

The PDA Jar

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The PDA Jar

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Summary

Shane and Ilya have a hard time keeping it professional, and Bood is done with their shit.

Enter the PDA Jar.

Every time the team catches Shane and Ilya in a public display of affection, they have to pay a fine.

Notes

Shane and Ilya as newlyweds who are finally out and playing on the same team? It's a recipe for disaster...for everyone else.

Honestly, I haven't written this much in YEARS, but I am totally in love with HollaNov and they deserve all the happiness. Anyway, I've been working on this since I finished The Long Game. I hope you enjoy.

3/26 - changed the rating to M

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

Chapter 1

Zane "Bood" Boodram stood at the front of the Centaurs' locker room with the kind of shit-eating grin that meant he was about to make everyone's day either significantly better or significantly worse. In his hands, he held what appeared to be a large glass jar with a handmade label that read "THE PDA JAR" in aggressive block letters decorated with little hearts.

"Gentlemen," Bood announced, his voice carrying the gravitas of someone about to deliver an important speech. "We need to talk."

The team, in various states of undress and post-practice exhaustion, looked up with varying degrees of interest. Ilya Rozanov, freshly showered and looking unfairly good in joggers and a Centaurs hoodie, raised an eyebrow from where he sat next to his husband, Shane Hollander. Shane, still in his practice gear, had his hand resting casually on Ilya's thigh.

"Oh fuck," muttered Haas from across the room. "What now?"

"I'm glad you asked, Haas." Bood set the jar down on the bench with a decisive thunk. "This is an intervention. A necessary intervention for the good of the team, the organization, and frankly, the mental health of everyone in this room."

"An intervention?" Ilya's accent curled around the word, his lips quirking up at the corners. He knew exactly where this was going.

"Yes, Cap. An intervention." Bood pulled out a folded piece of paper from his pocket with a flourish. "You and your lovely husband have a PDA problem."

The room erupted in laughter and various sounds of agreement. Someone—it sounded like Hayes—shouted, "Finally!"

Shane's ears went pink, but he was smiling. "We're not that bad."

"Hollander, I have literally walked in on you two making out in the equipment room, the film room, the parking garage, and once—memorably—in the physical therapy office while Iwaizumi was trying to work on someone's hamstring three feet away."

"That was one time," Ilya protested, not looking remotely apologetic.

"One time per location, maybe," Bood shot back. "So, as your teammate, your friend, and someone who values his retinas, I've created this." He gestured to the jar like a game show host revealing a prize. "The PDA Jar. Every time you two break one of the rules I'm about to outline, you pay up. Money goes to The Irina Foundation."

"How much?" Ilya asked, leaning forward with interest.

"Depends on the infraction. Which brings me to..." Bood unfolded his paper with the ceremony of someone reading a royal decree. "The Official List of Inexcusable Infractions and Their Associated Fines."

He cleared his throat dramatically. "Category One: Minor Offenses. Five dollars each. These include: kissing that lasts longer than three seconds in team spaces, hand-holding during team meetings, sitting in each other's laps when other seats are available, and—" he looked pointedly at Shane, "—wearing each other's clothes to practice."

"That last one is targeted," Shane said mildly.

"You wore his jersey to practice last week, Hollander. His jersey. With his name on it. You have your own."

"I like his better."

"Five dollars. Moving on." Bood consulted his list. "Category Two: Moderate Offenses. Twenty dollars each. Excessive touching during team activities—and yes, Rozanov, I'm talking about the ass-grabbing during drills. Making out in semi-public team spaces like the gym, locker room, or hallways. Hickeys visible during games or official team events. Pet names louder than conversational volume in front of the team."

"What counts as a pet name?" asked Barrett, grinning.

"Anything more creative than 'babe' or 'honey.' Last week Rozanov called Hollander 'his perfect little—'" Bood paused. "Actually, I'm not repeating that one. You all heard it. It was graphic. Twenty dollars."

The team was howling now. Ilya just shrugged, utterly shameless, while Shane covered his face with one hand.

"Category Three," Bood continued, clearly enjoying himself. "Major Offenses. Fifty dollars each. This includes: any sexual activity in team spaces, even if you think you're alone. Leaving marks on each other that require concealer. Making the rest of us feel like we're intruding in our own locker room. And—this is important—any incident that requires Coach to have a conversation with you about appropriate workplace behavior."

"That's only happened twice," Ilya pointed out.

"Twice is two times too many, Cap."

"What about Category Four?" Shane asked, and there was something in his tone that made several teammates lean forward with interest.

Bood blinked. "There is no Category Four."

"Seems like there should be," Shane continued, his expression perfectly innocent. "You know, for really serious infractions."

"Like what?" Bood asked warily.

"Oh, I don't know." Shane tilted his head thoughtfully. "What if someone got caught actually having sex in a team space? Like, full-on, no-clothes, definitely-not-just-making-out sex?"

The locker room went silent for a beat, then exploded.

"Jesus Christ, Hollander!"

"Have you—"

"Oh my god, they totally have—"

Bood held up his hands. "Okay, fine. Category Four: Catastrophic Offenses. One thousand dollars. Happy?"

"What about oral?" Shane asked, still in that same innocent tone.

"One thousand dollars!"

"What if it's just hand stuff?"

"Hollander, I swear to god—"

"He's just asking for clarification," Ilya said, his grin absolutely wicked now. "Is important to understand rules, yes?"

"Five hundred for hand stuff," Bood said through gritted teeth. "Are we done?"

"What about—" Shane started.

"We're done! Those are the rules. Any questions that aren't designed to make me regret my life choices?"

Ilya raised his hand lazily. "Can I prepay?"

"What?"

"Prepay. I give you, say, five hundred dollars now, and then Shane and I do whatever we want for a while?"

"No! That defeats the entire purpose!"

"What is purpose?" Ilya asked, genuinely curious. "To make us stop, or to make money for charity?"

Bood opened his mouth, closed it, then opened it again. "To make you stop."

"Then you should make fines higher," Ilya said reasonably. "I have very good contract and can afford these prices."

"The point is the public shaming, Rozanov."

"Ah." Ilya looked around at his teammates, all of whom were watching with undisguised glee. "But I am not ashamed. I have beautiful husband. Why would I be ashamed to show affection?"

"Because some of us are trying to eat lunch, Cap," Hayes called out. "And nobody needs to see tongue at noon on a Tuesday."

"Is natural expression of love—"

"Five dollars," Bood interrupted. "You just called him beautiful husband in front of the team. That's a pet name. Pay up."

Ilya's eyebrows shot up. "That is bullshit rule."

"It's on the list! 'Pet names louder than conversational volume in front of the team.' You literally just did it." Bood held out the jar expectantly.

Grumbling in Russian, Ilya pulled out his wallet and stuffed a five-dollar bill into the jar. The team cheered.

"This is good start," Bood said, looking satisfied. "The jar stays in the locker room. Anyone can call an infraction. Majority vote decides if it counts. All proceeds go to charity."

"What if we have questions later?" Shane asked. "About the rules?"

"Then you ask me like a normal person, not like someone trying to find loopholes in a sex contract."

"But what if—"

"Hollander."

"I'm just saying, what if the infraction happens outside of team spaces? Like, what if we're at a team dinner, but it's at a restaurant, so technically it's not a team space—"

"If three or more teammates are present, it counts as a team space," Bood said firmly. "Nice try."

Shane nodded thoughtfully. "And what about road trips? Hotel rooms are private, but the bus —"

"Bus is a team space. Hotel rooms are private unless you leave the door open or make enough noise that people complain. Which, based on last season, is a real concern."

"That was one time!" Ilya protested.

"Montreal, Tampa, and Boston," Bood counted off on his fingers. "Three times."

"Tampa was not our fault. Hotel had thin walls."

"You could've been quieter!"

"Could have," Ilya agreed. "But did not want to be."

Shane was definitely blushing now, but he was also laughing. "Okay, okay. We get it. We'll try to behave."

"Try?" Bood repeated skeptically.

"We'll behave," Shane amended. "Probably."

"I give it three hours," Barrett said.

"Two," countered Haas.

"I've got fifty bucks says they break a rule before we even leave the building today," Hayes announced.

"You're on," said Barrett.

Ilya stood up, stretching languidly. "You all have so little faith in our self-control."

"Yes," the entire team said in unison.

"Is hurtful." Ilya slung an arm around Shane's shoulders. "Come, husband. Let's go home where we can have privacy and dignity."

"You're still in the locker room," Bood pointed out. "Arm around shoulders is borderline."

"Is not on list."

"It's implied under 'excessive touching.'"

"Is friendly! I do this with Haas sometimes."

"You absolutely do not," Haas said.

"Could start," Ilya offered.

"Please don't."

Shane stood up, grabbing his bag. "We're leaving before this gets weirder. See you guys tomorrow."

They made it approximately fifteen feet down the hallway before Ilya pushed Shane against the wall and kissed him thoroughly.

"Ilya," Shane gasped when they broke apart. "The jar—"

"Is in locker room," Ilya said smugly. "We are in hallway. Different space."

"Bood specifically said hallways count!"

"He said semi-public team spaces. This hallway is very public. Totally different."

"That's not—" Shane started, but Ilya kissed him again, slower this time, one hand cupping Shane's jaw while the other slid down to his hip.

"Worth it," Ilya murmured against Shane's lips. "Always worth it."

Behind them, the locker room door opened. "I can hear you!" Bood shouted. "That's twenty dollars! Making out in the hallway!"

Ilya didn't even turn around, just flipped him off over his shoulder while continuing to kiss his husband.

"Forty dollars! Obscene gestures while committing an infraction!"

"There's no rule about obscene gestures!" Shane called back, laughing.

"There is now! I'm adding it!"

Three days later, Shane walked into the practice facility wearing one of Ilya's hoodies—the really nice cashmere one that Ilya had gotten in Moscow, with Cyrillic lettering across the chest.

"Hollander," Bood said the moment he spotted him. "Is that Rozanov's hoodie?"

"Maybe," Shane said innocently.

"That's five dollars. Wearing each other's clothes to practice."

"I'm not at practice yet. I'm in the parking lot area."

"You're in the building!"

"The rule says 'to practice.' I haven't gotten to practice yet. I'm just walking through the building."

Bood stared at him. "You're secretly a lawyer, aren't you?"

"Just raised by a guy in finance and a mom who knows her shit." Shane grinned. "Loopholes are kind of my thing."

"Five dollars anyway for being a smartass."

"That's not on the list!"

"It's under 'making the rest of us feel like we're intruding in our own locker room.' You're intruding on my peace of mind."

In the end, Shane paid the five dollars, but he kept the hoodie on. Ilya, when he arrived twenty minutes later, took one look at Shane in his clothes and got an expression that Bood had learned to recognize as dangerous.

"No," Bood said immediately. "Whatever you're thinking, no."

"I am not thinking anything," Ilya said, all innocence. "Just appreciating my husband."

"Uh-huh." Bood watched as Ilya made his way over to Shane, who was stretching in the corner. "I've got my eye on you, Rozanov!"

Practice went smoothly, all things considered. There was one incident where Ilya's hand lingered a bit too long on Shane's lower back during a drill, but Bood decided to let it slide since they were technically focused on hockey. Then, during the water break, Ilya skated up behind Shane and said something in Russian that made Shane laugh and blush simultaneously.

"What did you just say?" Bood demanded.

"Is private," Ilya said.

"If it made Hollander turn that red, it's not appropriate for practice. Twenty dollars."

"I just told him he looks good in my clothes!"

"In Russian. Which means it was probably filthy. Pay up."

Ilya grumbled but didn't actually deny it, which told Bood everything he needed to know.

The real incident happened after practice, in the film room. The team was supposed to be reviewing footage from their last game, but Ilya and Shane had stayed behind to look at some specific plays. Or at least, that's what they'd told everyone.

Barrett, who'd forgotten his phone, walked back into the film room fifteen minutes later and immediately walked back out.

"Jar!" he announced to the locker room. "Definitely jar!"

"What did they do?" Bood asked, already reaching for his phone to text Ilya.

"Making out in the film room. Like, seriously making out. Rozanov had Hollander on his lap and—yeah. Twenty dollars minimum."

"Was there clothes removal?" Bood asked wearily.

"Not yet, but it was heading that direction."

"Fifty dollars then. Heading toward Category Three territory."

When Ilya and Shane emerged from the film room ten minutes later, both looking thoroughly rumpled, Bood was waiting with the jar.

"Fifty dollars," he said. "Barrett witnessed the infraction."

"We were reviewing plays," Ilya said.

"What plays? The play where Hollander's tongue explores your tonsils?"

Shane coughed to cover a laugh. "That's graphic, Bood."

"Fifty. Dollars."

Ilya pulled out his wallet with a sigh. "This jar is expensive."

"That's the point!"

"At this rate, charity will be very well funded by end of season."

"At this rate, you'll be broke by Christmas," Bood retorted.

"Impossible. I have very good—"

"Very good contract, yes, we know." Bood shook the jar. "Pay up, Cap."

Ilya stuffed two twenties and a ten into the jar, then paused. "Question."

"Oh no."

"If we are caught doing something that breaks multiple rules, do we pay for each rule, or just the highest category?"

Bood stared at him. "Why are you asking me this?"

"Is hypothetical question."

"It's really not," Shane said quietly, and Ilya elbowed him.

"Each rule," Bood decided. "If you break multiple rules at once, you pay for each one. And now I'm concerned about what you're planning."

"Not planning anything," Ilya said, but his smirk suggested otherwise.

A week later, the team had a home game followed by a small celebration in the locker room for Haas's birthday. Someone had brought a cake, there were balloons, and the energy was good after a solid 4-2 win.

"Speech!" someone called out, and Haas, already three beers in, stood up on a bench and started rambling about how much he loved his teammates.

Ilya, sitting next to Shane on one of the benches, leaned over and whispered something in his husband's ear. Shane's eyes widened slightly, then he bit his lip and shook his head.

"Ilya, no," he whispered back.

"Ilya yes," Ilya murmured, and his hand slid onto Shane's thigh, high enough to be suggestive.

"We're in the middle of the locker room."

"Everyone is distracted."

"Bood will notice."

"Bood is busy with cake." Ilya's thumb traced small circles on Shane's inner thigh. "Besides, is not against rules to touch."

"It's definitely against the rules—"

"Is under clothes. No one can see."

Shane's breath hitched slightly. "You're impossible."

"You love it," Ilya said confidently, and he was right.

They might have gotten away with it if Ilya had been able to keep his expression neutral. But Ilya, for all his skill at poker-facing his way through press conferences, had never been able to hide what he was feeling when it came to Shane. And when Shane shifted slightly, pressing back against Ilya's hand, Ilya's eyes went dark and his lips curved into a smile that was absolutely filthy.

Hayes, sitting across from them, noticed first. "Oh my god."

"What?" Barrett asked.

"They're—" Hayes gestured vaguely at Ilya and Shane. "Look at Rozanov's face. They're definitely doing something."

Several heads turned. Ilya, realizing he'd been caught, didn't even have the grace to look embarrassed. Shane, on the other hand, went bright red and tried to shift away, but Ilya's hand tightened on his thigh, keeping him in place.

"Jar!" multiple people shouted at once.

Bood, who'd been cutting cake, spun around. "What? What did they do?"

"Excessive touching during team activities," Hayes said. "Like, really excessive."

"It was under clothes!" Ilya protested.

"Doesn't matter! Twenty dollars!"

"Is discrimination," Ilya grumbled, but he was grinning. "If I touch my own husband, is fine. But if I do it here, suddenly is problem."

"Yes! That's exactly the point of the jar!" Bood brandished a plastic knife like a weapon. "You two are incorrigible!"

"Thank you," Ilya said, as if it were a compliment.

Shane had his face in his hands. "I can never look any of you in the eye again."

"Sure you can," Barrett said cheerfully. "We've seen worse from you two."

"That's not comforting!"

"Twenty dollars," Bood repeated. "And you're lucky I'm not charging you more for doing it during Haas's birthday celebration. That's just rude."

"We were celebrating too," Ilya said. "Just in different way."

"Pay. The. Jar."

Ilya paid, still looking entirely too pleased with himself. Shane, once he'd recovered from his embarrassment, leaned over and whispered something in Ilya's ear that made the captain's grin widen even further.

"Oh no," Bood said. "Whatever you just said, Hollander, no."

"I didn't say anything incriminating," Shane said.

"You have that look. The look that means you're planning something."

"I don't have a look."

"You absolutely have a look," Barrett confirmed. "It's the same look you get when you're on a power play and you know you're going to score."

Shane just smiled and took a sip of his beer.

The thing about Ilya and Shane was that they'd been together long enough to have their own language. A glance across the room could communicate entire conversations. A touch could convey things that words couldn't. And when they decided they wanted something, they were remarkably good at making it happen.

Which was how, two weeks after the birthday incident, they ended up in the equipment room at eleven o'clock at night.

They'd both stayed late—Ilya for extra practice, Shane because he'd been rehabbing a sore muscle. The facility was mostly empty, just a few staff members finishing up for the night and maybe a player or two in the gym.

The equipment room was dark except for the emergency lighting, casting everything in a dim yellow glow. It smelled like leather and ice and the particular scent of hockey gear that Shane loved.

"This is a terrible idea," Shane said, even as Ilya backed him against the wall next to the stick rack.

"Is excellent idea," Ilya corrected, his hands already working at Shane's belt. "You said earlier you wanted—"

"I know what I said," Shane interrupted, breathless. "But I meant at home, not—ah—"

Ilya had dropped to his knees, looking up at Shane with dark eyes and a wicked smile. "Here is more exciting, yes?"

"Here is more likely to get us caught," Shane managed, but his hands were already threading through Ilya's hair.

"Then you should be quiet," Ilya said, and then his mouth was on Shane's cock and Shane forgot how to form coherent thoughts.

He tried to be quiet, he really did. But Ilya was exceptionally good at this, had years of practice knowing exactly what Shane liked, and he was using every bit of that knowledge now. Shane's head fell back against the wall with a soft thunk, and he had to bite his lip to keep from making too much noise.

Ilya hummed approvingly, the vibration making Shane's hips jerk forward. One of Ilya's hands came up to hold Shane's hip steady, while the other—

"Fuck," Shane gasped, probably too loud. "Ilya—"

Ilya pulled off just long enough to murmur, "Shh, solnyshko," before taking Shane back into his mouth, deeper this time.

Shane was pretty sure he was going to die. This was it, this was how he went—caught getting blown by his husband in the equipment room of a professional hockey facility, probably about to be discovered by a janitor or a security guard or worse, one of Ilya's teammates.

The thought should have been mortifying. Instead, it was incredibly hot.

"Close," he managed to warn, his fingers tightening in Ilya's hair. "I'm—"

Ilya doubled his efforts, and Shane came with a strangled sound that he tried and failed to muffle. Ilya worked him through it, gentle now, before pulling off and rising to his feet with the kind of grace that shouldn't be possible for someone who'd just spent ten minutes on their knees on a concrete floor.

"Good?" Ilya asked, looking entirely too smug.

"You're ridiculous," Shane said, but he was smiling as he pulled Ilya in for a kiss. "Your turn."

"Don't have to—"

"I want to," Shane said firmly, already turning them so Ilya was the one against the wall.

He'd just gotten Ilya's pants open when the lights flicked on.

"I knew it!" Bood's voice rang out triumphantly. "I fucking knew it!"

Shane and Ilya froze. Slowly, they turned to see Bood standing in the doorway, holding his phone up like he was filming—which, oh god, he probably was.

"I'm not recording," Bood said quickly, lowering the phone. "I'm not a monster. But I am a witness. That's—" he started counting on his fingers, "—sexual activity in a team space, that's five hundred. Making out in a semi-public area, that's twenty. And I'm pretty sure there were some Category One infractions in there too, so let's call it an even thousand dollars."

"How did you even know we were here?" Shane asked, trying to discreetly fix his clothes.

"I didn't. I left my wallet in here earlier and came back to get it. But I had a feeling, you know? It's been too quiet lately. You two have been too well-behaved. I knew you were planning something."

Ilya, who'd tucked his still half hard cock back into his pants, crossed his arms. "You are like detective. Is creepy."

"I'm like a detective because you two are predictable," Bood corrected. "I swear, it's like you want to get caught."

Ilya and Shane exchanged a glance. Ilya shrugged. "Maybe little bit."

"Oh my god." Bood pinched the bridge of his nose. "You're exhibitionists. I'm friends with exhibitionists."

"Is not exhibitionism if we don't want people to watch," Ilya said reasonably. "We just don't mind if they know."

"That's—that's literally still exhibitionism!"

"Agree to disagree," Shane said, and he was definitely fighting back laughter now.

"One thousand dollars," Bood repeated. "And you're both lucky I'm the one who found you and not Coach. He'd have your asses."

"He'd have to catch us first," Ilya pointed out.

"You were literally just caught!"

"By you. Not by Coach."

Bood looked between them, these two ridiculous men who were so stupidly in love that they couldn't keep their hands off each other even with the threat of public humiliation and financial penalties. "You're not even sorry, are you?"

"No," they said in unison.

"Not even a little bit?"

"Not even a little bit," Shane confirmed.

Bood sighed. "The jar's in the locker room. You can pay tomorrow."

"Can we finish first?" Ilya asked hopefully.

"No! Absolutely not! I'm standing right here!"

"You could leave," Shane suggested.

"I could, but I won't, because I don't trust you two not to immediately go back to—" he gestured vaguely, "—whatever this was."

"Was blowjob," Ilya said helpfully. "Very good blowjob. Shane is excellent at—"

"I don't need details!" Bood yelped. "I don't need any details ever!"

"You asked," Ilya pointed out.

"I didn't ask! I never ask! I never want to know!"

Shane was definitely laughing now, and after a moment, Ilya joined in. Even Bood cracked a smile, though he tried to hide it.

"You two are the worst," Bood said, but there was affection in his voice.

"But you love us," Shane said.

"Unfortunately, yes. Now get out of the equipment room before I add another fifty dollars for loitering."

"Is not a rule—"

"It is now!"

They left, Ilya's arm slung around Shane's shoulders, both of them still grinning. Behind them, Bood shook his head and pulled out his phone to text the team group chat.

Bood: Caught them in the equipment room. Called it. You all owe me fifty bucks.

Hayes: KNEW IT

Barrett: What were they doing?

Bood: Do you really want to know?

Barrett: ...no

Haas: How much do they owe the jar?

Bood: \$1000

Hayes: At this rate they're gonna fund the summer camps themselves

Bood: At this rate I'm going to need therapy

The next morning, Ilya walked into the locker room and made a big show of pulling out his wallet. He counted out ten one-hundred-dollar bills and stuffed them into the jar with a flourish.

"There," he announced. "We pay our debts."

"Like honest citizens who respect the rules," Shane continues.

"You don't respect the rules. You break them constantly and then pay the fine like it's a fee for service."

Ilya considered this. "Yes. Is accurate."

"That's not how this is supposed to work!"

"But is how it does work," Ilya said reasonably. "We break rules, we pay jar, charity gets money. Everyone wins."

"I don't win! I'm traumatized!"

"You are fine," Ilya said dismissively. "You have seen worse."

"That doesn't make it better!"

Shane, who'd been quietly putting his stuff away, turned around with an innocent expression. "So, just to clarify—if we break the same rule multiple times in one day, do we pay each time, or is it like a daily rate?"

The entire locker room went silent.

"Hollander," Bood said slowly. "Why are you asking me this?"

"Just curious about the rules."

"You're planning something."

"I'm not planning anything."

"You're absolutely planning something." Bood looked at Ilya, who was trying and failing to look innocent. "You're both planning something."

"We are model citizens," Ilya said. "We follow all rules now. See? We paid jar."

"You paid the jar for something you did last night!"

"Still counts."

Bood pointed at both of them. "I'm watching you. Both of you. Whatever you're planning, I'm going to catch you."

"Nothing to catch," Shane said, but he was smiling.

"That smile says otherwise."

"This is just my face."

"It's your 'I'm about to do something that will make Bood regret his life choices' face."

"That's very specific," Ilya observed.

"I've learned to recognize it!"

The team was watching this exchange like a tennis match, clearly entertained. Barrett was eating popcorn that he'd apparently brought specifically for this purpose.

"Where did you get popcorn?" Haas asked.

"I keep it in my locker now," Barrett said. "These two are better than Netflix."

"Is compliment?" Ilya asked.

"Sure, let's go with that."

Practice that day was surprisingly uneventful. Ilya and Shane were on their best behavior, barely even looking at each other except during drills. It was suspicious. Bood spent the entire two hours waiting for the other shoe to drop.

It dropped during the post-practice cooldown.

Some of the team was stretching in the gym when Shane came in to grab Ilya for lunch. Ilya, who'd been in the middle of a hamstring stretch, looked up and smiled.

"Ready?" Shane asked.

"Almost." Ilya finished his stretch and stood up, walking over to where Shane waited by the door.

And then, right there in front of god and the entire team, Ilya cupped Shane's face in both hands and kissed him. Not a quick peck, not a brief press of lips—a real kiss, deep and

thorough and completely inappropriate for the middle of the gym.

When they finally broke apart, Shane was flushed and Ilya looked incredibly pleased with himself.

"That's twenty dollars!" Bood shouted from across the room. "Making out in a semi-public team space!"

"Worth it," Ilya said, not taking his eyes off Shane.

"You're doing this on purpose now!"

"Yes," Ilya agreed. "Is good system. We kiss, we pay, charity benefits. Everyone is happy."

"I'm not happy!"

"You are little bit happy," Ilya said. "Jar is very full now. Think of all the people we are helping."

"By making out in front of your teammates?"

"Is noble sacrifice," Ilya said solemnly, and Shane had to turn away to hide his laughter.

Bood threw up his hands. "Fine! You know what? Fine. Kiss wherever you want. Do whatever you want. Just keep paying the jar."

"We will," Shane promised.

"Enthusiastically," Ilya added.

As they left, Ilya's hand dropped to Shane's ass, giving it a squeeze that was definitely visible to everyone in the gym.

"Forty dollars!" Bood yelled after them. "That's five for the ass-grab and I'm adding another twenty for doing it while leaving! That's a new rule!"

"You cannot make up rules as you go!" Ilya called back.

"Watch me!"

But Ilya was laughing as they walked out, and Shane was too, and when they got to the parking lot, Ilya pushed Shane against his car and kissed him again, slower this time, sweeter.

"You're going to bankrupt us," Shane murmured against Ilya's lips.

"Impossible. I have very good contract."

"You keep saying that."

"Because is true." Ilya pulled back just enough to look at Shane properly, his expression softening. "Besides, is worth any amount of money to kiss you whenever I want."

"You can kiss me whenever you want at home. For free."

"Yes, but is more fun this way." Ilya grinned. "And Bood's face is very funny when he is exasperated."

"You're terrible."

"You love it," Ilya said, echoing his words from weeks ago.

And Shane, looking at his husband—this ridiculous, wonderful, completely shameless man who loved him so much that he'd pay any fine, break any rule, just to show it—couldn't help but agree.

"Yeah," he said softly. "I really do."

They kissed again, there in the parking lot where anyone could see, and neither of them cared at all.

Inside, Bood was already texting the group chat.

Bood: They're making out in the parking lot now

Hayes: Does the parking lot count as a team space?

Bood: I'm making it count

Barrett: How much is the jar up to?

Bood: Like \$3500 and it's only been three weeks

Haas: At this rate we really will fund the camps

Bood: I hate you all

Barrett: No you don't

Bood: No I don't

Bood: But I'm still charging them for the parking lot

By the end of the month, the jar had over eight thousand dollars in it. Ilya and Shane showed no signs of slowing down. If anything, they seemed to be getting worse—or better, depending on your perspective.

There was the incident in the parking garage (twenty dollars), the time Shane wore Ilya's suit jacket to a team dinner (five dollars, plus another twenty when Ilya spent the entire dinner with his hand on Shane's thigh under the table), and the memorable occasion when they were caught making out in the film room again, this time with significantly less clothing involved (five hundred dollars, and Bood had seriously considered making it more).

The team had started taking bets on how long it would take for Ilya and Shane to hit ten thousand dollars. Hayes had the over-under at six weeks. Barrett thought they'd do it in five.

They did it in four.

The ten thousandth dollar went into the jar on a Tuesday afternoon, after Bood walked into the locker room to find Ilya and Shane in a compromising position in the shower area. He'd immediately turned around and walked back out, shouting "ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS" over his shoulder without even looking.

When Ilya emerged twenty minutes later, looking thoroughly satisfied, he'd pulled out his wallet and counted out the money without a word of complaint.

"You know," Bood said, watching him stuff bills into the now-very-full jar, "most people would be embarrassed. Or at least pretend to be sorry."

"Why?" Ilya asked genuinely. "I love my husband. I like showing him affection. And now our charity has ten thousand dollars. Is good outcome for everyone."

"Except for my mental health."

"You are fine," Ilya said, patting Bood's shoulder. "Is character building. Plus, the Irina Foundation can help find you a good therapist"

"I don't want my character built this way!"

Shane, who'd also emerged from the showers, came over to look at the jar. "We should probably donate this soon. It's getting pretty full."

"We're waiting until you hit fifteen thousand," Bood said. "Then we're doing a big presentation to the charity, and you two are going to explain to Hollander's mom that this money came from a PDA jar because you can't keep your hands off each other in professional settings."

"She will think is romantic," Ilya predicted.

"She will think you're insane."

"Maybe both," Shane said diplomatically.

As it turned out, they hit fifteen thousand dollars two weeks later, and when they presented the check to Yuna Hollander, she'd just rolled her eyes and told them to be more professional and that if they wanted to donate, they could just write their own check instead of scaring their teammates.

But the jar stayed in the locker room, and Ilya and Shane kept breaking rules, and the team kept calling infractions, and somehow it worked. The money went to good causes, the team bonded over their shared exasperation with their captain and his husband, and Ilya and Shane got to be exactly who they were—stupidly, obviously, unashamedly in love.

"Best idea I ever had," Bood said one day, watching Ilya pay another twenty dollars after getting caught kissing Shane in the hallway.

"Thought you hated the jar," Barrett said.

"I hate what necessitated the jar," Bood corrected. "But I love what it's become."

"A monument to Rozanov and Hollander's complete inability to behave professionally?"

"A monument to love," Bood said grandly. "And also to my genius in monetizing their inappropriate behavior for charitable purposes."

"You're ridiculous," Hayes said.

"I learned from the best," Bood replied, gesturing to where Ilya was now whispering something in Shane's ear that was making Shane blush and laugh at the same time.

"That's five dollars!" Bood called out. "Pet names!"

"I did not say pet name!" Ilya protested.

"Whatever you said made him turn that red, so it counts!"

Ilya grumbled but paid up, and Shane just shook his head, smiling.

"Worth it?" Bood asked.

Ilya looked at Shane, at this man he'd married, this person who made every day better just by existing, and smiled.

"Always," he said. "Always worth it."

And really, that was what the jar was about. Not the money, not the rules, not even the team's entertainment—though all of those were nice bonuses. It was about the fact that Ilya and Shane loved each other so much that no amount of public embarrassment or financial penalty could make them stop showing it.

The jar kept filling up, season after season, and the team kept calling infractions, and Ilya and Shane kept paying with smiles on their faces.

And if sometimes they broke rules on purpose, just to see Bood's exasperated expression or to make their teammates laugh, well—that was just another way of showing love, wasn't it?

Love for each other, love for their team, love for the ridiculous, wonderful family they'd built together.

Five dollars at a time.

Chapter 2: Revenge of the Captains

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya recruit Luca Haas to help them get revenge on Bood and the rest of the Centaurs for the PDA jar.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the support with this silly little fic idea.

I hope you enjoy this epilogue of sorts.

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

Shane Hollander stands in his kitchen, his expression one of a man plotting something devious.

"We need revenge," he suddenly announces.

Ilya Rozanov looks up from where he's arranging condiments on a wooden board on their kitchen island. His hands still as he asks, "Revenge for what?"

"For Bood and the PDA jar." Shane's grin is absolutely diabolical. "Think about it. End-of-season party, everyone's relaxed, couples everywhere, alcohol flowing. The rule is where three or more are gathered-."

"It counts as a team event," Ilya finishes for him, "You want to spy on our friends?"

"I want to enforce the rules we all agreed to."

"Is same thing."

"Exactly." Shane pulls out his phone. "And I know exactly who can help us."

Ilya crosses to him, sliding his arms around Shane's waist. "You are evil man. I love this about you."

"I signed a \$15,000 check because of those damn rules. And now I'm going to make Bood eat his fucking rules."

"Very evil. Is hot on you. Can we cancel the party?" Ilya asks, pecking a kiss against Shane's head, but his husband is too busy to pay him any attention.

Twenty minutes later, Luca Haas stands in their foyer looking like a rookie who's been summoned to the captains' house and isn't sure if he's in trouble or being hazed.

"Am I in trouble?" he asks.

"No," Shane says.

"Maybe," Ilya adds.

"Definitely maybe," Shane amends.

Luca's eyes narrow. "What do you want?"

Shane gestures toward the living room, where the PDA jar sits on the mantle like a trophy. "You know the jar."

"Everyone knows the jar."

"Tonight," Shane continues, "we're hosting the end-of-season party. Lots of couples. Lots of potential..." He pauses dramatically. "Infractions."

Understanding dawns on Luca's face. Slowly, a smile spreads across his usually serious expression—the kind of smile that suggests he's absolutely his captains' rookie. "You want me to spy on everyone."

"We prefer 'infractions coordinator,'" Shane says.

"I prefer 'spy.'" Luca's smile widens. "I'm in."

Ilya claps him on the shoulder hard enough to make him stumble forward a step. "This is why you are my favorite rookie."

"I'm not even a rookie this year."

"Still my favorite rookie."

They spend the next hour briefing Luca on the rules. Hand-holding is \$20. Kissing is \$50. Anything under clothes is \$500, and Luca makes a face at that one.

"Do I have to—"

"You just have to witness," Shane says. "And report."

"Like spy."

"Like infractions coordinator."

"Spy."

Shane gives up. "Fine. Spy. But you're our spy."

Luca grins, and Shane can already tell this is going to work perfectly.

Shane walks him through the house, pointing out sight lines. The open-concept main floor is perfect for surveillance—you can see from the kitchen to the living room to the backyard through the wall of windows. "The key is to look natural. You're not lurking."

"I'm always natural," Luca says. "No one notices me because I'm quiet. I will pretend to be drawing but will actually be taking notes for you."

"Exactly. Use your powers for chaos."

"I thought you said this wasn't evil?"

"Chaos isn't evil. It's fun."

By seven PM, the house is filling up. Troy arrives with Harris, both of them immediately gravitating toward the bar. Bood shows up with Cassie, who makes a beeline for the backyard area. Wyatt Hayes and Lisa aren't far behind, followed by Evan Dykstra and Caitlin, and eventually Coach Wiebe and his wife. Other players file in throughout the evening.

The party hums as the music plays. The drinks flow, and people spill into the backyard to enjoy the warm evening. Shane plays the perfect host, making sure everyone has drinks. Ilya holds court by the grill, flipping burgers and arguing with Bood about the proper way to cook a steak.

"Not your grill, Bood. Go away!"

"Like hell! You're gonna burn them."

And Luca?

Luca drifts.

He's good at it, Shane notices with approval. The rookie moves through the party like a ghost, always in the right place at the right time, nursing the same beer for an hour. People forget he's watching.

It doesn't take long.

Shane is refilling the ice bucket when Luca materializes at his elbow like a particularly stealthy ninja. "Troy and Harris," he murmurs. "Kitchen. Hand-holding while Harris was getting a drink."

Shane bites back a laugh. "Twenty dollars. Keep going."

Thirty minutes later: "Wyatt and Lisa. Backyard. Kiss on the cheek. Does that count?"

"Cheek is fine. Lips are fifty."

"Got it."

The party continues. Someone starts cornhole in the backyard. Ilya's burgers are declared the best anyone has ever tasted, which makes him insufferably smug for the rest of the night, and that irritates Shane to no end because it's his damn burger recipe. Coach Wiebe tells an elaborate story about his college hockey days that may or may not be entirely true. The sun sets. String lights come on. The atmosphere shifts from casual gathering to something warmer and intimate.

That's when things get interesting.

Shane is loading the dishwasher when Luca appears again. This time, his eyes are wide, and he's clearly trying not to laugh.

"What?" Shane demands.

"Bood and Cassie." Luca's voice cracks slightly. "Backyard. Corner by the fence. I was walking past and—" He makes a vague gesture that somehow conveys both horror and delight. "Hands. Under clothes. Definitely under clothes."

"No."

"Yes."

"How far under clothes?"

Luca's expression is somewhere between scandalized and gleeful. "Five hundred dollars worth."

Shane has to grip the counter. "You're sure?"

"I have eyes. I wish I didn't right now, but I have them."

"This is the best day of my life," Shane says with a small smirk.

"I'm going to need therapy," Luca replies.

The infractions pile up. Troy and Harris are caught holding hands twice more—clearly they've forgotten about the jar, or decided they don't care. Evan and Caitlin share a quick kiss by the drinks table. Even Coach Wiebe and his wife have a moment of hand-holding that Luca dutifully records in his notebook.

What's notable, several people start to comment, is that Shane and Ilya are remarkably well-behaved.

"It's weird," Cassie says to Lisa, loud enough for Shane to overhear. "They're usually all over each other."

"Maybe they're finally learning restraint," Lisa replies, sounding deeply skeptical.

Shane catches Ilya's eye across the room. Has to look away before he starts laughing. They've planned this perfectly. Stay apart all night, play the gracious hosts, let everyone else incriminate themselves.

Beautiful.

By eleven PM, the party is winding down. It has been a success—good food, good company, and good conversation. People sprawl across the backyard furniture, pleasantly buzzed and happy.

That's when Shane clinks a glass.

"Hey, everyone," he calls out. "Before people start heading out, Ilya and I wanted to say thanks for coming. It was an incredible first season for me here and you are an amazing team."

"With amazing wives and husbands and boyfriends," Ilya adds, grinning in a way that should be a warning. "Very lucky."

"Very lucky," Shane agrees. "In fact, we're so grateful that we wanted to do something special tonight."

Troy looks suspicious. "Why do I feel like I'm about to get pranked?"

"Because you know your captains," Harris replies dryly, already guessing what's about to happen.

Shane's grin grows wider. "Luca? You want to come up here?"

The (not) rookie emerges from the shadows. He's holding a small notebook with a deadpan expression.

"Oh no," Bood says, realization dawning as Ilya plops the PDA jar onto the picnic table.

"Oh yes," Shane replies. "See, Ilya and I realized something. The PDA jar has been great for keeping us in line during the season. But we thought, why should it end just because the season's over?"

The backyard erupts.

"You didn't!"

"That's entrapment!"

"This is a violation of the Bood Rules!"

"Fuck you! They weren't just my rules!"

Shane holds up his hands, the absolute picture of innocence. "Hey, the rules were clear. Any PDA, any time, any place. When three or more players are gathered, it is a team event per

Zane Boodram's rules. And Luca here has been kind enough to serve as our official infractions coordinator for the evening."

Luca gives a small wave. Several people glare at him. He's unbothered.

"Luca," Ilya says, gesturing grandly like a ringmaster. "Please. Read list."

The rookie opens his notebook with the solemnity of a judge reading a verdict. "Troy and Harris: hand-holding, three separate instances. Sixty dollars total."

Troy drops his head into his hands. Harris just laughs.

"Wyatt and Lisa Hayes: one kiss, lips. Fifty dollars."

"Worth it," Wyatt says, pulling Lisa closer.

"Evan and Caitlin Dykstra: one kiss, lips. Fifty dollars."

Evan shrugs. "I regret nothing."

"Coach Wiebe and Mrs. Wiebe: hand-holding, one instance. Twenty dollars."

Coach looks more amused than annoyed. "I'm expensing this to the team."

"And finally," Luca says, and his mouth twitches with barely suppressed amusement, "Zane and Cassie Boodram: hands under clothes, backyard, approximately nine-thirty PM. Five hundred dollars."

The backyard explodes.

"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS?"

"What were you doing, Bood?"

"In Shane and Ilya's backyard!"

Cassie has turned bright red, but she's laughing. Bood looks like he wants the earth to swallow him whole.

"We have children on this team!"

"We don't, actually—"

"The principle stands!"

"We thought we were hidden," he says weakly.

"You were not hidden," Luca says with the flat delivery of someone who's seen things. "I have seen things I cannot unsee."

"This is harassment," Bood declares.

"This is justice," Shane counters.

Ilya is laughing so hard he has to lean against the deck railing. "Is beautiful. Is perfect. Bood, you are my hero. Teach me your ways so I can do it with Shane next season."

"I hate you both," Bood says, but he's grinning. "This was a setup."

"This was a party," Shane corrects. "A party with rules."

"We agreed to them for the season!"

"Season doesn't end until we say it ends," Ilya says innocently.

Harris pulls out his wallet. "How much do we owe?"

"Sixty," Troy says miserably.

One by one, the couples settle their debts. Cash stuffed into the jar that Shane has brought outside. Even Coach Wiebe pays up, shaking his head with grudging respect.

"You two are diabolical," he says.

"Revenge was needed, Coach," Shane replies

When it's Bood's turn, he makes a great show of counting out five hundred dollars in twenties. Each bill slapped into the jar with increasing drama.

"There," he says finally. "Happy?"

"Very," Shane and Ilya say in unison.

Cassie is still laughing. "I can't believe you got us. I can't believe we fell for it."

"To be fair," Lisa says, "they got all of us."

"Not all of us," Troy points out. He looks at Shane and Ilya with narrowed eyes. "You two were suspiciously well-behaved tonight."

"We're hosts," Shane says innocently. "We were busy."

"Too busy for even one kiss?" Caitlin asks. "You two are usually inseparable."

Ilya shrugs. "We have self-control."

"Since when?"

"Since tonight," Shane says. "We're turning over a new leaf. Mature. Professional."

No one believes them for a second, but the evidence is clear: Shane and Ilya have made it through the entire party without a single infraction.

As people start to leave, there are hugs and laughter and promises to do this again next year—though several people insist that next time, they'll host, and Shane and Ilya will be the ones under surveillance. Luca is thanked, threatened, and ultimately accepted back into the fold with the understanding that he's proven himself to be just as chaotic as his captains.

Finally, it's just Shane, Ilya, and Luca, standing in the backyard surrounded by empty bottles and paper plates.

"Good work tonight, rookie," Shane says, clapping Luca on the shoulder.

"It was fun," Luca admits. "Even if Bood is probably going to put salt in my gear."

"He will get over it," Ilya says, before pausing and adding, "in maybe five years."

Luca laughs and heads out, leaving Shane and Ilya alone in the quiet aftermath.

Shane looks at the jar, now stuffed with cash. "We're terrible people."

"We are the best people," Ilya agrees.

They stand there for a moment, surveying their kingdom of chaos. Then Ilya turns to Shane with a familiar glint in his eye.

"So," he says slowly. "Party is over."

"It is."

"No more guests."

"Nope."

"No more rules?"

Shane grins. "Well, technically—"

He doesn't get to finish because Ilya is kissing him. Deep and thorough and absolutely worth fifty dollars.

When they break apart, Shane is laughing. "You're going to have to pay the jar."

"Is my jar," Ilya points out. "Our jar. We pay our own foundation."

"That's not how it works."

"Is exactly how it works." Ilya kisses him again, then pulls back with a satisfied smile.

"Beside, we overcharged Bood tonight. Let's kiss on his dollar."

Shane can't argue with that logic. He pulls Ilya close, looking out at their backyard, their home, the life they've built together—a life that apparently includes elaborate schemes to catch their friends in compromising positions.

"Same time next year?" he asks.

"Same time next year," Ilya agrees. "But bigger and with more chaos."

"I love the way you think."

They kiss again. Fifty dollars. Some things are worth it.

The PDA jar sits on the patio table, stuffed with cash and the evidence of a perfectly executed scheme. In the morning, they'd count it all before driving it to the Irina Foundation office to be donated.

But tonight, they'll just enjoy their victory.

And each other.

(Fifty dollars at a time.)

Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

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