could feel himself getting hard again. Ilya’s free hand reached for his cock. He stroked him slowly, and a whimper escaped Shane’s lips. “Please.”

“You weren’t so sweet a few seconds ago,” Ilya muttered before crashing their lips back together. Shane moaned. He knew he was absolutely wrecked. He was sweaty, cum stained, and covered in God knows what else, but he didn’t want it to stop. Ilya had him pinned against the wall, his erection digging into Shane’s hip.

Shane wanted things to go faster, but before he could breathe a word, Ilya just immediately knew what he needed. He flipped Shane’s position, his front now pressed against the stall. Shane’s cheek was pressed against the cool surface, his breaths coming in ragged bursts. Ilya didn’t stop stroking his cock. He played with his balls and let Shane thrust into his fist. And just when Shane felt like he was going too far, Ilya pulled his hand away.

He palmed at Shane’s ass, “Greedy. Coming already?”

“Fuck off,” Shane panted. Ilya pinned his hands above his head, and Shane bucked against him helplessly. He felt Ilya’s cock brush against him. It wasn’t enough. Not even close. He twisted his hips, chasing for more. He needed friction, he needed his husband in him now, he needed release. “Fuck, Ilya, you know what I need -“

Ilya licked at the base of his neck. He mouthed against the soft skin, and Shane whined. “You’re being a brat.” He warned with a well-timed squeeze of Shane’s waist. “I could leave you like this.”

Shane made another attempt at a half-hearted struggle to break Ilya’s hold. “But you won’t, because you love me.” He jerked backwards, eager for Ilya to just take him already, “You love me like this, wet and messy. Just for you. *Only* for you.”

He screwed his eyes shut and mulled whether he had any shame left. “I’ll be so good for you, I want you so much, I love you so much -“

He could feel Ilya’s pleased smile against his neck. “I love you too.” He repeated it once more in Russian. Shane replied in turn.

“My perfect husband,” Ilya murmured. He opened the lube, teased his fingers down the curve of Shane’s ass, then slowly slipped a finger in. “So eager.”

“Always,” Shane breathed as Ilya began to push in deeper. After a few moments, Ilya slid farther in. He worked quickly, moving onto two, then three fingers as Shane squirmed beneath him. He could feel his cock leaking, painfully untouched at this point. Shane clumsily rocked his hips back and forth, desperately chasing the sensation of being filled.

But it wasn’t enough. He knew what he wanted. He knew what Ilya wanted, and the last thing he needed was another person to come in and ruin it all.

“Fuck me now, I’m ready.”

Ilya mouthed at Shane's shoulder. He was going to leave marks, Shane was sure of it. "So polite." He rewarded good behavior with a kiss to Shane's jaw then eased off Shane so he could roll on a condom. The loss of heat was immediate, and Shane looked over his shoulder, tracking Ilya's every movement. Feeling restless, he took off his shirt, hung it over the stall door, and watched as Ilya did the same.

When Ilya finished, he smirked. "Miss me already?" He inched closer. Shane waited and bit his lip, completely leaving it up to Ilya to manhandle him into position. The surface of the walls didn't offer much grip but Ilya had an arm wrapped around him.

He huffed as Ilya lined up his cock, once again just the barest hint of the tip against his skin. Shane arched back against his husband desperately, once again repeating himself if only to finally get things going. "I need you."

Ilya pushed in, and Shane gasped. His eyes screwed shut as Ilya thrust in slowly. He used both his arms now to keep him pinned in place, and Shane relaxed into the firm embrace. And once his body loosened up, Shane couldn't stop himself from crying out. It was both too much and not enough. He tried to widen his stance and surrender up more of himself, pushing down as Ilya's hips rocked upwards. He didn't want it to end. If someone else came through the door, he'd beg Ilya to keep going.

"Ilya -" Shane could barely speak. Ilya held him tight, keeping Shane close while pinning his hips in place with a firm grip. He felt perfect like this, overwhelmed by Ilya's massive frame and used for his pleasure. The obscene sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room as Ilya pounded into him harder.

"So pretty like this," Ilya hissed as he slid a hand down Shane's waist. He wrapped a slick hand around his cock and kissed his shoulder. "Always so wet for me."

Shane glanced down, and the sight of Ilya's large hand fisting his leaking cock was too much to bear. The golden wedding band against sensitive skin was overstimulating, and Shane bent over further. "Please, Ilya, please." He wanted to kiss his husband. Now.

"Ilya, I need you, please, more." He sounded whiny even to his ears, but Shane was past the point of caring. He wanted Ilya, right in this moment and every second outside of it. "I'm so close."

He reached for Ilya's curls and pulled him in for a bruising kiss. Ilya groaned into his lips, gripping Shane tighter as his thrusts got wilder. He was losing his rhythm, Russian words of praise and filth rolling off his tongue as he pumped into Shane faster and harder.

"You're perfect for me," Ilya grunted, "Such a good husband, taking every single inch of me and begging for more."

Shane couldn't last. He came completely undone. His head leaning back as he came, chasing every breath as Ilya continued to fuck into him. He was over sensitized, barely hanging on, and even after Ilya came, remained helpless in his arms.

Ilya clutched at him, leaving a trail of kisses from his shoulder to Shane's jaw. He mumbled words into his skin and gave Shane a few moments to come back to his senses.

"You're so good at this," Shane muttered as Ilya drew back only so he could dispose of the condom. Ilya winked, and Shane looked away, suddenly shy. He distracted himself by inspecting the ruined state of his clothes. Using the condom hadn't saved him from much. His pride would never recover.

Shane looked up at Ilya and felt himself sobering out of the post-sex afterglow. He let Ilya draw him back into his arms but refused to look at him. "We're never doing this again." He turned his head as Ilya tried to kiss him, "This is so embarrassing. I was so -" He paused. He felt young again, suddenly too awkward to even say the word horny out loud. He tried to pick up his words, "I went down on you -"

"I liked it."

"Of course you did," Shane mumbled.

"You were very good for me," Ilya murmured reassuringly. One of his hands rubbed at Shane's back tenderly. "It's not embarrassing to want me. If other people were married to me, I'd never be able to leave the bed."

"Please don't talk about other people being married to you." His words didn't have much heat in them, but he was smiling now. He pressed his lips back up against Ilya's softly, a silent thank you for getting him out of his head.

"We win next year, we do this again." Ilya once they drew apart. He pressed their foreheads together and set his hands back at Shane's waist. It was a sweet moment, at least until he opened his mouth again. "I'll never be able to sit at a table without getting hard. I'll think of how good you looked on your knees."

"That's going to make it hard to have dinner with my parents ever again."

"You know what's hard -"

Shane clasped a hand over Ilya's mouth. "Stop." He repeated himself in Russian, just to prove a point and because he knew Ilya always liked it when he did. His husband didn't say a word, but the mischievous twinkle in his eyes was enough of a reply.

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They waited for their private car to pick them up from the club's back entrance. Ilya watched as Shane shifted uncomfortably, well aware he wasn't wearing the clothes he'd originally been dressed in. To reassure him, he looped an arm over Shane's shoulders and kissed the top of his head. Shane muttered something under his breath but didn't pull away.

His husband had called Rose for a change of clothes, because when in LA, who else could he ask for a favor? He'd blushed the whole time, stumbling over his words before Ilya finally

leaned over to give a sanitized explanation of what had happened. Rose teased Shane then demanded for the truth, not a press statement. Shane hung up.

But because she was one of his best friends, she still came through. Ilya watched in amusement as Shane gave an extended apology before leaving to get dressed in the same bathroom that Ilya had fucked him in an hour ago. Left alone, Rose and Ilya turned to look at each other.

Rose took a sip of her martini. “So, details?”

Ilya smirked.

Yes, Shane started it. Yes, they enjoyed the table she’d reserved for them. Yes, they probably were the people in the bathroom that she’d overheard someone complaining about when she’d entered the club.

Rose had laughed the whole time. Shane returned and found their exploits less amusing, but after a few minutes, finally relaxed and proceeded to fact check Ilya’s anecdotes. They shared drinks, swapped a few more stories, then called it quits for the night. They’d see Rose the day after tomorrow for brunch before flying back home.

All in all, Ilya was more than happy. His husband was tucked into his side, and their driver would be here soon enough. And maybe once they were back in their hotel room, he could persuade Shane for another round before they went to bed.

“Maybe we should always visit Rose here,” Ilya murmured, “If it makes you act this way.”

Shane huffed, “Not happening again.” He crossed his arms over his chest. Ilya wanted to kiss the pout off his lips. Shane glanced at him, “Don’t even.”

“Even after we win a second Stanley Cup next year?”

Shane shook his head. “No.”

“What if we win the championship, I score more goals than you, and I win finals MVP?” Ilya asked before he turned to underhanded means. He leaned down to leave a kiss behind Shane’s ear and then slowly trailed his lips until he was mouthing at one of the marks he’d left a while ago. “Would you consider it a good reward for your *very* talented husband?”

Shane’s eyes fluttered shut. “We’re going to get fined for public indecency, and I’m never going to survive the humiliation.”

Ilya laughed. “It won’t matter, we’re married. People don’t care if married people are indecent, as long as they’re indecent with each other.”

Shane lifted an eyebrow. “Is that how that works?” His voice was sarcastic, but he was fighting back a smile. Ilya took that as a win and drew Shane back into his arms. It felt good to be so close. They both fell quiet, surrounded only by the slight rustle of a warm breeze and the sounds of a city still wide awake.

Unable to let things rest, Ilya pressed on. “So do you agree?”

“Agree to what?”

“We can do this again next year, after our second cup, my many goals, and my finals MVP awarding?” Ilya replied in Russian. He made sure to speak slowly, so that he was sure Shane could understand him.

Shane wrinkled his nose. But before Ilya could translate, he breathed out a reluctant yes. Not impressed by the lack of enthusiasm, Ilya mimicked the annoyed look on Shane’s face. As expected, Shane, ever the people pleaser, leaned up to seal the deal with a kiss.

Ilya smiled against his lips.

He loved being married.

End Notes

I need people to inspire more brainrot and understand the fact that I'm looping the show's trailer on a regular basis. I've brushed off the dust on my Twitter account [here](#). Give me a shout!

Comments and kudos are much appreciated. Thanks for reading! ♥

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!