

hands to myself

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hands to myself

by [unearthedlove](#)

Summary

Shane is still adjusting to being out. He's trying, he really is. But he's still very protective of what they have.

(Or: 5 times Shane feels embarrassment when the Centaurs find out something about their sex life and the time he stops caring.)

Notes

shane hollander deserves to feel confident and good about sex! he's an out and proud gay man married to a ten! so here's shane working through varying levels of embarrassment before realizing he can not give a fuck and fuck his man.

title is from hands to myself by selena gomez.

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

1. September 2021 – Ottawa

Despite the wonderful, blissful, *married* summer Shane and Ilya lived in, despite knowing how amazing it feels to openly adore the man he's in love with, despite being sick and tired of hiding his relationship, Shane is still adjusting to being out. He's trying, he really is. But he's still very protective of what they have.

He realizes part of why he's always kept his personal life so private is because he was closeted. And now, he is an openly gay man. There is no reason to hide that side of him anymore. Still, it's hard to untrain 13 years of hiding who you are. He knows how important this is to Ilya too. Ilya, who spent the last year in particular, quietly moving through life, desperately hoping someone who reach out and see what was wrong. Hoping *Shane* would see something is wrong. Ilya has assured him on several occasions that Shane did see *something*, albeit not to the full extent. Shane was the one who originally suggested therapy. Ilya says he did not want to ruin the precious moments they had together by burdening Shane with his spiraling thoughts.

Which is partially why he's here right now. Shane and Ilya are currently sitting on stools in this makeshift studio that Harris made in his office, so they can do a Q&A on their relationship. Shane almost instantly said no when Harris had first asked, blanching at exposing their relationship like that. But Ilya had smiled softly at Shane and said it might be fun.

In all honestly, Shane would rather do this with Harris and the Centaurs social media team than have some hungry sports journalist try to pry into their relationship. Farah had agreed too that they should do this, and hopefully, it would squash any prying questions once the season officially started. And if they did get any, that journalist would be banned from the Centaurs press room indefinitely.

So, as Shane squirms on the stool, Ilya is his cool and collected self. He keeps adjusting himself on the chair, running his hands through his hair, fidgeting with his fingers. Finally, Ilya rests his hand on his knee. He gives him a look. "Relax, Hollander. It is Harris. He will not ask us any hard questions. And we can ask him to cut anything."

Shane pouts, then sighs. "I know. I'm sorry. I'm still not used to this." Ilya looks nervous, as if Shane might decide to call this thing off. He quickly grabs his husband's hand, threading their fingers. "But I'm trying. And I want to be here, with you."

Ilya squeezes his hand, his expression fond, leaning over to kiss him briefly on the cheek. Harris coos. "Aw, sweet! But save some of it for the camera! I'm about finished."

Shane and Ilya sit there in comfortable silence, still holding hands, as Harris finishes his set up. He claps once he seemingly has everything done. "Alright! You guys ready?"

The two of them nod, adjusting themselves to sit a little straighter, Shane trying to quell his nerves. He's hoping they'll diminish once they get started.

Harris pushes the button on the camera, then begins speaking. “Hi everyone! Today, we’re introducing you to our newest Ottawa Centaur, Shane Hollander. And he’s joined by his husband and current captain, Ilya Rozanov. Say hi guys!”

Both of them wave with their free hands. Ilya speaks first. “Hello, internet. Harris you forgot to mention that Shane is the second-best center in the league.”

Shane rolls his eyes playfully, but truthfully, relieved. He knows what Ilya is doing. “I think my three Stanley Cups to your one might disagree with that. Hi everyone.”

Harris chuckles. “It’s clear you guys are very competitive despite the marriage. Are you excited to finally play on the same team?”

Shane looks over at Ilya, who’s grinning. Shane is sure his face looks lovesick, but it’s hard to care. He turns back to the camera. “Yes, we’ve only gotten to be on the same team at the All-Star Games. Ilya’s an amazing player and captain, who I’ve always admired no matter how badly I’ve wanted to beat him. It’ll be nice to use our power for greatness instead.”

Shane looks back at Ilya, who is also grinning like a lovesick fool. “We have the strongest depth at center in the league. It will be very hard to beat us, I think.”

“No disagreeing here from me! Shane, how does it feel to be playing for your hometown?”

Shane smiles softly. “It’s amazing. I was a Centaurs fan when I was growing up. This place is my home, so the fact that I get to represent Ottawa now feels unreal. I hope I won’t let the city down.”

Ilya shakes his head. “You cannot. You are Shane Hollander.”

Shane flushes slightly. Harris pushes on. “Now, I don’t want to pry too much, you guys. But obviously, everyone wants to know a little bit more about your relationship. Let’s start with something easy; what’s your favorite thing to do together?”

Shane hums softly, trying to pick which thing he loves the most. Ilya answers before he can pick something. “We like cooking together. It is one of our favorite ways to unwind at the end of the day.”

Shane smiles. “We didn’t go out a lot, so it was also a way for us to have date nights. Just us cooking a meal together in our kitchen.”

Ilya looks down at Shane, smiling big. Shane realizes he’s already starting to open up, the interview seemingly not as bad as he thought it would be. Harris audibly awes. “That’s sweet, guys! What’s your favorite meal to make together?”

Shane rushes to answer. “Tuna melts.”

Ilya throws his head back and laughs. Harris looks confused. “Tuna melts, really?”

Ilya shrugs. “It was one of the first things we ever made together. It is... what is the word, moya lyubov?”

Shane blushes at the nickname but answers. “Sentimental.”

Ilya snaps his finger. “Da. Sentimental.”

Harris grins. “Aw, that’s sweet. Can I ask when the first time you made that together was?”

Shane looks up at Ilya. He can tell both of them are debating if they want to share this. To let everyone in on how long they’ve actually been together. Shane decides to take a bit of a cop out. “It was several years ago.” Ilya squeezes his hand to let him know he approves of the answer.

Harris gives them a look, making sure they’re okay with how this interview is going. Shane and Ilya don’t falter. “Wow, so, you guys have been together for a while now?” Harris knows some of this, of course, but Shane appreciates the care he’s taking with the questions. That he’s allowing them to change the subject whenever they want.

Ilya nods. “Yes, Shane and I had been seeing one another casually before we became boyfriends.”

Harris smiles. “If you feel comfortable, would you mind telling us the actual timeline?”

Shane takes a deep breath. “We’ve been seeing one another since our rookie seasons.”

Harris whistles. “That’s a long time to keep a relationship secret. How much of that was casually seeing one another?”

Shane fiddles with Ilya’s hand to give him something to think about while he answers. “Seven years. Then, four years ago, we became serious. And this summer, we got married.” Shane’s nerves are spiking again. He would never regret a single moment with Ilya. But it makes him a little sad to think about the fact that they denied their feelings for so long. And that they were once going to wait another decade to come out. Shane has loved Ilya in some way for a third of his life, and he’s only gotten to show it for a couple of months.

He also knows that by telling everyone they’ve been together for a decade will only cause everyone to nitpick all of their moments on the ice. Try to examine whether or not they allowed one another to win. It’s stupid of course, Shane would rather peel his own fingernails off than let Ilya win, but it’s going to happen regardless. Shane thinks back to what Ilya said after the playoffs this past spring. Anyone with a brain will not think that. Fuck what anyone else thinks.

“Yes, we would... see one another when we were each other’s cities. But it wasn’t until Scott Hunter came out that we took the risk of being together as a couple.”

Shane flushes at the way Ilya pauses, knowing he’s trying to hide what they were really up to. He’s sure people will make assumptions (and they would be right), but he looks up at Ilya when he admits Scott was part of the reason they’re together. Harris smiles though, continuing the questions. “Scott Hunter coming out was a big deal to a lot of people. I know I’ve watched his speech at the NHL awards a couple of times. Have you told him this before?”

Ilya nods. “Yes. But we are a better couple than Scott and Kip though. No offense to Kip, offense to Hunter.”

Harris laughs in the background, Shane chuckles, incredulous. “I sent Scott an email thanking him after he came out. It inspired me to eventually come out to the people around me.”

“I’m sure he appreciated that! Speaking of Scott Hunter, let’s switch gears to your summer camps that he helps coach and your charity if you don’t mind.”

The interview goes on for ten more minutes, Harris asking serious questions to goofy, benign questions. All in all, it feels like it went well, and the kiss he gets from Ilya afterwards makes Shane believe his husband thinks the same thing.

The interview doesn’t go up on their YouTube channel until a week later, and the response is overwhelmingly positive. His parents texted them saying they thought it was cute. Rose called Shane and told him it was nice to see him so happy. Ilya got a text from Svetlana saying she could tell how in love they were. There’s obviously always going to be some negativity surrounding their relationship, but it’s easy to tune out that noise when the people they love support them so fiercely.

The rest of the Centaurs are in the locker room when Shane and Ilya arrive for practice. They had swung by Harris’ office to thank him for taking care of them and to go over the media policy for the upcoming season. They head over to their lockers, getting ready for the start of the season when Zane Boodram makes his presence known.

“So, fellas, you guys were seeing each other *casually*?”

Shane looks over Bood, who’s grinning like a cat who just caught a mouse. He flushes. Of course, the guys would pick up on that. In hindsight, it doesn’t take a genius to figure it out, considering Ilya was spotted with numerous women and Shane went out with Rose during that time.

Ilya turns, a small smirk on his face. “Bood, are you really surprised?”

Bood laughs. “Surprised you were into casual sex? No, you’re a miscreant. Surprised about Hollander? A little bit! He’s a nice, polite Canadian.”

Shane flushes. “I’m still a nice, polite Canadian.”

Bood gives him a look. “Of course, you are, buddy. But there’s still a lot to learn about you, Hollywood, considering we’ve learned only recently you were in a decade long situationship with Roz.”

Ilya smirks again. “There is a lot that would surprise you about Shane.”

Bood grins, again very reminiscent of a cheshire cat. “I can’t wait to learn.”

Shane turns redder, shaking his head, and turning back to his locker. It’s clear Bood is just teasing them, which does ease some of Shane’s anxiety. Ilya runs a hand down Shane’s back,

checking in with him. He smiles at his husband, reassuring him it's fine. But hopefully, no one ever finds out more about their sex life. Not if he can help it.

2. November 2021 – New York

If Shane thought beating Ilya was intoxicating, then there's nothing like *winning* with your husband against a great team. They've been on a road trip for the last couple of days, and their last game is against the New York Admirals. Scott Hunter is still a force on the ice, and they looked good in their opening weeks. The Centaurs were just better on this day.

It was a well-earned win. It was 3-3 with only two minutes left in the third period, Shane with two goals, Ilya with one. Shane sat anxiously on the bench with the rest of the team watching as Wyatt stopped a great shot by Scott. The Centaurs gained control of the puck and were skating back to the Admirals' goal. Troy skated around the back of the net, and in quick succession passed it to Bood, who passed it to Ilya, who shot it right into the top left corner of the goal. The bench had erupted. The Admirals weren't able to make up the ground, and the final buzzer rang.

Shane couldn't help but admire how *hot* Ilya looked once he took off his helmet, smiling so big, sweat dripping down his face. He tried to pay attention but could barely muster more than a quiet "good job" to most of the players. He managed to shake himself out of his horny stupor to shake Scott's hand. He looked frustrated but gave Shane a bro hug. "Nice job out there. You guys want to come to the Kingfisher tonight?"

Shane smiles. "Sure, thanks Scott. Great game." Shane had yet to go to the Kingfisher, and he was genuinely looking forward to it. He knows Ilya makes fun of him for being boring, but he really just does not like to dance. He's awkward and uncomfortable. He had managed to let go a little bit when they went on their honeymoon this summer, but Shane knows he'll never feel completely comfortable. So, Scott's "boring" gay bar is much more up Shane's alley.

The locker room is electric after the win, Ilya loudly but jovially complaining about Dykstra's music picks, everyone laughing and having a good time. Shane is smiling, unable to believe this is his life now. Ilya catches Shane's eye, winking. He's probably thinking the same thing.

A few of the guys decide to join them at the Kingfisher (Troy, Bood, Wyatt, Luca), the rest opting to head to this club that Chouinard got them into. When Shane walks in, he already knows he's going to have a good time. Ilya is draped over him, likely wanting to get Shane back to their hotel room as soon as possible but indulging his husband who's never really gotten to go to exclusively queer spaces before.

The atmosphere is loud but warm. Shane spots Eric Bennett hanging out at the bar, flirting with someone who Shane assumes is his boyfriend. He hasn't met Kyle before, but Ilya has told him he's nice. He sees Scott is already there, sitting with Kip, Matti Jalo, and a woman Shane doesn't recognize. It's still pretty packed considering it's a Tuesday at 11pm.

Scott waves them over once he sees them. "Hey guys! Great to have you. Let me introduce you guys to a couple of people." Shane says hi to Eric, finally meeting Kyle, who

immediately makes Shane blush by calling him cute. He's also introduced to Maria, the woman sitting with them. She's friends with Kip and Kyle and has been seeing Matti now for a year.

Ilya had gone to get drinks and is back with Shane's beer. He hands it to him, before wrapping his arm around Shane's waist. Shane leans into the touch. Scott shakes his head. "Sorry, I'm still getting used to this. I can't believe you guys were together for a decade."

Ilya's grin grows into something cocky. Shane already knows he's going to hate the words that come out of his husband's mouth. "Are you jealous we upstaged your love story?"

Shane elbows him lightly in the stomach, the guys at the table all groaning at Ilya. Scott looks flustered. "What! No! You didn't upstage us."

Kip laughs. "I mean, I think they did a little bit. But who wouldn't be obsessed with them?"

Ilya laughs. "See, Hunter, even your better half agrees. A love story for the ages, no?"

Scott rolls his eyes. He turns to Shane. "Is he seriously always like this? How do you put up with him?"

Shane smiles. "Yes, Ilya is always a bit of a dick. But I'm so used to it, I unfortunately just find it endearing nowadays. Well, most of the time."

Shane feels a kiss to the top of his head, warmed by the easy display of affection they can now show. It's nice.

They spend the next hour or so chirping about the game, unable to stop themselves. But the more they talk about their win, the more Shane wants to drag Ilya back to the hotel and have his way with him. He can tell Ilya is thinking the same thing because he's been massaging Shane's hip and the pressure is getting increasingly harder as the talk of the game turns him on. Finally, when Kyle calls for the last call, Shane knows they can make their breakaway.

He fakes a yawn. "I think that might be time for us to get a cab. Ilya?"

Ilya's eyes glint. He knows what Shane is doing. "Yes, we should get going. Boys, are you coming back?"

Wyatt waves them off. "Luca and Troy just went to grab us one more beer. We're going to finish those but then head back. No worries, we have Boody to keep us in line and make sure we don't miss tomorrow's flight."

Boody claps them both on the back. "Great job today. Still can't believe we have the two best players in the league on our team."

Shane smiles, pleased. Ilya laughs, also pleased. "Yes, you are very lucky. Okay, we are leaving."

The two of them head out to the streets of New York, grabbing a taxi to go to their hotel. Originally, they had talked about rooming separately on road trips, wanting to maintain the

idea they're professionals about hockey. Yet, when they arrived in Boston for the first day of their road trip, and Troy and Wyatt both saw they were with Shane and Ilya respectively, they told them they were being ridiculous. Everyone knows they're married; they're allowed to share a room. They switched roommates right then and there.

Shane again is so grateful to the Centaurs. They welcomed him with open arms, and they're fiercely protective of Shane and Ilya. A few of their teammates have gotten into fights with homophobic assholes on other teams because of the comments made about them. It's unnecessary but sweet of them to care so deeply about them. Especially since Shane just got here a couple of months ago.

They're finally back in the hotel, riding the elevator up to their room when Ilya crowds him into a corner. Shane's breath hitches. Ilya has that look in his eyes; the one that says *I want to devour you whole*.

Shane looks up into his husband's eyes. He whispers. "It was so sexy when you scored the winning goal."

Ilya grins, lazy and cocky. "Yes? Did you want to jump the boards and then jump me?"

Shane nods. "Maybe I should give you a prize tonight. For winning us that game."

Ilya's smile becomes wilder. "And what prize would that be, sweetheart?"

Shane whimpers softly at the pet name. Quietly, he says, "Whatever you want. I'm yours."

Ilya groans, finally leaning down to kiss Shane hotly. They only get a couple of seconds before the elevator doors open to their floor. "Come. I want to claim my prize."

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Shane is fucking tired. He knows he has no one to blame but Ilya and himself. But he can feel the tiredness in his bones. They only got 3 hours of sleep last night, staying up way later than they should have wearing each other's bodies out. It was the type of marathon sex they haven't had since their honeymoon, and it was honestly desperately needed. Don't get Shane wrong, no matter how they have sex, it's always great. But it reminded Shane of the desperation they once felt when they couldn't admit their feelings quite yet. There's a headiness to that sensation that still turns both of them on.

Shane is already in his seat on the plane, snuggled into one of Ilya's old Boston crewnecks, beyond caring if the guys tease him about it. He's tired, dammit, and he wants to be surrounded by his husband's scent. Ilya is up front talking with Bood and Wiebe about the practice schedule for the week. Shane looks blearily at him, not even trying to stop his heart eyes. Ilya looks exhausted too, but there's something so casually sexy about his husband. Maybe it's the rumpled hair, the day-old stubble, or the care he puts into his captaincy. Maybe it's just everything about Ilya. Whatever it is, it's doing it for Shane. Maybe he can convince Ilya to go home first and go another round before they pick up Anya.

Someone plops down next to him. He cuts away from oogling his husband to see it's Troy. Shane realizes now his initial jealousy was completely unfounded. He likes Troy a lot. Now that he's no longer hiding behind the persona he made up for himself, Shane has found him to be silly and kind. He's sure Harris has a lot to do with it, who's also the nicest human being Shane has ever met. He's very happy the two of them met one another.

"Hey, Holly."

"Hey, Troy. How was the rest of the night for you guys?"

Troy shrugs, smiling. "Pretty good. It felt nice to go back to the Kingfisher and be out, you know?"

Shane remembers that about a year ago Ilya had taken Troy there. Troy was still deep in the closet, but he had been trying to become better. It was where the two of them had come out to one another. Shane smiles, thinking how much happier both Troy and Ilya seem. "Yeah, I definitely get that. I had only been to one gay bar before this. We went out with Ryan Price and his boyfriend, Fabian, last summer before we were outed. I was so on edge the entire time, worried about what people might think about me, about us. It's so freeing being out."

Troy smiles kindly at him. "Yeah, I know what you mean. It was hard coming out, but it was ultimately the best decision I ever made. I wish you guys had been able to do it on your own terms."

Shane shrugs. "Of course, we do too. But it's in the past now. Either way, I might have been sitting here with you. We were going to come out this summer, anyways."

Troy reddens a little bit. "It's surreal playing with you guys. I always admired you guys as players."

Shane smiles softly. "Thanks. That's nice of you to say. You're a great player. Ilya's lucky to have you on his line."

Troy grins back, opening his mouth to respond when they hear Ilya's voice. "Barrett, you are in my seat."

They both turn to look at Ilya. He's pretending to be annoyed, but Shane can tell he's secretly pleased they're chatting with one another. Troy turns his grin to Ilya. "No need to be jealous, cap. We all know he's yours. Today more than ever."

Ilya looks at Shane while Troy starts laughing. Shane's eyebrows furrow. He's a little confused. He knows the sweatshirt is obviously Ilya's and was expecting some grief about it, but he knows for some reason that's not what Troy is referring to. Wyatt leans around Ilya, also with a stupid grin on his face. "Guess we know what you guys got up to last night."

Shane flushes. He knows the team isn't stupid; they were obviously going to have sex last night. It was a good win! "Don't know what you mean, Wyatt."

Troy and Wyatt both laugh, while Ilya has the decency to look a little embarrassed. Troy leans into Shane, before quietly talking. “Not sure if you realize this, but there’s a bruise on your neck. And it doesn’t look like it’s from hockey.”

Shane knows he’s as red as a tomato now. He pulls out his phone, pulling up the camera. And sure enough, there’s a hickey blooming on his neck. How did he not notice that this morning? He resists the urge to smack a hand over it to cover it. He can hear Ilya kicking Troy out of his seat, who’s still giggling. Wyatt has at least turned back to whatever comic he was reading.

Ilya leans over, kissing his temple. “Sorry, moy pomidor.”

Shane hides his head in Ilya’s shoulder, feeling embarrassed. Ilya almost never leaves marks during the hockey season, reserving that for when they’re at the cottage. But they had gotten a little carried away last night, Shane doing nothing to stop Ilya, caught up in post-game win glow. He presses a tiny kiss to Ilya’s shoulder. “It’s fine, even if you’re a possessive bastard. But maybe we try to be a little more careful.”

Ilya hums, running his hand through Shane’s hair. “Of course, I will try. But can you blame me for staking my claim? I am married to Shane Hollander.”

Shane shakes his head, flushed from his husband’s sweet words instead of the lingering embarrassment. “I think the rings on our fingers do that for you.”

Ilya grins down at Shane. He whispers, “Maybe I should just leave marks where only I can see, yes?”

Shane feels his cock twitch at that. He can tell Ilya noticed because his eyes narrow just a little. Now is not the time to get horny when they have to fly back to Ottawa with their entire team. “Behave. Let’s put on a movie.”

Ilya sets up their iPad before they snuggle together. Shane can already feel his eyelids closing, the embarrassment from his teammates’ teasing slowly fading away. He mumbles out, “I love you.”

He hears, “I love you, too,” before sleep claims him.

3. December 2021 – Ottawa

Shane wakes up slowly. He can tell it’s later than he normally allows himself to sleep in, but snuggles back into the warmth of his husband, uncaring. It’s the last practice of the season before they have a couple of days off for Christmas. Shane had off handedly mentioned to Ilya it might be nice if they organized a group yoga session, knowing how much it had helped him with his game.

Unbeknownst to Shane, Ilya brought it up to Coach Wiebe and Bood, who also thought it might be a good idea. Wiebe had decided the day before their break would be a good time to do it, allowing the Centaurs to stretch out and feel relaxed for Christmas. Then, they can all come back ready to kick ass in the second half of the season.

Shane smiles to himself now, happy with how Ilya took his suggestion to their coach. Wiebe has told him on several occasions that he is more than welcome to suggest ideas for the team, seeing as he's been playing longer than most of the guys on the team, he was previously captain in Montreal, and is a three-time Stanley Cup champion. He knows he wouldn't be out of line, but he wants to respect Ilya and Bood who have done a great job of leading the team. Maybe if he ever gets the A or C for himself...

He feels Ilya stirring behind him, his arm tightening slightly around Shane's waist. He feels a kiss to the back of his neck; a spot Ilya loves. Shane is unable to see for himself, but Ilya claims he has the cutest cluster of freckles back there. He presses back slightly, alerting his husband that he's awake too.

He feels Ilya's arms moving him, so he can turn around. He goes willingly, turning to stare into his hazel eyes. Ilya looks soft and sleepy, with a content smile on his face. "Good morning."

Shane smiles at him. "Good morning. Are you excited for yoga today?"

Ilya hums. "Yes. It will be nice, I think. And then several uninterrupted days."

They're going to the cottage this year for Christmas, just the two of them and Anya. Shane had successfully convinced his parents to take a vacation for the holidays, instead choosing to exchange gifts last weekend. His parents deserve it. He's looking forward to the quiet serenity the cottage brings.

Ilya leans down a little bit, rubbing his nose against Shane's. Shane pushes back gently, heart so happy, he can't believe it. "Let me kiss you, moya lyubov."

Shane smiles, unable to resist. "Okay, but no tongue. And then we go brush our teeth."

Ilya huffs out, "You are so stubborn," but it is filled with so much love, it's hard not to get swept up in tender, sweet kiss Ilya presses to his lips. Shane lets it go on longer than he normally would, before he pulls back. Ilya fake glares at him as they climb out of bed, complaining about being cold. Anya perks up when she sees they're up, trotting over to receive kisses and pets. Once teeth are brushed, the next kiss is a little more heated but no less loving.

All in all, it's a slow, sleepy morning. The Centaurs booked a yoga instructor to come to the training facility at noon, so they have a little more time than they normally would. Shane makes breakfast sandwiches, while Ilya monitors Anya in the lightly snow coated backyard.

They sit side by side at the table as they eat, going over some footage from their last game two days ago. They poke fun at some shots they both missed. It's not anything serious though; they easily won their game against Buffalo. They're getting dressed to head out, when Shane is debating what to wear.

Truthfully, he normally likes to wear his shorter shorts because he knows it drives Ilya mad when he does yoga at home. And usually ends with Shane getting fucked nice and good in their gym. He doesn't want his husband (or himself) popping a boner during the session. In

the end, he decides on some joggers instead. He knows they're going to be doing a basic yoga flow sequence, since most of the guys don't regularly practice. He probably won't even sweat much.

Ilya comes out of the bathroom, where he had been fixing his hair. His eyebrows go up when he sees the joggers. "I don't get your tiny shorts today?"

Shane laughs. "No, definitely not. You're horny enough as it is without the shorts. No reason to do all of that in front of our teammates."

Ilya comes over, wrapping his big frame around Shane's back. "Yes, but I love the tiny shorts. They make your butt look so good."

Shane locks his fingers with Ilya's resting on his chest. "I won't disagree with you there. Trust me, there will be plenty of time for me to wear the shorts over the break. You'll live for one day."

Ilya sighs dramatically, pressing a kiss to Shane's head. "I suppose." But he shoots a smile at Shane, pleased that he'll bring them to the cottage.

They kiss Anya goodbye, leaving for practice. When they arrive, they're some of the first people there. Wyatt and Dillon are chatting with one another, Troy and Harris acting cute in the corner. Shane notices Harris is in workout clothes, which means he's going to join them. He smiles, pleased.

The rest of the team starts straggling in, everyone excited for the next few days off. Shane is talking with Bood, who is showing him some pictures of Milo. Ilya had disappeared to talk with the trainers about some stretches he should do for his shoulder over the break, when Wiebe enters with a petite, middle-aged woman.

"Alright, team, listen up! This is Gloria, she's going to be your instructor today. Please give her your full attention."

Gloria smiles at them. "Hi, boys. I'm so happy to be here with you all today. I'm going to get set up for a couple of minutes, so why don't all of you finish laying out your mats? And if any of you are regularly practicing yoga, I would love if you could be in the front, so you can help show your teammates correct positions."

Bood looks at Shane. "Well, that is definitely not me. Hollzy, you get up there. I'll see you after class."

Shane makes his way to the front, happy to assist Gloria where he can. He introduces himself quickly, blushing slightly when she mentions that Coach Wiebe specifically named him as the reason she's here. He turns back to his mat, to find Ilya sitting on the mat directly behind him.

Shane fixes his husband with a look. "No."

Ilya grins. "What? She said people who have done yoga should be near the front, no?"

Shane rolls his eyes. “You don’t do yoga. You leer at me while I do it.” Ilya looks a little confused, so Shane follows up with, “You stare at me.”

Ilya nods, repeating the word leer in his head quickly. “Well, you are the expert. I just want to follow you.”

Shane purses his lips, trying not to be endlessly endeared by his husband. “Fine, but don’t distract me! Or I’m going to do another session when we get home.” Ilya grins. “*Alone.*”

Ilya pouts. “Fine, I will take it seriously.” Shane knows Ilya was going to take it seriously, anyways. Despite all their teasing, Ilya cares a lot about his physique, even if he loves gross McDonalds’ breakfast sandwiches.

Gloria’s headset is turned on then, forcing the guys to turn toward her. “Alright, everyone. Welcome. Let’s get started.”

It’s a nice 45-minute session. Shane was correct in that it was basic yoga flow, but it still felt nice on his muscles, enjoying focusing on his breathing and technique. He was delighted when, several times, Gloria directed the group to his form, telling them to follow Shane’s lead. He caught Ilya looking smug too. His husband loves showing him off.

Afterwards, Shane is chatting politely with Gloria, thanking her for her time. He’s answering some questions about how he got into yoga and how often he does it, when she excuses herself so she can go speak with Coach Wiebe.

Shane looks for Ilya in the crowd of hockey boys, who are all lingering, chatting about their holiday plans. He finds him chatting with Evan Dykstra, so he makes his way over to them. Dykstra is talking about how they’re excited for Christmas, since their daughter is finally old enough to really start enjoying it.

Dykstra smiles at Shane when he walks up. “Hey, Hollywood. Nice moves, I didn’t realize how good you were at yoga.”

Shane smiles. “Thanks. I’ve been doing it for years now.”

Dykstra whistles low. “It’s impressive. I did not realize how fucking flexible you were. I have no idea how you were doing some of those moves.”

Shane goes to answer him, saying it’s just from repetition and discipline, when Ilya interrupts. “Shane is *very* flexible.”

Shane flushes, looking up embarrassed at his husband. Why would he say it like that? Ilya looks unaffected, borderline smug showing off Shane’s skills. Dykstra laughs, incredulous. “Geez, Roz! Keep it in the bedroom.”

Shane shoves him lightly. “Seriously. What is wrong with you?”

Ilya shrugs. “I did not say anything! You *are* flexible! I didn’t say anything dirty.”

Dykstra rolls his eyes. He points at Ilya, looking over at Shane. “Does this act ever work on you?”

Shane huffs out, knowing he’s making the face Ilya fondly describes as his angry kitten face. “No. And yet, I still married him, so I guess that’s on me.”

Ilya threads his fingers with Shane’s, who squeezes back. He’s not really mad, just embarrassed. Dykstra laughs. “Alright, you two horndogs. I’m heading out. Caitlin and I gotta finish packing before we head to her parents’ house. Enjoy the holidays.”

Shane turns to Ilya, glaring at him. Ilya has the decency to look a little sheepish. “You knew how that would sound.”

Ilya shrugs, not really looking sorry. “Sorry, I couldn’t help it. You looked so good up there, so confident. And you were not even wearing the shorts that drive me crazy. My brain just said the first thing I was thinking.”

Shane huffs, but fondly. “Let’s go home before you start telling more people about my flexibility. I don’t need any more embarrassment for the day.”

They say their goodbyes to their teammates, swinging by Harris’s office really quick, so they can grab a case of cider he brought for them. As they’re walking out to their car, Ilya turns to Shane. “Will you put the little shorts on when we get home?”

Shane barks out a laugh. “You are insatiable.” He looks over at his husband’s puppy dog eyes. “But of course. Let’s go.”

4. February 2022 – Vancouver

They were supposed to be on a flight back home right now. But unfortunately for the Ottawa Centaurs, their west coast road trip was extended by one additional night as a blizzard makes its way across Canada. They’re stuck in the hotel too, so people like Wyatt can’t even go visit their family.

Ilya decided to be a good captain and invite the team over to their room. He had gone out this morning to liquor store and bought some cases of beer for the guys, once Wiebe had told them this was likely a possibility. Some of the guys decided to have a Mario Kart tournament in the rookies’ rooms, so they only have about half the team. It’s probably for the best or otherwise the room would have been a little cramped.

As it is, Shane is already seated on Ilya’s lap on the couch. He tells himself it’s to give people more space to sit, but truthfully, he’s tired from the long road trip out west and is desperate to be home in their bed with Anya. He’s seeking his husband’s cuddles to stop the onslaught of emotions he’s currently feeling.

It was a mostly successful trip out here, winning 5 out of the 6 games, with a hard loss to Seattle. Shane had gotten to see Rose, while they were on this trip. Rose is back in LA now that the shooting of her movie is done. It was also nice that Ilya was able to tag along to their lunch this time around. The two of them are thick as thieves when together, teasing Shane

relentlessly. He tries to be annoyed, but he knows the look on his face gives it away. Nothing makes him happier than when the people he loves love one another.

Shane forgets sometimes how hard this part of the season can be. It's been months of non-stop grind. Shane only just got back from the Beijing Olympics, and he immediately had to hop back into the regular season. He's happy with his bronze medal though, considering some of the injuries his fellow Canadians were nursing. But he's barely had any time alone with Ilya the past month. Ilya didn't travel to Beijing, due to not being able to participate on the Russian Olympic Athletes team anymore. It was the longest they had gone apart since they had gotten married.

The phone sex was pretty nice, but Shane is looking forward to having the next two days off, so his husband can properly ravage him in the privacy of their home, where he doesn't have to quiet his moans behind a hand.

Shane hasn't been paying attention to what's going on around him, slowly sipping his beer and petting Ilya's curls. His husband has been engrossed in a debate with Troy about God knows what, when Bood loudly speaks up. "Yo! We should play a drinking game."

Everyone groans at that. Wyatt gives Bood a lazy grin. "What are we? College kids?"

Bood scoffs. "Hey! I think it could be fun. What else do we have to do? Coach said we're not flying out until at least 11 to give them time to de-ice the plane. Might as well make the most of this."

Dillon goes, "What game do you want to play?"

Bood grins. "Never Have I Ever."

Shane pouts, while everyone else groans again. Shane's only played that game once, but he felt embarrassed because he either hadn't done something that everyone had or he couldn't answer something without possibly exposing his activities with Ilya. It wasn't that fun from what he remembers.

He feels the rumble of Ilya's chest as he speaks. "I am in. I will win."

Everyone starts chirping Ilya. He hears Troy go, "Can you even win Never Have I Ever?"

Ilya lazily smiles. "Of course. Most of you are boring. I bet I've done more than you."

Everyone starts chirping again. Shane rolls his eyes, although he leans further into Ilya's weight. Maybe he can just watch... "If Roz is playing, then Hollander is playing. C'mon boys." Well, there goes that dream.

The guys reluctantly agree to the game. Ilya goes first since he made a big show of saying he would win. "Never have I ever hooked up with my coach's child."

Shockingly, a couple of the guys drink. Ilya makes Holmber and Young tell the stories of how they hooked up with their coaches' daughters. "I am impressed, boys. But I will one up you. I hooked up with my coach's son... in Russia."

Everyone howls at that. Troy turns back towards Ilya. "Of course, the bisexual has to show everyone up."

Shane feels Ilya's shoulders shrug. He's leaning his head against Ilya's, so he can't see his face, but he knows Ilya is smug. Shane is forced to go next. "Oh, um, never have I ever gotten so drunk I texted someone to hook up."

A lot of the group drinks, Ilya included. He tries not to pout. He doesn't think Ilya has ever drunk texted Shane, so it must be one of his old hook-ups. Ilya kisses his cheek, which does make him feel better. Ilya also leans in, whispering "I have never needed you or I to get drunk. It's always meant more than that."

Shane hums, running his fingers through Ilya's hair, so Ilya knows he agrees with what he's saying. It continues going around the room, Ilya taking a sip for basically every single one. It's honestly infuriating how he wasn't exaggerating even a little about his life. They get to Wyatt then. He's clearly trying to come up with something that Ilya *hasn't* done, when his eyes light up. "Okay, I think I've got it. A buddy of mine did this, and it still blows my mind to this day. Never have I ever driven more than an hour *just* to have sex with someone."

Shane looks around the room, seeing that no one is drinking, Ilya included. But when he looks at Ilya's face, he's smirking at Shane. "What?"

"Shouldn't you drink?"

Shane tries to control the volume of his voice. "What! When have I ever done that?"

Ilya laughs. "Halloween?"

Shane immediately turns red. Fuck, how could he have forgotten about that. He didn't *solely* come for sex; he missed his boyfriend, honestly! But he can't lie; he had been on a mission that night and that mission was to get fucked.

He remembers how unbelievably hot he got when he saw Ilya in his costume. How lonely he was that night, how all he wanted to do was show off his big, sexy man. He remembers that practice was an hour later the next day, so he had some time to make it back in the morning. He remembers thinking he needs Ilya's cock immediately, prepping himself slowly, lube slicking up his hole as he slid the plug in. How he had to pull over several times, so he wouldn't come. How good Ilya fucked him that night.

Shane looks back down at Ilya, who's giving him a pointed stare. Fuck. He probably should drink. He slowly lifts his beer can up, taking a sip. The guys all start laughing then. Wyatt's grinning. "Hollzy, no fucking way! You did something that Ilya didn't! You have to tell us the story."

Shane shakes his head. He's feeling embarrassed. The guys start chiming in. Troy turns around. "C'mon, man. It is pretty surprising"

The guys are all chirping, trying to get him to tell the story, when Ilya whispers in his ear, "They will not tease you too bad. It's okay."

Shane sighs, trying to force the embarrassment out of his body. Maybe he should do it. He's always felt awkward when the Voyageurs would talk about sex with women. It was always an isolating experience, knowing that even if he hadn't been hooking up with his rival, the guys still probably wouldn't want to hear about his sexual exploits. The Centaurs give them a lot of grief, but he's safe here.

"Okay, okay. Fine. It was Halloween 2020, and it had been a couple of weeks since I had seen Ilya. He sent me a picture of him in his gladiator costume, and I just... I had to see him. So, I drove to Ottawa and got there not too long after the party ended to... you know." A couple of the guys whistle. Shane flushes. "Anyways, I was only there for like 6 hours because I had to drive back to Montreal for practice the next morning. But it's not like it was just a hook-up! Ilya was my boyfriend. So, yeah, that's the story."

The guys start whooping, Ilya chuckling in his ear, hand rubbing his back to soothe him. Shane is sure he's fully red right now; Ilya would probably tell him his freckles are on full display. But it's less out of sheer embarrassment this time, and more out of the awkward happiness he feels from the acceptance of their peers. It's hard to imagine Montreal would *ever* react like this. So, he tries to quell his nerves and bask in their jovial teasing.

Bood is grinning. "Damn, didn't know you had that in you, Hollander. Impressive honestly!"

Dykstra points at him. "You should've come to the Halloween party that year. I'm sure you would've had a blast."

Shane smiles sheepishly. "I know I probably would've been fine to come; we were self-proclaimed friends at that point. I was just so worried about being outed."

Everyone nods, Ilya's hand still rubbing circles on his back. Wyatt says, "Well, we're glad you're here now and can join all the parties. Mostly because you keep your husband from being too annoying."

Everyone laughs. Ilya grunts. "Please. At least I do not talk endlessly about superheroes no one knows."

"Hey! Just because you don't know Oracle and the Birds of Prey doesn't mean other people don't."

The game resumes then, Shane feeling a little bit lighter. He leans over and kisses Ilya on the cheek, as some of the guys drink from Haas' admission. Ilya squeezes him in return.

It's much later when everyone has returned to their rooms, and Shane and Ilya are cuddling, slightly buzzed, when Ilya brings it up. "I am sorry if I embarrassed you earlier."

Shane shakes his head, hand coming to rest on Ilya's cheek. "It's okay. I mean, you *did* embarrass me. But it was kind of nice, right? The only person I would be able to tell that story to on Montreal would've been Hayden, maybe JJ now. It's nice to feel included."

Ilya smiles, leaning in to kiss Shane. He hums into the warmth of Ilya's lips, which are minty from when he brushed his teeth. "Yes, I know what you mean. I could always tell the stories

about women, but never about men.”

Shane sighs. “I guess I never realized how nice it is to participate in stuff like this. It makes me realize how isolated I really was in Montreal.”

Ilya strokes his head. “I know, sweetheart. But we are here now, and we have a good team. You don’t have to feel that way anymore.

Shane nods. “We do.” He stares into Ilya’s eyes. “I’m so glad I get to be on this team with you. That you’re my husband. That this is our life together.”

Ilya looks so unbelievably happy, which Shane is sure is reflected back on his face. “I have never been happier.”

Shane leans in again, kissing Ilya with a little more passion. It’s late and their departure time is flexible tomorrow morning, so they won’t have sex tonight. Besides, they’ll have the next couple of days to go a little crazy. But it feels nice to take comfort in his husband’s touch.

“You know, I’m surprised you didn’t drink. Remember that one time when you were still in Boston, and you got an unexpected weekend off? You drove all the way to me in Canada?”

Ilya scoffs. “They are not the same, and you know it.”

Shane does know it, but it’s still fun to tease Ilya. “I don’t know, I mean we did have sex immediately when you got there.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “As if you were not dying for it too.”

He giggles, leaning in one last time to kiss his husband. “I love you so much.”

Ilya smiles. “I love you, too.”

5. April 2022 – Ottawa

The regular season has come to a close. The Ottawa Centaurs are the number one team in their division, and they play against Detroit tomorrow for round one of the Stanley Cup Playoffs. Shane knows they’re going to go all the way. He can feel it in his guts. They’ve been playing phenomenally all season, and the momentum will only help propel them to the championship.

He gives all the credit to Coach Wiebe and to Ilya. They helped turned this into a team that *cares*. Shane has never felt such a close connection to any team before. It’s such a stark contrast to what he had in Montreal, where it was a bunch of guys who apparently were reluctantly following him. Montreal made it to the playoffs as well, and there’s a chance Ottawa and Montreal replay one another in round two. But Shane has faced his demons with them earlier in the season. He knows they can win if they face off.

Their first game is at home tomorrow night. Ilya and Shane thought it might be a nice idea to have everyone over for a team dinner at their house, as a way to keep morale up and to ensure everyone is eating properly the night before a big game. Despite the stressful circumstances, Shane is excited. They obviously hosted people at their house for their wedding, and Ilya

decided to throw another Halloween party, but they haven't really entertained at their house. Besides the occasional double date with the Pikes or with Troy and Harris, they don't have many people over to their house.

They decided to cater in some Italian food for dinner, figuring the carbs and the protein would be good for everyone. It's expected to be delivered in about a half hour to the back of the house, so Shane is currently making a veggie tray that everyone can snack on as they like while they wait, and Ilya is checking the oven to make sure the brownies come out okay.

The doorbell rings, which makes Anya bark. Ilya runs his hand down Shane's back as he passes. "I will go get them. Anya, calm down!"

Shane hears it's Troy and Harris, which doesn't calm Anya down at all. She loves Harris so much, always choosing to snuggle with him when they come over. The rest of the boys start trickling in. Shane puts out the appetizer tray before going to direct the catering service on their porch. It's so domestic, Shane has to stop himself from smiling like a maniac. He knows he would freak everyone out.

Ilya is currently entertaining the rookies, who still look a little starstruck by him. Shane gets it; he remembers being amazed he was playing with his heroes during his first couple of seasons in the NHL. Nowadays, he's rarely nervous around other players.

Once the caterers are all organized, he leaves them to set up, not wanting to get in their way. He goes to find his water that he left somewhere, when Harris stops him. "Hi Shane! Sorry, didn't get a chance to come say hi to you."

Shane hugs Harris. "Hey, it's all okay. I've been running around. How are your sisters doing? You had Sunday dinner yesterday right?"

Harris smiles, that goofy grin. It's contagious. "They're great! You and Ilya should come for dinner again. They really liked you guys a lot. Especially my mom. She thinks you are so polite."

Shane laughs. "Thanks, I guess that's Ottawa boys for you." He bumps Harris' hip as he says it.

Harris laughs too. "Exactly. Oh, let me show you another artist rec, I think you'll really like her."

To the chagrin of everyone, the entire Ottawa Centaur roster has been trying to teach Shane about music. It's been mostly unsuccessful. He's never needed it when working out, and he supposes he's never found an artist he likes enough to follow their career. The only music he has on his phone is Fabian's. Shane was enchanted after seeing him in person. He doesn't listen to it very often, but he wanted to support Fabian in some way, especially since he has a soft spot for Ryan Price.

Harris is currently showing him a Canadian pop artist, Carly Rae Jepsen ("Call Me Maybe sounds familiar, I swear!"), when Ilya wanders over. "The caterers say they are done. Should we let the boys free?"

Shane and Harris look up from Harris' phone. Shane smiles. "Sure. Do you want to do the honors?"

Ilya claps and turns back to the team. "Boys! The food is ready. Please help yourself. Dykstra, do not overdo it on the pasta, we all remember Florida."

Dykstra flips him off, while the team laughs. Shane hangs back, listening to Harris give a quick history lesson on Carly Rae Jepsen, letting the rest of the team get their plates before he gets his. Ilya lingers around them, enjoying the conversation.

"It is cute you think you will get Shane to care about music."

Shane pouts, while Harris laughs. "I know, he has gone thirty years without caring. But I think if anyone can make him care about music, it's our queen."

Shane tilts his head. "I would argue that Tessa Virtue is the queen of Canada."

Harris laughs again. "You know what? Good point. Carly can be the princess then."

Ilya looks outside. "Come, the boys are almost done. Let's get some plates and enjoy."

They file outside, filling up on ziti, chicken parm, and salad. It reminds Shane a lot of being a junior hockey player, and the parents would all chip in to feed the boys before tournament weekends. It's the perfect kind of nostalgia as they head into the playoffs.

Shane and Ilya get separated at dinner, Shane sitting with Harris and Troy, while Ilya sits down with Bood, so they can continue arguing about some videogame they both like. The nice thing is Shane knows he could sit anywhere with anyone on the team, and he would be comfortable. When he was in Montreal, he always had to sit with Hayden or JJ. He knows he can be a little in his head sometimes; it's why he needs people like Ilya and Hayden to pull him out of his comfort zone. But here, amongst his teammates, they make everyone feel welcome.

The dinner is jovial, thrumming with excitement and nervousness. Ilya doles out brownies for everyone an hour later, as Shane helps the catering crew collect everything. Most of the guys start trickling out after dinner wraps, wanting to do their pre-game day routines or having to head home to see their partners. A few of the guys stick around, Ilya inviting them to play some poker. Shane gives Ilya a look, but he waves him off, promising Shane he'll kick everyone out by ten.

Shane doesn't have much interest in poker, so he's sitting on the couch with Harris and Troy again, enjoying their company. Harris is still trying to teach Shane about music, Troy laughing incredulously about how little Shane knows, when there's a big uproar from the poker game. They hear Bood going, "How does this fucker keep winning?"

Shane rolls his eyes, seeing Ilya raking in chips from everyone. "Well, at least he's not losing our money."

Harris laughs. "I'm sure you guys aren't low on money."

Shane turns sheepish. “Well, you’re not wrong there. But you guys know Ilya; he would take some ridiculous risk that would cost us millions.”

Troy snorts. “Oh, definitely. Although, I think he knows you would kill him. So, it might only be thousands nowadays.”

Shane shrugs. “At least he knows better.”

It appears Ilya sweeping the table has effectively brought the game to an end. The guys are helping clean up the table. Wyatt walks over with the deck of cards. “Hollander, where do these go?”

Shane points at the side table. “They go in there, thanks Wyatt.”

Wyatt opens the drawer and then freezes. Shane is confused for a second when he blanches. Oh fuck. He forgot what else is in there. Wyatt then starts grinning like a mad man. Shane scrambles to get off the couch. Wyatt grabs the item before Shane can stop him.

He holds it up. It’s a half-used bottle of expensive lube. Shane scrunches his face, embarrassment now written all over his face. He forgot that’s where they keep the living room lube. And yes, they have lube for every single room in the house, including the barely ever-used guestrooms. Sue them, they want to be prepared.

Wyatt spins towards the poker table. “Guys, look what I found.”

Everyone turns, looking at the object in Hazy’s hand. It’s quiet for a second before everyone starts laughing, Ilya included. “I cannot believe you forgot what was in that drawer!”

Shane laughs nervously. “Shut up, Ilya. Yes, you found our lube congrats.”

Bood is grinning. “You guys are seriously insatiable. I almost teased you guys last week about the obvious nail marks on Ilya’s back, but Coach walked in before I could get going.”

Everyone laughs again. Shane knows his face is red, but it’s all in good fun. At least, he tries to remind himself of that. “Well, I could say the same thing to you. Cassie’s left her mark on you before.”

Bood throws his head back, laughing hard, while all the guys start chirping on Bood. Ilya grins at Shane, clearly proud of him for working through his embarrassment at being caught by Wyatt, who has finally put the lube and the card deck away. Bood is wiping away a tear. “You got me there, Hollywood. Alright, you two love birds, we should all probably head out. But we’ll see you guys tomorrow.”

They walk the guys out, Harris and Troy the last to collect their things, as Anya is following Harris around like a little shadow. Troy claps Shane on the back. “Make sure you don’t stay up too late. You *do* have a playoff game tomorrow.”

Shane shoves him back playfully. “You too, Barrett.”

Troy laughs, while Harris smiles. “No worries. He’s getting put straight to bed once we get home.”

Ilya nods, grinning. “Harris, what would Troy do without you?”

Troy shakes his head, reaching for Harris’ hand. “Luckily, I don’t have to find out. Night guys, seriously thanks for tonight. We’ll see you tomorrow.”

They close the door behind them, Anya trotting off to her bed. The two of them retreat to the kitchen, cleaning the remaining of the dishes, mostly glasses left from the poker game. “I am proud of you. You did not freak out too much when Hazy found our lube.”

Shane laughs. “Trying to be better about it, even if I wish he hadn’t found it. Guess I should be thankful it was only lube, and we didn’t leave the dildo down here from the last time we used it.”

Ilya gets a glint in his eye. “I forgot about that. Was very fun and would’ve been very funny if they found it.”

Shane flicks some water at him before turning off the sink. “I think I would’ve died from embarrassment in that case. And don’t go getting any ideas. No sex during series runs.”

Ilya leans down as he’s drying the glass, kissing Shane. “I know. Just thinking of what I can do to you after we sweep the first round.”

Shane wraps his arms around Ilya’s waist, kissing between his shoulder blades. “I’m sure you’ll think of something. Can we watch some HGTV before we pass out?”

Ilya laughs. “Of course. I do not know why you love it so much though.”

Shane pinches his side, making Ilya laugh even more. “Acting like you don’t get angry when the couples choose the wrong house.”

As Shane snuggles into his husband’s side later that night, Anya quietly asleep in the corner, Shane hopes Ilya is right. That they’ll sweep the first round no problem. He falls asleep that night dreaming of the hopefully epic run they make during these Stanley Cup playoffs.

+1. June 2022 – Seattle

5...

Shane thinks back on this season, and he couldn’t be prouder of the work this team has done. Of the work Ilya has done. Of the work *he’s* personally worked through. It’s always an adjustment when someone like Shane, a superstar, joins a close-knit team. And despite the fact that he had a little bit of a leg-up seeing as he’s married to the captain, he couldn’t help but be nervous.

Instead, they welcomed him with open arms. Wiebe had sat him down the first time Shane met him and told him he would always be welcomed here. The Ottawa Centaurs were going to be great at hockey and even better at kindness and equality. It was something Shane had

always dreamed of for himself in Montreal. While some part of him will always feel bitter about Montreal burning him like that in the end, he's glad it eventually brought him back to his hometown.

Ilya has blossomed into his role as captain. He confessed to Shane that he had always led by playing well on the ice, but he was going to turn that around. It had started after the plane mishap, but he only planned to build on it this season. And build on it, he did. Ilya and Bood are two of the best captains Shane has ever worked for or with. They inspire the team to be better, to work harder, to keep that fire alive. It's been such a pleasure to see Ilya grow into his role.

It's easy to say that you're going to make it to the Stanley Cup Finals. It's another thing to actually make it happen. This team proved you can build a dynasty if you have the right formula.

4...

Ilya was mostly right in the end about round one. Ilya had predicted they would sweep Detroit in four games. It ended up being five after Troy had to ice his elbow after an awkward hit in game three. Without their star right wing, they let themselves get a little sloppier, they had to fight a little harder. Detroit managed to eek out a win 2-1. They had been understandably upset but knew they could shut it out in game five.

And that's what they did. Ilya got a hat trick that night and as his reward, he got to fuck Shane nice and slow and deliciously sensual, Shane panting and writhing on their bed. Shane was edged three times (one for each goal) before Ilya finally let him cum. That's a memory that's going to stick with him for a long time.

3...

Round two was unfortunately not as easy. The Centaurs found themselves once again facing off against Montreal in the playoffs. Despite losing Shane, they were still a good team. It made Shane mad honestly. *He* was the one who helped shape that team. *He* led them to victory three times. And once they found out that he loved Ilya, they tossed him aside like he was nothing to them. And yet, they continued to reap the benefits of everything he had built.

Shane knew they were better though. They had bested them 3 out of the 4 times they faced them during the regular season. Wyatt was arguably top three best goalies in the league, and no one had a stronger offensive line than them.

Still, it was a brutal series. They had to go the entire seven games in order to win. Shane could tell most of their ire was directed at him, and they wanted nothing more than to beat the team that had knocked them out of the playoffs last year. Shane was determined not to let that happen. In the end, Shane ended up scoring the game winning goal late in the third period. After the buzzer ran out, Ilya was the first out on the ice and kissed big and sloppy on the cheek for everyone to see. And as he smugly shook the hands of his former teammates, he knew he had won the war in the end. When Hayden hugged him, he told Shane he earned the cocky look on his face. It felt really good.

2...

The Eastern Conference game took them to the Big Apple. The Admirals had looked good all year. And it had been years since Scott Hunter had led them to the Stanley Cup. The Centaurs knew they were hungry to get that cup. The thing was Ottawa was hungrier.

That's not to say it wasn't a grueling series. The fatigue of the season was starting to wear on Shane and the rest of the team. Every second that he wasn't training or playing in a game, Shane was pretty much always sleeping. Even on ten-minute rides back to hotels, Shane would close his eyes, trying to get as much rest as possible. At night, Shane would cling to Ilya, hoping the warmth of his husband would help propel them to the top. They managed to cinch it in six, Troy Barrett getting his first play-off hat trick. Harris made some very cute videos after that happened.

Scott Hunter was obviously crushed, but Shane could see that proud glint in his eyes. Scott had flourished into a cheerleader for the queer players of the league. And seeing as Ottawa was by far the gayest team, it would undoubtedly send a message to the higher ups if they won it all.

1...

And so here they were. In the Stanley Cup Final against Seattle. They had suffered two brutal losses to Seattle during the season. But they wouldn't let that get in their heads. Before they had walked out for game one, Ilya had stood on the bench on the locker room and told them Ottawa was going to prove everyone wrong. They already had by making it to the finals. They were going to win the series and if they didn't, they were at least going to go down swinging.

The guys took that to heart because they swept the first two games no problem, Shane getting a hat trick in game one and Ilya getting one in game two. They headed west for games three and four. The hometown advantage helped Seattle comeback after two rough losses. But they were tight games, Seattle barely squeaking out the wins. Back in Ottawa for game five, and they trounced Seattle once more.

And as they stood in the visitor locker room for game six, surrounded by more Seattle fans than Ottawa fans, Shane knew they could do it. They could beat Seattle on their home turf to take home the Cup. The guys must have all felt it too because everyone played the best game of hockey of their lives.

Shane and Ilya got early goals, with Haas getting a third in the second period to take the game to 3-0. Seattle recovered some of their dignity at the beginning of the third period, but Shane didn't want them getting too cocky because only a minute later, he scored again. Seattle started getting aggressive and desperate, hoping they could take down Ottawa. In the end, it was no use. They got a penalty very late in the third period and the final play of the game would be a power play for Ottawa. Shane passes it to Ilya, who sees the opening and shoots.

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

And right on the buzzer, Ilya ups the domination to make it 5-1 in game six of the Stanley Cup Finals. The Ottawa Centaurs finally get to bring the cup home. The bench erupts, and their fans are going crazy. Shane knows it might have been arrogant to score one final goal, but in the end, he can't bring himself to care.

He rips his helmet off, seeing Ilya do the same. They lock eyes and immediately start grinning so big. They skate quickly towards one another, Ilya wrapping his arms around Shane's center and lifting him, causing Shane to laugh. Ilya puts him down before pulling Shane into a toe-curling kiss. *Holy fuck.*

Shane pulls back but stays close. "We just fucking won the Stanley Cup together!"

Ilya smiles, eyes glossy. "I know, moya lyubov. I love you."

Shane lets out a big, wet laugh. "I love you so much, Ilya. Oh my god."

Shane yanks him back into another kiss, unable to help himself. He could get lost in Ilya's mouth forever when he hears, "Hollander, Rozanov! Get over here you love birds!"

They pull back, to see Bood standing with their trainers, who are handing out hands and shirts. They grin at their alternate captain, skating over quickly to him. They pile onto him, which makes him laugh. Ilya pulls back. "How does it feel to finally bring home the cup?"

Bood smiles but wipes away a couple of tears. "Dude, I can't fucking believe it. We're Stanley Cup Champions!"

Things become hectic quickly; they all get into their shirts and hats and then are forced back to stand near the center ice, as carpet and the trophy are rolled out. Shane sees Roger Crowell and wants to sneer, but then he remembers who gives a fuck about that guy. Ottawa revived their fanbase, revived their team; they proved the entire NHL wrong. They're champions. Roger Crowell's bigoted ass does not get to ruin this moment for him.

The ceremony commences and Shane is standing back as Ilya is presented the trophy. The rookies are behind him, all of them crying. Shane knows there are probably very few dry eyes tonight. Shane barely listens to whatever bullshit the commissioner is saying, focusing on his husband. God, he looks so sexy. Shane *wants* him, and he wants him now. But all good things come to those who wait.

Finally, Ilya is hoisting the trophy up and bringing it to the team, who all start screaming happily. It gets passed around, everyone wanting to get their pictures with the cup. Shane manages to find his parents, who squeeze both Ilya and him so tightly. His dad has to guide his mom around because she can't stop crying. He's so happy he thinks his heart will burst.

The mood only seems to get rowdier in the locker room, champagne being sprayed everywhere, people taking shots. Wiebe gets Gatorade dumped on him, but the smile is never wiped off his face. Shane can't stop touching Ilya, wanting to celebrate with him. Ilya must sense his desperation because he runs a big hand through his hair, tilting his head back slightly, hands gripping a little extra. He leans down and whispers, "Be a good boy for me and I'll make it worth your while tonight."

Shane whines softly but tries to relax. He does want to celebrate with his team. He loves these guys and is so happy to have won the Stanley Cup with them. But he already knows he's going to be operating on lightly aroused for the next couple of hours. Ilya gives him a wicked grin when he releases Shane.

Eventually, everyone piles onto the bus, the team renting out a local bar where they can celebrate for the night, friends and family invited. Coach buys everyone a round when they get there. Shane decides he's going to nurse this for as long as he can. He wants to be sober tonight when him and Ilya fuck. Don't get him wrong, drunk sex is fun. But he wants to clear headed tonight when he gets fucked by his husband.

Ilya must have the same idea because Shane can tell he's drinking his beer slowly. Ilya also only takes one shot but tries to avoid taking any more. Shane has been circling Ilya, trying to not make it obvious what they're going to do.

A couple of the younger, single guys on the team leave about an hour into the celebration, going to a club to celebrate. It's mostly the older, partnered players left. Shane can see Troy and Harris making out in the corner of the bar, Dykstra and his wife dancing way too close in this kind of establishment and decides it's time to go now. He's waited long enough.

He marches over to Ilya, who's talking with Wyatt, Lisa, Bood, and Cassie. He doesn't offer up a single word of greeting instead turning Ilya's head with his hand, wrapping his fingers in his curls. He pulls him down into a slick kiss. He hears the whooping from the two couples but ignores it. He pulls back and Ilya's eyes are dark. Shane licks his lips. He rasps out. "We're going."

Ilya grins, running his hand down Shane's arm, to interlace their fingers. He pulls himself together, turning back to his conversation mates. They all look incredibly amused. Shane quite frankly does not give a fuck. "Please excuse my husband. Winning makes him horny."

Everyone laughs, while Shane smiles. What can he say; it's true. Bood pulls both of them in for a hug. "Get outta here, you two. Thanks for helping us win the Stanley Cup."

Shane feels Wyatt piling onto the hug. It's nice, and Shane would take more time to appreciate it if he wasn't exclusively thinking about sitting on Ilya's dick. They finally break apart, saying goodbye to their wives and waving goodbye at Coach, who gives them a very pointed look.

Shane had the foresight to call a car before making a scene with Ilya, so it's waiting outside for them when they exit the bar. As the Uber pulls away, Shane can't help himself and practically climbs into Ilya's lap, kissing him open-mouthed and a lot of tongue. Ilya indulges him for a few seconds, his hand resting just above his ass. Ilya's hand eventually slides up his back though, reaching into Shane's hair. He pulls him back, removing Shane from his lips. Shane whines, louder than he probably should considering a complete stranger is driving them.

"This isn't how good boys act now, is it?"

Shane pouts. "Can you blame me? You're so hot after winning. We won *together*."

Ilya laughs, a hearty sound coming from his throat. "You are also very hot. But you can wait until we are in the privacy of our room." He leans in then, voice dropping. "I'm going to make you cum first on my tongue and then my dick, how does that sound?"

Shane whines again. He's unable to resist, leaning in to peck Ilya really quick. "Can I suck you?"

Ilya pretends to debate it. "If you are good. Now sit and behave."

Shane spends the rest of the ride in uncomfortable horniness. Despite Ilya's cool exterior, Shane knows he's dying for it; Shane can see the tent in Ilya's shorts.

It's probably only a ten-minute drive, but it feels like an eternity. Finally, they're back at the hotel and the elevator ride is so charged, you could light a match. Ilya calmly walks them down the hall to their room, Shane trailing him like a little puppy, gripping his husband's hand.

Ilya gets the door open and pulls Shane inside. He then backs Shane against the closing door, grabbing his face to kiss him. Shane moans, hands coming up to grip Ilya's Stanley Cup Champion shirt. It's desperate, messy, and raw. Shane clacks his teeth against Ilya's a few times, but it only serves to turn him on more. Ilya uses his thumb to unhinge Shane's jaw a little bit, using the leverage to suck on Shane's tongue. Shane lets Ilya do whatever he wants. Ilya pulls back, starting to press hot kisses to his cheeks, his jaw, his neck. "Take off your shirt and get on your knees."

Shane doesn't hesitate. He rucks his shirt off of his back, before dropping quickly to his knees. He smacks his right one a little hard, sucking in a breath but pushes on. Ilya has taken off his own shirt, still in his shorts. Shane starts pressing open-mouthed kisses to Ilya's stomach and the v of his hips. Ilya uses his hand to push Shane's fringe back, hands gripping his hair. "Come on. You know what to do."

Shane nods, pressing one final kiss to his lower stomach before he shoves Ilya's shorts and boxers down. His dick is rigid, precum building at the tip. Shane licks his lips. He fucking loves sucking dick. He wraps his lips around the head, using his tongue to swirl around the sensitive tip, Ilya moaning at the sensation. Shane then slowly starts working Ilya's dick down his throat, taking it as far as he can. His hand comes up to play with Ilya's balls.

Ilya groans. "Yes, Shane, that is so good. You are perfect." Shane hums around the shaft before he starts bobbing his head. Every time he comes back to the head, he pays a little extra attention, lightly scrapping his teeth, which causes Ilya to hiss.

This goes on for several minutes, when Shane can feel Ilya's balls tightening. He expects it, but suddenly, Ilya is pulling Shane off his dick, a line of drool connecting to Shane's lips as he's dragged away by Ilya's hand. Shane looks up. Ilya's eyes are dark with lust, and he's panting slightly. His cheeks are flushed, and there's a sheen on his skin. God, he'll never get over that this man is his. "Enough. We are not having sex until you come once."

Shane knows he's going to come almost immediately; he is so horny he could've come just from sucking Ilya's dick. Ilya pulls Shane up to stand by his hair, pulling him in for another

hot kiss. Ilya maneuvers Shane backwards toward the bed, Shane freely following his husband's lead. He falls suddenly, ankles hitting the frame of the bed. He gasps as he hits the mattress, Ilya yanking his joggers off as he falls. He's finally completely naked, his husband standing over him like a predator about to eat his prey. Shane can feel that he's trembling with excitement. Ilya twirls his finger. "On your stomach, sweetheart."

Shane immediately flips over, shoving his ass in the air. He feels Ilya's hands on his ass cheeks, pulling them apart. Ilya chuckles. "You are such a slut. *My* slut."

Shane whines. "Yes. Only yours."

Ilya is pressing kisses to the back of his thighs. "No one else knows how much you love my tongue, my fingers, my *dick* in your ass. How much of a cocksut you are."

Shane pants. "I love it. I really do. Ilya, please. I need you."

Shane can feel Ilya's breath on his hole. "Do not worry. I will give you want you want."

Shane moans *loudly* when he feels the flat of Ilya's tongue against his hole. Oh god, he really isn't going to last long. Ilya alternates between small circles around his rim and using his tongue to press into Shane's hole. He's so horny, he's already feeling loose, easily opening up for Ilya. Ilya must be able to tell Shane is on the verge of coming because he reaches around and starts jacking him off simultaneously. Shane whines. "Oh fuck, *Ilya*, I'm going to come."

Ilya just picks up the pace in response, tongue never faltering. It only takes a couple more strokes before Shane comes, loud moans filling the room. Ilya doesn't let up, milking his orgasm for all it's worth. Shane is whimpering lightly when Ilya finally takes his hand off of Shane's dick. "You are so good for me. I'm going to prep you now. Can you take it like the good boy that you are?"

Shane feels a little drunk but nods, swallowing the pool of saliva that had accumulated in his mouth. "Yes. Come on. I need your cock."

Ilya turns away briefly, probably getting the lube. Shane takes a second to come back to his head. Before long though, Ilya's fingers are working him open in quick succession. He rubs the pad of two of his fingers against Shane's prostate, causing Shane's cock to stir with interest. By the time he's finished prepping Shane, he's fully hard again.

Shane slurs out. "Come on, I'm ready, I'm so ready."

Ilya pushes one last mean press to Shane's prostate, forcing another moan out of him before he pulls his fingers out. He feels Ilya's hands on his hips, turning him onto his back. He's then pulled down to the edge of the bed, Ilya remaining standing. *Oh hell yes.*

Shane puts his legs on Ilya's shoulders, hands coming to rest above his head. He knows he probably looks like a whore right now, but he's *Ilya's*. That's all that matters.

Ilya uses one hand to rub the head of his dick against Shane's hole, causing both of them to moan with anticipation. He must get impatient because Ilya suddenly ends his teasing and

presses his dick all the way in. “Oh fuck, you are always so perfect. Like you were made for this.”

Shane pants. “Yes. I was made for you. Just like you were made for me.”

Ilya uses the leverage he has from standing to pick up his pace quickly, folding in on Shane a little bit. He just lies there and takes it, loving the never-ending press of Ilya’s dick to his prostate. “Yes, moya lyubov. I was made to fuck you. God, you are so good, fuck.”

Shane reaches one hand up, pulling Ilya into kiss him. It’s almost all tongue but it only serves to turn him on more. He pulls back again. “Come on, *ah fuck*, harder, I want to feel it tomorrow.”

Ilya picks up his pace, fucking into Shane with earnest. Ilya looks wild above him, his ab muscles rippling as he fucks Shane with all he has. “Touch yourself.”

Shane reaches down, stroking himself quickly. He can feel his orgasm building again. “Oh God, I’m going to come, Ilya, please.”

Ilya presses hot kisses to Shane’s calf. “Come. Come for me, my champion.”

Ilya calling Shane a champion does it for him. “Oh fuck, I love you.” Despite already orgasming, Shane is like a firehose, the release hitting the touch of his chest.

He strokes himself through the orgasm, clenching down on Ilya’s dick. One, two, three pumps later and a groaned, “I love you,” and Ilya releases into Shane. He all but collapses on top of Shane, whose legs flop back onto the mattress. They lay there in their mess, both of them pressing kisses to wherever they can reach. Shane eventually feels the sweat and the cum fully drying and knows he needs to get up.

His voice is raspy when he speaks. “Let’s rinse off.”

Ilya grunts, pressing one last kiss to Shane’s neck. His husband gets off of Shane, both of them grimacing a little at the mess. Ilya helps Shane to his feet, Shane feeling like a fawn learning to walk for the first time, which causes Ilya to smirk. Shane supposes he’s earned it. They hop in the shower, unable to keep their hands off one another. They strip the bed of the top sheet, before climbing into bed.

They’re cuddled together when Ilya speaks. “You were very bold at the bar tonight.”

Shane hums. “Well, I wanted you.”

Ilya laughs softly. “I have never seen you act like that in public.”

Shane is tracing random patterns on Ilya’s chest. “We just won the Stanley Cup together. It’s a powerful aphrodisiac.”

Ilya presses a kiss to his forehead. “I am not complaining. It was very sexy. I am glad you feel more comfortable. But you do know they will give us shit tomorrow, no?”

Shane closes his eyes, pressing one last kiss to Ilya's peck. "Mmm, let them. I don't care."

And as Shane fades into sleep, he finds he doesn't care if the Centaurs know about their sex life. Maybe that's his secret real win of the night.

End Notes

yes i did manage to sneak in my favorite superhero (barbara gordon as oracle) and my favorite figure skater (tessa virtue) into this fic. i think shane would love tessa because they're both proud canadians and also type A tauruses. that is his kindred spirit.

comments and kudos always appreciated! if you have a twitter and want to talk, my priv is @thecorktrees

(sorry for any typos or weird spacing. i'm sure i'll inevitably find stuff to edit in the days to follow even though i've read this over 15 times)

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