

married, apparently!

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Summary

"Ilya: I didn't drink that much last night.

Troy: You were flirting with Shane.

Ilya: So what? He's my husband.

Troy: You asked if he was single.

Troy: And then you cried when he said he wasn't. "

Notes

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

The Ottawa Centaurs had won that night, and the atmosphere in the locker room after the game was lively. The entire team was ecstatic, chanting Shane's name after he scored an incredible goal that gave them the lead.

Ilya was still fascinated by what he and Shane had accomplished in those final seconds.

Ilya had skated down the left wing, his breath burning in his throat. A defender had rushed him, shoulder to shoulder. He had pretended to lean inward, but then changed direction at the last second, sending the defender skidding.

He had seen Shane free, his stick poised and his eyes shining with excitement. He had served the puck to him with a low pass, which Shane had controlled without hesitation. Another defender had tried to block him, but it was too late because Shane had advanced with a quick skate, a half-turn of the blade. He'd barely raised his stick, and the goalie had reacted by opening his legs and raising his glove to anticipate him, but Shane had surprised him with a crisp, low, and fast shot that had slipped into the only remaining opening. The puck hit the inside netting. An unmistakable sound. The arena erupted in celebration, his teammates were trying to reach him to celebrate together, but Shane had headed toward Ilya and hugged him tightly.

He and Shane had only recently been playing together on the same team, but they had quickly found their balance. They were perfect on the ice, better than they had ever been rivals. They had known each other so well and for so long that they were able to predict each other's moves on the ice, to communicate with each other just through a fleeting exchange of glances. They had become unbeatable together.

After showering, once the whole team was ready to leave, and after speaking with a few reporters, they had decided—on Harris's warm advice—to all go celebrate that incredible victory.

They'd recently found a place they could go. If Scott Hunter had a gay sports bar to hang out at, then Ilya had to have one too. And finally, they'd found it. He was always happy to go and celebrate their victories there with the team and his husband; it made him feel good, like he belonged.

Many of them had decided to join in the celebrations, and the place quickly filled up. Beer and drinks kept flowing, and even though Ilya had told himself he wanted to keep his composure (he wanted to go home with Shane and do things with his mouth on him), he was too euphoric to hold back.

One beer, then two. The third arrived.

Some of the guys had decided to leave; they'd been there a while and were pretty tired. Ilya was sitting at the table with Wyatt; they were talking about something Ilya couldn't quite grasp. The beer had started to kick, and his mind felt light and foggy. Wyatt talked and talked, and Ilya couldn't understand what he was saying. When the fourth beer arrived, which Ilya didn't even remember ordering, Wyatt stood up.

“Where are you going?” Ilya asked, slightly confused.

“Home,” Wyatt replied, a hint of amusement in his voice. “You should too. You're drunk.”

“That's not true,” Ilya retorted, offended.

Wyatt had chuckled, but let it go. Ilya watched him as he approached a table to say hello. When Ilya's eyes fell on the people there, they lit up with fervor. There was a man there who was out of this world. He was handsome, buff, with long, dark hair tied in a ponytail. He wanted to sink his hands into that silky hair, lace his fingers around those strands, and pull his head back to kiss his jawline, down to his neck.

Ilya didn't want to miss the chance to let him slip away and rose from the table, slowly and unsteadily approaching the charming man, the beer dripping from the glass held precariously in his hands.

The more he closed the distance between himself and the man, the more Ilya noticed details of that soft, perfect face. Like the freckles. They were a dusting across his nose and cheekbones, and Ilya wanted to kiss each one, lose himself as he caressed them with his fingertips. *Oh, what a heavenly sight*, Ilya thought.

“Hi,” he said as soon as he reached the table. Wyatt had already left, thankfully. No one was going to spoil his fun.

He set down his beer a little too hard, making it splash out of the glass, and tried to cast a languid glance at the man across from him. He was perfect and his smell was intoxicating.

“Ilya,” said somebody at the table.

He turned and saw a man looking at him worriedly, while the other, apple-smelling man next to him, was trying to hold back a laugh. He thought he knew him; his face told was familiar.

“What?” he replied, annoyed. They were disrupting his game.

“What are you doing?”

“Mind your own business,” he quipped. No one could stop him from flirting with Mr. Freckles.

Ilya licked his lips and walked around the table, approaching Freckles. He placed a hand on his shoulder and felt a brief shiver run down his spine.

“Hi,” he whispered this time, not wanting the wonderful duo nearby to hear or disturb him again. “Are you busy?”

Ilya felt Freckles' body shake slightly: he was laughing. What was so funny?

“Ilya,” he said, and Ilya was surprised. He knew his name. “You're drunk.”

Why was everyone insisting on that? He wasn't drunk; he could handle his beers just fine.

“I’m not drunk,” he replied, then hiccuped. Okay, maybe he’d overdone it a little. “Not *that* drunk.”

Freckles just stared at him with a sweet, amused look, so Ilya took that as a sign to continue. He knew he could win him over. He didn't take his eyes off the magnificent man in front of him and thought he might try one of those pickup lines he'd heard so many times when he lived in Boston. None of his old teammates had ever used one, but only because they were boring and incompetent.

“Did he hurt you?” he asked, winking.

“Who?” the other man answered with another question. He'd taken the bait, and Ilya gave him a crooked smile.

“The one who pushed you from heaven!”

The man looked at him, dazed, blinking rapidly. “That’s not... that’s not the line.”

Ugh, he hadn't fallen for it, even though he was pretty sure he'd said the right thing. He just stared intently and insistently into his eyes, trying to find another phrase that would convince him to follow him home. He hadn't seen enough movies or TV shows to find a phrase that would make him gasp, so he had to dip into his repertoire in the hope that this time he could win him over.

“I am Stanley,” he began, “would you like to see my cup?” And on the last word, he found himself holding back a hiccup once again.

That was... genius. He had actually won a Stanley Cup and could use it to attract him. He was a champion, something everyone aspired to. Freckles would surely want to know more, and Ilya couldn't wait to explain to him what it felt like to win such a prestigious cup. That was how he would win him over: with fame!

“I—”

“Because I have one,” he continued, without letting Freckles answer. “It is in my house. I won.”

He leaned on the table with one elbow, but it was slippery and wet from his beer, which had spilled through his fault, and he slipped, banging his forearm against the hard wood. It hurt, but he managed to contain a grimace of pain.

Freckles bit his lower lip as he looked at him with a strange glint in his eyes. It was done.

“I have a few too.”

“Oh, fuck.”

What were the odds in the world that Freckles was a hockey player? He had to find another way.

He slid his hand from his shoulder to his chest, his fingers trembling as they felt the firmness of his hard pecs. His fingers caressed the buttons of Freckles's shirt. If they hadn't been in a public place, he would have ripped all that fabric from that perfect body.

"You know you're... hm," he began, not giving up easily. He took his chin in his hands and brought their faces closer. "Just my type?"

"I'm your husband," the other man replied gently.

"What a coincidence!" Yes, *yes*, he would have gladly married him. He was too handsome, he would have done anything he wanted. All he had to do was ask.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the man who smelled of apples point his phone at them, but the blond man next to him quickly snatched it from his hand. Ilya didn't care much. If they needed lessons in seduction, he was more than happy to give them.

"So," he continued. He licked his lips, trying to sound sensual and draw the attention of the Adonis in front of him. "Are you single? Shall we continue this conversation at my place?" He was sure he didn't live too far from there, even if he couldn't remember exactly. Who had his keys?

"I'm not single."

He felt a crack inside him, his heart breaking at that revelation.

"What?" he asked, stunned. It couldn't be. He had finally found a guy attractive and perfect, and he guy was taken. What a drag. He should have expected this.

"I'm married," he raised his hand and showed him the ring.

Ilya felt bitterly defeated and useless. He felt tears pricking the corners of his eyes and couldn't help it. He rested his forehead against Freckles' shoulder and let a few hot tears roll down his cheeks, and onto the shirt of the poor unfortunate man who'd had to endure his attempt at flirting.

"Are you... crying?" Freckles asked, shocked.

"Yes," Ilya replied honestly. "You're married, and I respect that. Do you love your husband?" he asked, hoping it might somehow change his mind. He just had to give him a chance. Just one.

"Yes, very much. Even if he acts like this sometimes."

"Like what?"

Freckles had moved him off his shoulder and slid a hand over his, intertwining their fingers.

"Shall we go home?" he asked affectionately.

"Yes."

How kind of him to want to walk him home, it was a real shame he couldn't have Freckles all to himself.

All that morning light was making his headache worse. He didn't remember drinking that much night before, but the signs were clear: he felt dehydrated, his mouth was dry, and the pain in his head and stomach seemed to be getting worse. He'd had too much alcohol.

He was sitting on the couch, legs crossed, a steaming cup of tea in his hands; Shane had wrapped a blanket around his shoulders. He felt sick and feverish, but he knew it was just the hangover. He promised himself he'd never drink that much again. It wasn't worth it.

He heard the doorbell ring, and it echoed in his ears like a high-pitched, interminable whistle. He hated whoever had shown up at their house that morning.

He watched Shane trot toward the front door and open it. Troy and Harris were there, and Ilya didn't remember inviting them. Not that he didn't enjoy their company, but as soon as he recovered—and he hoped soon—he wanted to dedicate the whole day to his husband. They'd already wasted time the night before; if he hadn't had that extra beer, they might still be naked and tangled under the sheets.

"Good morning," Harris chirped as he sat down next to him.

Ilya only grunted; it wasn't the morning for them all to be having breakfast together like happy couples.

"You overdid last night, huh?" Troy asked amusedly.

Shane joined them. He planted a chaste kiss on Ilya's lips before sitting down next to him and cuddling him. Maybe his drunkenness the night before wasn't all bad. He loved having Shane beside him like this, all softness and hearts.

"I wasn't that drunk," Ilya replied.

He remembered pretty much everything that had happened. He was with Wyatt at a table, then he left, and the only thing that was blank was what happened next. He'd woken up warm in his bed, cuddled up to Shane, so it couldn't have been that bad.

"You were drunk," Troy retorted.

"I didn't drink that much."

“You were flirting with Shane.”

“So?” he asked, almost annoyed. “He's my husband.”

“You asked him if he was single,” Troy sighed tiredly. As if he were the one with a hangover. “And you cried when he said he wasn't.”

Ah.

Some memories of the night before flashed through his mind. He was embarrassed, but he didn't let it slip from his control. He had already made a spectacle of himself the night before.

"Shit," he whispered

Everyone heard it, and everyone burst out laughing.

Shane pulled him close and kissed him on the cheek, and Ilya felt his smile against his skin. He decided to ignore the teasing that followed and their promises to tell the rest of the team what had happened.

Stupid Ottawa Centaurs.

End Notes

yeah, I don't know
not as good as I hoped

it came from an incorrect quote

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