Champions

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Champions

by kaijuerotica

Summary

Shane and Ilya finally achieve their dreams of winning a Stanley Cup together. Time to celebrate.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It had taken a few seasons after Shane's transfer to Ottawa, but it was happening. It was really happening.

The last seconds of the game counted down like hours, Ilya's stomach clenching tighter and tighter as he realized this was actually real. This was happening.

The buzzer and the crowd drowned out his own roar as it became official.

The Centaurs had just won their first ever Stanley Cup.

Ilya didn't remember throwing off his helmet but it was off now. His stick was gone, too. All around him were his teammates, everyone screaming and laughing and crying as they celebrated something they'd thought was impossible a few years before.

Ilya was still cheering as he began trying to extricate himself from the mob. He loved his whole team, but there was a specific player he wanted to see more than the rest and it was hard to pick him out in all the chaos. As soon as he was free, he looked around.

Someone skated hard into his back, then arms wrapped around him from behind and Shane's voice was in his ear. “We did it. Ilya, we did it!”

Ilya spun around to grab him back, grin so wide it almost hurt. “We fucking did it!” he said. He wasn't sure what else there was to say. Luckily, he didn't need to because Shane leaned in and kissed him then. It wasn't a sweet kiss. They were both sweaty and out of breath already and Shane slid his tongue into Ilya's mouth almost as soon as their lips touched. It was filthy, filled with promises Ilya absolutely intended to cash in on later that night.

They separated when more people came to congratulate them, though they were certain there would be photos and videos of them floating around for weeks. They were still pretty private about their relationship even since they'd gone public so any signs of affection between them were usually noted by fans and the press.

The night passed in a blur from there. Ilya hoisted the cup with a roar, then passed it to Shane, whose eyes were fierce with pride above the A on his jersey.

They partied with the team and drank more than they probably should have. Then they were back at their room in the hotel. It was the same as any of their teammates, two queen beds despite Shane and Ilya always opting to crowd into one bed together. Shane was fumbling with the key card and laughing as Ilya crowded him from behind and ran his hands all over him. He was trying to kiss Shane's neck but he kept squirming away so he could focus on opening the door. They tumbled through the door, both laughing. Ilya pressed him hard against the wall and began attacking his mouth. He rolled his hips against Ilya and opened up for him. A whimper slipped out of Shane's mouth as Ilya slid his hands up under Shane's shirt.

Ilya went to kissing Shane's neck while his hands slid down to grab his ass over his pants.

“Fuck,” Shane groaned. “We fucking did it.”

Ilya practically growled as he dragged his teeth over Shane's pulse. “Fucking right, we did.”

“Wanted you so bad,” Shane groaned. “All game, was thinking about this.” Ilya was undoing Shane's fly now.

“You did not seem distracted,” Ilya said, reaching into Shane's pants to rub him through his briefs. Fuck, he was so hard already.

“Knew you'd fuck me how I wanted if we won the cup,” he groaned. “Knew you'd fuck me like a champion.”

Ilya growled and bit down hard on Shane's neck. It would probably leave a mark but neither of them cared. Shane rolled his hips forward, trying to get more friction.

He stopped rubbing Shane's cock and instead slid his hand into the fly of Shane's jeans, pulling him along towards the bed. Each step gave Shane just a bit of the friction he needed and he moaned but followed eagerly. Shane pulled his shirt over his head and Ilya's eyes roamed appreciatively over his chest. While he watched, Shane started shoving his jeans down, which reminded Ilya to do the same and start undressing himself. Neither had a head for foreplay just then.

“How do you want me?” Shane asked, kicking away his last shred of clothing and pressing against Ilya again. It was like every inch separating them was painful. Like he had no choice but to reach out and touch and kiss and moan in Ilya’s ear.

It took great focus for Ilya to raise his hand and push at Shane's chest. Shane seemed reluctant to pull his lips away from Ilya’s neck but he grinned as he started walking backward. When the backs of his legs hit the bed, Ilya kept pushing and Shane fell backwards easily. His hard cock bobbed as he went, drawing Ilya's attention down. Fuck, he wanted that. His mouth was watering just looking at Shane. But Shane didn't want anything less than Ilya splitting him open at the moment and Ilya was also helpless to resist that. *Later,* he decided. They were going to be having a late night tonight.

He looked up to Shane's face and saw the man's eyes swimming with desire. It was scorching, the level of want laid bare on his face. There was something so primal about Shane like this. His careful mask fell away and left a being of pure want and desire and need and all of it was for Ilya. *Only* for Ilya. It was intoxicating.

Ilya grabbed Shane's hips and dragged him to the edge of the bed. Shane's legs splayed loose and hung over the edge for a moment before Shane pulled one up, then the other. His hard cock was nestled between his powerful thighs, making Ilya’s mouth water again. The angle also gave him a view of Shane's hole, tight and desperately wanting.

With great difficulty, Ilya stepped away just enough to kick open Shane's suitcase and grab for lube. “Condom?” He wasn't even sure they had any with them.

“Fuck no,” Shane said. “Hurry up.”

Ilya was already opening the lube as he came back, drizzling his fingers and pressing two against Shane's entrance with little fanfare. He loved taking his time and teasing Shane but that wasn't what he wanted right then. He thrust his fingers as Shane hissed against the burn and stretch. The way it turned into a groan let Ilya know he loved it. Shane had never been a masochist but that didn't mean he didn't like a little burn at times.

“Good?” Ilya said, as if he didn't already know.

“Don't stop,” Shane groaned.

“I would not dream of it.” Ilya kept thrusting his fingers and added another before long. Shane was whining now.

“Ilya, please, just…” He rolled his hips, unsuccessfully trying to get Ilya’s fingers in deeper. As if that was what he really wanted… He kept going, stretching Shane as fast as he could without hurting him.

Ilya pulled his fingers out without warning and reached for the bottle again. He slicked himself quickly, lined himself up, and thrust in hard and deep. He bottomed out in one thrust and the groan cut off in Shane's throat with a choke.

“Fuck,” Ilya gasped as he started to thrust hard and fast. Shane's entire body jerked with each slap of his hips. He looked fucking incredible like this, stomach twitching, chest heaving, head thrown back. He was completely lost to the pleasure and the heat and the stretch of Ilya inside him.

Ilya kept thrusting for a minute, then said, “Eyes on me.”

Shane's eyes flew open and he looked at Ilya, struggling to focus his vision. “Ilya, it's so…” His words were just on the edge of slurred.

“I know,” he said. He dug his hands into Shane's hips and Shane arched his back, letting his eyes fall shut again. “Keep your eyes on me, Hollander.”

Something about using Shane's last name during sex got him *going* and he let out a loud whine but kept his eyes focused on Ilya. “So good,” he gasped. He sounded drunk. They both were but Ilya knew this was beyond pure alcohol.

Unable to resist, Ilya leaned down to kiss him. It was more just both of them panting and sliding their tongues against each other. Any technique had gone out of the door. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya’s neck and slid his fingers into his hair. It was hot but the angle removed some of his leverage. He could tell from the whines Shane let out that he was conflicted between wanting to keep kissing him and wanting the harsh pace Ilya had set for them. Making the decision, Ilya dipped to bite again at the same spot as before, ensuring the mark took, then straightened up to keep thrusting. Shane's arms fell above his head and he arched his back.

Fuck, he looked gorgeous. The planes of his body were always fucking exquisite. He'd taken a hard check into the boards two days earlier so there was a spiderweb of multicolored

bruising creeping along his ribs. Ilya had made sure to return the favor, landing himself squarely in the penalty box and handing the other team a neat goal on the power play, but the Centaurs had still won so he couldn't feel too bad about it. An entire stadium booing him got him going, anyway. He'd even blown a few kisses.

He slid a hand up to squeeze at Shane's chest while the other moved around to wrap around Shane's dick. He was leaking like crazy.

“Fuck!” he yelled. “Oh, fuck, Ilya.” He was struggling to keep his eyes open again. “Ilya, I need to…”

“Don't hold back,” Ilya said, still stroking him. “Show me what a Stanley Cup champion does.”

Shane let out a shout as he came, the ropes of come nearly reaching his chin.

Ilya didn't stop. He was close, but not there yet. Feeling Shane tighten and spasm around him was fucking magical. He kept thrusting, chasing that release he so desperately needed. Shane reached up to hold his hand over Ilya’s on his chest and nodded.

“Give it to me. Give it all to me.”

Ilya came with a choked off sob, burying himself deep inside of Shane and coming for what felt like hours.

They both stayed there while they caught their breath for a moment, then Ilya pulled out and reached for some tissues. Shane grimaced at the feeling of Ilya leaked out of him and Ilya offered to go get a rag, even though he secretly wanted to just leave it. Leave Shane messy and leaking, marked as *his*.

“Don't you dare leave right now,” Shane growled. His eyes were hazy and his limbs were loose from his orgasm.

Ilya couldn't help the grin that spread across his face as he leaned down to kiss him. “You'll get the bed dirty,” he teased against his lips.

“We have two,” Shane said.

Ilya laughed and helped reposition them both. Shane was on his back, limbs still loose and splayed, while Ilya crowded in next to him to lean down and kiss him.

“I never get tired of seeing you like this,” he hummed.

Shane fought hard to lift his limbs and slide them around Ilya’s neck. “You can do that to me literally anytime.” His words were slightly slurred and his eyes were looking heavy.

“Don't fall asleep on me,” Ilya warned. “I haven't sucked your dick yet and I have been so patient.”

Shane opened his eyes wider and looked at him warmly. “You want to suck my dick?”

“Of fucking course,” Ilya said. “Who wouldn't want to suck off a Stanley Cup champion?” He punctuated his words with a nip to Shane's neck.

Shane laughed. “If memory serves, you sucked me off last time I won.”

Ilya arched an eyebrow. “Fuck, fine, I guess I won't blow you ton-”

Shane flipped them without warning and further silenced him by shoving his tongue in Ilya's mouth. Ilya didn't resist, just slid his hand up into Shane's hair. When Shane finally pulled up for air, he said, “No, I'll take you up on that.”

“I bet you will,” Ilya laughed.

“We'll make it a tradition.” Shane glanced to the side at the clock and snorted when he saw it wasn't even eleven o'clock. “What time did we leave the party?” he asked.

“Ten,” Ilya said. His hand was trailing over Shane's side down to his hip.

Shane laughed and dipped his head down into the crook of Ilya’s neck. “That early, eh? We're gonna get a reputation as a couple old fucks who have to go to bed by 10:30.”

“Not with how you kissed me earlier,” Ilya said. He kissed the side of Shane's head. “I think the whole world knows exactly how we're celebrating tonight.”

Ilya didn't need to see Shane to know that he was blushing but he still appreciated the confirmation when Shane's head popped up a moment later, revealing the gorgeous pink flush beneath the freckles.

“So does this mean we have five or six cups combined?” Shane asked him.

“Hmm, well six is more than five,” Ilya said.

“You make a compelling argument,” Shane said. He felt so alive, even if his limbs were heavy and his brain was clouded. This was the elusive dream he'd never let himself have for so long. Him and Ilya, playing together, *winning* together. Top of the fucking world with his husband at his side. He wished 17-year-old Shane could see him now after he'd first met Ilya outside that ice rink. He leaned down to kiss Ilya again, just the quickest slide of his tongue against Ilya’s. “Fuck, still can't believe we really did it.”

Ilya laughed. “Hollander, this is your fourth cup, yes?”

“Yeah and those were all great,” Shane said. “But I didn't win them with *you*.”

Ilya grinned up at him. “Oh, so it's not that I'm a terrible hockey player,” Ilya said, stretching his neck as Shane began pressing kisses to it, “and you can't believe we won because you had to carry the whole team on your big, strong shoulders and only managed it because you're a hockey god or some shit?”

“Oh yeah, all that too,” Shane said, continuing to kiss Ilya’s neck and collarbone. He slowly kissed lower and lower, wrapping an arm around one of Ilya’s splayed legs when he got low

enough.

Ilya's cock was soft when Shane began to suck it, not that that deterred him. It was sensitive enough to make Ilya gasp, though the sharp edge quickly grew much more pleasurable as Shane continued.

“Fuck,” he groaned. He slid a hand into Shane's hair. Shane's mouth was talented and he knew exactly what Ilya liked after so many years of hookups, dating, and marriage. He let his eyes drift closed for the moment, enjoying the stimulation even though they both knew it wasn't what he wanted. At least, not for the finale.

He kept his hand in Shane's hair, letting him move at his own pace. He felt Shane shifting and lifted his head to look down at him. Shane had his eyes focused up on Ilya but he'd rolled his lower body to the side to start rubbing his own cock.

“Don't you dare fucking come,” Ilya moaned.

Shane pulled off of his cock, breathing hard as he nuzzled his face against the base and pressed kisses up the shaft. “Then get on with it.” He licked up the length again and grinned. God, he looked fucking obscene. Ilya was obsessed with him.

Ilya took in the view for a moment before forcing himself up on his elbows. “Get on your back, Hollander.”

Shane grinned and immediately obeyed, rolling onto his back and sliding further up on the bed. Ilya leaned in to kiss him, then slid down for what he really wanted.

Shane was hard, the first pearls of pre oozing out. Ilya caught them on his tongue before they dripped lower and immediately followed that by taking Shane into his mouth fully. Shane groaned and reached down to grab his shoulder. He hoped Shane knew not to hold back. Fuck whoever was in the next rooms, they were fucking celebrating.

Ilya bobbed his head up and down, savoring the drag of his husband's dick on his tongue. Shane was getting louder and his hand slid into Ilya’s hair. It tightened, gripping and pulling at his hair. Ilya loved it and kept going, tugging against the grip Shane didn't even seem to realize he'd formed. He lost himself in it, the smell and taste of him, the tug at his hair, the sounds of Shane losing control above him. Shane didn't warn him when he was about to come but he didn't need to. Ilya sucked him through it and swallowed it all down. When he pulled off, he pressed a kiss to Shane's hip. The grip in his hair had eased but his hand was still there, rubbing his curls idly.

“Fuck, I love you,” Shane sighed. He was breathing hard, limbs splayed and head thrown back.

“You're just saying that because you've come twice tonight,” Ilya teased.

Shane lifted his head and grinned. “So what if I am?”

Ilya wanted him. He crawled up over him to kiss him hungrily. He was straddling Shane and couldn't help the way he rolled his hips to get some friction on his dick. Shane kissed him back, then laid his head back. “Wanna bring that up here?”

It took Ilya a moment to process, then he laughed and kissed him again. “Absolutely.” He crawled up Shane's body so he was straddling his chest. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya’s thighs and pulled him up further. He opened his mouth and tried to stretch up to take him in when Ilya said, “Hold on.” Shane looked confused as Ilya leaned away but Ilya came back with a pillow. “Lift your head.” Shane obeyed and Ilya slid the pillow under his head.

“Can I go now?” Shane asked, but his eyes were warm and fond.

“Absolutely.” Shane grinned and then Ilya slid his dick into Shane's mouth. Their eyes stayed locked as Ilya started rocking into his mouth, careful not to be too rough. Not yet, at least. Shane always looked amazing with Ilya’s dick in his mouth but they rarely did it like this. The trust Shane showed him mixed with Ilya’s overwhelming desire was an incredible mix.

As Ilya continued, Shane's eyes darkened and he tightened his hold on Ilya’s thigh momentarily. When Ilya kept the same pace, Shane did it again and slapped lightly at Ilya’s side. *Faster,* he was saying. *More.*

Who was Ilya to deny him? He placed his hands on the bed just above Shane's head and got up more firmly on his knees to find the best angle. Then he let go and started thrusting faster and deeper. Shane would let him know if it was too much but the way he was looking up at Ilya told him he was far from hitting his husband's limit.

He kept going like that, using Shane's mouth as he gazed up at him. It was messy, spit and pre all over Shane's face as Ilya’s rhythm started to break down. He was close, so fucking close.

“Almost there, sweetheart,” he gasped. “So close.”

Shane kept gazing up at him, showing no indication he wanted the situation to change. Fuck.

Ilya didn't last much longer, coming down Shane's throat with a shout. Shane sucked him through it and swallowed all he could, though the mess on his face remained. Ilya felt lightheaded as he sat back and shifted sideways to get off of Shane's chest.

“Fuck, that was hot,” Shane said. His voice was hoarse. Ilya wanted to kiss him. He did kiss him. He stretched out alongside him and slid his hand over Shane's chest, careful of the bruising.

“What did I do to deserve you?” Ilya hummed. He used the heel of his palm to wipe at Shane's face, knowing they'd be in the shower shortly.

“Don't start that “ Shane said, but he was smiling at Ilya.

“I meant your mouth,” Ilya said, kissing him again. It was slow, filthy without an ounce of intent behind it. Breaking the kiss, he pressed his forehead against Shane's and just breathed in his presence for a moment. Truthfully, there was still a part of him that wondered why he

deserved this man. This wonderful, frustrating, neurotic, beautiful man. He'd also learned to stop questioning it. Usually.

He stayed there for a while, just enjoying the closeness and the way his limbs felt like jelly. Eventually, they needed to move, though.

“Come on, Hollander,” Ilya said, struggling to suppress his yawn. “Time to get cleaned up.”

Shane grumbled but sat up with him and allowed Ilya to tug him to the bathroom. Ilya got the shower going, nice and hot like Shane liked it, and pulled him in with him. The shower was slow and lazy, with occasionally traded kisses and murmured comments but no real intent behind anything. They were both exhausted and ready to call it a night.

Showered and dried, they both collapsed into the other hotel bed. It was much smaller than their king bed back home but they didn't mind. They tangled their limbs and Shane wound up with his head pillowed on Ilya’s chest. There was something almost nostalgic about nights like this. Multiple rounds of hot, desperate sex in an anonymous hotel room. But this time, they both got to stay. They got to fall asleep and only worry about who was setting the alarm on his phone. He kissed Ilya and he tasted like mint and he smiled against his lips.

“Night.”

“Goodnight, Shane.”

Ilya dragged him out of the room early the next morning, insisting they needed breakfast. Shane had been happy to sleep in but Ilya was weirdly insistent about hotel breakfasts.

“You know we have a waffle maker at home, right?” he said, sipping his coffee while he waited for an omelette.

Ilya shook his head. “Not the same.” They had this discussion every time. Something about a self-serve waffle iron and a continental breakfast spoke to Ilya. Shane teased him for it but it made him smile. They all had their weird travel habits and this was one of the more endearing ones.

Shane grabbed Ilya’s fork while he was drinking his own coffee and stole a bite of the waffle. Ilya raised an eyebrow at him but didn't comment.

“Season's over,” Shane said. Ilya couldn't help but smile at that. They would be heading to the cottage in a few days to relax before the camps started. They'd expanded them, with a new camp in New York this year and interest in another expansion somewhere out west the following year. Scott Hunter was running the new one along with a bunch of Admirals players and there wasn't much Shane or Ilya needed to do. It was still exciting to see their foundation growing, though.

The cottage was still both of their favorite place. Being public, being able to openly love his husband didn't change how much he loved being able to spend weeks relaxing with Shane and Anya. It was so easy, no pressure, no schedule. Just their own private retreat.

Their flight home took off in the afternoon. Ilya fell asleep in the air with Shane already napping against his arm.

And they were coming home as champions.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Comments and kudos are always appreciated ☺

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