

Surrendering

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Surrendering

by [mareastralis](#)

Summary

Ilya spirals after a lost game, blaming himself for all of it. Shane takes care of him and takes him out of his own head.

Notes

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

Ilya was the first to get off the ice. Shane watched him as he ignored their physio reaching out a hand for a fist bump and disappeared into the tunnel. He turned around and kept skating along the edge of the rink, saluting fans who were already on their way out. He couldn't blame them; the team had not done their job. Looking around, he could tell that all his teammates were taking the loss in the same way, slumped shoulders, forced smiles. However, they had yet to follow in their captain's footsteps. They all knew it was best to leave him on his own for a second.

Finally, they left while the opposing team celebrated with their own fans who, despite being way outnumbered, were louder than the Ottawa fans had been all game. If he was honest, things had felt off as soon as the puck had dropped, and the ambiance and result reflected that. They all had their reasons to be blamed, but Shane knew his husband would take it the hardest.

He could recall them distinctly as he walked behind the rest of his team towards the locker room.

All three opportunities Ilya had missed.

And he was the type to beat himself up after one.

Ilya didn't look up when they came in. The silence in the locker room was deafening, only broken by the sound of everyone taking off their equipment. Ilya's loud and obnoxious way of dropping most of his things was the hockey equivalent to slamming doors. It was far from the raucous joy Shane had grown accustomed to ever since he had joined the Centaurs. Some of his teammates slipped away to join the showers and escape their captain's wrath. Seeing as Ilya was skipping the shower and just getting redressed, it wasn't in the cards for Shane. Coach Wiebe and his assistant walked in and finally broke the tense atmosphere.

"Guys, some good and some bad today. Not the results we wanted, but we still have one game to turn things around. I won't talk your ear off now. Go home, sleep on it, and we'll debrief all of it tomorrow morning, alright?"

"Yes coach," came the resonating answer.

"Rozanov, anything to add?"

It was customary, sure. A captain talked to his players, before the game, on the ice, after a win, after a loss. Leading wasn't reserved only for the best moments. But a wave of apprehension ran through the room. Ilya took his sweet time to zip up his bag, eyes on the task, before turning around and throwing it on his shoulder.

"Disappointing. Do better."

Shane winced at his ice-cold tone. With that, Ilya left the room, pulling his hood over his head to make it clear he wasn't about to talk to any journalist. Silence fell over the room again. Shane heard some of them sigh and groan. He kept his head low and tried to dress as

fast as possible. He hated the idea of skipping the shower, putting on his clothes over his sweaty skin was like torture. But the quicker he would get out of here, the quicker he could help his husband. He could deal with the horrible sensation until they got home if it meant Ilya could calm down sooner.

“Hollander...”

Shane raised his head at his coach’s voice. He could decipher his pleading look easily. “I’ll deal with it,” he nodded.

He shoved his things in his bag and all but ran out of the room. The last thing he heard was Troy going “Why does it feel like we failed to show up for dad?” and a few sympathetic laughs, but even that didn’t light up his mood. He just needed to make sure Ilya was okay. He avoided journalists which, sure, wasn’t very professional of him, but he didn’t want to try and have a positive outlook on things right now. They called out his name, but he made a beeline for the parking lot.

They had been asked, by friends, players, journalists, how they didn’t get sick of each other when they lived and worked together. Usually, they shrugged, Ilya said something about true love that sounded mocking but Shane knew he really meant, and they moved on. In the privacy of his own mind Shane believed that after being deprived of the other for so long, they were built to always crave each other. And so, they lived together, trained together, went out together, and carpooled in between all those things. It didn’t keep them from arguing, and so once or twice, one of them had left the other behind to grab a ride from a teammate. Luckily, Ilya wasn’t mad at Shane, and therefore was waiting for him in the car.

Ilya started the engine before Shane could reach for his seatbelt, let alone speak. Shane decided to give him some time before trying to make him talk. He let his head fall against the window and thanked the sky that it was an at-home game. It would be much easier to deal with Ilya’s mood in the sanctuary that was their house. Shane couldn’t really blame him. He was also his own worst critic, and understood why Ilya would be disappointed in himself. It was also natural, as an athlete and as a captain, to want to do his absolute best. But he was afraid that Ilya would take it too far, would make this loss a reflection of his own worth. It was his job to ease that pain now.

They still hadn’t said a word to each other when they got home, and Ilya exited the car without waiting for Shane. He simply sighed and followed. Ilya dropped his bag in the middle of the entrance and bent down to greet Anya. Shane left him to it, taking both of their bags and going to put everything in the laundry. His skin felt itchy, and he knew it was just in his head, that nothing was wrong with him or his clothes, but he still wanted out of them as fast as possible. Still, Ilya was the priority. He came back to their living room to find his husband on their couch, eyes on his phone and Anya next to him. Now, Shane had to act fast, or else Ilya would spend an hour reading hate tweets and replaying highlights of the game to analyze his mistakes. He sat down, leaving some room between them.

“Ilya.”

His husband grunted, seemingly uninterested.

“Can we talk about it?”

“Nothing to talk about.”

Ilya was probably the most headstrong player in the whole league. Shane usually found it endearing, but tonight it would play against him.

“We still have a game left.”

“I know how playoffs work,” he scoffed.

“It’s *fine*, Ilya.”

“Okay.”

Shane sighed. “C’mon, this isn’t your first loss, a-”

Ilya stood up abruptly, startling Anya, and sending Shane an icy glare. “I’m aware.”

Shane stood too, but Ilya put a few steps of distance between them. “It’s not a big deal.”

“Of course it’s not! You don’t care about this team!”

“What? Since when?”

Ilya pointed an accusatory finger at Shane. “Look! You’re fine! You don’t care.”

“I do care! But right now I care more about you! The Centaurs have lost many games-”

“Stop saying that!” He sounded furious.

“Let me finish! They have lost many games, but you made them win so many more! You’re allowed to make mistakes.”

“Not mistakes that cost us three goals and a chance at the cup.”

“We still have a chance, it’s not over.”

“Everyone is tired, and now their captain failed, we’re not winning the next one.”

“Well not if you tell them like that. This team has bounced back from worse. *You* brought them back from worse. But *you* are the life and soul of this team, and they need you to believe we can do it if we want to have a chance next time.”

Ilya frowned and crossed his arms, but his eyes lacked their previous bite. Shane saw his opening there. He walked a little closer, raising his hands slowly to put them on Ilya’s hips. Ilya let him.

“You did everything you could. We’re allowed to have bad games. We can’t be perfect all the time.”

“So you agree I played badly,” Ilya mumbled, but Shane could see he wasn’t as mad, and so he allowed himself to smile.

“No, I don’t, but I don’t want to discuss this, because I know I can’t change your mind tonight.”

“What do you want to do then?”

Shane gave him a small smile before leaning in for a kiss. He didn’t let Ilya pull away or escalate things; he kissed him slowly, languidly, softly. He kissed him to say ‘I love you’. He kissed him until he felt his muscles relax, until Ilya had accepted his fate. Only then did he speak again.

“I want to take care of you.”

Ilya put his arms around his husband’s neck. “You wanna fuck me in our trophy room?” he asked, his accent rolling and rumbling. Shane almost dropped to his knees, but he had a plan now. He couldn’t get distracted.

“No, shower first, you smell like a hockey player.”

Ilya snorted before kissing him chastely, a silent ‘thanks’. Shane pulled away but took his hand to lead him towards their bathroom. Shane opened the water to let it warm up and turned back to see Ilya starting to take off his sweater. Shane chased his fingers away and took the matter into his own hands. He let them trail against Ilya’s skin as he undressed him. Sweater and t-shirt first, taking a second to kiss the cross sitting on his chest, pants and socks next. He did drop to his knees this time, but only to lightly brush his lips against the bruise on Ilya’s hip. He looked up to survey his husband’s reaction, his bottom lip catching on Ilya’s skin. He was pleased with what he found there. Ilya’s gaze was one of pure adoration. Well... maybe some lust too. Shane hid a smile with a kiss on Ilya’s thigh.

The room was fogging up now. Shane got back up, stripped his clothes in less time than it took to say it, feeling the relief deep in his bones, and led his husband under the spray. He let his hands wander, ignoring his own needs and Ilya’s lips on his neck, ignoring the want and desire. He had a specific goal in mind; he couldn’t let Ilya escalate things just yet. He pulled away from him just enough to see his face. He seemed happier now, his smile easy and his eyes soft. Shane wondered if he was ever even half as pretty as Ilya when he looked at him. There was a specific face Ilya made, when he felt the love he carried for his husband like a physical presence, and when Shane saw it he felt like nothing could ever hurt him again. He hoped he had a similar face. He hoped Ilya knew how loved he was. If he couldn’t say it with his eyes, he would try to explain it with his hands. He grabbed a bottle of shampoo and directed Ilya’s head down.

“Not a great view...” Ilya complained.

A second later Shane had his hands in his hair, massaging his scalp and his curls, and Ilya let his head fall on his husband’s shoulder, not complaining anymore. Shane could feel the tension leaving him as he washed away the soap. Unfortunately, it was still Ilya, so as soon as Shane let him raise his head, he tried to get things started again, chasing Shane lips and

grabbing his hips. Shane gently pushed his hands away, despite how much he wanted to let himself melt under Ilya's ministrations.

"C'mon, Shane, you can't refuse me, I'm sad," Ilya tried, giving him his best puppy eyes. "Also you're very hard," he added with a smirk.

"Soap first," Shane simply said, afraid his voice would waiver otherwise.

Ilya sighed but seemed to relent. His hands stayed, safely enough, on Shane's waist, caressing him slowly. He smiled at Shane, like he had understood what he was doing, like he was thankful, his eyes overflowing with love again. Shane decided that enough was enough and he quickly grabbed the soap to wash them both. Still, he took his time to appreciate every part of his beautiful husband's body, washing, exploring, rinsing, kissing. He let Ilya return the favor as he washed his own hair as quickly as possible. Finally, he decided that they were done and ready, and kissed Ilya languidly before turning off the water. He led them out and wrapped Ilya in a soft towel.

"I can do it alone," Ilya complained half-heartedly, all the while letting Shane manhandling it.

"I know. I like doing it," he answered simply.

He was rewarded with a smile. And a kiss. And another one. Ilya pulled them flush together, and Shane was powerless to stop him this time. He cradled his face and kissed him back just as hungrily.

"Now you'll fuck me in our trophy room?" Ilya asked, eyes fluttering in his best impression of an innocent face.

Shane knew that his phrasing wasn't innocent. It wasn't something they did a lot but, sometimes, when one of them needed it, they switched from their usual roles in the bedroom. And tonight, as Shane had suspected, Ilya needed it, and so he took the reins. He trailed kisses along Ilya's jaw, until he could reach his ear and whisper against it.

"No. I'll fuck you in our bed because I love you even when you're not the best hockey player this league as ever seen."

He didn't know if Ilya's shudder was the result of the cold air on their naked skin or his words, but he hoped it was the latter. He dropped a kiss on his shoulder and a hand on his dick, and Ilya sighed against his chest.

"Bedroom now then," he pleaded, chasing Shane's hand away. "Go, go, go."

Shane laughed at his eagerness. For about a second, once, Shane had wondered if married life would slowly kill their hunger for each other; if their dynamic would change once they weren't deprived of the other for most of the year. If anything, it had made them want each other more, and Shane never had to wonder again. He put an arm around his waist and guided him towards the bedroom, thankful that the en-suite was just a few feet away. He let Ilya sit at the edge of the bed, grabbed some lube from their nightstand, and came back to put a hand on Ilya's leg, gently opening his thighs, and he dropped to his knees between them.

“Made for it,” Ilya teased, but there was a tint of awe to his tone.

Shane couldn’t even try to tease back. Sometimes he did believe he had been made to rest between Ilya’s thighs. He kissed one of them with all the devotion he felt, higher and higher until he reached his hip, then the other, following the same pattern. Once he was done, he put a hand on Ilya’s chest to push him down until his back hit the mattress. He repositioned him, and Ilya surprisingly let himself be manhandled until Shane had him where he wanted.

Shane licked his lips in anticipation, in a movement that would have made Ilya laugh if he had been looking. Fortunately for Shane, he wasn’t, and so he was able to get his tongue on his husband without any teasing. Ilya’s answering shudder was enough to make Shane moan. There weren’t a lot of things in life he liked more than making his husband feel good. And tonight, he needed to make him feel great. He used every skill he had picked up over the years, caressing Ilya’s thighs while he sucked him off expertly. He could hear him mutter in broken English and moaned Russian. After a couple minutes, he pulled off to take a look at him. Ilya gave him a lazy smile.

“Okay?”

“Very okay,” he nodded, pushing himself up so he could put a hand on Shane’s face. “You’re too good to me.”

“And you haven’t seen anything yet,” Shane smiled and kissed his palm before reaching for the lube.

He warmed it up between his fingers before resuming his previous position. Ilya’s eyes were still on him.

“Should I?” he teased, but it was also a way to make sure that this was what Ilya really wanted.

Ilya rolled his eyes and put a hand in Shane’s hair to pull him back where he wanted him. Shane could help but snicker. He let Ilya guide him, licked a stripe along his stomach before getting back to his main task. While he had him distracted, he brought his clean hand to sit on Ilya’s hip and got the other one to gently tease Ilya’s ass. He knew by now how to ease him into it to make sure that he would enjoy it as much as possible. He slowly worked to get him open and relaxed, before starting to work on driving him up the walls. He knew he had managed it when Ilya’s hand tightened in his hair at the same time as he grabbed Shane’s hand on his hip like he needed to hold onto a lifeline. Only then did he pull off with a loud pop.

“I always...” Ilya started, already breathless, “I always forget how much...”

He trailed off, but Shane knew what he meant. He himself never forgot, but never got used to how *much* it was either. He got up as easily as his knees could allow him. He had no idea how long he had been kneeling there, and he was glad for it. He wanted to take things slow, and he wanted Ilya to lose track of time, to forget everything that wasn’t Shane. He reached for the nightstand, but Ilya grabbed his wrist.

“No condom. I want to feel you,” he shook his head. Shane opened his mouth to answer, but Ilya cut him off. “I’ll clean.”

Shane huffed and came up to cover Ilya’s body with his, kissing him softly. “I was gonna say yes. Anything you want.”

“Okay. Want you.”

Shane couldn’t help but kiss him again for this. For years he had yearned for this easy vulnerability between them. It still made him feel dizzy every time they allowed themselves to express it. Ilya broke the kiss to slide up until he reached the pillows, bringing Shane along with a hand on his nape. Shane settled between his raised knees, kissing him again for good measure.

“Now, Hollander,” Ilya grumbled, and Shane laughed again.

He grabbed Ilya’s hands and pulled them away from him, letting them rest on the pillow above Ilya’s head. “Okay. Don’t move.”

“Ugh,” Ilya said exaggeratedly.

“I mean it.”

“Fine. Get on with it,” he said with a soft kick of his knee against Shane’s side.

“I said don’t move.”

Ilya rolled his eyes, but stayed still. Good. Shane wanted him to let go of all control. He knew how much that did it for him, and he hoped it could help his husband too. He lined himself up, and they both sighed in relief when he pushed in.

“You’re so perfect for me Ilya,” Shane grunted.

He started on the slowest rhythm he was capable of enduring.

“I love you so much,” he kept going.

Ilya shuddered under him, eyes already closed.

“It’s such an honor to be yours. It’s an honor to watch you play. I can barely follow the games when you’re on the ice, you’re all I can see, you’re everything that matters. You make this sport look like poetry.”

Praise fell easily from his lips. He didn’t have to exaggerate, he didn’t even have to think. He just had to let his thoughts out. Ilya was the kind of player you talked about for generations after they had retired. The only player who he could be compared to was above him. Shane felt a thrill go up his spine every time he thought that their legacies would be forever intertwined. He wanted Ilya to know it.

“The league is lucky to have you. They’ll remember your name forever. But I’m luckier, because I get to see you off the ice too. I get to see the incredible person you are, every day.”

He kept his thrusts agonizingly slow, his thighs already trembling. Ilya was exhaling shakily under him. He felt his muscles start to burn. If this pain was the price to pay to pray at the altar of his husband, he would gladly pay it a thousand times again.

“Shut up,” Ilya tried to intervene, but his eyes rolled back as he did, and it made his words a bit less intimidating.

Shane leaned in so he could kiss him and get a hand on his dick, now trapped between their bodies. Ilya whined.

“I love waking up next to you every day. I love playing by your side. I love having you as my captain. I love seeing you take care of this team. I love that my life is meaningless without you. I love everything you are, everything you do.”

People had often asked Shane “why?” ever since they had come out. “Why him? Why Ilya Rozanov, of all people?” He didn’t think anyone would ask if they could see them now, two bodies intertwined, but one soul. They certainly wouldn’t ask if they could feel even a fraction of Shane’s emotions in that moment. He was so happy his skin felt like it was burning with embers of love hidden underneath it. Maybe no one would ever get it, no one would ever know, because this precious thing only belonged to them. But it was fine, because Ilya’s eyelids fluttered open, and he looked at Shane in adoration, moaning and shaking under his husband’s hands, and Shane felt complete.

“Shane, I... I...”

“I’ve got you,” Shane whispered against his lips.

Ilya came with a cry just a few seconds after, arms gripping the pillows, tears at the corner of his eyes, and Shane could only admire him before his own orgasm overwhelmed him. He held himself up on shaky hands, and only took a second to breathe before pulling out, knowing how easily overstimulated Ilya got. He crashed next to him, and immediately sneaked a hand around his waist to pull him into his chest, dropping kisses everywhere he could reach. They laid there in the silence of the afterglow until Ilya started squirming.

“You alright?” Shane asked, barely holding back a yawn.

“I need to clean now or I’ll fall asleep and you’ll hate me tomorrow.”

“I could never hate you,” Shane whispered and smiled as he watched him go.

Ilya cleaned them with a warm washcloth and settled in his husband’s arms as fast as possible.

“Are you feeling better?” Shane was brave enough to ask.

“Yes, Hollander, I’ll tell everyone that you cured me with your magic dick and now we can win games, don’t worry,” he said dismissively.

Shane laughed. "Please don't do that."

"Maybe I will. Their faces would be so funny."

They chuckled in the dark, and Shane made a mental note to plead him not to say any of that in the morning. For now, he let it go and gathered Ilya in his arms, kissing his shoulder as he went.

"But you do feel better, right?"

"Yes, thank you for..." he gestured vaguely, "all of it."

"Anytime," Shane murmured, and kissed him to seal the promise.

End Notes

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