

the way you do it with ease

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the way you do it with ease

by [theoneiam2277](#)

Summary

Smacking a kiss onto Shane's cheek like he did after the All-Stars, Ilya grins in challenge. Shane's not taken off his helmet yet, so the angle was awkward, but when he glances nervously at the team around them no one seems judging, so he smiles shyly. Ilya's open affection is a lot to get used to. Even after a while with this team, he still fears they'll react badly, but they never do.

In fact, their team members seem elated.

"You tell him, Captain!" Bood laughs. "We should hang a banner. *Danger: Beware of Ilya Rozanov's husband.*"

"Why do you get a victory kiss and we don't, Roz?" Troy calls teasingly.

Or, the one in which Hollzy gets kisses.

Notes

I just want them both to be happy and comfortable and have a supportive team around them so that's what I wrote? I think this may be an universe of interconnected oneshots.

Thank you darling [Elle](#) for betaing <3 You're a star ;)

Title from Taylor Swift - End Game

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



the way you do it with ease

"That was a really *sweet* goal, Hollander!" Ilya's voice is boisterous and happy, so loud it fills the whole locker room as they cross the threshold. It echoes even over the noise of the whole team crowding behind them in the corridor. It's kind of like Ilya's personality, also loud enough to fill up a whole room. Oftentimes, Shane adores it, because it takes pressure off him.

Grabbing Shane by the shoulders, Ilya shakes him lightly for emphasis. "That's how you fucking do it!"

There's a proud smile on Ilya's face as he crowds in close to Shane, the padding on their chests bumping. His hair is sweaty, curls sticking to his temples, and he looks so damn good.

The Centaurs are just spilling into the locker room after Shane won them the game against New York by sneaking the puck into the net at the last possible second. In a joyous mood, following their captain and his husband, they file in, cheering and laughing.

"The goddamned *surprise* on their faces!" Bood chortles, pulling off his gloves.

"Hollzy is our new secret weapon!" Troy agrees, and Young whoops loudly.

"My husband is *dangerous*," Ilya agrees, and the glint in his eyes and his slow smirk makes Shane blush. He knows Ilya means that, and doesn't think it's just on the ice. "Everyone should beware."

Smacking a kiss onto Shane's cheek like he did after the All-Stars, Ilya grins in challenge. Shane's not taken off his helmet yet, so the angle was awkward, but when he glances nervously at the team around them no one seems judging, so he smiles shyly. Ilya's open affection is a lot to get used to. Even after a while with this team, he still fears they'll react badly, but they never do.

In fact, their team members seem elated.

"You tell him, Captain!" Bood laughs. "We should hang a banner. *Danger: Beware of Ilya Rozanov's husband.*"

"Why do you get a victory kiss and we don't, Roz?" Troy calls teasingly.

He's the one Shane is perhaps most at ease with, because they've gone on some double dates with him and Harris before the season started.

Then again, there's been several team outings and grueling training camps and practice days and flights and bus rides since then. Shane appreciates that they've worked on getting to know him, each at their own pace, and welcomed him with open arms as both Ilya's husband and their new teammate. He *knows* these guys, knows how decent they are.

It's just that his anxiety isn't always logical.

"Yeah, it's unfair!" someone calls from further back.

"Go kiss your boyfriend," Ilya quips at Troy, who smiles wider and angles himself in next to Shane.

"Nah, your husband is right *here*," Troy drawls, and leans in towards Shane's cheek. It's surprisingly daring of him, but Shane thinks Troy's thriving on this team and with Harris to support him. "Well done on the goal, Hollander!"

Briefly, he meets Shane's eyes and gives him time to duck away. Shane doesn't, because while Ilya can be a little shit, Shane can be a brat too. So he stares at his husband as Troy smacks a loud kiss to his cheekbone, more sound effect than actual touch, and watches Ilya's eyes narrow and then crinkle at the corners with joy, happy that Shane is comfortable enough here to challenge him. The team roars with laughter and catcalls sound around them, the noise level rising immediately.

"Oh, I want in!" Wyatt Hayes claims, probably just to fuck with Ilya, because Shane is learning the quieter goalie has a devious side too. But Wyatt's face is *earnest* as Troy squeezes Shane's arm in congratulations and backs off. "You did us a solid one, there, Shane!"

It's more a cheek smush than a kiss, Wyatt's hand clapping him on the back enthusiastically, and it warms Shane's chest unexpectedly much. That they've accepted him so quickly, so fully.

"*You* were the hero today, keeping them from taking the lead on that power play!" he protests, but Ilya scoffs and Wyatt smiles indulgently.

He punches Shane's shoulder, though Shane hardly feels it through the pad. "Man, learn to take a compliment!"

"I'm trying to teach him," Ilya complains loudly and dramatically. "Is impossible."

That makes their teammates burst into another round of laughter.

"Hey, I wanna congratulate Hollzy, too!" Chouinard bellows.

Dykstra waves his fist in the air and almost crashes into LaPointe. "Yeah, give him *all* the fucking compliments!"

"Me too!" The rookies chant in the back. "Me too!"

"Give Hollzy more kisses, he *deserves* them!" That's Bood, again. "Let's gooooo!"

The room devolves into chaos and the players mob Shane, roughhousing and laughing, pressing friendly kisses to his cheeks or bumping their heads against his helmet, drunk on their victory. He smiles and lets them, lets the incredible feeling of being appreciated like this – honestly, earnestly – wash over him. Someone's put on music, selfies are being taken, everyone's jumping, and the players Shane knows best decide loudly among themselves one kiss or compliment isn't enough and go in for another round on their blushing top scorer for the evening.

Ilya just stands back, watching it all with a proud smile.

The rookies they've gained aren't timid, and they join the celebrations. Even Luca Haas – no longer even nearly the youngest – places a shy kiss to the rim of Shane's helmet, and Shane wraps an arm around his padded shoulders in return.

"Such a fucking good game, Luca!" He praises and watches Haas blush like he's never been complimented before either. It makes Shane want to squish his cheeks like a child. Luca is slow to warm to people, but clearly wants to be friends, and Shane has vowed that he'll try his best to open up to his new teammates, even if he's been burned once.

Ilya trusts them, and that says a lot. Shane has more faith in his judgement of character than his own, these days.

Luca goes to strip off his gear, and someone else grabs Shane by the neck into a hug, presses a smacking kiss to his helmet. Soon enough, Shane feels like his cheeks are blossoming scarlet, stuttering as he tries to accept the compliments heaped on him. Praise has always been what he's craved, and to have it given so freely and with such enthusiasm is dizzying.

It's what made Shane trust Ilya's praise and interest in him in the beginning: that Ilya had no reason to lie, that Ilya had nothing to gain from fucking or complimenting his rival. In this case, the team already *have* Shane – he's signed a contract, there's no reason to be over-the-top if they really feel reserved about him.

It affects him very differently than the same words from Ilya would – and Shane blushes even further at that thought – but it's still so *nice*.

Nice enough to make him squirmy and embarrassed and just a tad tongue-tied.

"You're clearly not kissing him enough, Roz," Bood teases. "Look at him. He's all blushing and bashful."

"He never stops blushing, no matter how much I kiss him," Ilya grins, but elbows his way through the crowd that is slowly dispersing, divesting themselves of skates, jerseys, padding and shinguards. "And I would be careful about implying such things, or you all might get a show more often than you wish!"

"As if we care! You can't be as bad as Young and his new girlfriend, always sucking face!" That's Boyle, Shane thinks, but he doesn't take his eyes off Ilya.

"And *other* things!" Holmberg quips with a wink – elegantly straddling the border of how far to push when it comes to another player's significant other – and there's a thumping noise as someone hits him and someone else laughs.

A shinguard flies through the air and out the corner of his eye Shane sees it hit Holmberg, but the Swede just cackles.

"I take offense and will defend my lady's honor!" Young screeches dramatically.

Most of Shane's attention is on watching Ilya approach, standing frozen in Ilya's path, like a prey in front of a predator. That's what Ilya looks like, sauntering ever closer, eyes intense and bright. Like he could eat Shane alive, like he *wants* too many things.

Like he wants to claim.

And with the light atmosphere around them, Shane is okay with that. So he stands his ground as Ilya presses in close again, strong fingers lifting his chin up to meet Ilya's glittering, devious gaze.

"Da?" Ilya asks, fingers nimbly undoing the strap of Shane's helmet.

"Yes," Shane breathes in response, giving him permission.

The helmet clatters to the floor, and one of Ilya's hands is in his hair, the other on the small of his back as Ilya bends him backward until Shane is hanging in his grip, hands fisted in Ilya's jersey as his husband takes his mouth in a demanding kiss.

"That's more like it!" someone shouts. "Attaboy, Rozanov!"

Shane is too consumed by Ilya to care or even really register the words. His husband's mouth is hot, insistent and familiar. Even if the position he's in isn't sustainable, Shane smiles into the kiss, warmth flowing through his veins, his senses flooded with *Ilya*.

"This is not child-friendly, Haas, cover your eyes!"

The sounds of a brief scramble follows, but Ilya tugs on Shane's hair, just a subtle reminder of what he sometimes does when Shane is on his knees, and it's very distracting.

"I'm a fucking *adult*, Chouinard, get your paws off my eyes!" Luca squeaks. "Protect the rookies instead, or something!"

That makes both Ilya and Shane laugh so hard that the kiss gets interrupted.

While Ilya lets Shane stand up straight, he stays close, spinning Shane in his arms until Shane's back is to his husband's front, and then turning them both until they face the locker room and their teammates.

Poor Luca is indeed batting away Chouinard's hands, which makes Dykstra cackle.

"This was not even close to being child inappropriate," Ilya jokes. "You should see the things we get up to."

"I already heard them through the wall at the last away game," Dykstra teases good-naturedly. "Need to buy new earplugs."

Shane fights the instinctual embarrassment. Adults fuck. He's caught plenty of his previous teammates in compromising positions, ignored obvious sexting and put in ear plugs to tune out long-distance... *video calls* going on in a shared bathroom. This isn't anything different, or special.

"I'd rather they *not* see," Shane says to Ilya, and shares a commiserating glance with Troy, who is also still a bit jumpy sometimes about PDA with Harris. "Besides, you're wrong. That was *very* close to turning inappropriate."

"You tell him, Hollzy!" Wyatt laughs. "Nice to see you have claws!"

Shane laughs, and then there's a small awkward stillness in the room as the team collectively realize something, sharing wide-eyed glances. The bass of the music continues in the background, and Ilya groans behind Shane.

"Sweetheart, I—" Ilya starts quietly, then stops. Shane is confused.

Dykstra breaks first, bursting into full-bellied laughter. "*Claws.*"

"S—sorry, Hollander," Chouinard wheezes. "It's just, there was this inside joke last few seasons about Roz often having scratches down his back—"

Oh. Oh, fuck.

"Shane—" It's clear Ilya's scared Shane's being pushed too far, that he's uncomfortable.

And he is, a little.

But Shane grabs onto Ilya's forearm, wrapped around his chest, to silence him. *It's fine*, he tells himself. *Just pretend they're Hayden.*

"I mean," Shane begins shakily, but gathers himself, tries on a smirk. "I'm glad I provided you guys with a few season's worth of entertainment in the form of ogling Ilya's back for new marks."

That gets him a bunch of bright smiles and amused huffs. They're so genuinely happy that he's playing along, taking their bait and daring to joke with them.

"Oooh, he's feisty indeed!" Bood comments.

Holmberg chuckles, leaning back where he's sitting on the bench and crossing his arms behind his head. "We all knew that, those two have been going head-to-head on the ice *forever.*"

“True,” LaPointe nods, looking thoughtful. “Hollzy has to have balls to put up with Roz both on and off the ice.”

Sometimes there is indeed a fine line between putting up with Ilya and loving him, but that’s alright. Shane loves straddling it.

“Well, now that mystery is solved, at least,” Wyatt says resolutely, nodding to himself. “Let’s hit the showers, boys.”

For a few seconds, Ilya and Shane watch as their teammates set to finding their own stalls and bags, disposing of their gear. Then Ilya leans down and ghosts a kiss over the sensitive shell of Shane’s ear.

It’s a quiet declaration of love, and Shane squeezes Ilya’s arm before they separate to undress.

Maybe it should be awkward, showering with his husband among others, and the first few times, it was. Mostly because Shane felt self-conscious, too aware of where Ilya was at all times, of his own nakedness and vulnerability in a way he wasn’t used to. Now, it’s just a daily routine. The team has never commented or made it weird aside from the usual chirping that goes on about bodies in locker rooms.

Sometimes they do give them shit for small things though.

“Toss me the shower gel, Hollander?” Ilya asks, because he’s always forgetting his own somewhere so they’re basically sharing one.

“Aww, you’re going to smell the same,” Dykstra coos in a baby voice. “All cutesy couply stuff.”

“Fuck off,” Ilya tells him casually, reaching out an open palm for the shower gel. Shane tosses it at his chest instead, and Ilya grins at the microaggression – a way for Shane to release some pressure safely, he supposes – bending to pick it up from the floor.

“Yeah, Dykstra, where did you even learn that kind of language?” LaPointe looks disgusted. “*Couply*. Let me never hear that word out of your mouth again. Thank you and please.”

“Amen!” Bood chimes in.

“Eat shit,” Dykstra snips. “I learnt it from Caitlin! She’s reading all these romance books,” he brightens, a satisfied smile spreading over his mouth, “and let me tell you, fellas, *read* your wife’s romance books. So many good tricks. She’s so happy with me.”

“I did not know romance books were like, ah– self-help books?” Ilya makes wide, faux-amazed eyes at Dykstra. “You must be bad in bed.”

“Ouch, Roz, going in for the kill,” Holmberg calls from the other side of the shower room.

Dykstra scoffs. “Hey! I have a *daughter*, that’s proof I’m good!”

“No,” Ilya says, his face somewhere between amused and theatrically disappointed, shaking his head. “It means you have working sperm and your wife is angel who puts up with you. Bad argument.”

The guys roar with laughter, and the topic turns to teasing Dykstra, who is defending himself fiercely, and then to unrealistic book expectations.

Usually, Shane is quick, methodical and efficient. Ilya lingers in the showers, chatting and running the conversation like it's his personal talk show.

Today, though, Ilya exits the showers first, the long line of his back, ass and legs unmarked, and Bood turns to Shane with a conspiratory grin.

"So, are you going to mark up that canvas for tomorrow's training?"

They indeed have a skating session planned in the afternoon – likely a lazy, slower one after today's win.

Shane blushes, and huffs out an involuntary laugh. It's so forthright, and such an unmistakable acknowledgement of what Ilya and Shane are to each other and what they do in bed. Simultaneously, he wants to clamp up and not say a word, but also to tell these guys *something*, the way his previous teammates always got to brag about their partners if they wanted to.

"I mean, depends on how well he treats me?" Shane shrugs, uncertain if that's too much to share, but Bood and Dykstra cackle. He smiles to himself and washes the suds out of his hair.

"Fuck, Hollander," Young wheezes. "Are you implying our Captain needs to step up his game?"

Shane smiles surprisingly easily, though his pulse is skittering, tilting his head in consideration. He tries not to overthink his words. "Always. It's no fun if he's not being challenged."

"For him or for you?"

"Both," Shane declares, and exits to a soundtrack of amused snorts before he starts panicking about this situation. Ilya's already dressed, lounging in the stall next to Luca's, talking something over quietly with the young forward, hands gesticulating to explain something that looks like an on-ice strategy.

It's frankly *adorable*, seeing Ilya so protective over someone while pretending to be grumpy about it, meanwhile Luca hangs on Ilya's every word.

Each time, it makes Shane smile softly and ache for children of their own.

He doesn't want to interrupt, so he towels off and starts dressing. When Bood and Dykstra finally exit the showers, he's already buttoning up his shirt and Wyatt is packing his bag. Ilya and Luca are still in the midst of mentally re-enacting some kind of gameplay.

"Hey, Roz!" Dykstra calls, a devious smile on his face, clearly out for friendly revenge, elbowing Bood who rolls his eyes dramatically. "Apparently you've got to treat Hollander *well* if you want to provide us with more entertainment in the form of scratches."

Ilya looks up. Beside him, Luca is blushing like it's him being teased, poor guy.

"I think it more depends on his mood, no?" Ilya tilts his head, smirking.

Shane flushes, shoulders tensing, but can't back down now. It's just their normal banter, he tells himself. Except in front of people. *Exposed*.

“Set a better mood then,” he retorts to his too smug husband. Dykstra *oohs* dramatically.

“Is that a challenge, Hollander?” Ilya is rising from his position, stalking over to Shane and taking over buttoning his final shirt buttons. It’s frightfully intimate, even if Ilya isn’t really touching him, and Shane’s heart is beating fast, hands lowering to hang uselessly at his sides.

“Ay-ay-ay, *Roz!*” Bood howls and Holmberg comments quietly to himself:

“Why do they have to be so fucking cute?” Then he raises his voice. “Way to make us feel *single*, Captain!”

“Don’t you thrive on challenges?” Shane asks Ilya, hating how breathless he sounds. Ilya finishes with the shirt and sets his hands possessively on Shane’s hips. “Isn’t that why *this*—” he gestures between them vaguely, “—started in the first place.”

Because they were fighting for the top spot, and that intrigued Ilya. Shane would have never had his attention if he’d been average. Maybe he’s revealing too much to their teammates, but Ilya’s never had a problem with that. He lets Shane set the pace and is delighted each time Shane pushes outside of his own comfort-zone.

Someone is *aww*-ing in the background – slightly mockingly, because god forbid these guys ever take things seriously – but Shane’s world has narrowed to Ilya.

Ilya, who lifts one hand and strokes across Shane’s cheekbone. Across the freckles there.

“No,” he says softly, quietly. Even so, whoever was taking care of the music today has taken the stereo with them, so it’s probably audible to the others. “*These* are why this started.”

Shane rolls his eyes and pushes Ilya away. “You’re such a lying sap!”

“It’s not a *lie*, Hollander,” Ilya protests, amusement in his voice, as he walks backward, leaving Shane some space. “At least if we blame that, we don’t have to blame what you did after the commercial shoot in—”

“Okay, that’s *enough!*” Shane groans, covering his face. Though Ilya’s grin says he was never planning to finish that sentence in public anyway.

“No, tell us about this *commercial shoot*, Roz!” Bood demands as he puts on deodorant. Shane’s nose wrinkles at the overpowering smell. “Which one was it?”

Ilya mimes zipping his lips shut. “I will never tell.”

“Come on, you guys are such *secret-keepers*,” Dykstra complains. “We need good joke material. We don’t even know *how* this started, let alone when!”

“Ages ago,” Ilya says with a straight face. Shane snorts and grabs his jacket. “You see, Hollander was all baby-faced and small,” Ilya shows with his hand how tall Shane allegedly was, “and constantly losing to me on the ice—”

“—that is *incorrect!*” Shane protests.

“—trying to tell me off for smoking in the wrong places, ruining photo shoots by not keeping a straight face—”

“You laughed first!”

“—and inviting me to his hotel room—”

“Ilya!” Shane groans, embarrassed but strangely endeared. Fuck, his husband is a goofball and he loves him so much. “You invited yourself!”

The guys left in the locker room are laughing at Ilya’s antics.

“Well, you opened the door,” Ilya reminds him with a wink.

Shane can’t deny that.

“So, what, you guys just started hooking up?” Holmberg pipes up, always surprisingly into gossip.

Ilya smiles, gesticulates to his own body, thankfully dressed. “Can you blame Hollander? I am *hot*.”

Bood squints at him. “Well, objectively, yes I suppose. But with that personality, what the fuck do you see in him, Shane?”

It’s so refreshing that they ask for details, yet don’t hound Shane and Ilya for them like the media do. They just take whatever crumbs they’re offered and turn it around to ask about how Shane and Ilya actually feel or felt about it, how they’re doing now. Genuine concern and curiosity. Wanting to know them better.

Shane pretends to consider, feeling light and happy about being so included in their jokes. “Can’t say we talked much, in the beginning.” That gains him a few gaping mouths, and Ilya smiling at his audacity. He’s surprised at his own daring too, but he’s high on their win and also the team’s camaraderie. “He grew on me, I suppose.”

Bood shakes his head in fake disappointment. “You deserve better, Hollzy. You’re all polite and good, and then get saddled with this rogue idiot?” He gestures towards Ilya, who’s put on his best innocent face. “Yeah, if you didn’t make Ilya so goddamned happy, I’d advise you to look elsewhere.”

It’s a compliment, in a twisted way, how highly Bood regards Shane but also how important Ilya’s happiness is to their teammates.

“He’s inked on my skin, so he better not look elsewhere,” Ilya jokes, and gestures to the loon tattoo hidden by his shirt. “Not that he would. I am irresistible.”

“Keep telling yourself that, Rozanov,” Shane quips, but the truth is, Ilya is right. There’s a magnetic force drawing Shane to Ilya, always has been.

“You loooove me.” It’s so good to see Ilya in his element, teasing Shane and looking so pleased. “Admit it.”

“I hate you,” Shane grumbles, but can’t fight a smile.

“Is this like, foreplay?” someone mutters and Shane ducks his head, embarrassed. Ilya has no such decorum, though.

“Always with us,” he shrugs, unconcerned.

No one seems to mind, and that makes Shane brave enough to look up. He meets Ilya’s gaze, and his husband mimes *I love you* at him.

“I suppose I will have to keep you,” Shane sighs. “Even if you have a pathological need to make me embarrassed.”

“Path-o-logi-cal,” Ilya sounds out the word.

“*Sick* need,” Shane fills in automatically, because it’s always been instinctive to help Ilya when he struggles with English. “It’s like, your defining characteristic. Who knows why I put up with you.” Turning and grabbing his bag, he swings it onto his shoulder, but Ilya’s there, grabbing it from him and kissing his cheek quietly, just a soft peck.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re forgiven,” he mumbles to Ilya. Because Ilya is clearly seeking reassurance he’s not taken this too far. “Let’s go, Rozanov.”

Ilya follows him, carrying both their bags with a smile that oscillates between proud and sappy.

"Well done, Hollander, you've broken our captain," Wyatt chuckles, clearly waiting for Bood to finish up. They often walk out of the locker room together after a win, it's their tradition. "He's a gooey mess."

Bood laughs warmly. "All we need to do is remind him you deserve good things and that professional facade you guys have perfected goes straight outta the window!"

The two of them follow Shane and Ilya out.

"I wouldn't say Ilya's got a very *professional* mask on, *ever*," Shane protests. "He's either chirping or making blunt statements, even with the media."

"Or flirting with you!" Ilya informs them all merrily. "In private!"

“Yeah, we *know*,” Bood sighs. “Okay, enough about you, Rozanov. Hollzy is our hero tonight. Celebrations?”

“Fuck yeah,” Ilya tells them after exchanging a quick look with Shane to confirm he’s on board. “Are you video calling Pike from the bar again to gloat, Shane?”

“I do not *gloat*,” Shane sighs. “Yes I am.”

He and Hayden always call each other after wins these days, because they miss celebrating them together.

“Good,” Ilya says cheerfully. “I want to tell him how many people kissed you tonight. He is missing out.”

Groaning, Shane lets Ilya drag him towards the car.

The next day, their teammates howl with laughter the second Ilya pulls his shirt off to change. There's no missing the signs of what Ilya reduced Shane to last night as a reward for his goal – a whining, trembling mess, clinging onto Ilya for dear life, too incoherent to even beg.

Ilya had admired them in the mirror earlier that day, twisting to get a good look, and sent Shane a teasing grin. "So I did set a better mood, huh, *kotenok?*"

Shane had blushed red at the Russian term of endearment that translated to kitten, and then he'd shoved Ilya until the other man was laughing hard enough to shut up about the matter.

Now, he sort of wishes he could sink through the ground, but there's no chance of that happening.

Dykstra is half bent over, and Bood is wheezing. LaPointe is leaning so heavily on Young it looks like they may both fall over.

Wyatt calmly takes a glance at the red marks down Ilya's back and shoots Shane a smile. "Good for you, Hollander. Good for you."

Shane's cheeks are burning, but he holds his head high.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

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