now work!

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now work!

by Literal_Multifandom_Trashcan

Summary

It had been two days since Shane had surprised Ilya, and they'd had so much sex that Shane genuinely wasn't sure if he would be able to make it to practice that morning. His lower back ached, his legs ached, but it was honestly a pleasant ache.

It was a constant reminder every time Shane moved that he was married to the love of his life and that even after all these years sex was mindblowing and insane regardless of how often they had it.

But it was the first time he would be seeing the team since that night at the club, and he could feel the shit he was going to get.

or:
a short little follow up oneshot of the cens teasing ilya and shane in the locker room a few days after The Lingerie Incident

Notes

hi hi ! lots of requests for a cute little fic of the cens teasing ilya and shane, so i have delivered. i havent been able to write as much since things at home r super insane, but i AM working on the shane nipple piercing fic so it is coming soon trust <3 <3 pls enjoy !

Shane knew that he was going to get shit when he walked into the practice room that morning. His whole body was sore (thanks, Ilya) and he had rushed out of the door that morning, accidentally sleeping through his alarm.

So he hadn't had time to put concealer on. Ilya *also* hadn't had time to put concealer on, though Shane had a feeling Ilya hadn't covered the marks on him on purpose. Possessive asshole.

(Shane loved it).

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Ilya had held his hand the whole car ride to practice. He had sensed Shane was a little anxious about practice. Ilya had no shame whatsoever when it came to stuff like this-he'd been with the Centaurs for years now, and was more than used to locker room ribbing and teasing, knowing it was in a brotherly way.

Shane, on the other hand, tended to get wound up about stuff like this. Ilya didn't really understand why until Shane had explained it to him.

The stereotypes around autistic people *and* asian men meant that growing up Shane had gotten his fair share of teasing in the locker room…and most of it was not from a nice place.

He'd heard it all-'do asian men really have small dicks', 'are you as boring in bed as you are everywhere else', 'do you think white chicks are better at sex than asian chicks'.

Shane had recited all of the comments he'd heard in the past with a relatively straight face and dull tone, as though it was a takeout order. Ilya, on the other hand, had felt his chest bubble up with rage.

And, Shane had explained, he was still relatively new to the Cens. Sure, he had been on the team for a little over a year, but compared to how long Ilya had been on the team and compared to how long he had been with Montreal, that wasn't much time.

It had been one thing to experience the positive reaction to his outfit. The chill way everyone treated him and Ilya's relationship, the fact that him and Ilya weren't the only queer people on the team.

But this was different. Because Shane was showing up covered in bite marks and hickeys as an openly gay asian man.

Shane didn't think anyone would be offensive about it. He honestly didn't think anyone would be too weird about it either. It was just…a new situation, was all.

And he tended to catastrophize new situations. Like, a lot.

(His therapist had explained to him that the autism and the generalized anxiety disorder fed into one another, like some sort of fucked up feedback system.

And while Shane was proud and accepting of his autism diagnosis, proud of all the work he had done to unlearn self-hatred, he still sometimes found himself wishing he could just be *normal* about things.)

So they sat in the car together outside of the rink for a few minutes, with Shane taking some deep breaths and Ilya squeezing his hand.

“I would say sorry, but am not. You know them. They are our friends. It will not be weird. Promise.” Ilya said soothingly.

Shane managed a half-hearted smile.

“I know. My brain is just being a little stupid right now.”

Ilya scowled, flicking Shane’s forehead.

“Not stupid. You are just thinking lots of thoughts. Is okay. We will go in and they will do friendly chirps and then we will practice and destroy them on ice during drills. Ok?”

Shane allowed a real genuine grin to sneak onto his face.

“Yeah, okay. Let's go in.”

—-

Upon entering the locker room, Shane got a friendly shove from Hayes, along with some grins and knowing smirks from Barrett, Dykstra, and Boodram.

“There he is! It was nice to see you out at the club instead of holed up at home. Banging outfit, by the way. My wife wants me to expand my fashion, whatever that means. Maybe sometime you can show me where you got those clothes from?”

Shane laughed, open and honest, not catching the lovesick expression that crossed over Ilya’s face at the sound. He set his skate bag down on the floor with a thud, sitting on the bench.

“Sure, but to be honest, it was mostly Rose who found the clothes. She just dragged me along for the ride.”

Hayes let out a little sigh.

“Damn. Well maybe you could somehow get Rose Landry to go have a girls day with my wife. She’s always trying to find more friends outside of the hockey circle.”

Shane just shrugged at him, turning to face the wall and pulling off his shirt to start changing.

“I mean, I can definitely ask her about it. She always wants more regular non-industry friends, but she *is* a little busy in America being a famous actress.” Shane snarked.

When he turned back around to grab his skating undershirt from his bag, the locker room was silent. He locked eyes with Ilya, who was looking unbelievably smug.

“Holy shit, Hollander. It looks like you got mauled.” Boodram said with a mix of awe and incredulation. A light blush rose to Shane’s cheeks.

“At this rate we might have to sue Rozanov for damaging the team's money maker. Jesus, Ilya, you couldn’t have gone easier on our co-captain?” Barrett asked.

Ilya just smirked. He caught Shane’s eyes with a questioning glance. Shane gave a small nod. He forced himself to relax. It was okay for them to be open about their sex life. The other guys talked about sex with women all the time.

They were *married*, for fucks sake. If the rookies could talk about crazy one-night stands then Shane and Ilya could talk about the sex they had, too.

“He was asking for it.” Ilya waggled his eyebrows at Barrett. The rest of the team pulled their eyes from Ilya towards Shane, disbelieving. “And what do you mean team money maker? If anyone is team money maker is me. I am, ah, ‘ruggedly handsome’ as Farrah says.”

Young rolled his eyes, halfway through changing himself.

“Yeah, but Hollander is a pretty boy. Perfect for modelling, very appealing to all demographics. And you really expect me to believe Hollander *asked* to be bitten up like a chew toy?” Young said.

Before Shane could stop himself, he spoke as he shrugged his shirt on.

“If you think I’m bad, you should see Ilya’s back.”

Someone choked on their water. Shane thought it might have been Haas.

“Oh, now I’m curious. C’mon Rozanov, let's see it.”

Ilya took off his shirt proudly. Boodram whistled through his teeth. There were numerous sounds of amazement, and Shane could feel eyes on him. Ilya’s back was a mix of deep scratches and hickeys and bite marks.

Shane couldn’t really bring himself to feel ashamed.

“Okay, I take it back, Rozanov is the one who looks like he got mauled by a bear. Damn, Shane. Is the sex really that good?”

Dillon chimed in. He had been mostly quiet-he wasn’t a very outspoken individual to begin with. He was stood near the door, all of his practice gear on already.

“Evidently it is. I mean, have you *seen* Hollander? Those thighs, and that *waist*…” There were various noises of agreement throughout the room.

Even Young nodded his head.

“Seriously, Hollander, drop the gym routine. Never in my life have I seen a man with such a perfect hourglass figure. It’s honestly a little insane. If I wasn’t straight-”

Ilya just scowled, throwing a goalie glove at Dillon, and then turning and throwing another one at Young, both of whom ducked out of the way of its trajectory.

“Hey, that's *my* husband you are talking about. Go find other man with nice thighs and waist.” Ilya muttered. The team, now ready for practice, started making their way out of the locker room.

Barrett raised an eyebrow at Ilya.

“Oh, don’t worry. I don’t think anyone is questioning your loyalty to each other. You guys are kind of freaks, you know that?”

Ilya just took the teasing in stride.

“As though I haven’t seen you and your boyfriend making out in car before. Besides, I have not gotten any complaints. People think of me as sex god, you know?”

Shane punched Ilya in the shoulder. He winced, glancing at Shane with betrayal in his eyes.

Barrett just shook his head.

“You are something else, Rozanov. Hollander, this was really the guy you married?”

Shane just grinned as he stepped on the ice, deeply sighing and pretending to be exasperated.

“Unfortunately. Weirdly enough, I love him, ego and all.”

Ilya looked at Shane like he hung the stars and the moon. It was sort of disgusting, in the way that cheesy rom coms were a little disgusting.

“Enough, lovebirds. Lets skate.” Dykstra checked Ilya in the shoulder, shoving him gently into the boards. Ilya took that as a challenge, which of course led to them racing across the ice, trying to see who could skate warm up laps the fastest.

Shane just watched, a warm feeling settling in his chest.

This was his team, these were his people, his family. And, he had an amazing sex life with a super hot husband to boot. And while his cheeks were still a little pink from the teasing, it felt…nice. Normal, even.

LaPointe skated up next to him, nudging him.

“So, can I ask, is Rozanov *really* packing nine inches, or is that just a rumor? Because like, how do you even fit all that up there-”

Shane went bright red, shoving LaPointe so hard that he fell onto his ass.

“Enough! Time to practice.”

He could hear LaPointe and Young laughing as he skated across the rink. Ilya caught his gaze briefly from where he was wrestling Dykstra.

"You okay?" He mouthed to Shane.

For once in his life, Shane found the answer to that question simple and easy.

He nodded.

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