

They kinda like being caught

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They kinda like being caught

by [foreveroutoflove](#)

Summary

After Shane and Ilya's marriage, an embarrassing habit forms: people start walking in on them in the middle of sex.

Or five times they are walked in on and one time they walk in on someone else.

Chapter 1: Hayden and Jackie

Chapter Summary

Hayden and Jackie sat in their car in the cottage's driveway. It was a four and a half hour drive from Montreal. They could turn around and go home, never speak of this incident again. They could, but they didn't. They just sat, staring straight ahead. In silence.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hayden was excited as hell.

Shane and Ilya were taking a couple's vacation with Barrett and his boyfriend for a week. Hayden and Jackie were not invited. It stung a little. But Shane offered Hayden and his extended family use of the cottage for the Pike family reunion. If this was a bribe to get Hayden back in his good graces, it sure as hell worked.

Hayden and Jackie headed to the cottage a day early to set up decorations, baby proof some things, and have some adult alone time. Hayden's parents could juggle four kids for one night. Thank God for grandparents!

As they headed up the private road, Hayden could feel himself getting hard in anticipation. Jackie was in a great mood. She was wearing a tight-fitting shirt that showed off her breasts and the slimness of her waist. Her long legs, toned from working out and chasing their kids around, were exposed by jean shorts. Hayden could not wait to get her out of her clothes.

He parked the car in the empty driveway and ran around to open the door for Jackie. He thrust his hand towards her as if he were her chauffeur.

"Such a gentleman," she looked at him, suspiciously amused. She took his hand.

"I'm excited to get you alone," Hayden purred. He pulled Jackie in close, kissing her deeply against the side of the car.

She brought her hands up to his chest, leaning away from the kiss. Hayden didn't stop. He trailed kisses from her mouth to her cheek to her neck.

"Hayden, stop," she giggled, unable to truly convey what she meant. "We're outside."

"Hmm, let's put on a show for the birds," Hayden teased.

"Hayden!" Jackie pushed a little firmly at his chest. She bit her lip in an effort to hide her smile. God, his wife was irresistible. Hayden took a step back, groaning. He grabbed Jackie's

hand.

"Come on, you deserve a bed." He led them to the front door, where he unlocked it with the spare key Shane sent him.

Hayden had been there a couple times, but the size of the cottage always took him aback. He needed to tell his agent to find more sponsorship deals.

He and Jackie giggled as they kissed and stumbled through the hallways towards the grand living room. All he could focus on was his gorgeous wife and slide of her tongue against his. He was going to get laid! It had been a while. So Hayden grabbed her hand and pulled her into the living room.

They were stopped in their tracks by the sight of Shane and Ilya fucking, *hard*.

Shane was completely undressed with his head was rested on the coffee table, facing away from them. Ilya, who was only shirtless, had both of Shane's arms pinned behind his back using his weight as leverage to drive into him repeatedly. Together, they looked like a wet dream. The sounds of Shane's little punched out moans and the slapping of flesh making contact filled the living room.

Hayden was flush with arousal, which confused him. He barely realized he had muttered.

"What the fuck?"

—

Even though their flight was tomorrow and Ilya had an unpacked suitcase, he found himself in the living room on one knee with Shane perched on top of his thigh. He rutted against Ilya's hip as they kissed passionately. Ilya grabbed handfuls of Shane's ass to increase the pressure on Shane's dick. His own cock was hard and neglected in his gym shorts.

Shane had been trying to collect all the lube they stocked around the cottage so that it was *appropriate* for Hayden's family reunion. Shane could be such a boy scout sometimes. Other times, though, Shane was his horny husband who couldn't get enough of him.

"Fuck, Ilya. I want you in me," Shane moaned against Ilya's lips.

Shane's wish was Ilya's command. He broke their kiss to rummage around in the coffee table drawer with one hand. The other trailed down Shane's back to slip past his pants and press at his hole. Shane groaned and laid open-mouth kisses on Ilya's jaw.

"Did you remove the lube from everywhere?" Ilya was getting frustrated pulling everything from the drawer except what he needed. Batteries, sport magazines, and socks littered the ground by Ilya's planted foot.

"There's no lube in the coffee table," Shane shivered as Ilya slipped the tip of his middle finger past his rim.

Just as Ilya was about to give up and haul Shane to their bedroom, his hand wandered around a cool, round bottle. He felt like he won the fucking Stanley Cup again.

Ilya pushed Shane off his thigh. They were on their knees facing each other in the space between the leather sectional and the coffee table. Ilya pushed Shane's sweatpants and boxers to rest at his knees.

Shane grabbed Ilya by the neck, smashing their mouths together. Ilya, blindly, applied lube to his fingers before pushing one finger until he was knuckle deep in Shane's ass.

"Ilya, harder-*ah*," Shane exhaled a shaky breath.

"Fuck, you can't get enough, *Hollander*," Ilya growled. Shane could only bite back a moan. Ilya eventually worked three fingers in Shane through whimpers and groans, avoiding his prostate.

"Holy fuck. Can you just—*fuck*—touch my prostate?" Shane whimpered against Ilya's lips. He was rutting his dick against his husband's covered cock and trying to push back into his fingers.

"So impatient."

"Shut the fuck up." Shane's words lack venom due to his breathlessness.

Ilya withdrew his hand. Shane shivered from the loss. Ilya was tempted to stand up, whip out his cock, and stroke himself until he came on Shane's face. Shane looked fucking wrecked. His face was pink from exertion, his lips were swollen from attacking Ilya's, and he was mostly dressed except for his pants and underwear bunched at his knees. He was gazing up at Ilya as if he hung the moon and stars. Fuck, he would if Shane asked him.

Ilya pressed a chaste kiss to Shane's lips before tapping his hip. Shane obediently rushed to turn around as he kicked off the clothes around his knees and threw his shirt halfway across the room. He braced his forearms on the coffee table and presented his ass to Ilya. All Ilya could do was bite his lip, groan, and slap Shane's right ass cheek.

"*Ah*, hurry up, asshole."

Ilya removed his shirt. He was feeling too impatient to stand up and properly undress, so he shimmied down his shorts and underwear to release his cock. He groaned as he slicked himself and gave a few strokes. He planted his left foot by Shane's knee on the ground. He grabbed Shane by the hips and slowly pulled him back onto his cock.

Shane groaned. Ilya entering him always felt like the first hit of a drug. He was addicted. It was probably why he never bothered with the real stuff.

Ilya gave a few slow thrusts before increasing the speed. Ilya felt a shiver run up his spine as he took in the sight before him. Shane's muscular shoulders, smooth and decorated in freckles, lead to his tapered waist, tight from years in the gym. His ass, which bounced against Ilya's hips, was perfectly sculpted. He could see where his cock entered Shane's hole.

“Shane, you are so fucking gorgeous,” Ilya groaned. “My perfect slut.”

Shane rested his head on his forearms and pushed his hips back. “Come on, harder.”

“You need it harder?”

“Yes. Now, dammit.”

Ilya slowed his thrusts to grab both of Shane’s arms and pulled them behind his back. Shane was left resting his head against the coffee table as Ilya held his arms for leverage to pound into him vigorously. Shane let out gasping, little moans with Ilya’s every thrust. His eyes rolled back, riding the pleasure of Ilya filling him up. Shane looked like a dream on his knees.

It suddenly occurred to Ilya that Shane’s dick had been neglected. He wanted to make Shane come like this. Ilya shifted the angle of his hips.

“Fuck! Ilya,” Shane cried out. “There, *please*- you’re perfect.”

Ilya tightened his grip on Shane’s arms as he drove his cock over Shane’s prostate repeatedly. His hips snapped aggressively against Shane’s ass. Shane was a sobbing mess.

“I’m close,” Ilya heard himself say. He felt delirious with lust. The familiar heat of his impending orgasm gathered in his stomach.

“Me too. Oh, fuck. I’m gonna come,” Shane was breathless.

“Like this?”

“Yes, love this,” Shane panted.

He was no more than ten thrusts away from his orgasm when someone muttered: “What the fuck?”

Ilya almost missed the remark under Shane’s moans.

He snapped his head to see *fucking Hayden Pike* and Jackie standing in their living room entryway. Eyes wide, faces flushed red, and mouths agape.

Ilya dropped Shane’s arms and fell forward, trying to cover them both. Shane let out a startled breath and squirmed under Ilya’s weight. The leg Ilya had planted on the ground was on the other side, still giving the Pikes a full view of where he was buried in Shane.

Why were Hayden and Jackie still standing there?

“Get out,” Ilya yelled out, but it came out as an embarrassing squeak. He felt like a teenager caught in the act.

The Pikes fled back into the hallway. Their footsteps hurried as they shuffled through the door, which slammed closed with a resounding bang. Silence hung in the air as Ilya pulled

out and Shane pushed himself off the coffee table. They looked at each other for a few panicked seconds.

“Who was that?” Shane asked frantically.

“Hayden.”

“Hayden!”

“And Jackie.” Ilya sat back on the rug and leaned against the couch. He let out a hard breath through his nose.

“Jesus. Did they see us?”

Eyes closed, Ilya nodded solemnly. “Yes, everything.”

Shane’s eyes almost bugged out of his head. “How long were they watching?”

“I don’t know, Shane. I was a little busy fucking you.” Ilya stood, gathering his clothes before heading towards their bedroom.

Shane followed, hurriedly picking up his clothes. “Do you think they left?”

“I hope so.”

“Ilya, I’m serious. This is like so fucked up.”

“I don’t know,” Ilya huffed. “We put on a good show.”

It didn’t seem possible, but Shane flushed darker at a loss for words.

“I’m taking a shower.” Despite the embarrassment, it did turn Ilya on to think about how the Pikes had been glued to the floor watching him and Shane fuck. He was happy to leave Shane to deal with the fallout. Ilya was still semi-hard, and he didn’t feel like letting that go to waste.

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Hayden and Jackie sat in their car in the cottage’s driveway. It was a four and a half hour drive from Montreal. They could turn around and go home, never speak of this incident again. They could, but they didn’t. They just sat, staring straight ahead. In silence.

Hayden was especially shaken. He still had a raging hard-on. Every time he closed his eyes, his beautiful friend’s face was contorted in pleasure. His muscular frame was stretched tautly over the coffee table. Jesus, Shane’s dick was even nice. At least from where Hayden was standing; it created a titillating silhouette against the red rug. However, He was equally disturbed that Shane, shy and soft-spoken, enjoyed being rammed into by Ilya’s, apparently, giant cock. God, why was he having these thoughts?

“What the fuck,” Hayden murmured. He held his head in his hands.

“Why was that kinda hot?”

“Why were they there?” Hayden snapped his head to look at Jackie. She wore a meek smile.

“What?” Hayden roared incredulously. “You thought- but they were- and Shane was- *and Ilya*—” Hayden was so flustered he couldn’t even finish his sentence. Jackie placed a calming hand on Hayden’s own.

“This may be a shock to you, but I am attracted to men,” she said. It was a little condescending.

That scene did it for his wife too? Hayden didn't think his dick could get any harder. He was learning too much about himself and others today.

Jackie laughed weakly, “But I think I saw all I ever wanted to see of Shane and Ilya.”

Hayden’s eyes were wide, staring at his wife. His perfect, darling wife thought it was hot seeing two guys go at it. Well, he thought it was hot too. He’d never tell her, though. Actually, maybe one day.

A knock at his window scared Hayden out of his thoughts. It was Shane, now fully dressed in a t-shirt and sweatpants, standing sheepishly, crouching to look through the window. Hayden opened up the door and stepped out.

“Hey,” Shane was trying to avoid Hayden’s eyes. “We, uh, thought you were coming tomorrow. After we left.”

“So did we,” Hayden gulped. “Did your flight get canceled?”

Shane gave him a confused look. “Not to my knowledge.”

“I thought you guys were leaving on the 14th.”

Shane covered his face and groaned. “We’re leaving on the 15th, *tomorrow*. I told you a thousand times, man.”

“I asked you if you checked!” Jackie shouted at Hayden from inside the car. “Sorry, Shane.”

Hayden wanted to ask Jackie to run him over with the car. It was a worthy punishment. He was almost certain that he was running out of goodwill with Ilya, and definitely now, Shane. He can’t continue to catch them in compromising situations. His dick twitched a little at the thought of it happening again though.

“Ugh, Shane. I’m so sorry. We can head back and let you guys enjoy the rest of your night,” Hayden offered. Shane gave him a frustrated look and rolled his eyes.

“Just stay. You’re already here,” Shane sighed. “Plus, I think we’re done with romance for the day.” He waved them inside.

“Aren’t you glad I didn’t have my camera out?” Hayden tried for a joke.

Shane shot him a withering look. “Too soon.”

“Yeah. Sorry. Again.”

Jackie exited the car and walked with Shane back to the house. Hayden worked alone to unload their luggage. He lingered at the trunk, not wanting to face Shane, Jackie, or fucking Ilya. God, this was going to be a long, awkward night.

Chapter End Notes

This is a collection of little vignettes. There's a loose storyline though!

Chapter 2: Evan Dykstra

Chapter Summary

"Were they pissed?"

"Uh, they didn't notice me."

"Damn, they were going that hard?"

"No, they were- I don't know. Like making love?"

"Good night, gentlemen," Rozanov said definitively as he rose from the table. He was met with a chorus of groans.

A few of the guys were playing poker in Evan and Hayes's hotel room. It had not been a good night for Rozanov. He lost everything he came to bet with and more.

"Wait, don't go," Barrett said. "Hazy hasn't taken *all* of your money yet."

"I enjoy delayed gratification," Hayes announced. "I'll take the rest of your money another day."

"Shane and I will be homeless by the end of the season," Ilya chuckled as he moved towards the door.

"Why don't you ask Shane to come play?" Evan chimed. Rozanov and Hollander were the highest-paid players in the league for years before Hollander took a reduced salary to play for Ottawa. Evan knew their newest teammate had to be good for a couple rounds of poker.

"He does not like gambling, and he will be upset when I tell him how much I lost," Rozanov sighed, amused. Hollander wasn't thrilled when Rozanov won either. Gambling seemed silly to him, but it wasn't hazardous to Rozanov's health, so he couldn't complain much about the hobby.

"You tell him?" Evan asked, perplexed.

Rozanov's eyebrows drew together, but his crooked smile remained fixed. "Of course, I tell him everything."

"Everything?"

"He is my best friend," Rozanov said plainly.

“Huh,” Evan cocked his head to the side. He looked a little lost in thought. “I never thought about it like that.”

“About my husband being my friend?” Rozanov asked.

“What?” Evan shook his head and laughed. “No, it’s just that- I don’t tell Caitlin everything.”

“Well, maybe you should,” Hayes jumped in. Barrett nodded in agreement. All three men were looking at Evan suspiciously. He realized how that sounded.

“I’m not like cheating on her or anything,” Evan defended himself. “There are just things she doesn’t need to know.”

Rozanov smirked. “Big day tomorrow. I am heading to bed.” Before anyone could respond, he promptly left the room.

—

Ilya stood in front of his door. He patted his pockets to find that they were completely empty. Figures. He knocked on the door. He heard Shane’s footsteps travel down the hallway inside their room. The door opened to reveal his shirtless husband, flushed and damp. Ilya frowned.

“You showered without me.”

“Why didn’t you use your key?” Shane was a little agitated. He’d been that way when Ilya left. He hoped that a little alone time would help settle Shane, but it had been of no use.

“I lost a lot tonight,” Ilya huffed as he slipped past Shane, who let the door fall behind him once Ilya was inside.

“I don’t know why you like gambling,” Shane shook his head and followed Ilya down the long hallway of their room towards the king bed. Ilya sat on the edge and kicked off his shoes.

“I like it when you scold me.” Ilya flashed Shane a crooked grin. His husband was instantaneously defenseless. Ilya patted his thigh. “Come here.”

Shane straddled Ilya’s lap. He wrapped his arms around Ilya’s neck and breathed him in.

“I’m nervous.”

“This is not your first away game.”

It was the Centaur’s first away game. Luckily, they weren’t playing Montreal, but Shane felt self-conscious playing anywhere but Ottawa.

“I know. I’m aware I’m...a hot shot,” Shane said meekly. Ilya grinned. “But, I never really thought about how many eyes were on me. Or you. Us. I wish I could block everything out. For the first time, I can’t say that I know I’m going to do well tomorrow.”

This wouldn't do. Ilya hated seeing Shane anxious. If there was anything he could do to raise his spirits, he would.

"You are Shane Hollander. The best player in the league," Ilya whispered. "You will be great, as always. I can say that with certainty."

Shane flushed pink.

"Should I show you a picture of the trophy room?"

"Ilya," Shane whined, but his eyes grew deep with desire.

Ilya captured Shane's lips with his. He flipped them so that he was on top of Shane. They could take their time tonight. He was determined to show Shane his worth, even if they were hundreds of miles from the trophy room.

—

"Jesus, Dykstra," Hayes blew out a breath.

"Did I sound like a dick?" Evan looked at Hayes and Barrett. "Be honest."

"You sound like you keep secrets from your wife." Barrett stood. "I'm heading out too."

"Kinda early to be tucking in," Hayes commented.

Troy smirked. "I have a call to make." He shook hands with Hayes and Evan, then left, leaving the two to clean up.

Evan gathered the cards and spotted a few on the floor. He picked them up, then noticed a room key. He picked it up and showed it to Hayes.

"Hey, you think this is Rozanov's?" he wiggled his eyebrows.

"Don't do it, man," Hayes warned.

Ottawa had gotten away from it in the past year or so, but there used to be a tradition of sneaking into the room of new players to surprise them the night before their first away game with the team. Seeing that it was Hollander's first season with the Centaurs and their first away game of the season, Evan couldn't think of a better time to revive the tradition.

"Why not? It's not like they're going to be doing anything."

"You think they're not doing anything?" Hayes gave him an incredulous look. "The newlyweds?"

Evan shook his head. "It'll be fine. I'll go in, scare them, we'll laugh." He slipped on his shoes. "You're not coming?"

"Ha, no," Hayes said flatly. He hopped on his bed. "Good luck though!"

Evan rolled his eyes and fled the room on a mission. He had to look up Hollander and Rozanov's room on his phone. This would be a quick scare, then he'd run back to his room.

Arriving at room 734, Evan silently slipped through the door completely unnoticed. Rozanov and Hollander's room had a longer hallway than the one he shared with Hayes. He tiptoed down it until he poked his head around the corner. He genuinely thought he'd find the pair watching a movie or even sitting on opposite beds chatting—just as teammates, buddies do. He knew they were married, but it didn't seem real until he saw his captain making love to Ottawa's second line center.

There weren't even two beds in the room.

Rozanov laid between his husband's legs, face hidden against the crook of Hollander's neck as he slowly dragged his hips back and forth. He obviously was quite talented because Hollander looked completely blissed out. Rozanov murmured lowly, but Evan couldn't quite catch what he said. Rozanov's every thrust solicited sultry gasps of pleasure from his former rival. One of Hollander's legs was wrapped around Rozanov's waist, the heel of his foot resting right above the swell of Rozanov's ass. One of Hollander's arms were wrapped loosely around his husband's shoulders, caressing his back as Rozanov thrust into him. The other was tucked between their bodies most likely stroking himself.

"*Fuck Ilya*, there. Just like that," Hollander panted. His eyes were closed, and his head was thrown back against a pillow.

Rozanov kissed his way up to Hollander's mouth. He captured it in a brief kiss before leaning their foreheads together to look each other in the eye.

"You're so beautiful, Shane," Rozanov groaned, raw and unguarded. Evan's heart skipped a beat. He'd never heard his captain so sincere and gentle. "All mine."

"Yours," Hollander whimpered as he nodded. "I love you." His eyes rolled back in his head, his hand between their bodies sped up, and Rozanov returned his face to Hollander's neck.

Suddenly, Evan felt embarrassed. He wasn't homophobic, but he'd been unable to conceptualize how these two masculine men would treat each other while alone. He'd imagined an intense yet sexless homoerotic bromance. Instead, he was confronted with a loving scene of raw intimacy that reminded him quite a bit of his own marriage.

Just as quietly as he slipped in, he slipped out. Evan waited a moment in the hallway in case Rozanov and Hollander heard him. When he didn't hear any hurried movement, he knelt to slide the stolen key under the door. Evan stood back up and shoved his hands in his pockets as he slowly made his way back to his shared room with Hayes.

"Were they pissed?" Hayes asked as Evan entered the room. He was lounging on his bed as a movie played on the TV.

Evan contemplated lying, but he didn't see the point. "Uh, they didn't notice me."

Hayes must have noticed the uneasiness in Evan's voice. He sat up fully and turned towards him.

"Damn, they were going that hard?" Hayes' eyes were wide with surprise.

"No, they were-" Evan's face scrunched up in frustration. "I don't know. Like making love?"

"Making love?"

"Yeah, I was there for a few-"

"Minutes?" Hayes teased.

"Seconds, Hazy," Evan groaned. "It was obviously something I was not supposed to see. So...I left."

There was a moment of silence between the two men before Hayes broke out laughing.

"It's not funny, man." Evan grew red, ashamed.

"I told you not to do it."

"I should have listened."

"Imagine. If you had Caitlin with you and one of the guys decided to pull that shit, would you be okay with that?"

Evan thought hard.

No, he would not. In fact, the thought of one of their teammates walking in on him and his wife in the throes of ecstasy, getting out of the shower, or even cuddling made him a little queasy. He guessed because they were his teammates—who he saw naked quite frequently—that there wasn't much deeper between them other than what he saw on display.

"I fucked up, Hazy," Evan sighed. He flopped down on the bed.

"Are you going to tell them?"

"Psh, no!" Evan huffed. "I'll be the team pervert."

"I'll know you're the team pervert," Hayes hummed, unseriously. "Now shut up, the best part is almost here." He turned his attention to the TV.

Evan didn't give the movie any attention. Instead, he stewed in self-disappointment, wishing he could crawl into his wife's arms. Maybe he'd tell her about this incident.

Chapter 3: Rose Landry

Chapter Summary

Rose had never walked in on anyone before! She had filmed plenty of sex scenes. She had even watched her co-stars as they filmed their own. She always thought she might be into watching sex sometime in the future, but if it made her feel the way she felt now, Rose may not be cut out for it.

“Fuck,” Ilya moaned long and drawn out. He had a vice grip on the bed sheets in one hand and pushed Shane’s face further between his cheeks with the other.

They were currently enjoying one of their favorite things: an empty hotel suite with nowhere immediate to go.

Their rare week off happened to fall during International Husband Day. Ilya mentioned the occasion offhandedly to Shane, thinking they would spend the week at home together. But the other man had taken it upon himself to celebrate the day as if it were their anniversary.

Not only did Shane surprise Ilya with a trip to the Toronto premiere of Rose's newest movie, but he also woke Ilya up with a vibrating cock ring and a tongue in his ass the morning of the premiere. For Ilya, it was almost too much in the best way. He was a happy, trembling, sweaty, shaking mess. He *could* be disappointed in himself. He was a top athlete and renowned for his stamina. He was still skating circles around the rookies, his teammates, and Shane at the age of 33. But right now, with Shane’s tongue wetting his rim and his fingers dancing on his prostate, he was gulping for air around moans. Ilya’s lungs felt as if he were running an ultramarathon.

The pressure of Shane's tongue against his hole suddenly vanished as his husband pulled back out of Ilya’s grip.

“No,” Ilya whined.

He reached back feebly, trying to grab Shane’s head. He felt a hot, wet gob of liquid hit his hole before he registered the sound of Shane spitting on him. Ilya groaned deeply as he let his face fall into the pillow in front of him. Shane had him on his knees. His legs were shaking dangerously with pleasure. Shane chuckled as he used a singular finger to smear his spit on Ilya's hole.

"I love it when you get like this," Shane said absentmindedly.

Ilya was sure if he turned his head to look at his husband, he'd see Shane completely taken with the sight of his tight, red hole glistening from his saliva.

"Shane," Ilya groaned. "I need more."

"More what?"

"More...more..." Ilya couldn't find the words in English or Russian. All he knew was that he wanted Shane to make him come. His husband had barely touched his cock, and the vibrating cock ring was no competition to the pressure of Shane's tongue against him or his fingers in his ass.

"More of this?" Shane licked a stripe across Ilya's hole, heavy and hot. "Or more of *this*?" Shane shoved two fingers past the entrance of Ilya's hole, crashing into his prostate. Shane's tongue made its presence known alongside his fingers as Ilya was reduced to reedy gasps and deep, long moans.

"Da! Yes," Ilya hissed. "*Fuck*, that one. Holy fuck."

Jesus, Ilya could barely recognize the sound of his own voice. It lacked its usual depth and control.

Ilya had always thought it was hot when Shane was beneath him, flushed red, begging, and wet with pre-come. However, as their relationship progressed and evolved, Shane grew increasingly interested in seeing Ilya unmoored and lost in pleasure while he remained calm and controlled. Ilya figured that this desire grew out of the captaincy eluding Shane. He couldn't care less what inspired it when Shane was caressing his prostate and driving him to the brink of ecstasy.

He never could really tell where the precipice was when Shane got him off like this. When he was topping, he could rely on the dependable heat from his stomach to let him know he was close. Now, his groin, his stomach, his ass, his cock all tingled with the overwhelming sensation of pleasure. God, even his mind was blissed out.

"Shane, I think I'm coming," Ilya whined. *Why was his voice an octave higher?*

Suddenly, there was a high-pitched gasp followed by a little squeak as the door to their room closed.

Shane pulled his mouth off of Ilya to turn towards the door. Ilya groaned as Shane's fingers slipped out of him.

"Shit, you didn't lock the door?" Shane hissed, turning back to Ilya.

He rose from his knees and shuffled to the door to turn the lock. He looked back at Ilya. His shoulders were rising and falling deeply, still on all fours. Shane felt a little satisfied with himself. The man was still reeling from his near orgasm.

"Who cares," Ilya replied gruffly. "Finish your job."

Ilya turned to fall on his back against the bed.

"What? Absolutely not," Shane fired back. "Rose just saw my face in your ass. How are you still interested?"

Shane started down at Ilya, whose cock was still glistening and rock hard against his stomach.

"You have a very good tongue, sweetheart," Ilya complimented.

He was grinning up at Shane as he ghosted a hand up over his stomach. His grin fell when he pinched one of his nipples with one hand and turned up the vibration on the cock ring with the other. He bit back a moan and began to thrust his hips shallowly into his hand.

"Put it back." Ilya huffed out his order.

Shane's dick throbbed with renewed interest, seeing Ilya splayed out before him. He looked like a dream. His curls, darkened by sweat, were plastered to his forehead. His tanned, gorgeous face was flushed. His warm, golden eyes were half hooded with desire. His long legs were spread wide, showing off where he wanted Shane the most right now.

Maybe Rose could wait a couple minutes, Shane thought as he lowered his head to place his tongue against Ilya. His husband whimpered and moved his hand to grip Shane's locks in an almost punishing fashion.

Actually, Rose could wait much longer.

—

Rose returned from her Club Med appointment to a seemingly empty hotel suite on an early Friday afternoon. The premiere was that night, so she wanted a little touch-up. She was unsurprised that Shane and Ilya were absent. They were probably out enjoying International Husband Day or whatever silly holiday they told her about.

Shane and Ilya arrived in Toronto, to her surprise, earlier in the week. She hadn't been expecting them, but was so elated by their presence she practically begged them to stay with her in the giant presidential suite booked for her.

The trio spent a few days together exploring Toronto. Shane had even allowed Ilya and Rose to drag him to a club.

Rose loved Shane, and she loved that Ilya made him happier even more. She always thought she had seen the truest version of Shane when they dated: her sweet, gentlemanly athlete boyfriend. Undeniably, her parents would've been delighted if she brought home the nice Canadian hockey player instead of the Hollywood sleazebags she usually ended up with. But sometimes life throws a curveball.

Oh well.

Though as their friendship grew, Rose realized that there was more to Shane than she had given him credit for. It honestly delighted her a little to see Shane snippy with Ilya. Her once-perfect-boy-next-door friend called his husband 'asshole,' 'dickhead,' and 'idiot' far more than

she expected. Several times this week, she had to hide her smirks and fits of laughter as they squabbled in front of her.

Shane and Ilya's humorous bickering aside, Rose was grateful they came to support her. The movie wasn't going to be an award-season darling, but it was going to pay for her next vacation to St. Tropez. Her parents didn't see too many of her movies. She was a sex symbol, often playing very sexual roles. So, she couldn't blame her mother or father for supporting her from afar. Plus, some of her fans were a little...stalker-y. It didn't hurt to be flanked by two muscular hockey players for a couple of days.

As Rose kicked off her shoes, she heard some movement from Shane and Ilya's bedroom.

They couldn't still be sleeping?

Shane was so type-A. He'd never allow it. Rose crept towards the door to peek in. She couldn't hear anything from outside, so she cracked the door and was surprised to come face to face with a familiar ass grinding down into the mattress.

Shane and Ilya were both facing away from her. Ilya laid further up the bed with his ass in the air. Shane's face, along with a hand, was planted between Ilya's cheeks.

Rose gasped and tried to suppress a surprised laugh at walking in on the couple. She closed the door and ran to her room.

"Oh. My. God," she laughed to herself.

She had never walked in on anyone before! Rose had filmed plenty of sex scenes. She had even watched her co-stars as they filmed their own. She always thought she might be into watching sex sometime in the future, but if it made her feel the way she felt now, Rose may not be cut out for it.

It was too fucking hilarious to see one of her best friends with his face between his husband's cheeks.

What a slut!

Rose laughed to herself again. She slapped a hand over her mouth to stifle her giggles.

It was a bit surprising for Rose to see them like that. Shane wasn't very open about his sex life with Ilya, but he had confessed that he liked it when Ilya was steering things. She kinda wasn't surprised when he told her. Thinking back on their limited time as a couple, Shane was pretty passive in the bedroom. He would just lie on his back, face unreadable, as she sucked his dick or rode him. He didn't moan or touch her too much. At the time, she didn't think anything of it. But in hindsight, she just didn't have anything he wanted to touch or look at. He was still in the top ten of her sexual partners.

God, he never even went down on her when they were together. Rose really needed to raise her standards.

She chuckled to herself deprecatingly and laid back on her bed. There were a few hours before her glam team was scheduled to arrive. In the meantime, she decided to text her last intimacy coordinator. She was curious to know what 'cunnilingus but with the ass' was called.

Analingus?

Buttlingus?

Eating ass?

Chapter 4: Cliff Marlow

Chapter Summary

“Let me get this.”

“Aht, aht.”

“We, uh, owe you. For earlier.”

“Actually, you really do.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The clock on Cliff Marlow’s stove ticked a minute closer to the dinner reservation he had booked for himself, Rozanov, and Shane Hollander. The fiancés were in town for some Irina Foundation business. Cliff jumped at the opportunity to see Rozanov again.

Roz, *the doofus*, sent his wedding invitations a month before the event, and he was going to be in Sydney for his brother's wedding. So, Cliff felt the least he could do was get them a private room at one of Boston’s hottest restaurants. He had to promise the owner box seats for the Bears' season opener in exchange for a last-minute reservation.

However, looking at the clock again, Cliff was finding his generosity unappreciated.

He was almost sure he could blame Roz for the thirty-minute delay. Just as he was almost certain Hollander would never keep anyone waiting this long. Is this the thanks he gets for trying to catch up with an old friend?

Cliff gave a huff and pushed himself to stand. He grabbed his keys, wallet, and phone and headed towards the garage. He texted Rozanov.

Cliff: idk if you crashed otw here in your ridiculous car but i’ll meet you there

He hopped in his own semi-ridiculous sports car and pushed the fob for his garage door to open. He started the engine and began to back out. He spotted a black SUV parked in his driveway.

Fucking paparazzi.

It didn’t happen often: weird men sneaking onto his property and taking clips of him and his house guest. It was usually during parties when he had hundreds of people over, but now? Did they take pictures of Cliff standing around his home waiting for Rozanov and Hollander?

Feeling pissed off as hell, Cliff threw the car into park and marched towards the car.

“You got your photos! Get the fuck out of-“ Cliff interrupted himself, covering his eyes. He turned away back towards his car. “Jesus!”

It was obvious what had kept Roz and Hollander from his door.

Shane couldn't believe he was allowing this. Just six months ago, he would have bristled at Ilya putting a hand on his shoulder in public. Today, he was pushing his dick further into Ilya's mouth in their rental car parked at the end of Cliff Marlow's driveway.

They were running so very late—which meant they were only going to get to Cliff 15 minutes before they were supposed to. Despite Shane's anxiety, Ilya had seduced Shane into whipping out his dick so Ilya could wrap his mouth around him.

There might have been a bet involved that Shane couldn't last past three minutes.

“Holy shit. I'm close,” Shane gasped.

Ilya was going to win that bet.

Shane slammed his eyes closed as Ilya played with his balls. His hand gripped his fiancé's golden brown locks as if they were his only tether to the world. Ilya hummed encouragingly and sucked Shane deeper down his throat. Time and space slipped further from Shane's awareness as all his senses narrowed to the tight, wet heat of Ilya's mouth and the firm massage of his hand.

“Fuck, *Ilya*—“ Shane moaned loudly. If someone were standing outside, they would surely hear how much of a slut he was for his future husband. “I'm coming.”

He arched into Ilya's mouth as the man swallowed him down. Shane threw a hand into his own hair as the wave of pleasure overwhelmed him. He panted through the aftershocks of his orgasm. Ilya let Shane fall out of his mouth. Peeking through his half-closed eyes, Shane could see how chuffed Ilya was with himself. In an hour, Ilya would have satisfied Shane, caught up with an old friend, and eaten a nice dinner at a fancy restaurant. *Talk about time efficiency.*

The sound of the windshield cracking snapped the couple from their post-coital haze.

“What the fuck was that?” Ilya grunted. He grabbed at the steering wheel to right himself. He was still in his seat, but laying across the console to reach Shane, who was reclined all the way to 180 degrees. Unfortunately, Ilya's hand slipped and pressed into the horn, causing a loud squawking beep. Ilya tried to use his other hand for leverage and pressed against Shane's hip.

“Shit,” Shane hissed. “*Ow*, asshole.”

“Sorry.”

“You put all your weight on my fucking hip.”

“This car is too small.”

“It’s an SUV.”

“Big for you. Push me up.”

“I can’t push you up. I’m laying down.”

“Fine, I’ll help myself.”

They were a scrambling mess, pushing against each other to sit up and get presentable. The car rocked a little from the commotion within. Eventually, they got themselves up to survey the damage.

There was a sizable crack stretching from the middle towards the end of the passenger side of the windshield. Looking past the damage, Shane and Ilya spotted the offender: Cliff Marlow.

If it were possible, Shane would have spontaneously combusted. His cheeks felt like they were working on getting him ready. Was this what he had the decency to do after Marlow had invited them out for dinner?

Ilya stepped out of the car and shouted, “This is a rental, Marlow!”

“You can’t suck dick in my driveway, Roz,” Marlow chirped back. Though the man had the wherewithal to look a little sheepish. “Sorry about the windshield. I threw the acorn a little hard.”

“We were coming out,” Ilya complained, rubbing at his jaw. His tone was annoyed yet playful.

Shane stepped out of the car. He knew he was undeniably disheveled and very red. Marlow smirked at him.

“Someone was definitely coming.”

“I’m so sorry. Ilya was-“

“Are you about to blame me? I wasn’t the one-“

“You’re a horn dog! Of course I’m blam-“

“Horn dog?! You’re making up animals to-“

“All right,” Marlow clapped his hands loudly. “I have to interrupt this lovers’ quarrel. We’re going to be late.”

“I told you we didn’t have time for that,” Shane muttered bitchily.

“You had fun though,” Ilya chuckled.

Shane grew red and stepped back into the car. Ilya turned towards Marlow and shrugged. He looked absolutely delighted with himself.

“Should we race you there?” Ilya wagered.

—

It was surreal to see Roz and Hollander so cozy together.

They were pressed against each other across from Cliff in a secluded section of a Boston restaurant. Roz had his arm thrown over the back of the booth. If he were to slide his arm down, it would fall on Hollander’s shoulders. There was a kind of possessive nature to the way Roz was hovering over Hollander. Cliff could tell they were one of those couples that sat side-by-side instead of across from each other.

Cliff couldn’t help but snort to himself looking at the pair.

He and Rozanov had always been the Bear’s most eligible bachelors. Cliff couldn’t even remember all the nights they spent clubbing, looking for girls, or playing poker together. All he knew was that Roz had been his most dependable wingman whenever Cliff felt like getting laid, fucked up, or richer.

Now, Roz was getting married. To Shane Hollander.

It would be a lie to say that Cliff was completely stunned to learn that Roz wasn’t completely straight. Sure, he’d caught the guy with plenty of women when they bunked together. However, he’d also inadvertently discovered some of the porn Rozanov was into. Porn that featured more cocks than Cliff was used to. Roz was a freak, so at the time, he didn’t overthink it. But he also never ruled out that ladies were the only ones Rozanov was interested in.

What was more surprising to Cliff was that Roz was into Montreal’s former center. They had spent countless hours shit talking Hollander’s squeaky clean style of play and how the league was probably manufacturing his stardom. They’d also talked about his annoying pretty boy face, his stupid freckles, his silly little pout, how he probably used expensive shampoo, and... oh. Well, maybe it was just Cliff insulting Hollander while Roz added in all the things he liked about his secret boyfriend.

How long had they been keeping this secret?

Cliff was snapped out of his thoughts by the arrival of their food.

“So, when did this happen?” Cliff asked around a mouthful of filet mignon. The conversation had died down.

Roz, whose arm was still resting above Hollander’s shoulder, smirked at him. He moved his hand to cup the back of Hollander’s neck.

“Should we tell Marlow?” Rozanov directed his question to Hollander, who was working on a Branzino.

“Uh, sure,” Hollander cleared his throat. He looked up at Cliff. It seemed like he didn't know the answer.

Hollander looked to Roz to speak.

"Do y'all not know?" Cliff asked in a huff.

"We know! It's just complicated," Hollander looked downright bashful.

"Around eleven years," Rozanov blurted out.

Cliff felt like he'd been crosschecked in the gut.

“Eleven?” He looked at Roz incredulously.

Roz was a dirty dog. He had fucked so many women during that time. Hell, Cliff encouraged him to do so. He felt sick for Hollander.

The look of disgust on his face must have been evident because Roz perked up.

“We weren't together *together* the entire time!” he tried to defend himself. Cliff still eyed him with suspicion.

“It wasn't official until his last year with Boston,” Shane chimed in. He gestured between Roz and himself.

“Okay, that's good to know,” Cliff said slowly. “I was going to have to embarrass Roz and let you know that he was a manwhore.”

Hollander barked out a laugh, and Rozanov ran his hand over his face. He was trying to hide his smile.

“Fortunately, I am well aware,” Hollander looked up at Roz, who gazed back heatedly.

Cliff was a little stunned. They looked absolutely in love. He'd never seen Rozanov this way with anyone, ever. Cliff had a few girlfriends scattered through the years, but Rozanov had consistently fallen from one girl's bed into another's. He never thought he'd see the guy in a relationship, let alone get married before he did.

This was the happiest Cliff had ever seen Ilya Rozanov.

“Let me get this,” Cliff said, reaching for the bill.

Rozanov snatched it away before Cliff could get to it. “Aht, aht.” He shook the leather-clad folder.

“We, uh, owe you,” Shane mumbled. “For earlier.” His face was glowing red. Roz just smirked and winked at Cliff.

“Actually, you really do.” Cliff chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for all the love, suggestions, and typo spotting. <3

Chapter 5: Troy and Harris

Chapter Summary

Opening his eyes, he gazed down at the villa estate. The grass tennis court, patio, and the pool, which was where Ilya and Shane had seemingly disappeared to. However, Troy imagined that if they knew he could see them now, they would want to disappear altogether.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya gave a wolf whistle as he and Shane threw luggage on the bed in their room. Ilya dropped himself onto the bed in the center of the room with an exasperated sigh.

It had been a long travel day.

Despite being the capital city, Ottawa's airport didn't have any direct flights to Madrid. So, Ilya and Shane left Hayden and Jackie at the cottage and drove four hours to Montreal to catch their plane. From there, they endured a seven-hour, turbulent plane ride to Spain.

Ilya's knuckles had grown sore from gripping the edge of his seat, and Shane, to his annoyance, slept fitfully through the entire flight, reclined in his first-class seat. After arriving in Madrid, they experienced a much more enjoyable flight to the small Spanish island of Majorca.

All in all, they had spent fourteen hours traveling. So much for relaxing.

However, Harris had done a nice job finding a secluded split-level seaside villa. The rental was cozy. There was a swimming pool, a grass tennis court, and two large balconies outside each bedroom from which Ilya could see the distant harbor and cliffside that separated them from civilization. The only way they'd run into tourists or paparazzi was if they drove thirty minutes into town.

For two weeks, it would just be Ilya and his hot, sun-soaked husband. Plus Troy and Harris. Thinking about it with more consideration, Ilya wasn't sure how couples' vacations worked. When Troy had proposed the idea to him and Shane, they were in a period of trying everything new as a couple.

Sitting courtside at a Raptors game? Sure. Attending Rose's movie premiere? Absolutely. Filming another commercial together? It was the perfect chance to walk down memory lane.

They'd only been married for two years, and there was still so much they hadn't done together. This opportunity felt very new and very appropriate: a couple's trip with their

colleagues. Ilya remembered when his teammates in Boston would do the same with their wives and girlfriends. Why shouldn't he, Shane, Troy, and Harris do the same?

However, taking in the rental property—which was a proper villa, not as massive as their cottage in Ontario—Ilya felt this experience may be a little much for him and Shane. Outside of hockey and time spent with Shane's parents, they didn't really do things as a couple publicly for more than a couple hours.

Troy and Harris were going to get to know him and Shane very intimately. Probably more than they wanted.

As Ilya wondered about whether they'd need a last-minute flight back to Canada, Shane began to strip off his clothes. Ilya's train of thought derailed.

"You want to get started now, Hollander?" Ilya gave Shane an appraising glance.

Ilya forgot how good *vacation Shane* looked. There was less tension in his jaw, and his shoulders seemed to hold less weight. Vacation Shane was also more ready to laugh and get fucked, *hard*.

"I just want to sit out by the pool for a while," Shane rolled his eyes. He was smirking, though.

As he fished his swimming trunks out of his suitcase, Ilya lifted himself off the bed and crowded his husband against it. He pressed himself to Shane's back.

"You sure that is all you want?" Ilya growls playfully.

It would be so easy to bury Shane's nose in the mattress and fuck him until he couldn't speak. They had been interrupted by *Hayden fucking Pike* and Jackie yesterday. Despite reliving himself in the shower, Ilya was still reeling from being unable to complete his husbandly duties.

His strong hands caressed Shane's bare arms, urging him to give in. For a moment, Ilya is convinced Shane is enticed. The Canadian leaned back ever so slightly before taking a firmer step back and gently knocking his shoulder into Ilya's chest.

"That *is* all I want. You can join me, though."

"Ugh, you're boring. Troy and Harris won't be here for hours. Let me make you scream, sweetheart." Ilya pouts. Why not enjoy sex at full volume before they have to muffle their moans for the rest of vacation?

"You horn dog," Shane chuckled in response. "How are you not tired?"

"We are both horny dogs." Ilya frowned harder. He was a little tired, but not enough to deprive himself of the love of his life. "You slept through the entire flight. You should not be tired."

"I drove us to the airport!" Shane countered as he slipped into his swimming trunks.

“Did you fly the plane too?”

Shane didn't respond. Instead, he threw Ilya the bird and left the room, presumably on his way to the pool.

Ilya groaned. He looked down at his half-hard dick and shook his head. They had maybe two hours before Troy and Harris would arrive. Shane would break his resolve before then.

Ilya was determined.

—

Troy and Harris schlepped their luggage and their tired bodies through the front door of the villa. It was almost two hours after they had planned on arriving.

In anticipation of their vacation, Harris had spent a decent amount of time on Duolingo brushing up on his Spanish so he could speak with the locals. Troy didn't see the value of the effort, but still found it adorable all the same.

Ilya and Shane were adamant about leaving the villa as little as possible. Something about avoiding paparazzi and fans. Troy would never say it aloud, but sometimes Ilya and Shane thought they were bigger deals than they actually were. Nobody on this tiny island would recognize them. He knew they were private people, but why make the journey to Spain not to enjoy any of it?

In any case, he wasn't counting on him and his boyfriend going on any great Spanish adventures after today's mishap. Upon arrival on the island, Harris, in broken Spanish, directed their cab driver to drop them off on the opposite side of Majorca—almost forty-five minutes from the villa.

They stood in front of a random house for twenty minutes before Harris realized his mistake. He apologized profusely, but Troy couldn't care less. He would follow Harris into a hurricane if that's where he said they needed to go.

“Troy, this place is better than the pictures,” Harris exclaimed.

He was taking in their perfectly Mediterranean villa. A wide open floor plan with clay tiles decorating the floor. A large wall of windows stretching from the kitchen area to the living room displayed a view of the harbor and the grass tennis court.

“Isn't there supposed to be a pool?” Troy asked as he gazed upon their personal paradise.

“Yeah, but it's probably below,” Harris said absentmindedly as he snapped photos. “Oh! Let's go to our room; we might be able to see it from there.”

Harris didn't make any motion to head upstairs, so Troy grabbed their luggage and ascended the stairs.

He opened the door to the first room by the stairs' landing.

It was empty save for his teammates' luggage. Interesting. There wasn't any sign of them in the house. Maybe they psyched themselves up and ventured into town.

Troy opened the door across the hall and found an impressive bedroom. It almost reminded him of the suite he and Harris shared from their first spa date. There wasn't a romantic fireplace, but there was a giant balcony with dreamy sheer curtains that would certainly billow in the wind if Troy cracked the glass door a little.

Setting down their luggage, Troy sat on the bed. He tested the weight of himself on the bed. It was relatively quiet. He and Harris could probably make do with an impromptu gag if they really couldn't help themselves. Just the thought of having Harris in this romantic space was getting him a little hot and bothered.

He probably shouldn't open those doors, take his clothes off, and wait for Harris to find him, but Troy was a romantic at heart. Sue him.

He walked over to crack open the doors and was immediately hit with the faint sound of waves crashing. They weren't too far from the harbor, so Troy stepped out onto the large balcony to take in the view.

He honestly had never been anywhere so beautiful. Troy closed his eyes to fully appreciate the moment. All the stress from the last season started to melt away.

Opening his eyes, he gazed down at the villa estate. The grass tennis court, patio, and the pool...which was where Ilya and Shane had seemingly disappeared to. However, Troy imagined that if they knew he could see them now, they would want to disappear altogether.

As he stared at the husbands—*his teammates*—Troy felt himself getting beet red. He also felt himself getting stiff below the belt.

—

Being inside Shane always felt like a revelation.

Ilya wasn't religious beyond the basic Eastern Orthodox principles instilled in him at a young age. However, he privately held that he found God in Shane's body.

The way his husband's moans spilled from his lips, reedy and low, made Ilya feel anointed. Shane's tears of pleasure always washed away the sin of ever letting anyone else but the man below him touch him. His name gasped, moaned, breathed, or groaned by Shane felt like the most divine of prayers. Ilya almost hated himself for becoming such a late convert.

Fucking his husband was some heady shit.

They were laid out on one of the luxury poolside chaises. Ilya was between Shane's widely parted legs, driving into him slowly as if they had all the time in the world.

When Troy and Harris failed to show up an hour after they said they would, Ilya set on his mission of getting Shane to give in. It took another hour for his former rival to sigh and open

himself to Ilya's advances, but the reward felt all the grander. He was in heaven with Shane, having his way with Shane.

"Ilya, holy shit," Shane whined. "So good—*yes, fuck!* Ugh, take me."

The heat in his lower stomach and balls told him he was close. Though he couldn't distinguish the heat of his pleasure from the heat of exertion, nor the heat of the oppressive summer sun upon his back.

He really should have moved them to a seat under an umbrella.

"Sweetheart, I'm close," he growled. Ilya's hips picked up their pace as he captured Shane's lips in a scorching kiss.

Ilya groaned into the contact. All he could focus on was the slap of their bodies meeting each other, his husband's needy moaning, and the desperate need to come.

He reached his hand out to grab the top of the chaise for more leverage. His fingers fell on something sharp behind the back of the chaise. Without stopping the movement of his hips, Ilya removed his mouth from Shane's to look at his hand.

In the corner of his eyes, he spotted a shadow. Turning his head, the shadow was actually a man.

Ilya's hips stuttered as he realized that Troy Barrett was watching him fuck. Shane cried out and urged Ilya to do it again.

"Right there. *Don't stop,*" Shane cried.

Lord, what should he do?

Shane would be mortified if yet another person caught them fucking in less than twenty-four hours. He would never be into it. No, certainly not...unless.

Well, thinking about it, Shane wasn't too embarrassed when Hayden and Jackie caught them. More annoyed than anything.

Ilya was kind of into it. He was definitely into the dilemma of keeping quiet or letting Shane know they had a viewer. He was into Troy, frozen on the balcony, unmoving, and watching them. He was into Shane squirming below him on the verge of ecstasy.

Ilya lowered his lips to brush against Shane's ear.

"We have company," Ilya murmured lowly. He slowed his hips but didn't stop. "Should I stop?"

Shane's eyes rolled back in his head. Ilya loved it when he was blissed out and only focused on pursuing his own pleasure. In this state, Shane was game for almost anything.

“Tell them to go away,” Shane groaned quietly against Ilya’s cheek. He wrapped himself tighter around Ilya. Strong arms circled Ilya’s neck, and thick, solid thighs bracketed his hips as Shane began to grind himself filthily on Ilya’s cock.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya moaned low and drawn out.

Yeah, the fun was over. He didn’t need Troy to see the way he was about to fold Shane in half.

He gazed up at Troy. He was far away enough that he couldn’t look directly into his eye, but he knew his sight was still locked on the two of them. Ilya raised a hand and made a shooping motion at Troy.

“Ilya, come on,” Shane urged. He was getting impatient. He wanted his husband to start driving his cock into his prostate.

To make matters worse, Harris wandered onto the balcony. Unlike his boyfriend, Harris’ body language read as completely shocked. Ilya could see his hand covering his mouth.

“They’re still-“

“Fuck me, now.” Shane’s voice was firm and irritated in a way Ilya rarely heard.

It made it all the easier to push their audience out of his mind and focus on pushing Shane’s knees to his chest.

“Like this?”

“*Yes, Ilya. God!*”

“Such a fucking slut. You can’t even wait for it.”

“No- *fuck*, I can’t.”

Ilya felt wild as he pounded into Shane with reckless abandon. The chaise they were on began to groan from their combined weight and movement. In this moment, they could fall to the core of the Earth. Ilya doubted he would notice. When Shane was under him, pliant and begging for his love, Ilya couldn’t care about the sun burning his back, the stability of the chaise, or their fucking colleagues watching them.

“I’m coming,” Shane gasped breathlessly.

Ilya grabbed Shane’s dick and stroked him through his orgasm. He spilled onto his stomach and chest with a loud cry.

Ilya quickly unfolded Shane and pulled out. Running a hand through Shane’s mess, he used the slickness from his husband to bring himself off. With a deep groan, he orgasmed, spilling himself across Shane’s stomach.

Shane grabbed the back of Ilya's neck to smash their mouths together. Their tongues clashed in a sultry battle before Ilya pulled away, panting.

He gazed back up at the balcony to find it empty. He turned back to look into Shane's eyes.

"I can't believe we did that," Shane murmured. Though Ilya could tell he really meant *I can't believe I just did that*. Ilya pecked him on the cheek before rolling off of him.

"Well, should we swim?" Ilya asked, tipping his head towards the pool.

"I don't know. I'm kinda gross," Shane looked down at the drying mess on his stomach and chest.

"Do you want to go back in there? Now?" Ilya raised his eyebrows.

Shane shook his head.

"The chlorine will clean everything," Ilya said. He stood and pulled Shane to his feet.

"I don't think that's true."

"Shut up."

Ilya pushed Shane into the pool. He fell in with a yelp. As Shane broke the surface, sputtering, Ilya turned back to look at the empty balcony. *God, this is going to be an awkward two weeks.*

For now, all he could do was hold his breath and jump in.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the love and comments! It's been a minute, but I'm having so much fun writing this. <3

Chapter 6: Shane and Ilya

Chapter Summary

With a bit of trouble due to Ilya's kissing and a far greater amount of embarrassment due to the driver's presence, Shane opened the door, letting himself and Ilya through.

Ilya grabbed Shane's hand to lead him back to their room when they walked into another "moment."

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the break! I've been enjoying reading everyone else's fics far more than writing my own. Thank you for all the comments and kudos. I hope you all enjoy this chapter which picks up where the last one left off.

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

"Oh, wow," Shane moaned. "Ugh, right there. God."

The sound of Shane's moans tortured Ilya. They also turned him on, but mostly they were torturing him because he wasn't the cause of the delicious sounds falling from his husband's lips.

After the "moment," as Shane called it, the Canadian became very amenable to the idea of leaving the villa. For the past three days, the husbands spent most of their time away from Troy and Harris. They had taken a cooking class, gone on a guided tour of the island, enjoyed the beach, and visited several of the best restaurants in town—all to avoid talking about the "moment" with the other couple.

Ilya had mixed feelings about this course of action. On top of being friends with the other men, they were also coworkers. Eventually, this vacation would end, and they would have to return to hockey. Ilya was on a line with Troy and didn't want this to affect their on-the-ice chemistry.

On the other hand, he was excited they were going to see more than their bedroom and the villa's backyard. Majorca was beautiful. In the tiniest little corner of his mind, he was fantasizing about retiring to the island. However, most present on his mind was the wish that they could spend just a little more time in their bedroom, or even do some of these excursions with Troy and Harris.

Well, maybe not their current excursion. Ilya was grateful it was just him and Shane...and their masseuses.

Shane had woken him up early that morning for a "Couple's Seaside Sunrise Massage." It had sounded ridiculous to Ilya when Shane proposed the idea the previous night, but Ilya hoped the rub down would relax Shane enough to allow Ilya to touch him again. Something Shane hadn't allowed since the "moment."

Unfortunately, Ilya was paying painfully for that desire. It seemed that Shane was far too happy to let a strange woman put her hands on him.

Ilya couldn't see it from his prone position on the accompanying massage table, but he could basically visualize the way the masseuse rubbed her oiled hands on Shane's body. From experience and by sound alone, Ilya could map where the woman pressed his hands onto the other man's body. A particular moan let him know that his husband's lower back, right above where the swell of his ass began, was getting a fair bit of pressure. Another moan let Ilya know that the masseuse was working on Shane's traps.

"Ugh, that's nice," Shane gasped as the woman dug into the back of Shane's thighs.

It was driving Ilya mad. Why wasn't Shane embarrassed by the sounds he was making now, but was embarrassed their friends caught them fucking? Why didn't Shane realize he was giving Ilya the most excruciating boner of his life? Why was his masseuse trying to impale him with her elbow?

"Shit," Ilya hissed.

His masseuse, a very nice but surprisingly strong older woman, was digging her elbow into Ilya's lat. The pain of her stressing out the knot in his back caused the air to rush from his lungs. Ilya tried to focus on the pain to will his erection away, but the sounds of Shane's moans filling the silent space between them only filled Ilya's cock more.

"Did you like it?" Shane asked after their masseuses left. He was sitting on the table with the towel draped over his lap.

"Not as much as you," Ilya murmured. He was still lying on his stomach, but he had his head propped on his folded arms to stare at his husband stretching his arms across his chest. Shane looked like temptation.

"What do you mean?"

"Shane," Ilya huffed.

"What?"

"You were having a *really* good time."

Shane's face flushed with realization. "Fuck off."

"No, don't be embarrassed now. I was enjoying it."

“Oh my God, shut up.”

“No, it made me jealous...and more.” Ilya turned over on his side. His semi-hard cock was evident even with the towel draped over his hips.

“I didn’t mean, I was just,” Shane sputtered for words.

Ilya still found it endearing how flustered he could make his husband after all these years.

“You should feel bad. Was torture hearing you like that,” Ilya tried to pout in an attempt to hide his grin.

“Yeah?” Shane grinned back at him, heat simmering in his eyes as he gazed at Ilya.

“Yeah. You need to make it up to me.”

“Okay...here?” Shane asked, biting his lip. Ilya could see him getting hard under his towel.

“No, no. I think everyone here has heard enough of you today.” Ilya sat up on his table. Shane’s eyes darkened with desire. “Get dressed.”

—

To say their vacation was not going according to plan was an understatement.

Instead of exploring the paradise that was Majorca, Troy and Harris couped themselves in the villa. It was nice having this downtime with Harris, but Troy had really been looking forward to exploring the island. If he was being honest with himself, he needed to leave the villa more than ever, so he could stop his mind from wandering to Ilya and Shane.

Troy kept replaying the scene in his head: Ilya looming over Shane, thrusting his hips into their second line center, the way Ilya continued even though he knew Troy was watching, the way Shane pulled Ilya closer, the shock on Harris’ face when he found Troy, and the god-awful way Troy rooted himself to that spot on the balcony. It was mortifying. Harris had to drag him back inside. Troy was sure if his boyfriend hadn’t done it, he might have never left that spot.

Amazingly, Troy rarely thought about his teammates’ sex lives. Unlike the other Centaurs, who were healthily curious about same sex encounters, Troy was gay. He knew what happened when two men who loved each other got up to when they were alone. When it came to imagining Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander getting down and dirty, Troy’s mind drew blissfully blank. Or rather, he thought about the ways he and Harris ruined their sheets when they were alone.

That was until the show three days ago.

“I knew it,” Harris whispered, more to himself than to Troy.

They were lounging on the couch in the living room of the cottage after eating breakfast together. In a poorly concealed effort to avoid them, Troy knew Ilya and Shane were in town. Usually, they’d go out and wouldn’t return until dark.

“Knew what?” Troy asked.

“Shane’s a bottom,” Harris answered as if that was the obvious thing on his mind. “Or he bottoms, at least.”

Troy sputtered. As a couple, they hadn’t even discussed Troy’s dabble in voyeurism. He assumed Harris could tell he was shaken up by it.

“You’ve been thinking about that?” Troy asked, scandalized.

“You don’t?”

“Uh...no.”

“Troy, you shower with hot guys all day, every day-“

“It’s not all day.” Troy interrupted.

“Tsk, not the point,” Harris placed a hand on Troy’s chest. “You shower with Adonises. Slam your perfect body against their perfect bodies for a living, and you don’t wonder what any of them get up to in bed?”

Troy worked very hard for many years to never think about that. He had been desperately scared of his sexuality. He would have jumped out of a window before he ever allowed himself to fantasize about Ilya, Shane, his teammates, or any player in the NHL.

“No,” Troy answered honestly. “Certainly not.”

Harris hummed a note of playful suspicion.

“What?” Troy asked, eyeing Harris with an equal dose of happy skepticism.

“Nothing, you’re just cute,” Harris said. “I guess I’m just happy to know your heart is safely with me.”

Troy barked out a laugh and rolled on top of Harris.

“I guess mine isn’t if you’re thinking about my teammates having sex,” Troy joked.

“Oh, you know it’s nothing serious,” Harris giggled. “It’s more of a ‘I wonder if Wyatt wears Superman boxers to bed,’ ‘does Evan really have an eight-inch dick like he says,’ ‘does Ilya top Shane?’”

“You’re so filthy,” Troy murmured as he placed kisses along Harris’ neck.

“But you like it.” Harris craned his neck to give Troy access to more skin.

Troy pulled back to look into Harris’ eyes. He found love, adoration, happiness, and a plethora of emotions he hadn’t dared to dream of finding in the eyes of another man. Most importantly, he found burning desire.

“Actually, I love it,” Troy declared.

He swooped down to capture Harris’ lips with his own. They slowly pressed their mouths together before Harris dragged his tongue across Troy’s lips, inviting him to deepen the kiss. Before long, their tongues and limbs were tangled. Their clothes were also tangled together—discarded on the floor.

—

Ilya could barely keep his hands off Shane the entire ride back to the villa. The promise of having Shane again after three agonizing days was too exciting.

Upon arriving at the villa, Ilya paid their tab, hopped out of the taxi, and ran over to open Shane’s door for him. He pulled his husband out of the car and shoved him towards the front door of the villa before Shane could thank their driver.

“God, eager much?” Shane laughed.

“You make me eager,” Ilya growled as he crowded Shane against the door. He grabbed Shane’s chin and kissed him deeply.

Shane groaned into the kiss and wrapped his arms around Ilya’s waist. Abruptly, Shane turned his head away.

“Jesus, the car is still here,” Shane observed breathlessly. Ilya was kissing his way down his husband’s neck. “Ilya, let’s go inside.”

Ilya didn’t stop paying attention to the skin on Shane’s neck. “Open the door then.”

With a bit of trouble due to Ilya’s kissing and a far greater amount of embarrassment due to the driver’s presence, Shane opened the door, letting himself and Ilya through.

Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand to lead him back to their room when they walked into another “moment.”

Troy was on his back, hair splayed over the side of an ottoman he was lying on. His reddened face was pinched in pleasure. Most surprisingly, Troy, who usually spoke in a low, unaffected voice, was making high-pitched grunts as Harris filthily dragged his hips back and forth. He was smaller than Troy in stature, but his every thrust rocked Troy’s body.

Oh, how the tables turn.

Ilya felt a little hot under the collar. Of course, he thought Troy was attractive. He joked about their (certainly never) impending threesome too often for him not be a little appreciative of the man's body. But seeing him under Harris and completely out of his mind was really doing something for him. It reminded him of how Shane got when he was under Ilya.

He caught a glimpse of his husband out of the corner of his eye. Shane was staring open-mouthed at the pair. Outside of watching Ilya fuck him in the mirror, Shane never seen two people having sex. Right in front of him.

Harris looked up from where his eyes had been glued to Troy. He froze. He looked between Ilya and Shane and smiled a little deviously. He snapped his hips hard. Troy's grunts grew a decibel louder. Ilya felt called into action.

Ilya maneuvered Shane past their friends and up the stairs. He pressed Shane against the nearest wall as they cleared the last step and sank to his knees. Ilya palmed his husband's dick to make sure he was onboard with what was happening. The rod in his shorts indicated he absolutely was.

"What are you doing?" Shane whispered. He glanced down and grabbed Ilya's hair.

Ilya didn't respond. He pulled down Shane's shorts and briefs in one go, exposing his dick to the hot air of the villa, and swallowed him.

"Fuck," Shane breathed out shallowly.

Ilya looked up at his husband. Shane's eyes were closed, and his head had tipped back against the wall. He hoisted one of Shane's legs up so it rested on his shoulder before he returned to lavishing his dick.

"God, Ilya," Shane panted.

The villa felt like it was a hundred degrees. The knowledge that Troy and Harris were still going at it and probably knew what they were doing upstairs was too much for Shane. The heat of Ilya's mouth on his dick wasn't helping. He was going to orgasm far too quickly.

Troy's and Harris' moans followed them up the stairs.

"Harris," Troy whined.

"You're a dream, Troy," Harris rasped. "I'm close."

Shit, so was Shane.

As he registered the sounds of Troy and Harris coming, Shane spilled down Ilya's throat with a breathless gasp. Ilya pulled off of him and stroked himself vigorously. He sank his teeth into the meat of Shane's inner thigh as he came on his hand, Shane's shin, and the floor with

a deep, drawn-out groan. Ilya rose to capture Shane's lip in a kiss. They pulled away breathless and panting.

For a long moment, the silence permeating the air was tense.

"I guess we're even now, right?" Troy called from downstairs.

Ilya broke into a loud fit of laughter. Shane let his head fall to his husband's shoulder, where he chuckled weakly.

"Yes. Even," Ilya yelled back. He wrapped his arms around Shane, pulling him close.

"You're going to be the death of me," Shane groaned.

"Hmm, such a fun way to die, no?" Ilya pulled on Shane's hair so the other man would look him in the eye.

Shane's face was flushed with embarrassment and desire. Ilya was so in love with this beautiful Canadian man. He couldn't help but peck him on the lips.

"Jesus." Shane buried his head in Ilya's neck and hugged him tighter. "We're never talking about this with anyone, ever."

"Whatever you wish, sweetheart." Ilya rocked them a little. "So dinner with the boys?"

"It can't be any more awkward than what's already happened."

"Troy, Harris," Ilya yelled down.

"Uh...yeah?" Harris responded meekly.

"Let's do dinner tonight!"

Ilya could hear them murmuring to one another, but he couldn't make out what they were saying.

"Just dinner," Ilya clarified.

"Oh, for sure!" Troy yelled back immediately.

Ilya chuckled as Shane shook his head.

Sorry to all those looking for one last chapter! I just didn't have it in me. My hyper fixation ended a while ago. Thank you for reading!

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